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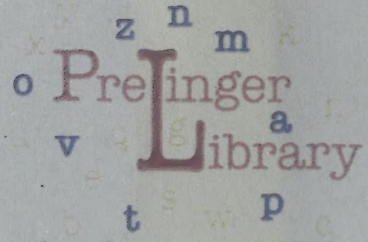

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THE GALAXY.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

TRISTAN.

A Story, in Three Parts.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Part I.

——"*Mich dünket, nie*
Sollen Nord und Süd sich küssen!"

THERE is often (if we may be pardoned so clumsy an expression) a species of *ex post facto* noticeability about persons, which but too frequently exposes us, the observers, to the charge of hypocrisy. The dull, mean, awkward boy whom we kicked and cuffed about at school, if in after life he should chance in any way to conquer or stumble upon distinction, becomes immediately invested with a new interest in our eyes, and we are able to recall a hundred traits and peculiarities, all of which were manifest auguries of those after achievements, and none of which we would have remembered, had their existence not been predicated *by* those after achievements. We contemplate the successful or the notorious man as we look at an actor, through lorgnettes, and the nearer view and closer scrutiny acquaint us with traits and expressions that we would not have suspected at a casual glance. Often we recall things really noticeable, and oftener still, we deceive ourselves into the belief that we remember such things; but we are not therefore to be hastily stigmatized as hypocrites. For I hold that a man deceives himself as much, if not more, than he can deceive others. Few men are so hardened as to be able to contemplate, in its naked enormity, the motive that prompts them to a bad action. That same fertility of imagination which helps us to clothe lies in a living form and invest them with deception, reality and *vraisemblance* in the eyes of others, is fully as capable of vailing and lending the shape we desire to our own thoughts. The murderer is able to hide his awful crime within the shadow of revenge, and even to quiet

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his conscience with excuses which, however specious they may appear to us, have for him a palpable and genuine sufficiency. Every one can recall a dozen instances, within his own experience, of this kind of self-deception. It is nothing more than one of the protean manifestations of the influence of the IDEA upon us all. Our continued dwelling upon a thing and our good will toward it create our faith in it, and whatever we have faith in acquires a positive existence for us.

It frequently happens, also, that we notice peculiarities without reasoning upon them. Some men strike us, we observe their individualisms, and from them as premises, build up a theory or suppose a future. Others again attract our notice fully as much, but the results of our observations are put away in memory's garners as simply facts, latent and unassorted, as the botanist thrusts his specimens into his portfolio, to be used or thrown away as their character and importance may happen afterward to demand. They are like axioms or definitions, which we commit to memory mechanically, without, perhaps, a suspicion of the pertinence with which they become invested in our subsequent studies.

Such, I presume, was the character in a great measure of the notice I first took of the man who is to be the subject of the present narrative. Certain things in his appearance and manners struck me, but from them, as a basis, I would never have argued what he was, nor what he did; although, now that I know the workings of the plot, now that the curtain has descended upon the Fifth Act, I can see the eloquent relationship of destiny with character.

Tristan, as I shall call him, was a classmate of the present writer, at —— College. He was not one of my intimate friends, in the full sense of intimacy, though I believe that he had a stronger regard for me than for almost any other of those with whom we associated. Circumstances tended to bring us together more frequently than either of us would perhaps have sought; our rooms were in the same building, and upon the same floor; our seats adjoined in class and in chapel, and we took our meals at the same table, criticising the same bad fare, for considerably over a year. Then he was incorrigibly lazy, and preferred to take his mathematics at second-hand, in which matter my mediocrity was sufficiently "advanced" to meet all drafts of his entire deficiency; and, moreover, the man was *noticeable*, and I was a curious lad, taking great delight in what I was pleased to call the study of human problems; so I was willing to encourage his visits, thinking to make myself master of his character. Vainest of follies, this, to apply the mildest term to it; very likely worse than folly, for

> 'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls,
> And matter enough to save one's own.

I have hunted up a series of photographs of our handsome faces, which we classmates exchanged with each other on graduating, and I have that of Tristan now before me. Wretched fifty-cent affair though it be, it yet very palpably brings the man before my eye. I think that almost every one of an observant habit would be struck by such a face, and would turn to gaze at it, perplexed. Tristan was quite a handsome youth at the time this sun-picture was taken. He had a mellow-brown complexion that was sometimes tinged with red, on cheek and chin, like a Savoyard's. There was the promise also of a genuine blue beard, such as Frenchmen of the *ancien régime* aspired to display. His face was small, his mouth a pleasant, womanish one, with lips not large, but very red; nose straight, and finely carved after a somewhat classic model. His hair, which he wore student fashion, very long, was intensely black, straight, and coarse, somewhat like an Indian's, and he was in the habit of throwing it back with his fingers, which, with its usually rough, unkempt condition, gave him quite a fierce look. This leonine trait was greatly enhanced by his eye. Rather small, vividly black, it glistened sometimes, then again gleamed and glowed as if its light were that of a carbuncle. The "white of his eye" had that bluish semi-lucency which we see in very fine porcelain. Usually he walked and sat with head down, so that his eyes were shaded, sheathed as it were, under the lids and their long lashes, but when in being suddenly accosted, he would glance at you, they met your eyes like the flash of a bright sword plucked quickly from its scabbard, or like the gleam of a dark lantern, the slide of which is unexpectedly removed. This was only momentary, coming and going as quickly as the glimmer of Summer lightning athwart a dark horizon, but there was a lurid wildness in the flash that both startled and pained you. The flash gone, there was a sad softness about them of which you would not have believed them capable. Studying his features and his manner in their *ensemble*, you would not fail to detect a distressful something about the man which you could not account for—a manner compact of fierceness and dejection—as if he irked at and rebelled against a weight either of circumstance or of thought which he yet could neither fling off nor escape from.

In his habits, Tristan was unpardonably a sloven. He lounged about in listless languor, neglected his dress, did not, nay, could not, study, and often seemed to give way to the purest inanition. His scholarship was noticeably deficient in a class generally below par, and he evinced not the least concern for the want of respect thus entailed. He was, in every outward regard, utterly devoid of ambition, and almost his only occupation was the reading of novels, in which, nevertheless, he appeared seldom to take any very absorbing

interest. Without exception, he was the most abstracted man I ever saw; plunged in one perpetual revery, from which it was next to impossible entirely to rouse him, and in which, if you watched, you could see that his brow was ever knit, his nether lip ever being gnawed. Did you challenge his attention, he would glance fiercely and frowningly up, drawing that diamond-pointed blade upon you, as if it were dangerous to interrupt his dreams; and, when you finally made him understand your query, the answer was given slowly and hesitatingly, each word pronounced separately and with a peculiar compression of the lips after it, indicating the necessity for considerable effort to enable him to confine his wandering thoughts within the demands of the subject. Withal, when fairly roused and made to take part in what was going on around him, his voice was most pleasant and his smile exquisitely sweet. At times, also, there was in his manners a soft, womanly, twining affectionateness that won you and made you warm to him most strangely.

Tristan had few acquaintances in college, and no confidential friend, unless I could be so styled, and I could by no means claim to know him well. None understood him; some thought him a mystery; others deemed him insane, and not a few were afraid of him, by reason of those dark-lantern flashes of his strange eye.

That there was wealth under this rather barren exterior, I was too much a disciple of Lavater not to believe; but I saw it was the wealth of the neglected, weed-choked garden, and I feared that any effectual cleaning out of the tares could only be accomplished by also rooting up most of the fruit-bearing plants. Indeed, I was almost convinced that his richness was of ruin, like that of the oasis upon whose borders the fatal sands encroach, and whose central fountains are rapidly drying up. He was evidently a mystery, but not a pleasant one; and, failing to probe it immediately, there is great probability I would have found it not interesting enough to lure me on to a continuance of the study, but would have soon subsided into formalism with him, had not an incident at once enforced the renewal of our intimacy and again awakened my curiosity, by giving me a glimpse of another feature in his character: namely, that under his abstracted, unworldly manner, there seethed a perfect lava-flood of almost uncontrollable passion.

Being in New York with some of my student friends—I believe we had stolen off, to witness the *début* of some "*F in alt.*" prima donna at Castle Garden—I was strolling up Broadway after nightfall, when I encountered Tristan. Having lost my comrades, I linked my arm in his, and we continued the walk together, studying street life in rather a more quiet fashion, perhaps, than is customary among under-graduates who are off on a frolic. Just at

the corner of a by-street intersecting Broadway, we were encountered by one of those poor, forlorn wretches who flaunt on the pave, brazen bravery without, and within, haunting, cancerous horror. God save her! She was a lovely, a very lovely creature, tall and statuesque, with wondrous large, dark eyes, and a round, white arm; her face was pale and haggard, through its paint, and her voice was harsh and abrupt, yet one could see that she had been once the mistress of all fascinations. In the light of the street lamp she stopped us, laid her hand upon my companion's arm, looked down into his eyes a moment undazzled, touched his breast lightly with her other hand, and then, motioning toward the side street, uttered the single word—"Come!"

The effect upon Tristan was electric. Never, under any circumstances, have I seen the voluptuous part of a man's nature more terribly roused from its inmost depths. The fury of the Italian were insignificant in comparison. It even eclipsed the mad passion of the Quadroon woman. His eye flashed, and expanded, and pulsed with living light; a crimson flush overspread his face and brow, visible enough in the gas-light; and he panted like a wounded deer at whose flank already charges the pursuing hound. Watching him then, as he clutched my arm and swayed before the whirlwind of his passion thus flung loose, I could fully understand and appreciate that splendid picture of Porphyro, the lover at Madeline's bedside, in Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes:"

> Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star,
> Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose.

Suddenly, as if the climax of passion conquered, regardless of me, of the place, the light, the passing throng, of everything in fact, he seized the woman with a spring, almost crushed her to his breast, and kissed her twice. I instantly dragged him away and hurried him off with what speed I could, he going on in a passive manner that strangely contrasted with the delirious madness he had just evinced. We walked for some distance in silence, I being puzzled how to treat him, or how to understand him, when he turned toward me abruptly, and, brushing his hand across his forehead, said:

"You do not know how much you have done for me, sir. That woman, in half an hour's intercourse, would have made me willing to barter my soul for her."

"You ought never to expose yourself to such influences, then, Tristan."

He laughed. "Oh no, 'twas not that, I—I am peculiar; my passion lies very deep—'twas not the simple touch of *a* woman—but a something—a trait—a glance—a mesmeric influence—that fired the train. Ten thousand such might fondle me, only to disgust me·

but *that* woman—she found my devil, sir—uncorked the bottle in which he was sealed up; you saved me from her, sir."

Such a glimpse as this of the man's inward nature made me shudder for him. On the other hand, the promptness for which he gave me credit, and the recognition of his emergency which he supposed I had arrived at, attracted him to me with great force. He sought me constantly, gave up to me, consulted me, and seemed to wish to lean upon me entirely, as one in whom he had that reliance which he felt unable to place in himself. From that time he forced me to be friendly with him, and to take an interest in him, as one who sought me, gave me credit for more sagacity than I possessed, looked up to me, and permitted me to wield unlimited influence over him in all external matters and relations. Still, the mystery that overhung him was not solved for me. Probably he himself could not have drawn the vail, even had he wished to do so.

Tristan went quietly through college, graduated rather by favor than upon scholarship, and returned to his home in Mississippi, giving me a pressing invitation to pay him a visit, which I promised to do in the course of a year, as business would then call me to the South; and I had great curiosity to see the people with whom he had passed his earlier years, knowing how much *relative* truth there is in John Locke's (Aristotle's *) assumption of an absolute mental *tabula rasa.*

When I reached Vicksburg, about the specified time, Tristan was there to meet me, and his reception of me gave me no room to doubt but that I would be most cordially welcome. I found him living upon a fine plantation, with his father and mother, and, as he was the only child, his circumstances were those natural to the heir to quite a considerable fortune. The property, real and personal, was very large; the estate was in a healthy and pretty location; and the mansion extensive, of some pretensions architecturally, and both in its external and internal appointments, bespeaking good taste on the part of its occupiers. Tristan's father, Mr. Marc, was a large, portly, handsome man, of rather plethoric habit, middle age, and really commanding presence. In every thing, he gave token of the hospitable country gentleman, sufficiently educated and intelligent, urbane, courteous, kind, but of that sluggish habit and indifferent air which is partly the result of an enervating climate, and partly, perhaps, a consequence of a gay youth-period, both interacting to torpify the entire animal system, through the medium of the liver.

* "*Δετ δ' οὕτως, ὥσπερ ἐν γραμματείῳ ᾧ μηδὲν ὑπάρχει ἐντελεχείᾳ γεγραμμένον ὅπερ συμβαίνει ἐπὶ τοῦ νοῦ.*" (*Arist. de Anima,* iii. iv., 14, lvii., p. 71, *ed C. Tauchnitz.*) Compare Kühn and Jungermann, t. iv. 661. Bekker *in loco.* Sir J. Macintosh, Eth. Phil. Dissert., § 6, p. 249, and Whewell Dissert. on Studies of the University, p. 54.

Mrs. Marc was a handsome, stately, well-preserved woman, of apparently liberal views, sufficient refinement, and a very sociable habit, both knowing how and loving to talk. She was tall, brown-haired, and had what might be characterized as a conventional face. There was also in the house a fair, innocent young girl of some seventeen or eighteen Summers, very pretty, and loving, and modest, and artless, and unconscious—Cecilia Marc by name; a relative of the family, and there on a visit.

It was no fault of the Marcs if I had failed to enjoy my visit. The master of the house treated me with frank hospitality, put servants and horses at my command, and did all that a host could to make me feel at home. Mrs. Marc received me as a woman who loved company, accorded me the intimacy supposed to be due to the friend of one's son, and exerted herself to make me acquainted throughout the vicinage. I was soon on terms of chatty friendship with Ceci—as none could help calling this sweet child-woman; and we moved on pleasantly in that cousinly freedom which is necessary to the ease of people sojourning in intimacy under the same roof.

But I had not been there long ere I discovered that there was a skeleton in the house, and I was in a measure compelled to return to my old anatomical propensities. Annoying as it was, I soon found that it would require the skill of a psychological Vesalius to discover and identify the morbific influence here at work. There *was* some poisonous element at the root of it, some toad *perdu* beneath Pasquino's fatal sage-tree*; some spell of blasting power there at the bottom of the fountain; its surface, to be sure, was fair and placid enough, but when I looked down into its depths, I shuddered like Phœbe Pyncheon at the brink of Maule's well—like her also, unable to account for the cause of my shuddering.

There was Mr. Marc—placid, almost stolid—yet I could feel he had not always been so. Were his passions burnt out; did he dread their upheaval; or were they, like some sullen lava-tide, choked under such a mass of superincumbent scoriæ that an earthquake would be required to lay bare their molten centre? I could not satisfy myself what theory to adopt, yet I was fully convinced that some such theory was necessary in the premises.

Tristan distressed me. He was more abstracted than ever; nervous, starting, moody, dejected, to such an inordinate degree that I was apprehensive these things were symptoms of incipient insanity. His gayety of the first few days—which Mrs. Marc thanked me for, as due entirely to my presence—soon subsided, and he wore a disturbed, haggard look, which I could not help fancying was usual to him, since it did not seem to attract the notice of the household, nor

* *Boccaccio—Decameron*, iv. 7.

to occasion them any solicitude. A few days of quiet observation led me to confine my scrutiny thenceforth to Mrs. Marc's character, every thing tending to confirm me in my first impressions, that, if I could but know her and read her thoughts, I would be able to find the skeleton, delve up the toad, and, seeing clearly to the bottom of the well, to analyze, estimate, and possibly neutralize its poisonous ingredients. And I soon found, also, that, spite of all my care, she guessed the tenor of my thoughts, and quietly but defiantly challenged my investigations. It was provoking enough, being thus defied, that I could advance no further than simply to suspect her, without even one vague idea of what, nor for what. That she was a mask-wearer I felt very sure, but the mask itself was impenetrable by any means in my power; so that I could not at all guess what was the character of the features behind it, nor whether they were of angel, man or devil. Ordinarily, one would say he had never seen a more affectionate woman in her family than was Mrs. Marc. No one could have been more careful of their comfort, more unweariedly sedulous to anticipate their wishes. And she seemed to do this with genuine pleasure, as if the act itself brought her its own reward. And yet, after close study, unwilling as I was to entertain the notion without more satisfactory evidence of its truth, or at least some theory which would render reasonable such a damaging supposition, I could not resist the conclusion that this woman had a way of making those around her uneasy, nervous—in some fashion placing herself down there at the bottom of the fountain, and causing them to shiver as they looked over the brink. Whether this was purposely done, or whether there was some subtle repulsive influence ingrained in her nature, I could not venture to determine. I noticed that Ceci was entirely free from the sway of this magnetism, thanks to her innocence and unconsciousness; and I was only slightly affected by it, and this perhaps purely through sympathy with Tristan. But all else went fearfully awry. I watched, and I knew that all this was very strange—a strangeness that I could not "welcome," either; beyond this point, I did not dare to decide. One thing I found out right speedily: Mrs. Marc was a woman of infinite capabilities, of a fine, appreciative nature; one who ought to possess a rare wealth of passion, and the loftiest reach of soul. Was she warped, then; were these faculties drowned in some dark soul-wreck; had the noble ship, sailing gayly out of port toward some rewarding harbor, been boarded by pirates, or mastered by mutiny, and made thenceforth to cruise under the hideous, hating black flag, a craft of Ishmael, "whose hand was to be against every man, and every man's hand against it?" I could not say. In every way she gave token, this woman, of the profoundest love for her husband, and yet, when she hung about him, the absurd idea always seized

me, that—I have to speak extravagantly—were it not for this so intense love, she would delight to stick pins in him, to torture him, to see him stretched, wrung and writhing, upon the terrible rack. In short, puzzle my brains about it how I chose, the woman was inscrutable. I felt that there was a play going on, but I was not admitted behind the scenes; I had no programme of the performance, and the first act in its movements did not reveal to me whether 'twas a tragedy I was a spectator to, or a comedy. I must therefore quietly retain my *loge*, level my lorgnette, and, with what patience I could command, await the denouement and catastrophe.

If it perplexed me to witness the intercourse between husband and wife, a much stronger term is required to convey the results of my study of the relations between mother and son, and their conduct toward each other. On her part, in outward semblance at least, the manifestations were invariably most affectionate. She called him "my dear son," fondled and petted him, hung about him, and when he was in the house, seemed to use an effort to be constantly near him. Nor was this done merely for effect, and in the presence of others. Often, when I have gone into the library, I have found her engaged in a game of chess or cards with him, or reading to him. She would make him stand beside her at the piano when she sang, and drive her when she visited among her acquaintance. And yet, if this was not done for effect, what motive could govern her? A woman of her watchful sagacity could not fail to notice that he was terribly afraid of her; that he shrank continually from her touch; that her very presence seemed to crush and wither him. If she loved him as her actions pretended, she must have been aware that this was not the way to win his love in return. *Did* she love him, or did she hate him, with all that keen, subtile, refined hatred which is capable of being engendered only in the breast of the intellectual woman? That hatred of the strong, fierce woman, which only a woman has ever fully pictured, as thus:

> A woman's spite! You wear steel-mail;
> A woman takes a housewife from her breast,
> And plucks the delicatest needle out,
> As 'twere a rose, and pricks you carefully
> 'Neath nails, 'neath eyelids, in your nostrils.

And did she not hate him after this fashion? I found myself repeatedly putting this question to my soul—not without torture from it—but I was not able to answer it satisfactorily. However, I could not resist the conclusion that to Mrs. Marc's influence almost altogether Tristan owed his peculiarities of character and of conduct, especially the strange dejection, hesitancy and timidity, which were so painfully manifest in his every action. This I knew because these things had so much more power over him than when he was

at college, and because he seemed most their victim when in her presence. What, then, was the nature of this malefic influence she exerted? Did it reside in some tangible hold she had upon him, and by means of which she kept him in perpetual terror; was it simply apprehension on his part that she was on the eve of discovering something which, if known, would eternally blast him; or was it purely and simply that magnetic fascination which, as we all know, one person is sometimes able to put forth toward another—consciously or unconsciously as the case may be—and thus bind up his soul in everlasting, cankering fetters? Either of these it might be; but—the impelling motive? And here the sum of my discoveries was simply, I cannot understand Mrs. Marc.

It was part of Tristan's misery that he also did not understand his mother. This I suspected, and he confessed it to me one day when I had been with him over a fortnight. We had been reading in the shade of a noble tree that graced the lawn in front of the house, when he laid his book down suddenly, and, shooting a fire-flash at me from those eyes of his, said,

"Ned, how think you; is it love, or hate?"

"What do you mean, Tristan?"

"Have you not been studying us? I have noticed, and so has she, too. Does she love me, or does she hate me?"

"Who—Ceci?"

"No—no—no; the other—Mrs. Marc—my mother—"

"Hate you! What an absurd idea! You should be ashamed to confess the entertaining of such crotchets."

"*Is* it an absurd idea, Ned?" said he, wearedly; "I hope so, but—I really do not know; it is what I have been seeking to know ever since I could think—yet I cannot—and the thought—the black dread—has caused me—makes me what I am; I'd far rather be dead!"

"Are you talking about me, you lazy young gentlemen?" It was Mrs. Marc, who passed by us just then with a bunch of freshly-gathered flowers in her hand, and bent a warm, nay, a sultry smile upon us as she spoke.

Tristan paled and shivered. "There, you see," murmured he; "that is just it. She is always near me—she knows my thoughts, I think—and that smile! it numbs me like her touch! Oh, Ned! for God's sake—as my only friend—try to find some remedy for this—some antidote for the poison that kills me! *You* can watch and observe—I cannot—she blinds me. Oh, Ned, what shall I do?"

"Be a man, Tristan. Get to work, and fling aside this moody gloom, so unworthy of you. These are but fancies of yours, which acquire consistency by being brooded over. Stir yourself, or they will entirely master you."

"Too late, if they *be* fancies!" murmured the unhappy young man, drearily.

I soon began to detect other complications in this strange family, complications which, in a measure, involved me, and tended materially to hasten on, perhaps to govern, the final catastrophe. Ceci, innocent and loving, frank and gay, was the only sunbeam in the house. There was a naïve, unaffected life about this little girl which was exceedingly charming. One could not help thinking of her as entirely a child, sunny and bright, whom you would delight to take upon your lap, to dandle and caress. And yet, the revelations of a week proved but too clearly that she was a grown woman, with a heart's large store to lavish in love upon the chosen one. And this chosen one, also, was Tristan. A true woman, she opened the fountains of her heart at the magic touch of sympathy. She saw that he was wretched, and her consciousness of his woe won him greater way with her than any highest gifts he might have been able to boast. Thus she took the dark cloud over her sunshine, confident, with a loving woman's confidence, that the genial rays of that sunshine would be able to penetrate the cloud, scatter it, and make it finally disappear. His dark gloom did not frighten her; she did not scorn him for his timid, restless unmanliness; for all his shortcomings she seemed to find more than an excuse, more than a justification, in the simple fact, He is wretched. And I doubt not she said within herself: "I will devote my life to probe this misery to its source, that, knowing what are its elements, I may alleviate it. I will render the sombre walls of his heart diaphanous, and through them I will pour in upon his soul rich floods of my eternal sunshine, till his whole life shall blossom as the rose, and return me fairest fruits of love and gladness!" Thus, oh, my reader, do the true women ever build about our rude hovels their dainty fairy palaces, and fancy our miserable mud images to be statues of purest Parian, graven and regal!

While Cecilia was thus investing the wealth of her life in such a precarious venture as Tristan, Mrs. Marc evidently did all she could to foster the predilection, and to awaken a corresponding flame in her son's bosom. She took every occasion to throw the two in each other's way, and, secure of Ceci, to stir the waters of that gloomy tarn, Tristan's heart. She seemed to be cognizant of that wild fury of sensuous outpouring of which he was capable, and to use every means in her power to open the flood-gates. I watched her closely, and she knew it.

"It will be best for them both," said she to me, curtly, one day; "have you any fancies that way yourself?" pointing toward the girl. I shook my head. "I understand," said she, with some sarcasm in her smile; "you think her a butterfly, only fit for fair Sum

mer days, and not at all adapted to your grandiose style. But there is Winter enough—or November, rather—in Tristan, and, if they can make a match, the pair of them will give us all the seasons—the year *en bon point.* You understand?"

"Perhaps so; but not why Tristan should have so much November in his heart. Can you explain it?"

"Oh, he was born under Saturn, I suppose, or some other melancholy star," said she; then, looking at me a moment, she smiled the most incomprehensible smile it was ever my fortune to witness, adding, "You are frank, certainly. I *might* explain something of it, if I were to try, but—Tristan is nervous, and then, *il s'ennuie toujours.*"

"Nervousness is half prescience, sometimes, Mrs. Marc," said I, provoked.

"*Eh, oui!* So the nautilus folds its wings and sinks when the storm is coming, though, to *our* dull senses, there is not the slightest premonition of it. Do I carry out your idea, sir poet?"

"Precisely, and poetically. Tristan's apprehensions are not mere nervousness, then, but a prophetic consciousness of impending evil?"

"If you wish it so, *soit!*" said she, with that same strange smile. "Tristan has his *bête-noire.*"

"And, he is reasonably afraid—"

"That said *bête-noire*, though never before suspected of cannibalism, will surely devour him—ha! And you, knowing who represents that horrid monster, are puzzling your brains in search of why and wherefore. Very good. I desire you every success, though I do not envy you should you chance to attain to your object. If we make it a practice to lift vails, we are sure to encounter death's-heads, Mr. ——. And it is best in most cases to let those wear their masks who will, especially in times of pestilence, for then our eyes are not likely to be shocked with a sight of the plague-spots. But, to come to practical matters: will you aid me in promoting this so desirable union?"

"Your motive?"

"Fie, sir; you are ungallant! Know you not that our sex never acknowledge a motive? And are you not also aware that all women are born match-makers—that a married couple never meets bachelor or maid without wishing to make it a *partie carrée*—how could we help it, indeed, believing as we do, that marriages are preordained in heaven, and that the object of life is to effect the consummation of as many as possible? I have been looking a bride for you—one combining intellect, beauty, and—*dot.*"

"Thank you," said I; "probably, though, you are right. It may help Tristan. But Ceci, do you forget her and her happiness?"

"Do you forget, sir, that I am a mother!" answered she, proudly, and in a tone of the utmost sincerity. Could I then be mistaken, after all? Might not her talk just now have been mere *badinage*, to punish me for the credit I gave to Tristan's perturbed fancies? Might she not intend to purge him of these, by showing him, in the most forcible manner, their inconsequence, their wild irrationality? Again I could only say: I do not comprehend this woman.

Tristan could not long hold out against the forces that besieged him: his mother's adroit management; the eager out-going of Ceci's love toward him; and my consenting aspect. He did resist at first, and it was most honorable to him, for he loved her passionately. It was because of this love, perhaps, that he avoided her, reluctant to link her bright life to his dark and dismal future; for dark and dismal certainly were its promises to his bewildered mind. But he yielded at last, and, I judged from the remains of his emotion when telling me, he yielded in obedience to one of those fits of passion which now and then swept over him with the blind and unsparing rush of a *crevasse*.

"My wildness frightened her, sir," said he; "but she does not fear me. She is mine, Ned; loves me as woman never loved! Let them but dare to take her from me now! She is mine, forever and ever mine!"

And it seemed now indeed as if Mrs. Marc had been almost prophetic in her anticipation of the result to Tristan that would flow from this consummation of her wishes. For a fortnight he was a changed man. He acquired color, his step became firmer and more elastic, he displayed greater confidence in himself, less shrinking and timidity, and even awakened materially out of his painful abstraction. Ceci's eyes danced with delighted pride as she beheld these symptoms of amendment, which were to her palpable auguries of the final complete success that was to result from her ministrations. And Tristan began to plan for the future—having somebody to plan for—and resumed his neglected studies, as if resolved to render himself worthy of the love he had won. Thus, for a while, did he and Ceci live on in a delightful idyl, their thoughts filling in the scene with fairest cloud-castles and Arcadian prospects—a very, very lovely dream, but still—a dream!

"Did I not tell you how it would be, sceptic?" said Mrs. Marc to me; "oh, what a panacea is love!"

"You know that?" asked I, carelessly.

She grew deathly pale, and then flushed, while her eyes fixed me with a look of terrible hate. "Young man," said she, "there is a certain wisdom in discovery, but there is a far greater wisdom in reticence. Beware!"

"My dear madam," I answered hastily, "I had no thought to

wound you. My remark was a merely chance one, and had no covert meaning, I assure you."

"You are right, I do not doubt," said she, recovering herself; "but you touched me sore. Love has been a poison to me, instead of aliment." She uttered these words with an impassioned bitterness that is altogether indescribable.

"There is no poison *there*," rejoined I, willing to change the subject, and pointing to Tristan and Ceci; "if it only lasts."

"They tell me," said Mrs. Marc, in a quiet but intense tone, "that, excepting *one* passion, no human emotion does last, in this transitory, fickle world of ours."

"And that passion is—"

"Curiosity!" said she, curtly. But she could not rebuff me that way.

"Curiosity—perhaps," I drawled; "or, some say, hatred."

"Or hate," said she, in the same tone; "*soit, à votre plaisir, monsieur.*" Then, ere she had got quite away, she turned, saying, pleasantly:

"Let me advise you, Mr. ——, to read scene second, act third, of one Master William Shakespeare's play called 'Hamlet,' particularly the latter part of the scene, where the prince amuses himself with that respectable *diplomat*, Rosenkrantz."

"Ah, Mrs. Marc," replied I, bitterly, "I have gotten over that pipe-playing vanity, now, and have a much more unpleasant office forced upon me. Pardon me, but I shall have also to quote *you* a text—from Bacon—this: 'Men must know that in this theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and the angels to be lookers on;' I am neither, madam, and I owe a duty of friendship to your son, Tristan, and no sneers, however keen and well-aimed, shall drive me off from the discharge of this duty. You must excuse me, as I wish to make myself perfectly understood."

"Of course; I commend such heroic devotion," said she; then, as that singularly repulsive smile again flitted over her face, she added: "the day may come, sir, when you will be much less ready to constitute yourself my son Tristan's guardian than you seem to be just now," with which words she left me abruptly.

It was the next day after this, that, dinner being over, Mr. Marc asked me to smoke a cigar with him in the library. We had a good deal of talk upon indifferent subjects, all of which, I could readily see, was but prefatory to some more important matter. He asked me my opinion of Tristan, lamented his nervousness and abstraction, and hinted an intention of sending him away to travel, or to study a profession. Then, wheeling his chair round, as if to observe my countenance, he asked suddenly:

"That little cousin of mine, Ceci, what do you think of her?"

I spoke as I felt of her beauty, grace and ingenuousness, thinking, perhaps, that he was in doubt whether she were good enough for Tristan. He seemed much pleased at hearing my glowing phrases, smiled approvingly, and added:

"And she is quite a plum, too, Master Edward. She will bring her husband, whoever he shall be, a clear hundred thousand on the day he puts the 'plain gold ring' about her finger."

I told him I thought no reasonable person could object to such a solid setting, provided only the jewel was of the first water. He watched me in silence for a moment or two.

"I think she likes you, Edward—what are you afraid of? The field is clear—why don't you marry her?"

I stared at him, open mouthed. "I!—I marry her?"

"Why yes, you, of course; why not? What's the obstacle?"

Ere I could frame words for reply, the sound of merry voices came in from under the window. I thrust the blind aside, it was Tristan with Ceci, going toward the garden, his arm about her waist, her head against his shoulder.

"See here, sir, were there nothing else, *there's* hindrance enough."

I watched him as he rose up and looked at the couple. His fists were clenched, his eyes engorged, and his face purple with passion. Surprised, I said:

"Why, sir, is it possible you have not noticed this? I thought the union had your especial sanction; it certainly has been forwarded greatly from the first by your wife."

Looking at him then, and beholding how completely he gave himself up to outrageous fury, I was for the first time fully able to recognize in him the father of Tristan. He was unable to articulate a word, but, after dashing his clenched fists in insane blows upon the table, he rushed headlong out of the room. Fearing some collision between him and Tristan, I jumped through the window, and made haste to join the young couple in the garden, determined at any risk to interpose between such mad father and son. But Mr. Marc did not come out of the house; so we seated ourselves under a rustic arbor in the lower part of the garden, where Ceci commenced weaving me a wreath of the purple blossoms of the convolvulus, which, she laughingly said, would do in place of the hat I had come away without. She was just fitting the flowers to my bowed, obedient head, when a shrill, wild shriek from the house tore us to our feet, blanching our cheeks with involuntary horror.

"Great God! what is it?" cried Tristan, while I, remembering the scene I had just witnessed, felt a flood of terrified thought rush to my mind, fairly disarming me with terrible suggestions. But, ere I could well think, again that shriek burst forth, followed this time by the cries and wails of inferior voices.

"It is my mother," said Tristan; "something has happened to father."

With a common impulse we started and ran toward the house. It was as Tristan's "prophetic soul" had guessed. Mr. Marc lay on the floor of his wife's room, stricken down by a fatal apoplexy. Physicians were speedily on the spot, and all was done that science and skill could suggest—in vain. It was the second attack. The dying man lingered in a comatose state through the night, and died at the approach of day, without having returned to consciousness for one moment.

I conjectured, from what I had seen and knew of the circumstances, that, violently angered, he had gone immediately from the library to his wife, they had quarreled, and his fury had overcome him so completely as to produce the seizure.

Had I ever entertained any doubts with regard to Mrs. Marc's devotion to her husband, they must have been immediately and entirely dissipated by her conduct now. Never has it been my lot to witness agony more terrible than she suffered. A thousand times, shrieking and tearing her hair, she proclaimed herself his murderer, and wildly demanded to be led to execution. Then she would fling herself upon the lifeless body, and apostrophize it with endearing syllables, until one half fancied her mad love was enough to restore life to the cold frame she so wildly clasped. Everything that baffled, and tortured, and unsubmissive passion could prompt, found its way to her lips in fierce, delirious accents, in mad, defiant blasphemy, in wild curses, in frantic prayers and vows.

And yet, when the day came for the funeral, she took her place in the procession as calmly as any of us. It was not that her grief was short-lived, but she was able to conquer the first wild burst of it, and the rest would be a very silent grief, an inward canker.

On the succeeding day I took my departure from the house of mourning—a house haunted to my fancies by deeper shadows than even the shadow of Porphureos Thanatos. When I announced my intention of going, I met with much opposition. Tristan hung about me, and entreated me to stay, even with tears. But I had business in New Orleans of too imperative a nature to be longer postponed, and, besides, I thought my presence there at that time too much of an intrusion. When Tristan found I was resolute, he said:

"Then I will go with you, Ned."

"What!" cried Mrs. Marc, starting from her seat (we were at the breakfast-table); "*you* go? You shall not!"

Tristan quailed a moment, and then, with a courage I did not believe him capable of, rejoined, firmly, "I will!"

"Mrs. Marc seemed to hesitate, muttered to herself, and then

abruptly left the table. In half an hour she sent for me to visit her in her room. When I entered I saw that she had been biting her lip till it bled.

"I do not wish Tristan to go with you," cried she, impetuously; "I have particular reasons for keeping him near me."

"If those reasons are not insuperable, I would advise you to let him go. Change of scene will benefit him greatly, I think."

"If it were not so sudden," said she, musingly, "I would *make* him stay; but it does not accord with my purposes, precisely; the plan is not yet ripe."

"What plan?"

"Oh, the plan for his happiness, of course. But ought he to leave Ceci? Will she like it?"

"She will not object to what will benefit him, I am sure."

"Humph! you seem to know her mind very exactly. See here, Mr. ——; does this taking Tristan away conceal any plot of yours —any scheme meant to thwart me?"

"Plot! scheme!" repeated I, in wonderment.

"Enough; he shall go with you—on one condition."

"And that is—"

"That you will promise me, on your honor as a gentleman, not to permit him to go anywhere beyond the limits of the United States."

"It is not likely he will, madam, but, may I ask why such a condition?"

"No, sir; further than that it concerns his well-being, I cannot tell you why, just now at least. Circumstances of which you have no knowledge, and over which I have no control, compel me to speak in riddles. But, if Tristan goes one step outside this country—mark the words—that moment his ruin is consummated! You think all this very strange; so it is, sir, I acknowledge; but it is none the less true for that, believe me. Have I your promise?"

"Of course, madam."

That evening Tristan and I were aboard a steamer, *en route* for New Orleans. Our stay there was protracted to six months—or at least, mine was, and Tristan made no motion toward returning home. Contrary to my hope and expectation, I did not see any improvement of consequence in my friend during this time. He received regular and cheering letters from Ceci; he went into society, and participated in its amusements; but through all, he remained the same moody, dejected, timid creature, never trying to leap off his shadow, but creeping along in its very *atrius umber*. I must confess that, by this time, my patience was well nigh exhausted, and when, at the end of six months, the exigency of my affairs demanded a visit to the Havana, I by no means regretted that my

promise to Mrs. Marc prevented Tristan from bearing me company. On the day of sailing, my friend seemed overwhelmed with melancholy forebodings. He kept by me constantly, and would not be prevented from accompanying me to the steamer. As we stood on deck a short time before the hour of departure, Tristan said:

"You would not wonder at my fears, Ned, nor condemn me, if you knew all that I do. Do you see that man?"

He pointed toward a Frenchman, whom I had repeatedly noticed before at our hotel, either at table, or lounging about the office, corridors and bar-room. He was a shrewd, but vulgar-looking fellow, and I had heard Tristan, who seemed to have some slight acquaintance with him, accost him as "Ambroise."

"Yes, I have seen him often. He might be a detective officer, or a spy, or a negro-catcher, by his looks. What of him?"

"Whatever he is, he has never lost sight of me since I left home. Notice—he is watching me now."

"Who is he; do you know him?"

"Perfectly well. Father employed him at one time, as overseer upon his Yazoo plantation."

"But why should he play the spy over you?"

"He is retained for that purpose, and paid."

"By whom?"

"There is but one! my fate! Oh Ned, can that woman by any possibility be my mother? Do you think I can have ever fed at her breast, been nursed and dandled in her arms? I will never believe it. See; the rogue is coming this way; he is afraid I intend to run away to Cuba with you," said he with a sickly smile.

And in effect, the man Ambroise approached us, and going near to Tristan, said, in a low tone:

"M'sieu Tristann, ze steamer soon starrt; I rreckonn you make better to go on board ze levee, donc."

"And what if he should not see fit to do so, sirrah?" said I, quickly.

The man leered impudently at me, "taking my measure," in a long stare. Then bowing, "Mon Dieu! M'sieu," said he, "I sall sink M'sieu is of too grand discretion to raccommand his frriend to combat against l'argent, le tout puissant. Eh oui! What zen, does M'sieu demand of me? Dommage bien terrible, M'sieu; le diable à quatre, en effet! It will turrn out zis way, per-haps: Ze Havane autorités, par exemple, have information altogezzer—how you call him? creditable—of one M'sieu Tristann, flibustier, autrefois camarade de ce pauvre diable Narcisse Lopez, peut être; ce M'sieu Tristann, he makes une experiment revolutionnaire chez vous. Donc, c'est fini. Dere is ze Moro, par exemple—après, la garotte! Oh, oui, M'sieu, ceux choses-ci se font comme le jeu, quand on a d'ar-

gent! Un-deux-trois—je perds! Allons, donc, M'sieu Tristann. Bon voyage, M'sieu."

"He is right," said Tristan, "go on, Ambroise, do not be afraid of my giving you the slip. You see, Ned, I have cause to be gloomy and nervous."

"But why this surveillance over you, my dear friend?"

"I do not know; I cannot even guess—time, perhaps, will reveal. Good-by, dear Ned, I may never see you again. God bless you!"

So saying he wrung my hand, left the steamer, and I saw him walk across the levee and disappear in the throng, with Ambroise following close at his heels.

WINTER WIND.

RESTLESS wind of drear December,
Listened to by dying ember,
Do you hold the same sad meaning to all other hearts this night?
Sweeping over land and ocean,
With your mighty, rhythmic motion,
Has your hasting brought swift wasting to their hope and joy and light?

To them, does your passing darken
Night's black shadow, as they hearken;
Filling it with mystic phantoms, such as throng some haunted spot,
With the ghosts of joys and pleasures,
Tortures now that once were treasures?
Does your sighing seem the crying of a soul for what is not?

Does the same weird, weary moaning
Seem to underlie your toning,
Whether risen in your strength or sunk to wailing, fitful blast?
Do they hear wild, distant dirges,
In your falls or in your surges?
Does your swelling seem the knelling for a dead, unburied Past?

ANNE M. CRANE.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

THE earliest indictment on record is of a woman. The manly Adam, when he was but two weeks old, saw no better way of escaping from his first dilemma than by turning State's evidence against his wife. From that day until now, "The woman that thou gavest me to be with me," has been, in some shape or other, the burden of the accusations of men. There does not appear to have been, in the historic case above referred to, any marked difference in the nature and amount of penalty inflicted on the male and female breaker of the law; from which, as Divine Justice itself passed the sentence, it may not be unreasonable to infer that the parties were held to be equally guilty. If the same justice were dealt to all concerned in some of the serious offences of the present day, the habitual verdicts of communities would be modified, if not reversed.

The outcry against the extravagant modes and manners prevalent among women has become as wearisome from its unavailing persistency as it is melancholy in its truth. The extravagant expenditure of money by women on dress and equipage, *is* fast becoming an alarming element in our social economy. This is not to be denied. With this lavishness of expenditure, and partly out of it, has grown upon the women of the day a certain quality of manner which is, perhaps, best described by the very objectionable adjective "fast." This, also, is not to be denied. Admitting these accusations; not abating one jot or tittle of all the abominablenesses they may include, there still remains our outset question, "Whose fault is it?"

All mention of these points, whether incidental or at length, grave or jocose, from the sittings of the French Academy down to the pages of "Punch," assumes, or, from the absence of all inquiry into the causes of the phenomena, appears to do so, that women do and are these things by reason of an organic perverseness or depravity in themselves; a constitutional and ineradicable bent. Let us look a little deeper.

Madam de Staël says, "The strongest desire in man is the desire of woman; the strongest desire in woman is the desire of man." No truer thing was ever said. No one doubts the first of these propositions; no one gives proper belief to the second; women, especially, incline to an antagonistic dissent from it, but the women who do so are either unreflecting, dishonest or stupid. There may, perhaps, be isolated instances of women in whom this desire is wholly want-

ing, just as there are of women with beards, but both are monstrosities. In the normal woman, it is a central instinct, an underlying and vital force, and God meant that it should be so; all women, from highest to lowest, act from and upon it in greater and less degrees, and in endless varieties of ways. Directed to the individual, it becomes strong and passionate love, the corner-stone of homes. In general relations and intercourse, it is that part of the desire to please which is not benevolent nor unselfish. If women would be honest, they would own this unreservedly.

This leads to the proposition that the average female of society endeavors to be, do, and appear that which she finds to be attractive and pleasing to the average male of society. It would be easy, but foolish, to be terrified by the hubbub of remonstrating voices on all sides. "Do you mean to say that women are dressing and behaving in this costly, conspicuous and unbecoming way, because men like it?" Precisely! or because men conduct as if they liked it, which, so far as their influence goes, comes to the same thing.

Observe, with a direct view to this question, any large gathering of men and women, from a ball in Washington or New York down to commencement parties in college towns, or even ministers' conferences in country villages. What women win the honors, are spoken of as the belles of the occasion, and receive at the hands of the men present the most of those courtesies and attentions which are (and which ought to be) flattering and gratifying. Are they the plainly-dressed women of low voices and quiet manners? Not at all. Setting aside as not properly entering into the elements of the present inquiry the few whose faces of rare loveliness command homage under all circumstances, they are the women whose dress is more or less conspicuous, and whose manners are more or less "flirtatious" and loud. I say more or less, because this thing must of necessity include many degrees; all the way from the woman whose dress is so far determined by native good taste (assisted perhaps by imperative economy), and whose manners are so far restrained by native good sense and the refinements of culture and education that she departs by but a slight shade, possibly so slight that she alone is conscious of it, from the ideal behavior and atmosphere of a vivacious and charming woman, down to the woman whose dress and bearing are separated by but as slight a shade from the offensiveness and vulgarity of the *Jardin Mabille*.

I shall not soon forget a retort courteous once made in my presence by a severe matron to her husband, who was discussing the distinguished belles of a ball just ended.

"*Did* you notice Mrs. ——'s dress?" he said.

"Yes," replied the wife, quietly, "I did."

"By Jove, I don't know how a woman makes up her mind to

appear in such a thing. I declare I believe that all they say about that woman is true!"

"I have no doubt you came to a correct conclusion, my dear, as you took just one hour and five minutes to study her and her dress," was the reply of Madam *l'épouse*, who, having neither a remarkably fine figure, nor a Paris gown, nor a distinguishing talent for piquant conversation (in public), had had ample leisure to observe her husband's devotions to a shallow, over-dressed, under-dressed woman, whose name had been lightly spoken in more than one capital, and whose proudest success, on that evening, had been the prolonged and apparently enchained attentions of this man, whose dignity and uprightness of character are like those of an old Roman senator.

At all our watering places the same thing is to be observed, perhaps to even a more striking extent. With few exceptions, the attentions—which women would not be women if they did not like to receive, and the courtesies which best provide for and make pleasant all the goings and comings of Summer days by the sea, or in the mountains, fall to the share of the class of women just described.

That there are some men who do honestly detest every semblance of frivolity and flirtation, is certainly true; just as there are some women who, learning very soon to scorn the cheap stimulus and success which they buy by such semblance (or reality), fall back upon friendships with *women*, as their chief social pleasure, and grow, in spite of themselves, into a chronic distrust of and good-natured contempt for men. But these men and these women make small minorities in the steady currents of society; in fact, they are but little in or of them. Such men are, for the most part, men of a whole-souled devotion to some high specialty of art or science, and such women are women of an active, intense individuality which creates a positive and controlling atmosphere wherever they are found. Let each one answer to himself how many such he has met! These men are *not* the men whose fault it partially is that women as a class are so open to censure, any more than these women are the women whose actions and manners have drawn down the censure.

A clever and distinguished French woman has recently written a pamphlet, setting forth unequivocally that the reason why French women of character and intelligence are becoming more and more extravagant in their dress and habits, is that they are forced to attempt to surround their persons and homes with some of the sensuous attractions by which women of the *demi monde* are luring their husbands away from them. She might have gone further, and said that even mistresses would be less lavish in outlay, and

more modest in dress, if they were led to suppose that men liked it better!

Political economy has put upon the footing of a principle the law of supply and demand. Its predictions and its testimonies are infallible. Demand is soon and surely followed by supply; supply points with unerring finger to its supporting demand. An exceptional case, here and there, as, for instance, when a nation, rich in ships, and mighty with cannon, forces into the hands, if not down the throats, of helpless barbarians a poisonous drug which they do not want, affords no parallel of application to the matter under discussion. It is very easy, however, to be sarcastic; but, after all, the sarcasm is sad, and has no flippancy at bottom. It is very easy, too, to rebel, by word of mouth, against unfair accusations, and to grumble volubly at wrong states of things. But it is not easy to make the words pierce to the root of the trouble, or to say where and how the cure is to be found.

Unfortunately, the predominating tendencies at present do not seem to be toward a reform in this particular wrong. Young America, in a dress coat at seventeen, with the tall and bony construction of a man, exteriorly, but within full of all manner of undisciplined foolishness, runs his Winter and Summer round of merry-making, setting the impress of his own immaturity on the embryonic women with whom he dances and babbles.

I said not long ago, to such an one, mentioning a young lady whose character and manners had appeared to me rarely beautiful and charming:

"What a delightful person Miss —— is!"

"We-ell ye-es," he replied, with patronizing hesitancy; "but she is monstrous slow!"

A girl of sixteen, hearing this contemptuous criticism, would have perhaps a somewhat vague idea of what was meant by "monstrous slow;" but she would resolve, at any rate, never to *be* it! And it is easy to see that the practical operation of such a resolution would in nine cases out of ten result in her being "monstrous fast!" And of these, and such as these, come men and women.

For all ills there doubtless dwells somewhere a cure; either close to our hand and overlooked by our blindness, or else in the sweet ministries of the future which is slowly making ready for us, and biding its time. The deeper the disease, the further off the cure, but none the less certain where God is physician. It is possible then to wait, even until the setting in of the millennial currents; then, by far more wonderful and blessed than the peaceful leading of wolves and lambs, kids and young lions, in the little child's hand, will be the healthful and just action and interaction of men and women upon each other.

THE POLICY OF CONFISCATION.

IT will perhaps startle those who have not followed closely the legislation of the past five years to be told that the operation of existing laws has disquieted the title to one-quarter of the entire property of the United States. The laws now upon our statute book, and claimed by influential advocates to be still in force, affect, in the Southern States alone, nearly five thousand million dollars of the sixteen thousand million dollars which represent the value of the entire real and personal estate of the country. These totals are taken from the census of 1860, and must be diminished by the net losses of the past six years of disturbance; yet, if we consider the Rebel debt as repudiated, and the debt of the United States as established, the relation of these amounts remains substantially the same. The total of confiscable property must be increased also by the amount of the property owned in the loyal States by persons liable to punishment under the confiscation acts, as having given aid and comfort to the Rebellion. Of these confiscation acts, one was approved August 6, 1861, and the other July 17, 1862; and it is claimed that they remain in full force and effect, except so far as their operation may have been restricted by emancipation, amnesty, or by the free exercise of the executive power of pardon. It is true that these acts of executive authority have, to a large extent, rendered the confiscation laws practically inoperative, by reducing the subject matter to which they apply and diminishing the number of the persons whom they affect; still, while they remain upon the statute book, they must continue to introduce an element of disturbance into the titles of all the property which, under any construction, they can be supposed to threaten.

The vast amount of property thus placed in even a fancied jeopardy, and the extent of the industry paralyzed by the insecurity of real estate titles and the dubious possession of chattels personal, render this question of confiscation gravely important as a question of finance alone. Its bearing upon the good feeling and disposition toward useful citizenship of the owners of the property affected, their families and dependents, renders it certainly of not less importance as a question of social economy and politics—important not alone or chiefly to the inhabitants of the States lately in rebellion, but to us also who henceforth enter with them into the formation of the Union reorganizing upon those broader principles of nationality which the war has established. Though it must be considered as definitely settled that those who have openly repudiated

their constitutional obligations are debarred from pleading the privileges of that citizenship which they valued so lightly, this fact cannot affect the discussion of the question as to what should be granted to them in consideration of those broad principles of national policy which concern themselves with the interests of all sections alike. It is with reference to these principles alone that this discussion of confiscation is entered upon, and not in deference to those spurious sentiments of charity which place the interest of the individual before that of the community; thus making the parts greater than the whole. Nor is it the intention to discuss the question as to the expediency of punishing rebellion. Assuming this to be settled, I enter directly upon the consideration of the policy and appropriateness of the punishment applied to the participants of the Rebellion, under the operation of those laws affecting property which seem to have been alone thought worthy of an attempt at enforcement. It is upon the ethical side chiefly that the question will be discussed, leaving to those whose appropriate function it is the settlement of it in its legal bearings, which are now being so actively canvassed. Laws are what the legislature and the courts declare to be laws, and while they continue to be so often opposed to sound reason and policy it is ever expedient to bring them to the test of correct principles, to determine whether they are in agreement with those fundamental objects for the promotion of which laws are the mere instrument.

It is, I am aware, a subject of legal dispute whether our confiscation acts were not, and were not intended to be, limited in their operation to the duration of the Rebellion, and whether all the seizures under them subsequent to the cessation of active military operations, are not unauthorized and illegal. However this may be determined, I think it susceptible of demonstration that the penalties inflicted by them are an appropriate and admissible punishment only for such acts against the Government as involve a misuse of the property taken. Confiscation is, for example, the logical and properly related punishment of smuggling, of dealing in articles contraband of war, or engaging in any traffic restricted or prohibited by law, for here the confiscation and appropriation or destruction of the thing dealt in is appropriate to the offence, as it applies immediately to the motive of such offence. So, during the war, the confiscation of property used in aid of the Rebellion, was a logical, just and efficient remedy and punishment. The confiscation of property, it should be noted, is in itself not distinguishable from robbery and rapine, and is only distinguishable extrinsically by some circumstances touching the use of the property which are sufficient to mark this forcible privation of property as a less crime than the permitting it to remain in the possession of its owner, to be used for

the forbidden purpose. The justification for such privation of property ceases, therefore, whenever the possibility of its misuse ceases. This is not the case with reference to the person of the offender, and he may continue to be held responsible in life and liberty for past offences. Hence it follows that confiscation in the present case is inadmissible, not on the ground of the interests of the criminal, but with reference to the interests of society, that its dignity be preserved, and that its just measures of punishment resolved upon be not so used by the individual as to reflect upon the credit of the community. It is surely bad enough for the State that a portion of its citizens should be rebels without having a portion of its loyal citizens demoralized into thieves. The extent to which this has been the practical result of confiscation, as carried on since the war, will surprise those not acquainted with the facts. Some months since the writer was informed by the late Simeon Draper, that of the one hundred and twenty thousand bales of cotton declared to have been seized by the Government, but twenty thousand bales had come into his hands as the authorized cotton agent of the Treasury Department. Immediately upon the cessation of active hostilities, combinations were formed of officers and soldiers of both armies to engage in the business of seizing and confiscating property. Such a combination was surely not fit to be entrusted with the execution of laws affecting property whose immense value gave the most lively stimulus to cupidity. It being impossible that the Executive Department, entrusted with the execution of the laws, should not be deceived in regard to the character of the persons employed to carry into effect laws operating over so wide an extent of country, it were surely better that laws in their nature so liable to abuse should not have a place upon the statute book. It is only because they enlisted avarice as their agent that they were so long enforced, while the other laws punishing rebellion remained inoperative. The practical result has been that punishment has, to a large extent, fallen most heavily upon those who were the least active in promoting and participating in the Rebellion.

No one familiar with the operation of the confiscation laws since the war can have omitted to note how utterly they have failed to accomplish the legitimate purposes of punishment. In their irregular and partial operation they have aroused a sense of injustice which has greatly weakened the moral influence of the victory for the Union. Instead of submitting to the severe but just verdict of an impartial tribunal, the victims have been forced to yield to the demands of a hungry horde of interested ministers of laws, so uncertain and ill-defined in their operation that friend has been mingled with foe in indiscriminate condemnation. Absolved from responsibility to the laws against treason which held them amenable in life

and liberty, they have found themselves despoiled of their property; not through the orderly processes of justice, but by an arbitrary appropriation of their effects, which has notoriously inured to the benefit of individuals, and not to the profit of the State. Even in those cases where the seizure of property in any form was manifestly unjust, there has been no practical opportunity of appeal from the decision of persons exercising the functions of judicial and executive officers while having a direct pecuniary interest in their own decisions. Even in those rare cases where a reversal of an *exparte* and unjust judgment has been obtained, the unlucky victim has realized in practice the story of the Frenchman who, when thwarted in his attempt to spit his neighbor on a red hot poker, demanded payment for his expense and trouble in heating the poker. The costs of the original seizure have been charged against the recipient of tardy justice, as well as the expenses of obtaining the final decree reinstating him in his rights. And this has been done under an established rule of the Treasury Department, requiring that in all cases where property is restored, even upon the clearest proof of the wrongfulness of the original seizure, the fees of the informer and the seizing officer are required to be reimbursed. The delivery of the property has also been conditioned upon the execution of a bond with sureties restraining from any proceedings against the seizing officer for his unlawful act.

How injurious the result of laws thus operating, becomes obvious when we consider how largely the beneficial influence of punishment is dependent upon the conviction carried with it that it is inflicted in no spirit of personal animosity, nor made to minister to the instinct of personal cupidity. It is unhappily true, as already stated, that to avarice, and not justice, has been committed the punishment of rebellion. Thus the State has suffered seriously in loss of moral power, while gaining nothing in material wealth. The evil is already done, but it is not too late to consider how far this evil is inherent in the punishments which affect property on so gigantic a scale, and at the same time to inquire into the purpose of punishment for civil crime, and to ascertain in what necessity it has its justification and what are its limitations and qualifications.

By what title is it, then, that men assume the right to punish their fellows who stand equal with them in condemnation before the searching tribunal of eternal justice? The final purpose of the divine law is in the reformation of the individual; that of human enactments in the protection of the community. The one concerns itself chiefly with the ideas and motives which lie at the basis of action; the other wholly with the action itself, and with the action, not in its bearing upon the character of the individual, but with reference to the interests of the community of which he is a

part. Thus they proceed on separate planes, though it may be to the same end. The divine law cannot yet be made directly the basis of human enactments, and their legitimate relation to it is in that enlightened view of the true interests of society which results from a just regard for it. A misapprehension of the true relation existing between the two laws has resulted in the blue laws of Puritanism and the innumerable persecutions for righteousness' sake which disgrace history. The real ground of the executive and legislative interference with slavery was not that it was contrary to the divine law. The professional interpreters of the recognized canon of this law continued in sore dispute upon the question of its legality to the very last. The right to abolish slavery rested in the fact that the public sense came at length to regard it as inimical to the best interests of the State; and the barriers of local sovereignty which hedged it about once gone, it was swiftly swept away—the public sense approving the action of the Commander-in-Chief.

By accepting the interests of the State as the only legitimate basis of the civil law, we greatly simplify the work of legislation. We free it, too, from the acrimony which is introduced into it when the religious element seeks to contest it immediately instead of mediately, as it should, through its work upon the individual conscience and will. In a free State the wishes of the community must be the interpreter of its interests. However wise thinkers may see beyond the average desire of the community, they must needs wait to educate that desire before they can have a firm basis for the juster laws they seek. If they advance too far beyond this, the result is dead letter enactments, which bring contempt on all law, or, on the other hand, work revolution, out of which may, indeed, come the result sought. But it is a severe process, and one that legislators do not knowingly enter upon. We have had our revolution, and it is not strange that those who have labored so long for the end it has accomplished should be earnest to complete and consolidate its work through the legislative power it has thrown into their hands.

It becomes a grave question, however, how far this power can be safely exercised. It can go beyond the average public sentiment only so far as it follows the direction that sentiment is taking. In estimating this, it is not prudent to leave any section of the Union or any class in the community out of the account. In one form or another each will assert itself and will have undue influence in the future, just in proportion as it is unduly repressed in the present. Here, as in the physical world, action and reaction are equal. It was neglect of this principle that gave the Stuarts their Cromwell and his Republic; that cost the Episcopal Church Wesley and his million disciples; that brought upon the Roman Catholic Church Luther and the Protestant Reformation. It may have been well

for the world that Cromwell, Wesley and Luther were driven forth, but it was assuredly not well for the organizations that forced them out of their legitimate relations to their several communities.

Reasoning from these principles, it becomes clear that we should not seek to punish those participating in the late Rebellion simply because, in the opinion of the majority, they are worthy of chastisement. Revenge and retaliation should have no place in the national action toward them. Nor need it concern itself with the repentance and reformation of those who have been declared criminal. The simple and only question is, what precautions are necessary to protect the country against the possibilities of a rebellion in the future? With what safeguards can we surround our constitution to protect it from like assaults? Here we are brought at once to consider what are the foundations upon which our constitution and union rest. The experience of our late trial has proven it to have immense power of resistance to revolution. In what does this power consist? It is not in the *vis inertia* of an established system, nor in the centripetal force of centralization in the government. It is in the cohesive power of common ideas, common purposes and common traditions interpenetrating the community and enabling it to resist successfully not only violence from without, but elements of disorganization working within. It was directly upon this line of separation in ideas, interests, and to some extent traditions, that the division was made. And it is in the promotion of a community of ideas and interests that the safety and strength of our system is found. All legislation which furthers this is wise and safe; all other tends to division and revolution. Whatever disregards the interests or does violence to the ideas of any large class in the community, introduces elements of disturbance which will, sooner or later, work out their legitimate result. Legislation may, indeed, advance beyond the declared sentiments of the various classes it has to consider, but, as we have before said, only as it leads in the direction of their progress. It can disregard the apparent interests of any class only as that class is itself indifferent to them; and it cannot, on the other hand, venture to entrust great privileges to any class except in answer to an unmistakable desire on the part of those immediately interested, either fully expressed or in rapid progress of development.

Is it not equally dangerous to set aside any large class in the nation as rebels or traitors, and disregard their wishes, interests and ideas? The very gladiators were sufficient to imperil Rome; and the tendency of all political elements against which society or the State is arrayed, is to a consolidation which gives them a strength beyond their proper relative importance. It is the disregard of the interests of her Irish subjects which gives England her Fenianism; it was the stubborn British intolerance of foreign ideas

and opinions which resulted in the Sepoy rebellion, and is a similar spirit in the Kaisers which has made the Hungarian provinces a source of weakness instead of strength to the Austrian Empire.

This argument is not intended, of course, to affect the question of the establishment of those broad principles of citizenship to which the honor as well as the interest of the nation are alike committed. It does rather enforce and illustrate the justice and importance of these ideas. To the acceptance of these principles the logic of events is fast bringing all sections of the country; and while we guard their practical operation with jealous care, let us be equally solicitous that no unwise policy of revenge toward any class hinder their progress in the province of ideas. Whatever may be the seeming on the surface, it requires no extraordinary observation to discover that the ideas victorious in our great contest are making themselves felt among the vanquished. The old prejudices remain, it is true, but these prejudices no longer have their impregnable foundation in the ideas of self-interest. The undercurrent of influence is setting steadily in the right direction, and it is only the wind upon the surface which gives the contrary impression.

The historical argument against wholesale confiscation as a punishment for rebellion is a striking one, but it can be only very briefly referred to here; its full consideration would extend this article to the dimensions of a volume. Even the iron-handed Cromwell forbore to make use of this instrument, and when firmly established in his seat, he wisely decided not to banish or inflict disabilities upon his opponents. The Stuarts on their restoration imitated this clemency of the great Protector; so general, indeed, was the amnesty act passed at that time, that it was termed an act of oblivion to the *friends* of Charles, and of grateful remembrance to his foes.*

At the close of our war of the Revolution some of the ablest of the political leaders both North and South were strenuously opposed to the passage of the stringent confiscation acts which stand upon the records of a portion of the States. John Jay wrote from Spain, where he then was, to Governor George Clinton, of New York, protesting earnestly against the confiscation act just passed by that State, and the text of which he refused at first to accept as genuine. "If truly printed," he writes, "New York is disgraced by injustice too palpable to admit even of palliation." His wish was, as his son and biographer tells us, "that no estate should be confiscated, except such as belonged to those who had been either perfidious or cruel. So much disgusted was he with the

*See Sabine's "Biographical Sketches of the Loyalists of the American Revolution"—vol. I, p. 88.

injustice and inhumanity of this law that he always declined purchasing any property that had been confiscated by it."

Similar sentiments were expressed by such men as Thomas Sedgwick of Massachusetts, Nathaniel Greene of Rhode Island, Alexander Hamilton of New York, James Iredell of North Carolina, and Christopher Gadsden and Francis Marion of South Carolina. Greene declared that it would be the excess of intolerance to persecute men for opinions which, but twenty years before, had been the universal belief of every class of society. Iredell gave expression to the "hearty wish that the termination of the war could have been followed with oblivion of its offences." In the two Carolinas, where the Whigs and Tories had waged a war of extermination against each other, the victorious party exhibited the utmost moderation and mercy on the return of peace. At the North, and in the States of New York and Massachusetts especially, a different policy was adopted, against the earnest remonstrance, however, of many leading patriots, as is shown.

Fifty-nine persons were expressly mentioned in the act of confiscation passed by New York, as punished by banishment and the forfeiture of all of their estates. Many others suffered the loss of their property, under the general provisions of the law, and to this day the descendants of these tories keep alive the feeling of animosity toward the State, which was engendered by these confiscations. They might forget the trifling matter of the loss of one of their ancestral heads, but their souls are disquieted within them as they view the ancestral acres, now converted into valuable farms, or covered with costly rows of brown-stone fronts. In Massachusetts, too, similar traditions are preserved. This minor and secondary result of confiscation and banishment is less noteworthy, however, than its effect in the establishment of the British provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick as the result of the exodus the severities of the Revolution occasioned. To the animosities then and there transplanted, can be traced that opposition to the United States which revealed itself in the great contest for the Northwestern boundary and the exclusive possession of the fishing privileges of the Newfoundland waters. Our Rebellion brought the same spirit to light, and it will continue to manifest itself until the time when the bonds of common interests and ideas shall have obliterated the memory of past contests and hatreds.

William C. Church.

SAVONAROLA.

THE Piazza della Signoria is situated in the most central part of Florence, faced by the grand Palazzo Vecchio, and enriched by marvels of art from the hands of Michel Angelo, John of Bologna, Ammanato, Orgagna, etc.; but it is not on account of its felicitous locality, or its world-renowned surroundings alone, that this Piazza is celebrated. It is consecrated by historic associations which might well stir with enthusiasm the most sluggish and insensible natures. Among the heart-rending human tragedies that have been enacted upon that gayly beautiful Piazza, was the cruel martyrdom of the pure-minded, truth-devoted Savonarola and his two friends. For more than three centuries—that is, from the time of his death in 1498, until within about the last thirty years—this Piazza, on the anniversary of that merciless sacrifice, was strewed with fresh violets in grateful remembrance of the good he achieved and the wrong he endured. Mrs. Browning thus alludes to this touching custom, and to the tardy recognition of his manifold benefactions to Florence:

> All the Winters that have snowed,
> Cannot snow out the scent from stone and air
> Of a sincere man's virtues. . . .
> . . . It were foul
> To grudge Savonarola and the rest
> Their violets! rather pay them quick and fresh.
> The emphasis of death makes manifest
> The eloquence of action in our flesh,
> And men who, living, were but dimly guessed,
> When once free from their life's entangled mesh,
> Show their full length in graves.

It is singular that no complete and satisfactory biography of so remarkable a man as Savonarola existed, until Professor Villari, of Florence, some four or five years ago, published his "Life and Times of Savonarola." This able author devoted ten years to incessant researches, and the careful preparation of his work. Its vigorously impressive style, its minute details, and the authenticity of the information given, can not be too highly estimated. About a year after Signor Villari's book was published, Romola appeared. Savonarola is made one of the heroes of that brilliant novel.

Girolamo Savonarola was born at Ferrara, on the 21st of September, 1452. His youth was meditative, studious and uneventful, until he reached his twentieth year. At that time a member of the ancient Strozzi family, who had been banished from Florence, re-

sided at Ferrara, in the neighborhood of Savonarola's paternal home. The illustrious Florentine had a beautiful but illegitimate daughter. The youthful Savonarola was kindly received by the Strozzi, and, being thrown in contact with the fair maiden, became deeply enamored. The cordiality of her greetings, and the pleasure she appeared to take in his visits, led Savonarola into a serious error. Not for a moment doubting that she reciprocated his attachment, he confidently solicited her hand. Her haughty reply at once amazed and crushed him. She answered proudly that a *Strozzi* could not wed a *Savonarola!* Without remonstrance or reproach, Savonarola withdrew; but from that time he became subject to fits of deep melancholy. This was his first affection, and we may judge of its strength by its constancy, for it was his last.

While his mind was still in a very dejected state, he was strongly impressed by the preaching of a Dominican friar, who visited Ferrara. Savonarola's thoughts soon turned wholly away from the world. At the age of twenty-three, he visited Bologna, and entered the convent of St. Dominic. He stated that the gross corruption of the age was the cause of his retirement.

His monastic life was characterized by great devoutness, the rude simplicity of his habits, and the exalted state of his mind. He hardly ate enough to support nature. His bed was of wicker work, with a sack of straw and a blanket. He had frequent trances, and often gave vent to his thoughts and emotions in poetry.

When war threatened Ferrara, the superior of the convent sought a less uncertain shelter for some of the brotherhood. Savonarola was sent to Florence. There he entered that Convent of St. Mark in which he afterward effected reforms destined to become so important a feature in secular as well as ecclesiastical history.

At this period Lorenzo the Magnificent reigned in all his superb licentiousness over Florence. Its inhabitants, nobles and populace, rich and poor, were alike immersed in a sea of profligate gayety. *Fêtes*, dances, tournaments, unchaste orgies, drunken revels, and lower depravities, wholly engrossed the public mind. Lorenzo was a patron of the fine arts, a man of letters, an author, and had no mean gift of poetry; yet he could debase himself by composing obscene ballads to be sung during carnivals by young noblemen who, dressed as devils, ran, shouting, yelling and singing, through the streets. Villari declares that these ballads are so revoltingly indecent that in the present day they would not be tolerated by the most depraved taste.

Savonarola was horror-stricken by the profane boldness of the unscrupulous potentate, who only employed his rich mental attributes, and the power conferred by his princely office, to debase or oppress his subjects. Holy promptings clamored incessantly within

the pious friar's spirit, and urged him to rise up and counteract Lorenzo's baneful influence.

It was one of Savonarola's most striking characteristics that whenever he saw there was a good work to be done, he always felt that he was the man called to do it; and he had perfect faith in his own strength to accomplish any task to which he set his hand.

This determination to wage war against the unbridled license which ran riot in Florence, was confirmed by a remarkable vision. The heavens seemed opened to him; the future calamities of the Church were vividly represented, and he heard a voice which commanded him to declare to the people the misfortunes with which they were menaced. Up to this period, Savonarola's sermons had attracted little attention, but he now electrified his hearers by boldly denouncing Lorenzo, and the depravities of which he was the unblushing instigator.

This sermon caused five of the principal citizens of Florence to visit Savonarola and bid him beware. Savonarola told them that he was the mouthpiece of the Lord, which man could not silence. They threatened him with banishment. Stirred by a prophetic spirit, he answered, "I am a stranger, and Lorenzo is not only a citizen, but the first of citizens, yet it is *I* who will remain and *he* who shall leave the city."

His visions now became more and more frequent, and more absorbing. They invariably formed the subject of his sermons. At times he resolved not to preach what had been revealed to him during these visions, but when he entered the pulpit he found himself powerless to resist his spiritual promptings—his own volition had no command over his utterances. Sometimes, while preaching, he fell into a state of trance or ecstasy.

Multitudes flocked to hear him, and were stirred to remorse by his bold denunciations of crime. His voice had remarkable power, and historians dwell upon its tones of thunder; but it had also a pleading pathos and the softness which corresponded to his merciful nature. He exerted a magnetic influence over his hearers which melted to devotion even those who came to scoff.

Villari says: "It would be impossible to give an idea of the force of his expressions, of the vividness of his descriptions, of the works of his imagination, of the confidence of his faith that his visions came from heaven. He repeated the words he had heard pronounced by invisible beings; his deep and solemn voice was re-echoed from the vaulted roofs of the Temple; it descended like a divine manifestation on the people, who were roused to a state of ecstasy, and who trembled with terror, wonder, and delight."

In 1490 he was chosen Prior of the Convent of St. Mark. It was customary for a Prior, upon his election, to pay homage to Lorenzo

the Magnificent. Savonarola refused to comply with this observance. He said that his election came from God alone, and that to him alone he rendered obeisance. Lorenzo tried to conciliate him; he went to mass at St. Mark's and then walked in the gardens of the convent. Savonarola quietly pursued his studies, and the Magnificent waited in vain to be joined by the humble friar.

When Lorenzo was stricken with a mortal illness, and his last hours approached, he desired to see Savonarola, and to receive absolution at his hands. "I know no honest friar but him!" was the dying magnate's exclamation. Savonarola promptly obeyed the summons. Lorenzo told him that there were three especial sins which he wished to confess: the sacking of Volterra, the money pillaged at the Monte delle Fanciulle which had caused so many deaths, and the bloodshed after the conspiracy of the Pazzi. Savonarola bade him restore all that he had unjustly taken, or order his sons to restore it, and told him that he must have a lively faith in the mercy of God. Lorenzo affirmed that he had that faith, and reluctantly promised to return whatever he had taken unlawfully. Then Savonarola impressively declared to him that there was one thing more to be done. "You must restore liberty to the people of Florence!" exclaimed the friar. Lorenzo, with one last effort, raised himself in the bed, and scornfully turned his back, without speaking. Savonarola left him, and the Magnificent died a prey to the most cruel mental torture (8th April, 1492).

Mrs. Browning makes mention of this incident in her "Casa Guidi Windows:"

> Who also by a princely deathbed cried,
> "Loose Florence, or God will not loose thy soul,"
> While the Magnificent fell back and died
> Beneath the star-looks, shooting from the cowl,
> Which turned to wormwood bitterness the wide
> Deep sea of his ambitions.

In that year Savonarola had a dream which he believed to be a divine revelation. He saw in the sky a hand holding a drawn sword; upon the sword was written, "The sword of the Lord on the earth, and speedily." Suddenly the sword turned toward the earth, the air became dark, showers of swords and arrows and fire descended, and fearful thunders were heard, while the whole earth became a prey to wars, famines, and pestilences. This vision was afterward represented by a large number of engravings, and upon numerous medals.

After Savonarola became Prior he commenced his reforms in the Convent of St. Mark. He fitted the monks to live by their own labor—formed schools in which they were taught painting, sculpture, architecture, and the art of copying and illuminating

manuscripts. He made the three especial objects of study theology, morals and the Holy Scriptures; that the latter might be better comprehended, the brethren were instructed in Greek, Hebrew and the Oriental languages.

Savonarola predicted the coming of the French army, "of a new Cyrus who would traverse Italy as a conqueror, without meeting with any resistance or breaking a single lance." Italy was at that time wholly unprotected. When the news suddenly arrived that the French troops were crossing the Alps she had no national armies and no friendly foreign forces. The terrified Florentines rushed to Savonarola, by whom the coming of the foe had been predicted, and implored his aid and counsel. Crowds thronged the streets in a state of wild disorder. Soon the popular fury turned against Piero de' Medici (who had succeeded his father Lorenzo, and had surpassed him in the magnitude of his crimes) and against the nobles and wealthy citizens. Not only were their houses in danger of being sacked and burned, but their lives were in jeopardy.

At this crisis Savonarola mounted the pulpit of the Duomo. The church was crammed with people rudely armed to defend themselves against the invaders. Savonarola commenced his discourse with these words: "Behold, the sword *has* descended, the scourges have commenced, the prophecies are being fulfilled!" So irresistible was his eloquence that the passions of the multitude were calmed, and no violence was committed that day. Historians ascribe this fact entirely to the ascendency which he had acquired over the minds of the people.

At a meeting of the Signoria, who assembled to discuss the steps to be taken, Piero de' Medici was pronounced incapable of ruling the republic, and it was resolved that ambassadors should be sent to the French King Charles, and that Savonarola should accompany them.

The chosen ambassadors set out, the next day, in their splendid equipages; Savonarola followed on foot. The ambassadors were coldly received by the King, who refused to treat with them. Then Savonarola entered the French camp alone, and stood before the King, as he sat among his generals. The friar addressed the sovereign in a fearless tone, and told him that the Lord had sent him to deliver Italy from her afflictions, and that if he forgot the work of the Lord another hand would be selected for its accomplishment. The King listened with profound respect, and gave Savonarola the assurance of his friendly intentions.

Meantime, Piero de' Medici, after a vain attempt to resist by force of arms, fled from Florence.

After much difficulty and procrastination, King Charles signed a treaty with the Florentines, but delayed his departure from Flor

ence. His soldiers filled the city, creating daily scenes of riot and confusion; robberies and murders were frequent; the citizens were defenceless and in despair—still the King could not be persuaded to leave. Once more Savonarola was called upon to appear before the King. The result of this interview was the speedy withdrawal of Charles and his army; but not until his retainers had sacked the splendid palace which had been appropriated to his use. Through this barefaced robbery a large portion of the valuable collections of the Medici passed into the hands of the French.

The Florentines now turned more confidently than ever to Savonarola. They owed their freedom to him; his counsels alone could be trusted; his prophecies had been fulfilled; he alone had been able to influence the King and relieve Florence from the heavy incubus of the royal presence. Villari says: "The man, therefore, who was destined to save the people of Florence was Friar Girolamo Savonarola; the hour had struck when he was to enter into public life; events had carried him forward irresistibly in that direction, notwithstanding the firmness with which he had hitherto held back."

From the pulpit of the Duomo, Savonarola told his hearers boldly that the reform in Florence must begin with things *spiritual;* that the people must purify their minds, renounce their evil courses, and abstain from all profligacy and profanity, and thus they might fit themselves to construct a new government. He set forth that the groundwork of that government ought to be "that no individual should have any benefit but what is general, and the people alone must have the power of choosing the magistrates and of approving the laws."

Speaking of the successful formation of this new government, planned by Savonarola, Villari says: "And all this occurred in a brief space of time, without a sword having been drawn, without a drop of blood having been shed, without a single civil riot, and that, too, in Florence, the city of tumults. But the greatest marvel of all was the power exercised by a single man, and he a simple friar, directing the work from his pulpit, and bringing it to a happy conclusion; an instance unexampled in history of the omnipotence of the human will and of persuasive eloquence. He was never to be seen at meetings in the Piazza, nor at the sittings of the Signoria, but he became the very soul of the whole people, and the chief author of all the laws by which the new government was constituted."

Villari thus describes the total change which took place in the whole city: "The women gave up their rich ornaments—dressed with simplicity and walked demurely; the young men became, as if by enchantment, modest and religious; instead of carnival songs,

religious hymns were chanted. During the hours of midday rest the tradesmen were seen seated in their shops reading the Bible or some work of the friar; habits of prayer were resumed, the churches were well attended, and alms were freely given. But the most wonderful thing of all, was to find bankers and merchants refunding, from scruples of conscience, sums of money, amounting sometimes to thousands of florins, which they had unrighteously acquired."

But this state of unwonted and happy quietude was of brief duration. The unstable and unprincipled Charles the Eighth broke faith with the Florentines and violated every promise he had given. The city was in great danger, for Piero de' Medici was making mighty efforts to return and reassume his despotic sway. He had obtained the favor of the French King, and was even now approaching the city in his company.

To rescue the republic from peril so imminent Savonarola was, for the third time, sent to the King. The sovereign and friar met at Poggibonsi. Again Savonarola warned the King that his perfidy would draw down divine retribution. Awed by that menace, Charles once more gave solemn pledges—which, however, were never redeemed.

Savonarola, with all the potency of his powerful rhetoric, opposed the return of the Medici, and the reëstablishment of despotism. Piero de' Medici was eventually driven back, and took refuge in Rome.

On the death of Pope Innocent the Eighth, Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia, father of the infamous Lucretia Borgia, became Pope Alexander the Sixth. Crime in its lowest, widest, blackest form sat unvailed and triumphant on the Papal throne. Who can wonder that Pope Borgia was Savonarola's bitterest enemy? Savonarola had addressed him a respectful, yet daring letter of remonstrance, setting forth the injuries done to the Church by the immoral lives of her Popes. A man like Borgia was not likely to pardon such a rebuke. In 1495 the Pope invited Savonarola to Rome, but his friends, who had learned that Borgia favored a conspiracy against the upright friar, entreated him not to obey the summons. They assured him it was only a snare laid for his imprisonment or assassination. Fortunately, a severe internal malady, which rendered travelling impossible, afforded him a legitimate excuse for delay. Already his life had been several times attempted. Even in the city he could not venture forth without an armed escort.

Savonarola's excuses were seemingly accepted by the Pope, but before long the friar was again commanded, and more peremptorily than before, to hasten to Rome, and was suspended from preaching.

Savonarola refused to leave Florence, but he was silenced. Fra

Domenico, his zealous and devoted friend, preached in his stead and promulgated his doctrines; but they lacked the influence of Savonarola's personal presence and overwhelming eloquence.

Savonarola's active mind, and his love of usefulness, compelled him to engage in good works which might be effected out of the pulpit. The carnival of 1496 was approaching, and the obscene orgies which the Medici had inaugurated were still in vogue; even the children took a prominent part in festivities at which all decency was ignored.

One of the favorite amusements was to light bonfires in the Piazza della Signoria, and dance around them singing lascivious ballads, and then to conclude by a game of throwing stones. This brutal game invariably maimed and often killed people who were passing in the streets.

Savonarola undertook, what he modestly called "The Children's Reform." He gave a new direction to their amusements, and endeavored to substitute religious for carnival or bacchanalian ceremonies.

The children were in the habit of forming themselves into bands of extempore robbers, and taking possession of much-frequented localities, to bar the passage of every one who walked that way, until the contents of his purse had been distributed among them. The money thus forcibly obtained was squandered in festivities and revelry. Savonarola had small altars set up in the localities where the children were accustomed to congregate, and he told them they might collect alms to distribute among the poor, but they should take no money by force, and waste none in carousing. He allowed them to sing as before, but he taught them hymns, some of his own composition, which they were to substitute for their profane and disgusting Medici ballads. He instructed the good friar Domenico to collect the children and allow them the pleasurable excitement of choosing from among themselves a leader, who was presented to the Signoria, and who made known to that body the object of the reform. The children were highly delighted at their own importance, and entered into the spirit of the good work with great zeal. The murderous game of stones was for the first time given up. The children collected 300 ducats, which were given to the poor.

Savonarola's friends now made such earnest appeals to Pope Borgia, that he granted the friar permission to preach during Lent. The Pope, either to conciliate Savonarola, or because he feared him, or to lay another snare, offered him a cardinal's hat, on condition that he would change the style of language he had been accustomed to use in his sermons. Savonarola quietly refused the conditions and the new dignity.

During his Lent preachings the multitudes which flocked to hear

him were so great, that a lofty amphitheatre, rising to the first row of windows, was erected in the inside of the Duomo. This amphitheatre had seventeen small steps, on which the children were seated. Savonarola often addressed them, for to them he looked for the future regeneration of Florence.

The attempts upon his life became so open that he had to be conducted to the Duomo by armed friends. And they reëscorted him to the convent, without venturing to leave him for a moment unsurrounded. These Lent discourses are chronicled as the most bold and the most impressive which he ever delivered. The historian says: "His sermons are to the Florentine history of this brief period what the orations of Demosthenes are to that of Athens, of Cicero to that of Rome."

It often happened that the princes of Italy wrote to Savonarola to remonstrate with him, because they imagined that *they* were the persons alluded to in his sermons.

Savonarola was again ordered by the Pope to abstain from all preaching, in public or in private, and commanded to acknowledge the authority of the Vicar-General of the Lombard congregation, and to proceed to whatever place he appointed. Pope Borgia knew that if Savonarola were to leave the Tuscan territory he would immediately be in his power. Savonarola saw through the plot and at once made up his mind not to obey; but he sent a conciliatory answer to the Pope giving his reasons. The Pope once more pretended to be satisfied, and resorted to cajolery; still, however, commanding Savonarola to abstain from preaching.

At this period Florence was in a state of great misery. She was threatened with famine, and the plague had broken out and was making daily progress. The people were almost starving and in despair, without any prospect of succor. As usual, they turned to Savonarola for comfort and counsel. The Signoria implored him to break the silence wrongfully imposed by the Pope. Savonarola, greatly moved by the deplorable state of the city, yielded to the solicitations of the chief magistrates, and returned without permission to the pulpit. So long as the Florentines could hear his voice they gained courage to face any calamity.

It was a singular coincidence that Savonarola had hardly preached his sermon of consolation, conjuring his hearers to give up their vices and lead good lives, that they might receive the blessings of Heaven, when the long hoped for supply of men and of wheat arrived from Marseilles. All Florence was frantic with joy, and the people's confidence in Savonarola was redoubled by this incident. The bells rang out a joyful peal, artillery was discharged, and thanksgivings were offered up in all the churches.

When the carnival season of another year, 1497, approached, the

Arrabbiati, which was the party violently opposed to Savonarola, again made preparations for the "scandalous feast of the Medici" and for the game of stones which Savonarola had prevented on the previous year. But Savonarola, aided by his well-tried friend, Fra Domenico, invented a ceremony which would better occupy the hands and minds of the little people—this was the making of a bonfire of vanities. The children, under the direction of their young leader, were instructed to march through the city in white robes, with olive crowns on their heads, and knock at every door to gather voluntary contributions for the bonfire. They were to ask for objects which came under the head of vanities or the Anathema. These were obscene pictures, portraits of females of bad repute, immodest and immoral books, carnival masks and dresses—artificial accessories of the toilette—tapestries with unchaste designs, cards, dice, gaming boards, etc. On receiving the Anathema the children repeated a prayer taught them by Savonarola, and went on their way. On the last day of the carnival the articles collected were carried by the juvenile reformers to the Piazza della Signoria.

The children marched in solemn procession, bearing their unhallowed burdens. Before them was borne a statue of the infant Savior, the exquisite work of Donatelli, supported by four angels. Jesus pointed, with the left hand, to a crown of thorns; the right hand was stretched out in the act of blessing the people. A dense crowd, holding red crosses and olive branches, and singing hymns, accompanied the children. On the piazza an octangular pyramid had been formed 60 feet in height and 240 feet in circumference at its base; it was divided into fifteen stages, and on these the vanities were heaped. The interior of the pyramid was filled with combustible materials, and on the top was a monstrous image representing the carnival. While the children sang, denouncing carnival vices, and the pile was set on fire. The great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio was tolled, and the multitude shouted for joy.

Savonarola has been severely reprehended by the writers of after times, because it is supposed that many valuable manuscripts and rare books, and even works of art, were destroyed in that bonfire—but there is no proof that such was the case, and Savonarola's love and admiration for the fine arts cannot be questioned. The most eminent artists of the age were his devoted friends. Michel Angelo was constantly seen in the Duomo when Savonarola preached, and continued to read his sermons with delight, even in old age.

In another article will be traced the fall of Savonarola from his wonderful moral autocracy of Florence, until he was burned at the stake in the public square of the city.

Anna Cora Ritchie.

THE JANE McCREA TRAGEDY.

PROBABLY no event, either in ancient or modern warfare, has received so many versions as the killing of Miss Jane McCrea during the Revolutionary War. It has been commemorated in story and in song, and narrated in grave histories, in as many different ways as there have been writers upon the subject. As an incident, merely, of the Revolution, accuracy in its relation is not, perhaps, of much moment. When measured, however, by its results, it at once assumes an importance which justifies such an investigation as shall bring out the truth in all its details. The slaying of Miss McCrea was, to the people of New York, what the battle of Lexington was to the New England colonies. In each case the effect was to consolidate the inhabitants more firmly against the invader. The blood of the unfortunate girl was not shed in vain. From every drop hundreds of armed yeomen arose; and, as has been justly said, her name was passed as a note of alarm along the banks of the Hudson, and, as a "rallying cry among the Green Mountains of Vermont, brought down all their hardy sons." It thus contributed to Burgoyne's defeat, which became a precursor and principal cause of National Independence.

The story, as told by Bancroft, Irving, and others, is that as Jane McCrea was on her way from Fort Edward to meet her lover at the British camp, under the protection of two Indians, a quarrel arose between the latter as to which should have the promised reward; when one of them, to terminate the dispute, "sunk," as Mr. Bancroft says, "his tomahawk into the skull" of their unfortunate charge.

The correct version, however, of the Jane McCrea tragedy, gathered from the statement made by Mrs. McNeal to General Burgoyne, on the 28th of July, 1777, in the *marquée* of her cousin, General Frazer, and corroborated by several people well acquainted with Jane McCrea, and by whom it was related to Judge Hay, of Saratoga Springs—a veracious and industrious historian—and taken down from their lips, is different from the version given by Mr. Bancroft.

On the morning of the 27th of July, 1777, Miss McCrea and Mrs. McNeal were at the latter's house in Fort Edward, preparing to set out for Fort Miller for greater security, as rumors had been rife of Indians in the vicinity. Their action was the result of a message sent to them early that morning by General Arnold, who had at the same time despatched to their assistance Lieutenant Palmer with some twenty men, with orders to place their furniture on board a *bateau* and row the family down to Fort Miller. Lieutenant

Palmer having been informed by Mrs. McNeal that nearly all her effects had already been put on the *bateau*, remarked that he, with the soldiers, was going up the hill as far as an old block-house, for the purpose of reconnoitring, but would not be long absent. The lieutenant and his party, however, not returning, Mrs. McNeal and Jane McCrea concluded not to wait longer, but to ride on horseback to Colonel McCrea's ferry, leaving the further lading of the boat in charge of a black servant. When the horses, however, were brought up to the door, it was found that one side-saddle was missing, and a boy* was accordingly despatched to the house of a Mr. Gillis for the purpose of borrowing a side-saddle or pillion. While watching for the boy's return Mrs. McNeal heard a discharge of firearms,† and looking out of a window, saw one of Lieutenant Palmer's soldiers running along the military road toward the fort, pursued by several Indians. The fugitive, seeing Mrs. McNeal, waved his hat as a signal of danger, and passed on; which the Indians perceiving, left off the pursuit and came toward the house. Seeing their intention, Mrs. McNeal screamed, "Get down cellar for your lives!" On this, Jane McCrea and the black woman, Eve, with her infant, retreated safely to the cellar, but Mrs, McNeal was caught on the stairs by the Indians, and dragged back by the hair by a powerful savage, who was addressed by his companions as the "Wyandot Panther." A search in the cellar was then begun, and the result was the discovery only of Jane McCrea, who was brought up from her concealment,‡ the Wyandot exclaiming upon seeing her, "My squaw, me find um agin—me keep um fast now, foreber, ugh!" By this time the soldiers had arrived at the fort; the alarm drum was beaten, and a party of soldiers started in pursuit. Alarmed by the noise of the drum—which they, in common with Mrs. McNeal and Jenny, heard—the Indians, after a hurried consultation, hastily lifted the two women upon the horses which had been in waiting to carry them to Colonel McCrea's ferry, and started off upon the run. Mrs. McNeal, however, having been placed upon the horse on which there was no saddle, slipped off, and was thereupon carried in the arms of a

* His name was Norman Morrison. It is not known with certainty what became of him, though tradition states that, being small and active, he escaped from the savages and reached his house in Hartford, Washington County, N. Y.

† So fatal was this discharge that out of Lieutenant Palmer's twenty men, only eight remained, Palmer himself being killed on the spot.

‡ Judge Hay was informed by Adam, after he became a man, that his mother, Eve, had often described to him how she continued to conceal him and herself in an ash-bin beneath a fire-place; he, luckily, not awaking to cry while the search was going on around them in the cellar. This was also confirmed by the late Mrs. Judge Cowen.

savage. At this point Mrs. McNeal lost sight of her companion, who, to use the language of Mrs. McNeal, "was then ahead of me, and appeared to be firmly seated on the saddle, and held the rein while several Indians seemed to guard her—the Wyandot still ascending the hill and pulling along by bridle-bit the affrighted horse upon which poor Jenny rode." The Indians, however, when half way up the hill, were nearly overtaken by the soldiers, who, at this point, began firing by platoons. At every discharge the Indians would fall flat with Mrs. McNeal. By the time the top of the Fort Edward hill had been gained, not an Indian was harmed, and one of them remarked to Mrs. McNeal: "Wagh! um no kill —um shoot too much high for hit." During the firing, two or three of the bullets of the pursuing party hit Miss McCrea with fatal effect, who, falling from her horse, had her scalp *torn* off by her guide, the Wyandot Panther, in revenge for the loss of the reward given by Burgoyne for any white prisoner—a reward considered equal to a barrel of rum.

Mrs. McNeal, however, was carried to Griffith's house and there kept by the Indians until the next day, when she was ransomed and taken to the British camp. "I never saw Jenny afterward," says Mrs. McNeal, "nor anything that appertained to her person until my arrival in the British camp, when an aide-de-camp showed me a fresh scalp-lock which I could not mistake, because the hair was unusually fine, luxuriant, lustrous, and dark as the wing of a raven. Till that evidence of her death was exhibited I hoped, almost against hope, that poor Jenny had been either rescued by our pursuers (in whose army her brother, Stephen McCrea, was a surgeon), or brought by our captors to some part of the British encampment." While at Griffith's house Mrs. McNeal endeavored to hire an Indian, named Captain Tommo, to go back and search for her companion, but neither he nor any of the Indians could be prevailed upon to venture even as far back as the brow of the Fort Edward hill to look down it for the "white squaw," as they called Jenny.

The remains of Miss McCrea were gathered up by those who would have rescued her, and buried—together with those of Lieutenant Palmer—under the supervision of Colonel Morgan Lewis (then deputy quartermaster-general), on the bank of the creek, three miles south of Fort Edward, and two miles south of her brother's—John McCrea's—farm, which was across the Hudson, and directly opposite the principal encampment of General Schuyler.

The only statement which, while disproving Mr. Bancroft's relation, seems to conflict with the above account of the *manner* of her death, is the one made by Dr. John Bartlett, a surgeon in the American army. This occurs in his report to the director-general of the hospitals of the Northern Department, dated at Moses Creek

headquarters, at 10 o'clock of the night of July 27, 1777, and is as follows:

I have this moment returned from Fort Edward, where a party of hell-hounds, in conjunction with their brethren, the British troops, fell upon an advanced guard, inhumanly butchered, scalped and stripped four of them, wounded two more, each in the thigh, and four more are missing.

Poor Miss Jenny McCrea, and the woman with whom she lived, were taken by the savages, led up the hill to where there was a body of British troops, and there the poor girl was shot to death in cold blood, scalped and left on the ground; and the other woman not yet found.

The alarm came to camp at two P. M. I was at dinner. I immediately sent off to collect all the regular surgeons, in order to take some one or two of them along with me to assist, but the devil of a bit of one was to be found. . . . There is neither amputating instrument, crooked needle nor tourniquet in all the camp. I have a handful of lint and two or three bandages, and that is all. What in the name of wonder I am to do in case of an attack, God only knows. Without assistance, without instruments, without everything.

This statement, however, was made, as is apparent on its face, hurriedly, and under great excitement. A thousand rumors were flying in the air; and there had been no time in which to sift out the kernels of truth from the chaff. But, in addition to this, the story of the surgeon is flatly contradicted by testimony, both at the time of the occurrence and afterward. General Burgoyne's famous Bouquet order of the 21st of May, and his efforts, by appealing to their fears and love of gain, to prevent any species of cruelty on the part of his savage allies—facts well known to his officers and men—render it simply impossible to believe the statement of Surgeon Bartlett, that a "body of British troops" stood calmly by and witnessed the murder of a defenceless maiden—and a maiden, too, between whom and one of their comrades in arms there was known to be a betrothment. Leaving, however, probabilities, we have the entirely different and detailed account of Jenny's companion, Mrs. McNeal, "the woman with whom she lived," and who, as "the woman not yet found," was endeavoring—while the surgeon was penning his account—to prevail upon the savages to go back and search for Jenny's body, left behind in their hurried flight.

The whole matter, however, seems to be placed beyond all doubt, not only by the corroborative statement of the Wyandot Panther, when brought into the presence of Burgoyne—to the effect that it was not he, but the enemy, that had killed her—but by the statement of General Morgan Lewis, afterward Governor of New York State. His account is thus given by Judge Hay in a letter to the writer:

Several years after Mrs. Tearse had departed this—to her—eventful life, I conversed (in the hearing of Mr. David Banks, at his law-book store in New York) with Governor Lewis. Morgan Lewis then stated his distinct recollec-

tion that there were three gun-shot wounds upon Miss McCrea's corpse, which, on the day of her death, was, by direction of himself—and, in fact, under his own personal supervision—removed, together with a subaltern's remains, from a hill near Fort Edward to the Three Mile Creek, where they were interred. The fact of the bullet wounds—of which I had not before heard, but which was consistent with Mrs. Tearse's statement—was to me "confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ" that Jane McCrea had not been killed exclusively by Indians, who could have done that deed either with a tomahawk or scalping-knife, and would not, therefore, be likely (pardon the phrase in this connection) to have wasted their ammunition. In that opinion Governor Lewis, an experienced jurist—if not general—familiar with rules of evidence, concurred.

This opinion of two eminent lawyers, as well as the statement of the Wyandot, receives, moreover, additional confirmation in the fact that when the remains of Jane McCrea, a few years since, were disinterred and removed to the old Fort Edward burial ground, and consigned to Mrs. McNeal's grave, Doctor William S. Norton, a respectable and very intelligent practioner of physic and surgery, examined her skull, and found no marks whatever of a cut or a gash.* This fact, also, strongly confirms the opinion expressed at the time by General Frazer, at the *post mortem* camp investigation, that Jane McCrea was accidentally, or rather unintentionally, killed by American troops pursuing the Indians, and, as General Frazer said he had often witnessed, aiming too high, when the mark was on elevated ground, as had occurred at Bunker's (Breed's) Hill.

It thus appears, first, that Jane McCrea was accidentally killed by the Americans; and, secondly, that the American loyalist (David Jones) did not send the Indians, much less the ferocious Wyandot, whom he abhorred and dreaded, on their errand.

Indeed, the falsity of this latter statement (which, by the way, General Burgoyne never believed) is also susceptible of proof. The well-established fact that Jones had sent Robert Ayers (father-in-law of Ransom Cook, Esq., now residing at Saratoga Springs) with a letter to Miss McCrea asking her to visit the British encampment and accompany its commander-in-chief, with his lady guests, on an excursion to Lake George, clearly shows how the charge against Jones had crept into a Whig accusation concerning supposed misconduct and meanness; and the dialogue (also well authenticated) between two of her captors, in relation to the comparative value of a living white squaw—estimated at a barrel of rum—and her scalp-lock, accounts, perhaps, for the story of the pretended proffered reward (a barrel of rum), alleged to have caused the quarrel among

* Miss McCrea's remains have recently again been removed, for the third time, to a new "Union Cemetery," situated about half way between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. A large slab of white marble has been placed over the spot by Miss McCrea's niece, Mrs. Sarah H. Payne.

the Indians which resulted in the supposed catastrophe. All who had been acquainted with David Jones knew that he was incapable of such conduct, and so expressed themselves at the time.

The rumor, also, which is slightly confirmed in Burgoyne's letter to Gates, that Miss McCrea was on her way to an appointed marriage ceremony, originated in Jones' admission that he had intended, on the arrival of his betrothed at Skeensborough (Whitehall) to solicit her consent to their immediate nuptials—Chaplain Brudenell officiating. But Jones explicitly denied having intimated such desire in his letter to Miss McCrea or otherwise. "Such," he added, "was, without reference to my own sense of propriety, my dear Janet's sensibility, that the indelicacy of this supposed proposal would, even under our peculiar circumstances, have thwarted it." Indeed, this question was often a topic of conversation between General Frazer and Mrs. McNeal, who, with Miss Hunter (afterward Mrs. Tearse), accompanied him from Saratoga to Stillwater, and on his decease returned to Fort Edward after witnessing the surrender of the British general. Jones frankly admitted to his friends, that in consequence of the proximity of the savages to Fort Edward, he had engaged several chiefs who had been at the Bouquet encampment, to keep an eye upon the fiercer Ottawas, and especially upon the fierce Wyandot, and persuade them not to cross the Hudson; but if they could not be deterred from so doing by intimations of danger from rebel scouts, his employés were to watch over the safety of his mother's residence, and also that of Colonel McCrea. For all which, and in order the better to secure their fidelity, Jones promised a suitable but unspecified reward—meaning thereby such trinkets and weapons as were fitted for Indian traffic, and usually bestowed upon the savages, whether in peace or war.*

But partisanship was then extremely bitter, and eagerly seized the opportunity thus presented of magnifying a slight and false rumor into a veritable fact, which was used most successfully in stirring up the fires of hatred against loyalists in general, and the family of Jones in particular. The experiences of the last few years afford fresh illustrations of how little of partisan asseveration is reliable; and there is so much of the terrible in civil war which is indisputably true, that it is not difficult, nor does it require habitual credulity, to give currency to falsehood. One who a hundred years hence should write a history of the late Rebellion, based upon the thousand rumors, newspaper correspondence, statements of radical and fierce politicians on one or another side, would run great risk of making

* As showing how improbable exaggerations, originating in rumor, are perpetuated in print, reference is made to a book in the State Library at Albany, entitled, "Travels through America, in a series of letters, by an officer, Thomas Anburey," 1783.

serious misstatements. The more private documents are brought to light, the more clearly they reveal a similar, though even more intensified, state of feeling between the Tories and the Whigs during the era of the Revolution. Great caution should therefore be observed when incorporating in history any accounts, as facts, which seem to have been the result of personal hatred or malice.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

THE GUEST AT THE FUNERAL.

ONE looked upon the cold, dead face,
And looked in peace,
As if in Death her vision saw
A sweet release.

A sweet release? She saw far more—
A sweeter being
Than mortal life: a holier joy
Than mortal seeing.

While prayed to Heaven the man of God
With eyes upraised,
The Holy Angels heard her say
"The Lord be praised."

And while so many hearts were stirred
With mortal throes,
Up to the very Throne of God
Her pæan rose.

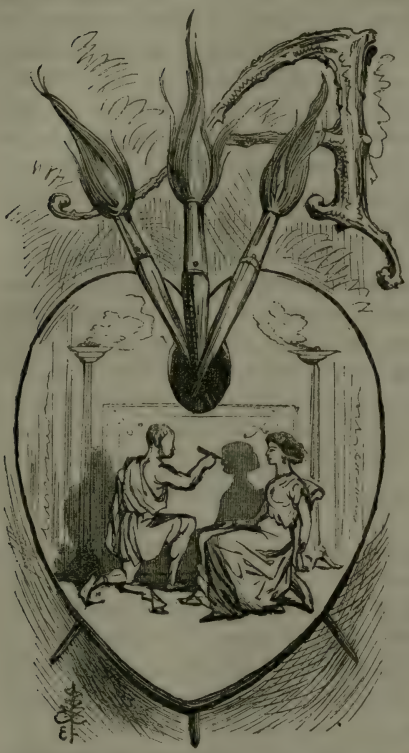
She heard the voice of earnest prayer,
Sad and imploring—
She heard sweet anthems far above,
Glad and adoring.

And while the solemn words were said,
Slow and still-voiced—
While wept the Living for the Dead,
All Heaven rejoiced.

And some went hopefully away—
Some went in doubt—
But mortal vision never saw
That guest go out.

H. M. BEAN.

THE EXHIBITION OF WATER COLORS.



PROMINENT feature of the recent Artist Fund Exhibition at the New York Academy of Design was the collection of water-color paintings that filled the East Room and one side of the Corridor. It was the largest collection of the kind ever gathered together in America; and as such, and also as the commencement of an earnest effort to popularize the art of water-color painting in this country, it had an importance quite distinct from the merits of the paintings on exhibition. It might have been much better than it was, both as to the number of paintings and as to artistic merit. Of the hundred and thirty pictures in the collection, not more than five or six would have ranked as first rate in an exhibition of either the Old or the New Water-color Society in England, and perhaps not more than a dozen even so high as second rate; while as to numbers, either one of the societies I have mentioned exhibits every Fall five or six pictures to our one. I have heard it stated, indeed, that there are probably fewer water-color paintings in this than are exhibited every year by each of half a dozen societies in England.

The fact is undeniable that Americans entertain a prejudice against water colors. While some of the greatest of English artists have achieved their noblest triumphs in water color, the art has been totally neglected in this country; partly because it was popularly regarded as a kind of "lady's art," and partly because it is more easy to obtain a commonplace proficiency in oils. An unskilful dauber in oils can produce pictures which take better with the general public than anything he could do in water colors, which require

greater delicacy and precision, and more accurate knowledge of nature and of methods to make them acceptable. Water-colorists have, therefore, received but little encouragement in this country. Even the best efforts of our men in this branch of art have been treated with mortifying and unjust neglect. I have now in mind an artist of high promise, whose exquisitely finished water-color paintings, which would have commanded fame and money in England, are here scarcely known outside of the circle of his personal friends. One of his finest works was exhibited two years in succession without finding a purchaser, and the artist was at length glad to get rid of it for the paltry sum of twenty-five dollars! It was a work that had cost days of conscientious labor, wisely directed by feeling, thought and knowledge. The artist had put his whole heart into it, and hoped at least for recognition and encouragement. But it was passed over by the public at the grand reception, and ignored by the critics of the press. And why? Not because it was not a beautiful picture, not because it was not composed with art and painted with exquisite skill, but because it was done in water color. Thoughtless people glanced at the number in their catalogue, saw it was "only a water color," and passed on without deigning to give it a moment's serious attention. It attracted far less notice, in fact, than did a series of crazy pencil drawings by a common draughtsman.

I might illustrate this singular prejudice by many anecdotes, but one will suffice. The artist above spoken of was employed by Government to make a series of drawings of our iron-clad fleet. Among them was one entitled "The Monitor Weehawken in a Storm." A more powerful drawing in india ink has rarely been exhibited anywhere. Ocean storm effects are therein depicted with wonderful truth of cloud, and rain, and wave. The fame of the drawing reached the ears of a naval gentleman whose name is closely identified with the history of our monitors, and, in a polite note, he requested that it might be sent to him for examination, at the same time intimating a desire to become possessor of it. The drawing was sent; but came back early next morning, accompanied with a note expressing surprise and disappointment that the picture was not an oil painting. All its vigor of drawing, all its merit as a work of art, went for nothing against this sole defect, for defect it was in his eyes.

It was with the hope of correcting this absurd prejudice that the artists of New York resolved to make the Artist Fund Exhibition this Fall the occasion of a fine display of water-color paintings by native and foreign artists. They proposed to show the grand capabilities of the art, in figure, in architectural, and in landscape painting; and for this purpose sent agents to Boston, Philadelphia and

other cities to collect the best specimens that could be found. They were only partially successful. Owing to some delay in setting their project on foot, they were unable to communicate in season to obtain compliance with many owners of water-color paintings. In a few cases only their requests were met by refusal, because owners were unwilling to risk their treasures in other hands than their own. Thus it was impossible to obtain the loan of a magnificent Turner, owned by a gentleman in Philadelphia, and said to be one of the grandest sunset effects ever painted by the great master. I do not feel that the owner was very much to blame, though the disappointment to the public was great. Splendid Turners are rare acquisitions in this country, and should be guarded from injury with jealous care; and I say this with the full knowledge that the application of this rule keeps a number of Turner's finest water colors in the seclusion of a private gallery in New York. But there is such a thing as sheer stinginess in regard to private collections. The application of a well-known literary gentleman to view a private gallery was not long since curtly refused, on the ground that the gallery was solely for the gratification of the owner and his friends, among whom the applicant was not numbered. That I call boorish. There is not a private picture gallery in Europe, belonging to King, Prince or Noble, to which any gentleman or lady cannot obtain admittance on making proper application; and surely a New York merchant should not be less generous with his art treasures.

But, notwithstanding many drawbacks, the collection was large and interesting; and while it is to be regretted that many fine drawings known to be in the country were not obtained, let us be thankful that so much was accomplished toward making the public acquainted with an art which has been so little appreciated in this country. The exhibition, so far as it went, was a success. It attracted great attention; and for the first time in the history of New York exhibitions, oil paintings were neglected for water colors.

I shall not attempt to describe or even mention all the pictures of merit in the collection, but of a few, which seemed to me to be representative, I would fain record my own impressions and opinions.

Two paintings in the East Room, entirely dissimilar in subject and style of treatment, attracted the notice of all visitors; one, Rossetti's "Dante Meeting Beatrice," the other, a reminiscence of "Frenchman's Bay," on the coast of Maine, by Charles Parsons. And having mentioned this exquisite transcript of coast scenery, I cannot help scolding a little at the way it was injured in hanging. Delicate and very tender in color, it was hung directly under a strong picture by Marny, directly over a gorgeous sunset by Richardson, and close beside a yellow beach scene by Rowbotham. Its effect was seriously injured by these surroundings, but it could not

be entirely spoiled, and no one who once set eyes upon it could fail to recognize and admire its beauty. Charles Parsons is an artist whose achievements already place him at the head of American water-colorists. His pictures are characterized by beauty and refinement rather than by vigor, though his spirited drawing, "The Weehawken in a Storm," shows that he is not deficient in power. But the tendency of his genius is toward quiet beauty. He seeks serenity, not commotion, and dwells with unaffected tenderness upon scenes of tranquil enjoyment, of musing thought, of placid labor. He delights in quiet sunsets, in water at rest under a cloudless sky, or only rippled by a Summer breeze. Hence his pictures soothe, not excite, the imagination, and fill the mind with happy fancies and tranquil thoughts. Sometimes, however, he expresses the effects of storm and wildness with great vigor of drawing and color. A sketch by him of old "Cro' nest," with a storm approaching, is one of the most impressive suggestions of storm I have ever seen. But the picture of "Frenchman's Bay" displays in a higher degree than any other of his works the ruling characteristics of his mind. A reminiscence of a wild and rugged scene, in which nature loves to show her stormy power, the painting breathes throughout the tender grace of a serene, warm atmosphere, of calm in the heavens and on the sea and land, of cheerful and secure toil. The time is afternoon; the season, early Fall. In the foreground are a couple of boats, laden with grain, that have just pushed off from the shore, a bit of which is shown on the right of the picture. In the middle distance, forming a fine central mass, are two coasters, waiting, perhaps, to be loaded up from the boats. Behind the coasters rises a long, rocky island, precipitous and bare on the side toward us, but on the summit covered with a scanty growth of pines. On each side of this island runs a narrow channel, far into the distance; and following either, the eye strikes at last on faint, filmy-blue hills, scarcely discernible at first sight, but as true in color as in form. Above them float a group of purple clouds in an atmosphere of tender blue. It is one of the most beautiful coast scenes ever painted in water color.

Another painting, "The Ramparts of Panama," by the same artist, is a picture of greater strength; but, as it has been exhibited several times in New York and Brooklyn, I need not describe it here.

The two Hills, some of whose finest work was in the exhibition, belong to an entirely different school of art—a school severe, realistic and limited in range. Neither of them has yet produced a picture, all their works being nothing more than studies or sketches. As such their drawings are deserving of the very highest praise for accuracy of form, beauty and purity of color, and exquisite delicacy

of finish. In these qualities they are unrivalled in American art. But both men are deficient in imagination; they draw the outward forms of what they see, but rarely interpret for us the spiritual import. The work of Mr. J. W. Hill is thus the perfection of imitation. Nothing could be more lovely or admirable in its way than his rendering of fruit, flowers, game, set in tranquil bits of landscape or relieved against a tender sky. When he attempts more ambitious subjects, he is apt to fail; nor can he paint anything to which life and motion belong. The landscape No. 67, in the Corridor, "Rocks at Mount Desert," shows at once his strength and his weakness. The rock forms and local color are rendered with great fidelity and power, but the cloud forms are rude, and the sea unsatisfactory in tone. The drawing of the breakers is feeble and even childish.

Mr. J. H. Hill possesses more imagination than his father, but, thus far, is greater in promise than in performance. The style of the two men is the same, and alike in all their works; conscientious, delicate, finished, never bold, never dashy, never hasty, least of all, slovenly. His drawing of White Mountain scenery, in the exhibition, is a fine specimen of his style. The mountains and nearer hills are drawn with great feeling; but the foliage on the right is somewhat stiff and ungainly, and the foreground is wanting in character. There is more promise, I think, in the little sketch called "Sunset off Boston." It is a charming study of effect, tranquil, harmonious, and composed with more artistic feeling than is usually exhibited by this painter. Compared with either of the last-named drawings, the work of our American Pre-Raphaelites is poor indeed. The artists of this school made a sorry show at the exhibition, the largest drawing in their peculiar style being one of a dead bird lying in the snow, by Farrer. The bird was carefully painted, but the snow was simply caricatured.

Of Rossetti's pictures, "Dante Meeting Beatrice" and "Before the Battle," I hesitate to speak. They are, I believe, the only specimens of his genius in America; I hope so, unless they do him injustice. I have heard them extravagantly praised by some, and by others emphatically condemned. At first glance, the work strikes one as antique, and even childish. It has an indescribable appearance of incertitude, as if the artist were not sure of the effect he wanted to produce, nor of the way to do it; and the more you study it the more you wonder what was the artist's intention, and whether you are standing before an ancient or a modern work of art. Fully alive to the danger of not admiring Rossetti's work, I confess that the longer I study these pictures the less I like them. I find little in them which, to my taste, is lovely or admirable. Take the one first mentioned, for instance, and, remembering all that we have heard of Dante and of Beatrice, recalling Giotto's long-lost portrait of him,

and the poet's rapturous praise of her more than human beauty, look for a moment, or as long as you can endure the sight, at Rossetti's realization of *his* ideal. Dante, in a red gown, apparently too much agitated to stand alone, leans against the wall of a building, to let Beatrice pass. A companion, awkwardly painted and placed, stands partly between the poet and the spectator. Descending a stairway on the left of the picture, comes a train of wretched virgins, scrawny, sharp featured, with high cheek bones, prominent noses, protruding eyes, and lips that never could provoke a kiss. These poor virgins are all dressed in green and blue. Beatrice, the homeliest of the group, is about to pass Dante without vouchsafing him a glance. She looks steadily forward into vacancy, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," and does not notice the little girl offering the forlorn poet a flower. In the lower left-hand corner is a group of peasants. To me, the picture is full of dreary awkwardness. The drawing is rude and clumsy, the handling scratchy and disagreeable to the eye. Nor can I discover in the picture any sentiment or current of thought that might atone for its defects as a work of art. The picture galleries of Europe contain thousands of paintings by the earlier masters, of which Rossetti's work reminds one. But why should an artist of the nineteenth century adopt the style of the fifteenth? The merit of the early painters lies not in their want of correct drawing, but in the spirit and intention of their work, in the grand conceptions they struggled to express, rudely and inadequately, in form and color. We study them, not to learn drawing, but for their great ideas. I take it that a truly earnest and thoughtful man may, even in this age of meretricious culture, paint with all the sad sincerity of Giotto, and yet not wholly despise the attractions of beautiful form, lovely color, and graceful composition. If nature is beautiful, why should artistic devotees to truth always paint ugly-looking women, and give us compositions that can be tolerated only in mediæval work? Is there no way of escape from the false side of modern artistic culture, except into the rudeness of the Middle Ages? Is it really true that beauty of form and grace of composition are opposed to sincerity of purpose in art? Rossetti's answer, so far as we know his mind through these pictures, would be, yes; but I would rather believe that Rossetti has permitted himself to dwell upon the works of the earlier masters until his admiration of their spirit has unduly influenced his judgment of their artistic merits as pictures.

I have not space, nor is it necessary at this time, to speak at length of Mrs. Murray's spirited and dashing sketches; of Marny's bold and free-handed drawings; nor of Thwaites, Harry Fenn, Glasgow, Philp, Richardson and others whose works added interest and value to the exhibition. I hope another opportunity will be afforded

before long, by another and more complete exhibition, for laying before the readers of The Galaxy a full history of the art of water-color painting in Europe and America.

The exhibition, deficient as it was in some respects, served one purpose of those engaged in getting it up; it awakened new interest in water-color painting. Hundreds of people were for the first time made aware that a water-color painting was better than a "colored engraving," or a chromo-lithograph; that depth of tone, richness of color, and exquisite delicacy of finish, can be obtained in water color as well as in oils. To those who are familiar with the home popularity of English water-color artists, this statement may appear exaggerated, but it is not so. Ask the Hills, ask Parsons, ask a dozen other American artists who have attempted to make this art popular in this country, how long it is since their efforts were rewarded with appreciative recognition, and they will tell you that the almost invariable comment on their finest works was: "How beautiful that would be in oil!" Thanks to the faith and courage of these gifted men, who have permitted no disappointment to turn them aside from their chosen path, their beautiful art at length finds the encouragement of recognition and awakened interest. Hereafter, though it may be some years before we have a water-color society, no exhibition of paintings will be considered complete without its collection of water-color pictures at least as large and as valuable as the one that has just given us so much pleasure. We may hope, too, another year, to see more American works in such a collection. Many of our water-color artists who this year refrained from sending their pictures to the exhibition will not fail again. It is to be hoped, also, that the possessors of foreign water colors will be less chary of their treasures another year. A great deal of the interest and value of the recent exhibition were due to the presence there of fine and characteristic specimens of the work of Turner, Samuel Prout, David Cox, Copley Fielding and Stanfield. The differences between the old and new styles of water-color painting, between English and American methods of execution and handling, were thus displayed with great clearness. This excellent feature should be repeated in future exhibitions.

Stillman S. Conant.

SUMMER HOURS.

O-NIGHT the wind is at the door
With icy knock and hollow roar,—
The blinds and sign-boards of the street
Are jangling in the driven sleet;
One almost fancies he can hear
The passing feet of the poor Old Year,
In the wild gusts of rain and snow
That beat upon the flags below.

With pine-tree knots I heap the fire,
And, as I lean unto it nigher,
And catch the fragrant woodland scent
That with the wreathing smoke is blent,
No more I hear the driving blast,
No more the sleet that hurtles past,
For the sweet incense of the tree
Brings many an old scene back to me.

Amid the sighing pines I rove,
I hear the whispers of the grove,
The merry laughs that used to ring,
The plaintive songs we used to sing;
And, wreathing flowers in pleasant dells,
I see the graceful damosels,
As long ago, in Summer hours,
Under the shady Sylvan bowers.

One is brown, and one is fair,
And one has olive-tawny hair,
But the brows that arch her hazel eyes
Are black as any crow that flies.
She it was who would lean her ear
To the whispering pines, and feign to hear,
In the voices of their nodding boughs
Wild gossip about broken vows.

'Twas her you could win with fairy tale—
How "a rose was loved by a nightingale,"
Or, "an elfin spider his tangle wove
Athwart the pathways of the grove,
To favor an imp and his runaway bride
And trip up the demons that after them ride—
Ride—ride!"
O, her eyes were all sunshine, or all rain,
Just as you touched her with the strain.

And yet another looms up to me
In the mystic spell of the pine-wood tree,
One who would flush when the mocking-bird
Down in the forest glades was heard;
But I see her, now, as she looked one day
When a thrush piped to her from a spray,
And thus to the trustful bird she sang
In a voice that like reeds of crystal rang:

"Bird of the russet wings
And silver tongue,
My heart unto thee clings
All birds among.

For, in thy voice I hear
No borrowed strain;
Repeat thy trill so clear, . . .
Sing it again!

Not for the mocking-bird
Doth my heart yearn,
Like a false lover's word
His notes I spurn.

Thrush singing truthfully,
Fly not away;
Stay with me, sing to me
All through the day!"

And other forms unto my eyes
Up from the dying embers rise,
The last, and loveliest, one that came
Dwelling a moment in the flame:
But, hark! again raves at the door
The cruel wind, with knock and roar,
And damosels, and birds and flowers,
Are vanished, all—and Summer hours.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

THE QUEST FOR ENGLISH.

ABOUT a year ago there was an outbreak of minute criticism of style, the violence of which since that time has rather increased than abated. Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, began it by some articles upon the Queen's English, which he published in "Good Words," and afterward gathered into a little volume. These articles were met with counter-criticism by Mr. George Washington Moon, who, in another little volume, entitled "The Dean's English," attacked the Very Reverend Henry Alford in no very reverent manner. He certainly showed that the Dean did not always write with exact conformity to the long-established rules and usages of our language, and that he not unfrequently violated logical continuity of thought. Elated by his success, Mr. Moon sought a new victim, and found one in Mr. Marsh; upon whose thoughtful and learned paper—published in "The Nation"—on the last edition of the so-called "Webster's Dictionary," he fell with savage purpose. As with Dean Alford's trifles, so with Mr. Marsh's graver and more instructive labors, Mr. Moon was able to find fault in which he could not be gainsayed. Without a doubt he did show that Mr. Marsh, writing in Turin for a newspaper in New York, and being thus unable to correct his proofs, was sometimes incorrect in the construction of his sentences and even in his use of words. But the faults which he brought to light do not in the least impair the intrinsic value of philological essays so able as those in which they were discovered. Here, however, the matter did not end. Mr. Moon having made a volunteer attack upon a distinguished American scholar, and having thought it in good taste, when writing to a paper published in New York, to make early and conspicuous use, as an example, of the sentence "General Lee is a gentleman and a soldier," was not allowed to pursue his course undisturbed; and various writers, particularly one at Trinity College, Connecticut, who signed himself "S," took up Mr. Moon's own English and showed that it was strewn thick with examples of false construction, incorrect use of language and slovenly thought. But successful as the last critic was, and provoking as Mr. Moon's communications were of the critical retort *tu quoque*—vulgarly, you're another—it was hardly worth while to be at the trouble of hunting down his *ifs* and *ands* and arraigning his pronouns and prepositions. Accurate writing is certainly much to be desired and cultivated; for generally, inaccurate writing is the outward sign of inaccurate thinking. But when men have shown, like Mr. Marsh, that their

thought is of moment, or like Dean Alford and Mr. Moon, that theirs is of no particular importance or interest, it is in the former case ungracious, and in the latter very superfluous to fall foul of their parts of speech. And to own the truth, there are comparatively few writers, even of well deserved eminence, whose sentences would come out unscathed from such an ordeal as that to which Mr. Moon subjected Dean Alford's and Mr. Marsh's, and which his own were compelled to undergo in turn by his anonymous critic in New England. Perhaps the subject has enough importance and interest to repay us—writer and reader—for a little time spent in its investigation, especially if in our hawking we fly at higher game than has been brought down by either of the critics who have furnished occasion for this article.

For at least a hundred years the highest reputation for purity of style in the writing of English prose has been Addison's. Whether or not he deserves, or ever did deserve, the eminence upon which he has been placed, he certainly is one of the most elegant and correct writers of the last century. Johnson's didactic and formal laudation, with which he rounds off his criticism of this author, "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," has been worth a great deal to the booksellers, and has stimulated the purchase of countless copies of "The Spectator," and, let us hope, the perusal of not a few. But in the face of so weighty a judgment, let us test Addison, not merely by the standard of other writers, but by the universally recognized rules of the language, and by those laws of thought the governing power of which is admitted in every sound and educated intellect, and to which every master of style, either through cultivation or intuition, unconsciously conforms. Seeing thus what manner of man he is who has been held up for generations as the bright exemplar of purity, correctness and grace in English style, we may intelligently determine what we can reasonably expect of the great mass of unpretending writers in our hard-working days.

I have been led to this examination by recently reading for the first time the "Essay upon the Pleasures of the Imagination," which runs through ten numbers of the "Spectator,"* and which is one of Addison's most elaborate performances. Bishop Hurd says of it that it is "by far the most masterly of all Mr. Addison's critical works," and that "the style is finished with so much care as to merit the best attention of the reader." This the accomplished right reverend critic remarks in his edition of Addison's works. But let us take down a copy of the original edition of the "Spectator," not that which came out in numbers day by day, but the first collected

* Nos. 411 to 421.

edition, published by subscription under Addison's fastidious eye and corrected by his careful hand. It was "Printed for S. Buckly, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and J. Jonson, at the Shakespeare's Head, over against Catherine street, in the Strand, 1712." This copy has around it the odor of the "Spectator" period. Its dark, smooth calf binding, almost black, its gilt edges turned to bronze by time, and the precise announcement in the round, formal hand of the time upon the title page of every volume that it belonged then to "The Right Honorable Ladie Loftus," take us back to the days when Sir Roger de Coverley was to be found in the country and Will Honeycomb in the town; and we see the Right Honorable Lady Loftus—and very honorable and very lofty, no doubt, she was, formidable in costume as well as in manner—recommending her young friends to cease reading the frivolous comedies of that very incorrect person, Mr. Congreve, and give their attention to the decorous and elegant Mr. Addison, who informed the mind and corrected the morals, and pleased the fancy without inflaming the imagination; and who, besides, was much admired by people of the highest quality. Her ladyship would no doubt have looked with great respect upon the copy of "The Tattler" which now stands next to her "Spectator;" for it belonged to the Earl of Chesterfield, and has the ancient bookmark of his lordship in each volume. It was "Printed and to be delivered to subscribers by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the corner of Beresford Buildings in the Strand." Those were very genteel days, and these were very genteel books, and only to be had of the genteelest of perfumers, who, we may be sure, sold only the genteelest of smells. The Earl of Chesterfield who owned this copy was not the one who tried to make a silk purse out of material not suited to the purpose, but his father; and so we may be secure in the belief that the perfumed powder from the elegant Philip Dormer Stanhope's first wig, bought, not improbably, of Mr. Charles Lillie himself, was shaken out upon these pages. But Mr. Lillie's odors have not lasted; the perfume has long since faded out; the pages are not so bright or so sweet as they seemed to be to the girls who took them up after the Honorable Philip to discover what it could be that so interested that young gentleman, hoping, perhaps, to find there the secret of the cynical indifference which lurked under the polished deference and the delightful compliments which he paid to their sex and their charms. To us these volumes are merely old books presenting that peculiar, sallow tint and exhaling that peculiar odor of antiquity which delight not woman, nor man either, unless he be a genuine book-hunter. But we must turn the leaves of "The Spectator," and find our essay. Here it is; Number 411, published on Saturday, June 21, 1712, with a motto from Lucretius which intimates to us that Mr. Addison in this essay broke his own

path across a trackless country to drink from an untasted spring.* This should excuse some deviation from the line of our now well-beaten road of criticism; but there are other errors for which it is no apology. The first sentence tells us that "Our sight is the most perfect and delightful of all our senses." A careless use of language, to begin with; for sight is not more perfect than any other sense. Perfect hearing is just as perfect as perfect sight; that is, it is simply perfect. But passing by this as a venial error, we find the third sentence beginning thus:

> The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours.

Now, we may be sure that Addison did not mean to say what he does say—that the sense of feeling can give us the notion of ideas, and that colors are an idea. His meaning correctly expressed was this: The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension *and of* shape, and *every* other *idea* that can enter at the eye, except *that of color*. A little further on we find this explanation of the subject of his essay:

> —— so that by the pleasures of imagination or of fancy (which I shall use promiscuously), I here mean such as arise from visible objects.

The strange confounding of imagination with fancy—faculties which had been clearly distinguished a hundred years before the time of Addison—first attracts attention in this sentence. But not insisting upon that error, let us pass on to learn immediately that he means to use the pleasures of those faculties promiscuously. But he manifestly intended to say that he would use *the words* imagination and fancy promiscuously. The confusion in his sentence is produced by his first mentioning the faculties, and then using "which" to refer, not to the faculties, but to the words which are their names. Again he says:

> —— but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images which we have once received into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination.

Did Addison mean that we have the power of "retaining images into" all the varieties of picture, and so forth? Certainly not; although that is what he says. Here again is confusion of thought. He groups together and connects by a conjunction three verbs—retain, alter and compound—only two of which can be united to the same preposition. This fault is often committed by writers who do not think clearly, or who will not take the trouble to perfect and balance their sentences by repeating a word or two, and by looking

* Avia Pieridum peragere loca, nullius ante
Trita solo: juvat integros accedere fonteis,
Atque haurire.

after the fitness of their particles. What Addison meant to say was—but we have the power of retaining those images *which we have once received, and of* altering and compounding *them* into all the varieties of picture, and so forth. A few lines below we find this sentence:

> There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the fancy and imagination.

The confusion here is great and of a very vulgar kind. It is produced by the superfluous words "those of the." Addison meant to say—in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense, not than the words of the fancy and imagination, but than fancy and imagination. In the same paragraph which furnishes the foregoing example, the writer says: "I divide these pleasures in two kinds." It is English to say—I divide these pleasures *into* two kinds. The next paragraph opens thus:

> The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding.

Here again is confusion produced by a careless use of language—careless even to blundering. Addison did not mean to speak of *taking pleasures*, either of the imagination, the sense, or the understanding. If he had written—The pleasures of imagination, *regarded* (or *considered*), in their full extent, are not so gross, and so forth—he would have uttered what the whole context shows to have been his thought. The next paragraph makes the following assertions in regard to what is called a man "of polite imagination:"

> He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude and uncultivated parts of Nature administer to his pleasures; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light; and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

The first of these sentences is imperfect. We may be sure that the writer means that his man of polite imagination feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession *of them*. But he does not say so. Nor by any rule or usage of the English language are the preposition and pronoun implied or understood; for the sentence might just as well end—"than another does in the possession *of great riches*." And what does the author mean by saying that his politely imaginative man looks upon the world "in another light?" Another than what? No other is mentioned or implied. The writer was referring to an idea that he had not expressed; and we can only guess that he meant—another light than that in which the world is regarded

by men of impolite imagination. The same sort of confusion appears in the first sentence of the very next paragraph:

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another.

Here, in the first place, by neglecting to repeat "who," Addison says that there are very few men who know how to have a relish of pleasures that are not criminal; whereas, he manifestly meant to say that there are very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or *who* have a relish of pleasures that are not criminal. But the chief blunder of the sentence is in its next clause. Who are "they" who are said to take every diversion at the expense of some virtue? According to the writer's purpose, "they" has really no antecedent. Its antecedent, as the sentence stands, is, "very few who know how to be idle or innocent;" but these, the writer plainly means to say, are they who do *not* take their diversion at the expense of some virtue. By "they," Addison meant the many from whom he had in his own mind separated the very few of whom only he spoke; and he thus involved himself and his readers in a confusion which is irremediable without a recasting of his sentence. All these marked faults of style—faults which are not examples merely of inelegance, but of positively bad English and confused thought—occur within three duodecimo pages. It might possibly be suggested that perhaps Addison wrote this particular number of "The Spectator" when the usual mellowness of his style had been spirited into his brain.* But, on the contrary, examples of similar slovenly writing may be found all through those charming "Spectators" to which Johnson refers us as models of English style. Let us see. Here is the third sentence in "Spectator" 405, a musical criticism apropos of Signor Nicolini's singing. For Addison, as well as Guizot, wrote art criticisms for the daily press.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-musick as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage.

It would not be easy to construct an intelligible sentence, without burlesque, that would be more blundering than this one is. To begin: "I could heartily wish" is nonsense. A man wishes, or he does not wish. But to pass by this feeble and affected phrase, the writer wishes that there "*was* the same application and endeavours," etc.,

* Bishop Hurd says of this essay, "Some inaccuracies of expression have, however, escaped the elegant writer; and these as we go along shall be pointed out." But it is important to our purpose to mention that not one of the inaccurate and confused passages above noticed is pointed out by the editor, who calls attention only to one or two trifling lapses in mere elegance of style.

"as *have been*," etc. He says neither "was" and "has been," nor "were" and "have been." He should have used the plural form of each verb, of course; but he contrived to get all the errors into his sentence of which it was capable. Besides, the use of the pronoun "that" is extremely awkward, even if, indeed, it be correct. For, as the sentence stands, "that" refers to "church music," and the writer really speaks of the endeavors which have been bestowed "on the church music of the stage." He should either have written, —church music and stage music, or music of the church and that of the stage; of which constructions the latter is the better. The sentence may, therefore, be correctly written (it cannot be made graceful or elegant) thus: I heartily wish that there were the same application and endeavors to cultivate and improve the music of the church as have lately been bestowed on that of the stage.

In "Spectator" No. 381 is the following sentence:

The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

Which it doesn't, Sairey Gamp agreeably rejoins; and, indeed, the sentence is almost in her style, or that of her invisible gossip, Mrs. Harris. Addison meant to say—The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him *who* is sure *that it* will bring him to a joyful harbor. Confusion of the same nature as that just pointed out appears in this sentence, from "Spectator" No. 21:

——as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one whom he would not venture to feel his pulse.

Whom he wouldn't, indeed. And what shall be said of the correctness of a writer who couples the separative "each" with the plural "are," as Addison does in the following passage from "Spectator" No. 21?

When I consider how *each* of these professions *are* crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihoods in them, etc.

That slovenly writing is the outcome of careless thinking, could hardly be more clearly shown than by the following example, from "Spectator" No. 111:

That cherubim which now appears as a god to a human soul knows very well that the period will come above in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it.

If Addison did not know that cherubim was the plural of cherub, and that he should have used the latter word, there is at least no excuse for the last clause of the sentence, which is chaotic. He would have expressed his meaning if he had written—Nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now *looks up to* it; or, better—Nay, when she shall *find herself as much above* that degree of perfection as she now falls short of it.

With two more examples I must finish this array. Speaking of Sir Andrew Freeport, Addison says:

——but in the temper of mind *he was then*, he termed them mercies, favors of Providence, and blessings upon honest industry.—*Spectator, No.* 549.

Explaining a pasquinade, he writes:

This was a reflection upon the Pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those circumstances *that Pasquin represented her.—Spectator, No.* 23.

It would be superfluous either to point out or to correct the gross errors in these passages; which are worthy of notice as examples of blunders peculiarly British in character. Errors of this kind are not unfrequently met with in the writing or the speech of the middling folk among our British cousins at the present day; but on this side of the water they seldom occur, if ever. Our faults are of another sort; and they appear in the casual writings of inferior journalists, who produce at night what must be printed before morning, or in those of authors who attain not even to local reputation. It would be difficult to match with examples from American writers of even moderate distinction such sentences as the following which appear in Brougham's appreciation of Talleyrand:

Among the eminent men who figured in the eventful history of the French Revolution was M. Talleyrand; and whether in that scene, or in any portion of modern annals, we shall in vain look for one who represents a more interesting subject of history.

What a muddle we have here! Talleyrand figured in the French Revolution, not in the history of that event. It may be correctly said of him that he *figures* in the history of the French Revolution. But whether this is what Brougham meant to say, the latter clause of the sentence makes it impossible to discover. For there "scene," which refers to the event itself, and "annals," which refers to the record of events, are confounded; and we are finally told that a man who figured in an eventful history represents an interesting subject of history! Within a few lines of this sentence we have the one here following:

He sided with the Revolution, and continued to act with them, joining those patriotic members of the clerical body who gave up their revenues to the demand of the country, and sacrificed their exclusive privileges to the rights of the community.

With whom did Talleyrand continue to act? What is the antecedent of "them?" It has none. It refers to what is not expressed, and except in the mind of the writer not understood—the revolutionary clergy; and I have quoted the whole of the sentence, that this might appear from its second clause. And yet Henry Brougham was one of the men who were chiefly instrumental in achieving the splendid early reputation of the "Edinburgh Review."

But to what conclusion are we tending? If not only Brougham's but Addison's sentences thus break down under such criticism as we apply to the exercises of a school-boy—Addison, of whose style we are told by Johnson, in Johnsonian phrase, that it is "pure without scrupulosity and exact without apparent elaboration," to whom shall we look as a model writer of prose, who can be our standard and authority as to a pure English style? Clearly not to the principal writer of "The Spectator." For, although he may have been without either scrupulosity or elaboration, he was also quite as plainly often without both purity and exactness. Such faults of style as those which are above pointed out in the writings of Addison are not to be found, I believe, in Shakespeare's prose, in Bacon's, or in Milton's; but they do appear in Dryden's. They will be looked for in vain, if I may trust my memory, in the works of Goldsmith, Johnson, Hume, Gibbon, Hallam, Jeffrey, Macauley, Froude, Irving, Prescott, Longfellow and Hawthorne. Addison, appearing at a time when English literature was at a very low ebb, made an impression which his writings would not now produce, and won a reputation which was then his due, but which has long survived his comparative excellence. Charmed by the gentle flow of his thought—which, neither deep nor strong, neither subtle nor struggling with the obstacles of argument, might well flow easily—by his lambent humor, his playful fancy (he was very slenderly endowed with imagination) and the healthy tone of his mind, the writers of his own generation and those of the succeeding half century placed him upon a pedestal, in his right to which there has since been unquestioning acquiescence. He certainly did much for English literature, and more for English morals and manners; which, in his day, were sadly in need of elevation and refinement. But, as a writer of English, he is not to be compared, except with great peril to his reputation, to at least a score of men who have flourished in the present century, and some of whom are now living. And from this slight examination of the writings of him whom the world has for so long accepted as the acknowledged master of English prose, and who attained his eminence more by the beauty of his style than the value of the thought of which it was the vehicle, we may learn the true worth and place of such criticisms as those which are the occasion of our remarks. Their value is in their fitness for mental discipline. Their place is the class-room.

Richard Grant White.

BYGONE JOYS.

AH, poor young people! Poor young people! What a life of deprivation is yours! How much have you lost by coming so late into this world of ours. Never can you go to the capital of your native State in a stage coach. Never can you jolt in a lumber wagon to Highcliffe Springs, or to the beach at Kunnuck Point. Above all, never can you pass a night in a canal boat. For the loss of how much solid comfort has this age of improvement to answer! How much fun and frolic have been crushed beneath the car wheels of the Juggernaut whom men call Progress!

I had a dreadful fright when I was not very old myself, caused by my sympathy for the young. Two or three years after I left school, I happened to be in an omnibus into which there entered a group of school boys. Each of them had with his other books a pamphlet, and as one of them who sat opposite me opened his, I saw that it was a treatise on Eulology.

Eulology! thought I; what is the world coming to! Here am I, miss scarce out of her teens, and behold a new science of which I have never even heard the name, and yet these boys of twelve years of age are studying it. My curiosity was so great that I changed my seat so as to look over the shoulder of the young student, when, to my exceeding great relief, I discovered that the science of Eulology, when resolved into its simple elements, signified a "Eulogy" upon somebody or other, with which the boys had been presented.

My pity for young people was smothered by the discovery, but not extinguished. When I think, oh, ye little feet, that ye shall never tread the boards of a canal boat; when I consider, oh, little hands, that ye shall never lean upon the windows of a stage coach; when I realize, oh, little faces, that ye shall never peer from a farm wagon, I grieve for you.

I knew that this day was coming. I saw, oh, my prophetic soul, the "resonant steam eagles" whistling past every man's barn, and up every green, and white, and blue mountain. And I determined that while such things as canal boats were, I would pass a night on board of one; and I did so. Moreover, I rode to the boat in an omnibus. As our party poured in and filled it, there was no place left for poor little me. To be sure one seat was occupied by an infant some fifteen or eighteen months old, but its mother declined to take it up. In those days I had none of the strong-minded style of female about me, or I should have gently placed the child on

terra firma, and taken the seat. That is just what I should do now. But *then*, I stood, blushing and swaying with every motion of the coach, until two gentlemen piled themselves one upon the other, and gave me a seat. I took it with many apologies; expressing my sincere regret that the selfishness of the lady-mother of the baby should cause them so much inconvenience. I was charmed to discover afterward that one was the husband, and one the brother, of the lady in question. Soon after adding this piece of biography to my store of useful knowledge, we reached the canal boat, and all went on board.

And now my delight was great. The slow, slow motion; the banks of shady woods and sloping hills; the shaking and screwing into and out of locks; the call of "bridge," and consequent sudden depression of ambitious heads. And then the soft approach of twilight, the sunset far above us, the glimpses of distant villages—I enjoyed it all to the last degree.

Our fellow passengers, too, were objects of curiosity and interest. We had been joined at the commencement of our journey in the boat by some gentlemen friends, and were a large and merry party. Among the strangers who attracted our attention was a family, consisting of a mother, an awkward girl of some fifteen years of age, and two boys, perhaps eight or nine years old. The mother was dressed in shabby mourning, and was full of groans and sighs and lachrymose upturnings of the eyes. The boys were ranging about in everybody's way, and the girl seemed too stupid to play any part in life whatever. The mother crossed over to our side of the boat after a short time, and said to me,

"Do you know whether the captain of this boat is a Mason?"

"Indeed, I do not, madam," I said; "I know nothing about him."

"I think he is a Mason," said she; "my husband was a Mason. Oh, dear!" continued she; "I have had so much trouble. We have been on a long journey, and I have lost a green gauze vail, and a carpet-bag, and a purse with a hundred and fifty dollars, and my eldest daughter. Jemimy, if you have any strength left, shake both those boys." Whereupon the girl, after a long chase, succeeded in capturing one of said boys and shaking him as per order, thereby nearly deafening us with the shrieks of the victim, and the shouts of the culprit at large. The former setting forth on his release to execute vengeance on the latter, a little peace ensued, which the mother broke by asking,

"What persuasion are you of?"

On the question being answered, she replied,

"Oh, then you are not of the Methodist persuasion. I suppose the captain of this boat is of the Methodist persuasion. My husband was of the Methodist persuasion; he was a class leader. Jemimy, if you have any strength left shake both those boys."

In the confusion which ensued upon another attempt to capture the enemy, who had returned to the scene of action, I escaped. It was with no small amusement that we watched the lady making the circuit of the boat to favor the passengers with the tale of her losses, and that of her husband's "persuasions."

And now we discovered that they were about setting the table for tea. We carried our provisions with us, as we thought we should prefer such an arrangement, but we felt compelled to see what was going on. So down stairs we went, and seated ourselves in the cabin. We had no sooner done so than we were requested to rise, and from some hidden receptacle behind our seats were drawn small wooden horses, which were placed up and down the cabin at regular intervals. Then we were requested to rise again, and the waiters, standing in our seats, took down, apparently, the ceiling of the cabin; at least they took a number of boards, which they laid upon the rests; and presto, a table! A third request to rise was followed by the removal of the cushions, displaying boxes which were reservoirs of tablecloths, napkins, cups and saucers, and paraphernalia generally. These having been all duly set forth, we rose again, this time without being requested; and from the same wonderful fountain flowed forth bread and butter, gingerbread, plates of ham and smoked beef, and other delights. These were duly displayed also, and we assumed the usual position, but the waiters shook their heads, and disappeared. I think they kept the rest of the things in the captain's office—a den of three feet by seven. At any rate, from some unknown "glory hole," they produced tea and coffee and a variety of hot viands, and their labors were over

With the rest of the hungry passengers, appeared madam, "Jemimy," and "both those boys." They were each furnished with a travelling bag, into whose capacious maw they proceeded to pack away slices of bread and butter, cold meat, eggs and other delicacies. I did not notice, however, that these duties interfered with the present satisfying of their appetites. In course of time the clerk came around for the tickets. The "relict," as she styled herself, begged him not to trouble himself about her and her children, as the captain of the boat was a Mason, and it would be all right. "But, madam," said the clerk, "have you no tickets?"

"Oh, it is no matter," replied the lady, "the captain of the boat is of the Methodist persuasion."

"Very possibly, madam," replied the clerk, "but will you buy your tickets now?"

A history of the religious views of the departed husband was the only reply, and the clerk finally gave it up in despair, took the tickets of the rest of the passengers, and then reported matters to

the captain. That functionary, perhaps because he was neither a Mason nor a Methodist, made speedy arrangements for the landing of the family, and we saw them no more.

When we again went on deck, a soft half moon was gilding the still waters upon which we were floating. The banks had become indistinct. The sad note of the whippoorwill was heard in the distance, and the nightingale in the forest had commenced making night melodious.

But it grew damp and chilly, and we could not long remain on deck. We had heard mysterious whispers of the crowded state of the boat, and before we went down stairs we presented our cloaks and shawls to the gentlemen of the party, who had already been informed that they must sit up all night, their cabin being full to overflowing.

We found that the lower regions had sustained a wonderful transmogrification. The ceiling had again been attacked and robbed of a variety of shelves which were suspended by hooks in the posts which supported the ceiling. These were being converted into beds as fast as possible by the aid of waiters and chambermaid, while rolls of mattresses on the floor were also to be made ready for an army of occupation.

"Now, miss," said the chambermaid to me, after the waiters had disappeared, "your number is seventeen; jist hist in, will you? I want to get the ladies into their berths, so as to make up the beds on the floor." So I made an effort to mount to seventeen. I might as well have tried to climb to the moon. It was in the fourth story, and there was nothing to aid my ascent. Finally, by severe physical exertion on the part of my family and Dinah's ready help, I was shot into my berth, but much more rapidly did I shoot out again.

"Well, I never!" said the aggrieved chambermaid, "what is the matter now?"

"Matter?" said I, gasping, "why that is the black hole of Calcutta. My nose touches the ceiling. I should suffocate in five minutes."

Of course I was roundly scolded, but I stood my ground, and was finally consigned to a bed on the floor, which was preferable, although my life was nearly trampled out of me by the occupants of neighboring mattresses.

A little disturbance occurred soon after everybody had retired. A lady arose to quiet her wailing baby. While violently rocking it to and fro, she suddenly lost her balance and disappeared behind the curtain which separated us from the gentlemen's cabin. A chorus of shrieks, of laughter, and of fright, scolding and chattering, took place for half an hour, with very effective solos from the much-

afflicted infant. Then again silence ensued. I fell asleep, and dreamed that the boat was wrapped in flames. It could not have been hotter in our cabin had this been the case. But in my dream, I was being rescued by a most charming young gentleman, who was conducting me to a life boat, when I awoke and found the chambermaid shaking me by the arm.

"What is it? Where are we? What do you want?" said I, rubbing my eyes.

"I say, miss," said Dinah, "hain't you got the boat brush, now?"

"The boat brush!" said I, indignantly, "of course I have not got it. I would not touch it with the tongs."

"Well," said the chambermaid, retreating, "somebody has got it, and it was a'most a new brush, so I am jist goin' to ask every lady on board the boat about it."

This last performance was too much. I slept no more, and employed myself in trampling and crushing my fellow sufferers on my way to the door for a breath of air, and back again.

At last the night wore away. The chambermaid appeared bright and early to roll up the mattresses and drive us on deck. One of my family happened to spy the child who had been the innocent cause of the omnibus trouble, asleep on the floor. The natural depravity of her nature being aggravated by the sorrows of the night, she seized the infant and hid it away in one of the berths of the gentlemen's cabin. We saw the distracted mother turning over the now rolled-up beds under the idea that her baby was being quietly suffocated in one of them, and smiling a sickly smile of revenge, retired.

The gentlemen of the party had fared no better than ourselves. There was not even sitting room in their quarters. Of course no attempt was made to give them beds. They had spent the night muffled up in the wraps we had given them, on the damp deck, or driven thence by the cold, standing on one foot at a time for want of room for both while they took a vapor bath in the gentlemen's cabin.

After we had safely arrived at our destination, when we had bathed, and had not used the boat brush, and had dressed, and breakfasted, and laughed over the night's adventures, we unanimously

"*Resolved*, That there is nothing so charming in the world as a night on a canal boat when said night is over." Youthful reader, what sayest thou?

G. B. M.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By Anthony Trollope.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HARRY CLAVERING'S CONFESSION.

HARRY CLAVRING, when he went away from Onslow Crescent, after his interview with Cecilia Burton, was a wretched, pitiable man. He had told the truth of himself, as far as he was able to tell it, to a woman whom he thoroughly esteemed, and having done so was convinced that she could no longer entertain any respect for him. He had laid bare to her all his weakness, and for a moment she had spurned him. It was true that she had again reconciled herself to him, struggling to save both him and her sister from future misery—that she had even condescended to implore him to be gracious to Florence, taking that which to her mind seemed then to be the surest path to her object; but not the less did he feel that she must despise him. Having promised his hand to one woman—to a woman whom he still professed that he loved dearly—he had allowed himself to be cheated into offering it to another. And he knew that the cheating had been his own. It was he who had done the evil. Julia, in showing her affection for him, had tendered her love to a man whom she believed to be free. He had intended to walk straight. He had not allowed himself to be enamored of the wealth possessed by this woman who had thrown herself at his feet. But he had been so weak that he had fallen in his own despite.

There is, I suppose, no young man possessed of average talents and average education, who does not early in life lay out for himself some career with more or less precision—some career which is high in its tendencies and noble in its aspirations, and to which he is afterward compelled to compare the circumstances of the life which he shapes for himself. In doing this he may not attempt, perhaps, to lay down for himself any prescribed amount of success which he will endeavor to reach, or even the very pathway by which he will strive to be successful; but he will tell himself what are the vices which he will avoid, and what the virtues which he will strive to attain. Few young men ever did this with more precision than it had been done by Harry Clavering, and few with more self-confidence. Very early in life he had been successful—so successful as to enable him to emancipate himself not only from his father's absolute control, but almost also from any interference on his father's

part. It had seemed to be admitted that he was a better man than his father, better than the other Claverings—the jewel of the race, the Clavering to whom the family would in future years look up, not as their actual head, but as their strongest prop and most assured support. He had said to himself that he would be an honest, truthful, hard-working man, not covetous after money, though conscious that a laborer was worthy of his hire, and conscious also that the better the work done the better should be his wages. Then he had encountered a blow—a heavy blow from a false woman—and he had boasted to himself that he had borne it well, as a man should bear all blows. And now, after all these resolves and all these boastings, he found himself brought by his own weakness to such a pass that he hardly dared to look in the face any of his dearest and most intimate friends.

He was not remiss in telling himself all this. He did draw the comparison ruthlessly between the character which he had intended to make his own and that which he now had justly earned. He did not excuse himself. We are told to love others as ourselves, and it is hard to do so. But I think that we never hate others, never despise others, as we are sometimes compelled by our own convictions and self-judgment to hate and to despise ourselves. Harry, as he walked home on this evening, was lost in disgust at his own conduct. He could almost have hit his head against the walls, or thrown himself beneath the wagons as he passed them, so thoroughly was he ashamed of his own life. Even now, on this evening, he had escaped from Onslow Crescent—basely escaped—without having declared any purpose. Twice on this day he had escaped, almost by subterfuges; once from Burton's office, and now again from Cecilia's presence. How long was this to go on, or how could life be endurable to him under such circumstances?

In parting from Cecilia, and promising to write at once, and promising to come again in a few days, he had had some idea in his head that he would submit his fate to the arbitrament of Lady Ongar. At any rate he must, he thought, see her, and finally arrange with her what the fate of both of them should be, before he could make any definite statement of his purpose in Onslow Crescent. The last tender of his hand had been made to Julia, and he could not renew his former promises on Florence's behalf, till he had been absolved by Julia.

This may at any rate be pleaded on his behalf—that in all the workings of his mind at this time there was very little of personal vanity. Very personally vain he had been when Julia Brabazon—the beautiful and noble-born Julia—had first confessed at Clavering that she loved him; but that vanity had been speedily knocked on the head by her conduct to him. Men when they are jilted can

hardly be vain of the conquest which has led to such a result. Since that there had been no vanity of that sort. His love to Florence had been open, honest and satisfactory, but he had not considered himself to have achieved a wonderful triumph at Stratton. And when he found that Lord Ongar's widow still loved him—that he was still regarded with affection by the woman who had formerly wounded him—there was too much of pain, almost of tragedy, in his position, to admit of vanity. He would say to himself that, as far as he knew his own heart, he thought he loved Julia the best; but, nevertheless, he thoroughly wished that she had not returned from Italy, or that he had not seen her when she had so returned.

He had promised to write, and that he would do this very night. He had failed to make Cecilia Burton understand what he intended to do, having, indeed, hardly himself resolved; but before he went to bed he would both resolve and explain to her his resolution. Immediately, therefore, on his return home he sat down at his desk with the pen in his hand and the paper before him.

At last the words came. I can hardly say that they were the product of any fixed resolve made before he commenced the writing. I think that his mind worked more fully when the pen was in his hands than it had done during the hour through which he sat listless, doing nothing, struggling to have a will of his own, but failing. The letter when it was written was as follows:

Bloomsbury Square, May, 186–.

Dearest Mrs. Burton:—I said that I would write to-morrow, but I am writing now, immediately on my return home. Whatever else you may think of me, pray be sure of this, that I am most anxious to make you know and understand my own position at any rate as well as I do myself. I tried to explain it to you when I was with you this evening, but I fear that I failed; and when Mr. Burton came in I could not say anything further.

I know that I have behaved very badly to your sister—very badly, even though she should never become aware that I have done so. Not that that is possible, for if she were to be my wife to-morrow I should tell her everything. But badly as you must think of me, I have never for a moment had a premeditated intention to deceive her. I believe you do know on what terms I had stood with Miss Brabazon before her marriage, and that when she married, whatever my feelings might be, there was no self-accusation. And after that you know all that took place between me and Florence till the return of Lord Ongar's widow. Up to that time everything had been fair between us. I had told Florence of my former attachment, and she probably thought but little of it. Such things are so common with men! Some change happens as had happened with me, and a man's second love is often stronger and more worthy of a woman's acceptance than the first. At any rate, she knew it, and there was, so far, an end of it. And you understood, also, how very anxious I was to avoid delay in our marriage. No one knows that better than you—not even Florence—for I have talked it over with you so often; and you will remember how I have begged you to assist me. I

don't blame my darling Florence. She was doing what she deemed best; but oh, if she had only been guided by what you once said to her!

Then Lord Ongar's widow returned; and dear Mrs. Burton, though I fear you think ill of her, you must remember that as far as you know, or I, she has done nothing wrong, has been in no respect false, since her marriage. As to her early conduct to me, she did what many women have done, but what no woman should do. But how can I blame her, knowing how terrible has been my own weakness! But as to her conduct since her marriage, I implore you to believe with me that she has been sinned against grievously, and has not sinned. Well; as you know, I met her. It was hardly unnatural that I should do so, as we are connected. But whether natural or unnatural, foolish or wise, I went to her often. I thought at first that she must know of my engagement, as her sister knew it well, and had met Florence. But she did not know it; and so, having none near her that she could love, hardly a friend but myself, grievously wronged by the world and her own relatives, thinking that with her wealth she could make some amends to me for her former injury, she——. Dear Mrs. Burton, I think you will understand it now, and will see that she at least is free from blame.

I am not defending myself; of course, all this should have been without effect on me. But I had loved her so dearly! I do love her still so dearly! Love like that does not die. When she left me it was natural that I should seek some one else to love. When she returned to me—when I found that in spite of her faults she had loved me through it all, I—I yielded and became false and a traitor.

I say that I love her still; but I know well that Florence is far the nobler woman of the two. Florence never could have done what she did. In nature, in mind, in acquirement, in heart, Florence is the better. The man who marries Florence must be happy if any woman can make a man happy. Of her of whom I am now speaking, I know well that I cannot say that. How then, you will ask, can I be fool enough, having had such a choice, to doubt between the two! How is it that man doubts between vice and virtue, between heaven and hell?

But all this is nothing to you. I do not know whether Florence would take me now. I am well aware that I have no right to expect that she should. But if I understood you aright this evening, she, as yet, has heard nothing of all this. What must she think of me for not writing to her! But I could not bring myself to write in a false spirit; and how could I tell her all that I have now told to you?

I know that you wish that our engagement should go on. Dear Mrs. Burton, I love you so dearly for wishing it! Mr. Burton, when he shall have heard everything, will, I fear, think differently. For me, I feel that I must see Lady Ongar before I can again go to your house, and I write now chiefly to tell you that this is what I have determined to do. I believe she is now away, in the Isle of Wight, but I will see her as soon as she returns. After that I will either come to Onslow Crescent or send. Florence will be with you then. She, of course, must know everything, and you have my permission to show this letter to her if you think well to do so.

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

HARRY CLAVERING.

This he delivered himself the next morning at the door in Onslow

Crescent, taking care not to be there till after Theodore Burton should have gone from home. He left a card also, so that it might be known, not only that he had brought it himself, but that he intended Mrs. Burton to be aware of that fact. Then he went and wandered about, and passed his day in misery, as such men do when they are thoroughly discontented with their own conduct. This was the Saturday on which Lady Ongar returned with her Sophie from the Isle of Wight; but of that premature return Harry knew nothing, and therefore allowed the Sunday to pass by without going to Bolton Street. On the Monday morning he received a letter from home which made it necessary—or induced him to suppose it to be necessary—that he should go home to Clavering, at any rate for one day. This he did on the Monday, sending a line to Mrs. Burton to say whither he was gone, and that he should be back by Wednesday night or Thursday morning—and imploring her to give his love to Florence, if she would venture to do so. Mrs. Burton would know what must be his first business in London on his return, and she might be sure he would come or send to Onslow Crescent as soon as that was over.

Harry's letter—the former and longer letter, Cecilia had read over, till she nearly knew it by heart, before her husband's return. She well understood that he would be very hard upon Harry. He had been inclined to forgive Clavering for what had been remiss—to forgive the silence, the absence from the office, and the want of courtesy to his wife, till Harry had confessed his sin—but he could not endure that his sister should seek the hand of a man who had declared himself to be in doubt whether he would take it, or that any one should seek it for her, in her ignorance of all the truth. His wife, on the other hand, simply looked to Florence's comfort and happiness. That Florence should not suffer the pang of having been deceived and rejected was all in all to Cecilia. "Of course she must know it some day," the wife had pleaded to her husband. "He is not the man to keep anything secret. But if she is told when he has returned to her, and is good to her, the happiness of the return will cure the other misery." But Burton would not submit to this. "To be comfortable at present is not everything," he said. "If the man be so miserably weak that he does not even now know his own mind, Florence had better take her punishment, and be quit of him."

Cecilia had narrated to him with passable fidelity what had occurred upstairs, while he was sitting alone in the dining-room. That she in her anger had at one moment spurned Harry Clavering, and that in the next she had knelt to him, imploring him to come back to Florence—those two little incidents she did not tell to her husband. Harry's adventures with Lady Ongar, as far as she knew them, she

described accurately. "I can't make any apology for him; upon my life I can't," said Burton. "If I know what it is for a man to behave ill, falsely, like a knave in such matters, he is so behaving." So Theodore Burton spoke as he took his candle to go away to his work; but his wife had induced him to promise that he would not write to Stratton or take any other step in the matter till they had waited twenty-four hours for Harry's promised letter.

The letter came before the twenty-four hours were expired, and Burton, on his return home on the Saturday, found himself called upon to read and pass judgment upon Harry's confession. "What right has he to speak of her as his darling Florence," he exclaimed, "while he is confessing his own knavery?"

"But if she is his darling——?" pleaded his wife.

"Trash! But the word from him in such a letter is simply an additional insult. And what does he know about this woman who has come back? He vouches for her, but what can he know of her? Just what she tells him. He is simply a fool."

"But you cannot dislike him for believing her word."

"Cecilia," said he, holding down the letter as he spoke—"you are so carried away by your love for Florence, and your fear lest a marriage which has been once talked of should not take place, that you shut your eyes to this man's true character. Can you believe any good of a man who tells you to your face that he is engaged to two women at once?"

"I think I can," said Cecilia, hardly venturing to express so dangerous an opinion above her breath.

"And what would you think of a woman who did so?"

"Ah, that is so different! I cannot explain it, but you know that it is different."

"I know that you would forgive a man anything, and a woman nothing." To this she submitted in silence, having probably heard the reproof before, and he went on to finish the letter. "Not defending himself!" he exclaimed—"then why does he not defend himself? When a man tells me that he does not, or cannot defend himself, I know that he is a sorry fellow, without a spark of spirit."

"I don't think that of Harry. Surely that letter shows a spirit."

"Such a one as I should be ashamed to see in a dog. No man should ever be in a position in which he cannot defend himself. No man, at any rate, should admit himself to be so placed. Wish that he should go on with his engagement! I do not wish it at all. I am sorry for Florence. She will suffer terribly. But the loss of such a lover as that is infinitely a lesser loss than would be the gain of such a husband. You had better write to Florence, and tell her not to come."

"Oh, Theodore!"

"That is my advice."

"But there is no post between this and Monday," said Cecilia, temporizing.

"Send her a message by the wires."

"You cannot explain this by a telegram, Theodore. Besides, why should she not come? Her coming can do no harm. If you were to tell your mother now of all this, it would prevent the possibility of things ever being right."

"Things—that is, this thing, never will be right," said he.

"But let us see. She will be here on Monday, and if you think it best you can tell her everything. Indeed, she must be told when she is here, for I could not keep it from her. I could not smile and talk to her about him and make her think that it is all right."

"Not you! I should be very sorry if you could."

"But I think I could make her understand that she should not decide upon breaking with him altogether."

"And I think I could make her understand that she ought to do so."

"But you wouldn't do that, Theodore?"

"I would if I thought it my duty."

"But at any rate, she must come, and we can talk of that to-morrow."

As to Florence's coming, Burton had given way, beaten, apparently, by that argument about the post. On the Sunday very little was said about Harry Clavering. Cecilia studiously avoided the subject, and Burton had not so far decided on dropping Harry altogether as to make him anxious to express any such decision. After all, such dropping or not dropping must be the work of Florence herself. On the Monday morning Cecilia had a further triumph. On that day her husband was very fully engaged—having to meet a synod of contractors, surveyors and engineers, to discuss which of the remaining thoroughfares of London should not be knocked down by the coming railways—and he could not absent himself from the Adelphi. It was, therefore, arranged that Mrs. Burton should go to the Paddington Station to meet her sister-in-law. She therefore would have the first word with Florence, and the earliest opportunity of impressing the new-comer with her own ideas. "Of course, you must say something to her of this man," said her husband, "but the less you say the better. After all, she must be left to judge for herself." In all matters such as this—in all affairs of tact, of social intercourse, and of conduct between man and man, or man and woman, Mr. Burton was apt to be eloquent in his domestic discussion, and sometimes almost severe; but the final arrangement of them was generally left to his wife. He enunciated principles of strategy—much, no doubt, to her benefit; but she actually fought the battles.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FLORENCE BURTON'S RETURN.

Though nobody had expressed to Florence at Stratton any fear of Harry Clavering's perfidy, that young lady was not altogether easy in her mind. Weeks and weeks had passed, and she had not heard from him. Her mother was manifestly uneasy, and had announced some days before Florence's departure, her surprise and annoyance in not having heard from her eldest son. When Florence inquired as to the subject of the expected letter, her mother put the question aside, saying, with a little assumed irritability, that of course she liked to get an answer to her letters when she took the trouble to write them. And when the day for Florence's journey drew nigh, the old lady became more and more uneasy—showing plainly that she wished her daughter was not going to London. But Florence, as she was quite determined to go, said nothing to all this. Her father also was uneasy, and neither of them had for some days named her lover in her hearing. She knew that there was something wrong, and felt that it was better that she should go to London and learn the truth.

No female heart was ever less prone to suspicion than the heart of Florence Burton. Among those with whom she had been most intimate nothing had occurred to teach her that men could be false, or women either. When she had heard from Harry Clavering the story of Julia Brabazon, she had, not making much accusation against the sinner in speech, put Julia down in the books of her mind as a bold, bad woman, who could forget her sex, and sell her beauty and her womanhood for money. There might be such a woman here and there, or such a man. There were murderers in the world—but the bulk of mankind is not made subject to murderers. Florence had never considered the possibility that she herself could become liable to such a misfortune. And then, when the day came that she was engaged, her confidence in the man chosen by her was unlimited. Such love as hers rarely suspects. He with whom she had to do was Harry Clavering, and therefore she could not be deceived. Moreover, she was supported by a self-respect and a self-confidence which did not at first allow her to dream that a man who had once loved her would ever wish to leave her. It was to her as though a sacrament as holy as that of the church had passed between them, and she could not easily bring herself to think that that sacrament had been as nothing to Harry Clavering. But nevertheless there was something wrong, and when she left her father's house at Stratton, she was well aware that she must prepare herself for tidings that might be evil. She could bear anything,

she thought, without disgracing herself; but there were tidings which might send her back to Stratton a broken woman, fit perhaps to comfort the declining years of her father and mother, but fit for nothing else.

Her mother watched her closely as she sat at her breakfast that morning, but much could not be gained by watching Florence Burton when Florence wished to conceal her thoughts. Many messages were sent to Theodore, to Cecilia, and to the children, messages to others of the Burton clan who were in town, but not a word was said of Harry Clavering. The very absence of his name was enough to make them all wretched, but Florence bore it as the Spartan boy bore the fox beneath his tunic. Mrs. Burton could hardly keep herself from a burst of indignation; but she had been strongly warned by her husband, and restrained herself till Florence was gone. "If he is playing her false," said she, as soon as she was alone with her old husband, "he shall suffer for it, though I have to tear his face with my own fingers."

"Nonsense, my dear; nonsense."

"It is not nonsense, Mr. Burton. A gentleman, indeed! He is to be allowed to be dishonest to my girl because he is a gentleman! I wish there was no such thing as a gentleman;—so I do. Perhaps there would be more honest men then." It was unendurable to her that a girl of hers should be so treated.

Immediately on the arrival of the train at the London platform, Florence espied Cecilia, and in a minute was in her arms. There was a special tenderness in her sister-in-law's caress, which at once told Florence that her fears had not been without cause. Who has not felt the evil tidings conveyed by the exaggerated tenderness of a special kiss? But while on the platform and among the porters she said nothing of herself. She asked after Theodore and heard of the railway confederacy with a show of delight. "He'd like to make a line from Hyde Park Corner to the Tower of London," said Florence, with a smile. Then she asked after the children, and specially for the baby; but as yet she spoke no word of Harry Clavering. The trunk and the bag were at last found; and the two ladies were packed into a cab, and had started. Cecilia, when they were seated, got hold of Florence's hand, and pressed it warmly. "Dearest," said she, "I am so glad to have you with us once again." "And now," said Florence, speaking with a calmness that was almost unnatural, "tell me all the truth."

All the truth! What a demand it was. And yet Cecilia had expected that none less would be made upon her. Of course Florence must have known that there was something wrong. Of course she would ask as to her lover immediately upon her arrival. "And now tell me all the truth."

"Oh, Florence!"

"The truth, then, is very bad?" said Florence, gently. "Tell me first of all whether you have seen him. Is he ill?"

"He was with us on Friday. He is not ill."

"Thank God for that. Has anything happened to him? Has he lost money?"

"No; I have heard nothing about money."

"Then he is tired of me. Tell me at once, my own one. You know me so well. I can bear it. Don't treat me like a coward."

"No; it is not that. It is not that he is tired of you. If you had heard him speak of you on Friday—that you were the noblest, purest, dearest, best of women—" This was imprudent on her part; but what loving woman could have endured to be prudent?

"Then what is it?" asked Florence, almost sternly. "Look here, Cecilia; if it be anything touching himself or his own character, I will put up with it, in spite of anything my brother may say. Though he had been a murderer, if that were possible, I would not leave him. I never will, unless he leaves me. Where is he?"

"He is in town." Mrs. Burton had not received Harry's note, telling her of his journey to Clavering, before she had left home. Now, at this moment, it was waiting for her in Onslow Crescent.

"And am I to see him? Cecilia, why cannot you tell me how it is? In such a case I should tell you—should tell you everything at once; because I know that you are not a coward. Why cannot you do so to me?"

"You have heard of Lady Ongar?"

"Heard of her; yes. She treated Harry very badly before her marriage."

"She has come back to London, a widow."

"I know she has. And Harry has gone back to her! Is that it? Do you mean to tell me that Harry and she are to be married?"

"No; I cannot say that. I hope it is not so. Indeed, I do not think it."

"Then what have I to fear? Does she object to his marrying me? What has she to do between us?"

"She wishes that Harry should come back to her, and Harry has been unsteady. He has been with her often, and he has been very weak. It may be all right yet, Flo; it may indeed—if you can forgive his weakness."

Something of the truth had now come home to Florence, and she sat thinking of it long before she spoke again. This widow, she knew, was very wealthy, and Harry had loved her before he had come to Stratton. Harry's first love had come back free—free to wed again, and able to make the fortune of the man she might love and marry. What had Florence to give to any man that could be

weighed with this? Lady Ongar was very rich. Florence had already heard all this from Harry—was very rich, was clever, and was beautiful; and moreover, she had been Harry's first love. Was it reasonable that she, with her little claims, her puny attractions, should stand in Harry's way when such a prize as that came across him! And as for his weakness; might it not be strength, rather than weakness; the strength of an old love which he could not quell, now that the woman was free to take him? For herself—had she not known that she had only come second? As she thought of him with his noble bride and that bride's great fortune, and of her own insignificance, her low birth, her doubtful prettiness—prettiness that had ever been doubtful to herself, of her few advantages, she told herself that she had no right to stand upon her claims. "I wish I had known it sooner," she said, in a voice so soft that Cecilia strained her ears to catch the words. "I wish I had known it sooner. I would not have come up to be in his way."

"But you will be in no one's way, Flo, unless it be in hers."

"And I will not be in hers," said Florence, speaking somewhat louder, and raising her head in pride as she spoke. "I will be neither in hers nor in his. I think I will go back at once."

Cecilia upon this ventured to look round at her, and saw that she was very pale, but that her eyes were dry and her lips pressed close together. It had not occurred to Mrs. Burton that her sister-in-law would take it in this way, that she would be willing to give way, and at once surrender her lover to her rival. No one liked success better than Cecilia Burton, and to her success would consist in rescuing Harry from Lady Ongar and securing him for Florence. In fighting this battle she had found that she would have against her Lady Ongar, of course, and then her husband, and Harry himself, too, as she feared; and now she must reckon Florence also among her opponents. But she could not endure the idea of failing in such a cause. "Oh, Florence, I think you are so wrong," she said.

"You would feel as I do, if you were in my place."

"But people cannot always judge best when they feel the most. What you should think of is his happiness."

"So I do; and of his future career."

"Career! I hate to hear of careers. Men do not want careers, or should not want them. Could it be good for him to marry a woman who has done as she has, simply because she has made herself rich by her wickedness? Do you believe so much in riches yourself?"

"If he loves her best, I will not blame him," said Florence. "He knew her before he had seen me. He was quite honest and told me all the story. It is not his fault if he still likes her the best."

FATE FERGUSTON.

GRANT LAFAYETTE FERGUSTON, commonly known as Fate Ferguston, was a native of the mountains of northwestern South Carolina. No doubt the name was originally Ferguson, but I give it as it was laboriously written for me by his father, and as it was invariably pronounced by the people of his neighborhood.

On his father's side he sprang from that colony of Scotch Highlanders which settled in the back country of the Carolinas before the Revolution, while on his mother's side he was of French descent, as is vaguely indicated by the name of Lafayette. The blood of the Covenanters and of the Huguenots united in his veins. No wonder, you will say, that one who came of such races should be on the side of liberty in the great American struggle for the equality of man. But Fate Ferguston was a dark sample of a Southern Unionist. I tell his story, not because it is a noble one, but because it paints the nature of life in the southern mountains during the war, and because it was strongly impressed upon me by the personalities of some of the individuals from whom I heard it. One of the narrators was his father; another the girl whom he was to have married.

The tragedy first reached my ears in the office where I presided, during the early part of 1866, as bureau agent and military commandant of the military district of Anderson, which then comprised the four westernmost civil districts (counties) of South Carolina. The father of Fate Ferguston, a thin, dark man of fifty-seven, with Roman nose, strong jaws, hollow cheeks and downcast, bloodshot eyes, leaned his arms upon my table and told the tale without looking at me. Opposite him sat Mary McLean, nineteen years old, a creature whom nature meant to be beautiful, the fairest of blondes, with regular features, clear, blue eyes, and the loveliest of long, glossy, yellow hair. But the circumstances of her life had half undone her graces; her fine teeth were stained with tobacco, her hands blackened, and her form warped by labor; and, moreover, there was a writhing of vindictiveness on her rosy lips which made them unpleasant to look upon.

"What I want to know," concluded McClary Ferguston, "is whether I can get justice for my son. You're our friend. We havn't fowt on your side, but we've wished you well, and we've helped your men through the lines. We looks to you for justice."

"Yes, stranger," said Mary McLean, fixing her eyes steadily on mine, and speaking in a slow, even voice, "that's what we're here for."

Suspecting that I had received only a partial narrative from these naturally and pardonably interested witnesses, I resolved to make an extended investigation before I acted in the matter of punishment. I believe that I obtained a complete history of Fate Ferguston.

The reader has already inferred—notwithstanding the grand names that were combined in that of this unhappy youth—that he was no aristocrat. His father was a mountain farmer, the possessor of sixty acres of rough upland, who had never owned a negro, and never worn other clothing than blue cotton jean or gray woolen homespun. His house was a log cabin, which had two rooms on the ground floor and one in the attic. As young Fate lay in this rude loft, he could in his waking hours amuse himself with watching the stars through the chinks from which the stopping of clay had fallen. A single horse, a plough, a rude market cart, two hoes, two rakes, and a few minor implements, constituted the whole farming stock and material of McClary Ferguston. When he needed any other mechanism, as, for instance, a harrow, he borrowed of his neighbors, the nearest of whom lived three miles distant, and hidden from him by forest. His journeys to Greenville Court-house and to camp meetings were performed in the market cart, his haggard wife mayhap sitting on the cross-board by his side, and a ragged child or two tumbling about the load of corn, or in the bottom of the vehicle if empty. The usual food of the family was corn cake, bacon and greens, potatoes and "roasting ears." It would be safe to wager that they had never heard nor read of iced cream. Yet the Fergustons were not considered poor; they were as well to do as thousands of the mountaineers; they were plain, ordinary farming people who just made a living.

When the Secession struggle broke out nearly all of the inhabitants of the Alleghany Range, even in radical South Carolina, remained loyal to the Government. In the north of Greenville District this conservative, simple and earnest population raised three hundred volunteers, who took up their march for Greenville Court-house with the intention of whipping South Carolina back into the Union, and who would undoubtedly have fought a battle to that end, had they not been met and beguiled from their purpose by a popular leader in whom they trusted as one of their own political faith.

"Men of Pickens and Greenville, I honor you for your devotion to the cause of the American Union," thundered the superb voice of this fairweather patriot. "But that Union no longer exists; the object of your affection, alas! has forever disappeared; it has vanished from its glorious place among nations; you may seek it, but you will not find it. Right or wrong, seven States have with-

drawn from it; and in our day they will not, it is to be feared, return. With the disappearance of the Union your allegiance reverts to South Carolina. That faith, that loyalty, that service of labor and courage, which you have heretofore paid to the United States, is now due to South Carolina."

The popular eloquence, the character for private probity and the venerable social influence of the speaker overwhelmed his simple listeners. Two-thirds of this highland battalion joined the Confederate army, and, forming the two right companies of the First South Carolina, fought desperately in the battle of Bull Run, losing more than half their number. Among those who returned to the mountains, indignant at the defection of their comrades and more bitterly hostile to the Secession cause than ever, were McClary and Fate Ferguston, the latter then a lad of fifteen.

Now came five years of persecution. I will not repeat how the Union people of the Alleghanies were hunted by details, driven off bound to the army, shot in their forest refuges, tracked by bloodhounds, their houses burned, their fields laid waste. The effort to bring them into allegiance to the Rebel government was prosecuted with sanguinary though intermittent severity, and was resisted with a stubborness characteristic of mountaineers, and a cunning in the use of stratagems which reminds one of the dexterity of savages. More than once Fate Ferguston waded miles in a running stream in order to throw his pursuers off his track. Twice McClary Ferguston was driven to "lie out" for weeks in the forest, unsheltered and half starved. His horse was taken; his corn was used by the cavalry; his house plundered of its coarse furniture. He was a Unionist, a "tory;" and the order was to "break him up." He avenged himself by harboring and guiding deserters from the Rebel army, and Northern fugitives from the Southern prison-pens. I have seen in his possession a blurred and greasy bit of paper, signed by an Ohio colonel and four other Union officers, certifying that they had been sheltered, fed and speeded on their way from captivity by this impoverished and harassed loyalist. To conceal this dangerous document he had walked five miles to borrow an auger, bored a hole in one of the logs of his cabin, inserted the paper, and stopped up the orifice with a plug which was then used as a clothes-peg. The only smile which I ever saw upon his sad and stern face appeared there—a faint glimpse of humor—when he told me that a Rebel lieutenant hung his overcoat on this very peg before he proceeded to search the cabin for proofs that its occupants had harbored Yankee fugitives.

During the year 1864, Fate Ferguston, then eighteen years old, took up the labor of vengeance with a bolder hand, and joined parties of mountaineers who carried hostilities into the lowlands,

plundering the barns and houses of Secession farmers. These were not fighting expeditions; they were silent and nocturnal maraudings; every precaution was taken against discovery; the raiders had the air of simple burglars. Hardly a lowlander in South Carolina but believes that the mountaineers were loyal to the Union merely that they might have an excuse for pilfering their wealthier neighbors. Yet the raids were undoubtedly, at the beginning, nothing more than reprisals. They were the retorts of feebleness against power; the secret stabs of suffering at open oppression. I pass them over without praise or reprobation. In this connection they are chiefly worthy of notice as being the first evident steps of Fate Ferguston in the way which led to his final calamity.

By the Autumn of 1864 it was no longer possible for a man whose Unionism was so notorious, and whose maraudings were so strongly suspected, to remain in Greenville District without incurring a daily peril which was too much for any but the strongest nerves. Confederate skirmish lines had been pushed through the mountains, and no retreat was safe for twenty-four hours. Fate had shot one bloodhound, and had barely escaped from the party which it guided. Every distant bay of dog or crack of gun was to him a signal for watchfulness and perhaps flight. Unbearably harassed, he finally thought of compounding for the past by voluntarily joining the Rebel army. But the resolute Covenanter blood in the father's veins revolted from this surrender of principle, and he begged his son to leave the district, run the gauntlet of the Rebel lines, and join the Yankees.

"'Pears like it aint the time now to back down," said McClary Ferguston. "A man that holds out till his work gets to be hot, and then gives in for ease and comfort's sake, is a kind o' triflin' sort o' man, as most people reckon. That a'nt the way the Yankees is doing, accordin' to the best accounts of 'em. Don't go over, Fate. Stand by the Union, and when the time comes it 'll stand by us."

The next we certainly know of Fate Ferguston is that he became a private in a loyal North Carolina regiment, which for a time served in East Tennessee. Whether he fought or not, whether he was a good or bad soldier, I cannot say. This part of his life is a blank to me.

After the surrender of Johnston he came home on sick leave, convalescing from a severe attack of measles. At the end of his furlough he set out to rejoin his regiment, but fell in with a gang of his old marauding comrades and was seduced into some secret expedition. This was the last of his soldierly duty; he never returned to his colors; he was a deserter. It is probable that he was not fully aware of the heinousness of the offence which he thus committed. McClary Ferguston told me the circumstance frankly and

unhesitatingly, with the simple explanation that "the war was over and Fate didn't feel right hearty after his sickness."

But we come now to a more serious, although perhaps not a more intelligently chosen, error in his life, the resumption of his old marauding raids, after the war which gave a color of justice to them had ceased. Within three months of his return home from the abortive attempt to rejoin his regiment, he had made for himself an evil reputation. People who thought well of his father, and who were inclined by a community of political opinion to judge the young man favorably, have described him to me as "very bad," "a bad boy," etc.

"He was the worst boy in the mountain," said a highland girl to me. "He led my brother Hayne into onlikely ways; and Hayne is now in jail for it—for robbing the Gap House."

"He was high when he got his ambition up," admitted Mary McLean. "He was kind o' vengeful 'bout what was done in the war. He wanted to break up the Rebs."

In fact, Fate Ferguston was leader of a gang of wild lads who attempted to keep up the war, notwithstanding the capitulation, and who, in judicial truth, deserve no better name than that of bandits. The elder and worthier sort of mountain people did not approve of this violence, but they looked on without interfering. The Rebel rule had been cruel, and revenge seemed like justice. It was not, however, this class, the class of real and conscientious Union men, which followed Fate in his nocturnal moss-troopings. His confederates were mainly fellows who called themselves loyalists, solely because they had "lain out" to escape conscription, and some of whom had actually served in the Rebel army, although, perhaps, not willingly. The most noticeable members of the gang after Fate Ferguston were Newberry Barton, Pickens Rigdon, Paul Rigdon, Calhoun McClary, Perry Jackson, John C. Jackson and Hayne Dubois. These names reek of South Carolina, and yet the men who bore them ignored or abhorred every idea which the State represents. Another singular circumstance is the extreme youth of these desperadoes. Newberry Barton, the oldest, was twenty-five, and the two Jacksons were described to me as "mere slips of boys."

From the recollection of one who knew him well, although of a very different class of society, I will attempt to describe the appearance of Fate Ferguston at this period. His complexion was light, though sunburnt; his eyes gray, with long, irregular lashes; his hair long, dry, yellow and carelessly kept. His forehead was narrow; his face long, and for his age, thin; his nose slightly bent by a blow received in a fight. This last circumstance, together with the fact that his eyes were set unusually near together, gave a somewhat sinister expression to his face. He was of medium stat-

ure, with a disproportionately long body and arms. In walking he leaned forward from his hips, and had a swift, lithe, yet lurking gait, which reminded one of a wild beast. His whole air, including the quick way in which he turned his head at the slightest noise, the sharp, furtive flash of his eyes, the springy leaps with which he walked, was singularly indicative of an untutored creature who had lived a life of activity, peril and crime.

His usual dress consisted of homespun trousers tucked into his boots, a cotton shirt, no vest, and hardly ever a coat, even in Winter. Sometimes he wore an overcoat flung over his shoulders, dropping it on the floor when he entered a house, and standing forth in his shirt sleeves. His coat, when he had one, was a long-skirted, short-waisted frock of gray homespun, adorned with the brass buttons of his cast-off uniform.

It is not necessary to speak of his character further than to allude to the unwilling confession of Mary McLean, that he was passionate and vindictive, and to state that from childhood he had been daring to recklessness. At the age of nine he was taken to what was probably the only spectacle of his life—a menagerie; and his father boasted for long afterward that "Fate had rid the elephant, and struck the critter when he put up his nozzle." To appreciate this piece of audacity, it must be borne in mind that elephants do not appear in Greenville District oftener than once in a century.

Ordinarily, he was silent; only when drunk, talkative; then he rattled, boasted, threatened, challenged the bystanders to fight, swore like a trooper, wept causelessly. Intoxication made him crazy, but he very seldom was overcome by liquor; he could, to use his own phrase, "destroy a pile of whiskey."

It is almost certain, however, that he was drunk on the occasion of that tragedy which first darkly pointed him out as a man dangerous to life. About midnight of October 1, 1865, the Gap House was plundered by the Ferguston gang, and three hours afterward, Tyrrel McAllister, five miles distant, was murdered by some invisible hand. The Gap House was a wooden hotel, which had been built in a picturesque pass of the mountains, on the Buncombe road, for the entertainment of the lowlanders who in the days of planting prosperity sought shelter in this healthy country from the heat and fevers of the cotton and rice regions. With the Emancipation Proclamation lowland wealth disappeared, and the hotel fell into immediate disuse. As it belonged to a Secessionist, and had been frequented by Secessionists, the Ferguston gang considered it fair plunder, and confiscated such of its furniture as they fancied to their own use. The negro who had charge of the place was likewise robbed, and several of the marauders got drunk on his little store of whiskey. Hayne Dubois, whom I found in jail for this night's

business, told me that before Fate left the Gap House, he was in a state of maudlin intoxication. He babbled about the persecutions which he had suffered during the war, wept, according to his custom when drunk, and swore vengeance. Several times he threatened that he would be the death of McAllister. On the way home from the hotel he became so noisy that the rest of the party quarrelled with him, and left him, after vainly trying to hush his perilous clamor. The last seen of Fate that night, he was sitting on his bundle of plunder, his rifle across his knees, weeping and cursing.

Tyrrel McAllister was a man of sixty, a wealthy farmer, influential, vigorous in character, resolute, domineering, and hard in his dealings. Although a mountaineer, he had been a bitter Rebel, had pursued his Union neighbors with unrelenting hostility, informed against them for harboring runaways, and indicated their hiding places to the details. He is said to have offered a thousand dollars to any one who would kill Fate Ferguston. He was an honest man; he believed that he and his party were right; he persecuted the "tories" because he considered them traitors; he held that in so doing he served God and South Carolina. Even to loyalists, however, he would give food when they were houseless and starving, for he was generous with his simple wealth of corn and potatoes, and liked to play the lordly entertainer. During the war his house had been a fortified place, garrisoned by armed retainers, both whites and negroes; but it is probable that after the peace he dismissed or disarmed this body guard; this night, at all events, he was unprotected. Hearing an unusual noise among his dogs, he left his bed, took his rifle and went out. A minute later his feeble and rheumatic wife heard a shot, and supposed that he had fired at some intruder. But as he did not return, she presently tottered out in search of him, and found him at his gate with a bullet hole through his head, and his gray hair burned by the powder.

No one knows yet who shot Tyrrel McAllister; but a widespread suspicion followed Fate Ferguson. So feeble, however, was law at the time, in at least this portion of South Carolina, that no arrests were made, and no investigation attempted.

It strikes one as a divine, or at least as a poetic justice, that the known adventures of this night should be the fatal destiny of young Ferguston. He and Newberry Barton quarrelled over the division of the plunder of the Gap House. It must be understood that Fate never carried his ill-gotten gains home, but kept them on store in the house of Barton, who was the only married man of the freebooting fraternity. Indeed, I firmly believe that McClary Ferguston knew little of his son's evil doings.

"Fate was always larky and risky," he admitted to me. "Mout be that he was up to something that warn't right when he was out

o' nights. But I can't believe all these hard stories agin him. He was a good son. The two things ain't consistable."

But the father was mistaken. Fate was a plunderer, if not a murderer; and he stored his plunder with Newberry Barton. As I said, the two marauders fell out; the elder angry that a man six years his junior should claim the lion's share of the booty; the younger charging his subordinate with purloining property committed to his charge. The actual subject of the quarrel was nothing more valuable than two cotton comfortables which had been brought from the Gap House. Fate was soon to be married to Mary McLean, and wished to make his bride a handsome present.

"What's them on your bed for?" demanded Fate, glaring about Barton's cabin. "They b'long to my pile."

"They don't," responded Barton. "You gin 'em over to me there and then, only you was so drunk you misremember it."

"I didn't—not in no way, shape nor fashion. I'll just take them things and look to 'em."

As Barton did not consider his rifle a match for Fate's revolver, he made no resistance. Fate bound up the comfortables with his other property, and carried it on his back to the house of widow McLean, the mother of his sweetheart.

"There," said he, "keep that for Mary. It's to start our housekeeping. Ef any man comes here for it, let me know. I'll be the death of him."

Newberry Barton swore vengeance; bought, borrowed, or stole a revolver; awaited his time. His first business was to bring over to his party another of the gang, Pickens Rigdon, who, like himself, had chafed under Fate's supremacy. About a fortnight subsequent to the quarrel, as McClary Ferguston approached his own house after a ride to mill, he heard his wife exclaim in a loud voice, "There's the old man. Now we'll see what you'll do."

Hastily dismounting from his mule and running through the yard, he met Barton and Rigdon in the doorway. Rigdon immediately pushed him backward down the steps, and Barton at the same moment fired one barrel of a revolver so near him as to burn his hat.

"Do you mean to murder me?" screamed Ferguston.

"Well, mebbe," answered Barton, who was now struggling to free his arm from the desperate grasp of the wife. "Anyhow, we mean to kill your damn scoundrel of a son. Whar' is he?"

Ferguston grasped a billet of wood and rose to his feet to protect himself. Pickens Rigdon, drunk and laughing loudly, had by this time seized both the hands of Mrs. Ferguston and dragged her away from his comrade. Barton also burst into a contemptuous laugh as he saw the old man's attitude of defence. Tall, thin, litho

and muscular, he would have been an overmatch for Fate himself, at least in sheer physical strength. He picked up a stick, knocked the billet out of Ferguston's hand, struck his hat off, ran around him, beat him on the back, kicked the billet before him when he tried to regain it, and, in short, played with him as a cat does with a mouse. Meanwhile, Mrs. Ferguston screamed, and Pickens Rigdon laughed obstreperously. At last Barton, satisfied with his brutal sport, called out,

"Come away, Rigdon. The young 'un aint here. We'll finish him another time."

Turning to Ferguston, he added, as he left the place: "Look here, ole man. Tell Fate he'd better quit this deestrick. I'm bound to kill him first time I see him, sure's you're born."

When the son heard that evening the story of the maltreatment of his father and mother he raved so savagely against Newberry Barton as to alarm the old people, who, however irritated, did not wish to bring the affair to a tragic issue.

"No, Fate, my boy, don't swear and threaten that way," said McClary Ferguston. "It ain't right. Let the thing drop whar it is. Don't take no notice of Barton. He's a trifling scoundrel and ain't worth noticin'. I dessay he won't give us no more trouble. He got up his ambition about somethin', and had to holler it out. I reckon we've heerd the last on't."

"But what if he comes to kill Fate?" suggested the mother.

"That's so," said the young man. "He's threatened my life."

"Well, let's hope it's all talk," responded McClary Ferguston. "There's heaps of sich talk, and nothing done most generally. Of course you must look out for yourself. A man has a right to defend his own life."

Next morning the young fellow's demeanor was so calm that his parents felt no anxiety as to what he might do. There being no pressing out-of-door work on hand, he remained at home during the day making baskets; and the only ominous circumstance noticeable in his conduct was that in the evening he carefully cleaned and reloaded his rifle and revolver. Early the next morning he took his weapons and went out, remarking that he expected to bring home some squirrels. We know nothing more of him until we find him in a wood, three miles from home, sheltered behind a tree, with his sinister eyes fixed on Newberry Barton.

Like the banditti of the Romagna, the members of this gang were farmers by day and marauders by night. Newberry Barton, who owned forty or fifty acres of wretched soil, had gone that morning to his woodland to fell trees for his Winter fuel. As he stepped aside to evade the crash of a small oak, he saw Fate Ferguston standing behind a larger oak with levelled rifle; and almost in

the same instant he dropped with a bullet through his body, helpless, but not senseless.

"O Fate, don't kill me!" he begged, as the assassin approached him, doubtless with that lurking, stealthy leap, which was his usual gait. But there was no mercy in Ferguston's heart; he must kill, not only for vengeance, but for safety. Leaning without a word over the prostrate trunk beside which his victim had fallen, he struck one powerful blow with his knife, and gave one eager, cruel stare to observe its effect. Even this stab did not kill Barton, nor deprive him of his presence of mind. After the first start of anguish he closed his eyes and stretched himself, simulating death as his only chance of escape. Fate drew his knife from the wound, thrust it into the earth to clean it, picked up his rifle and disappeared, without having once spoken during the tragedy.

Unfortunately for him, he had left the breath of life and the power of speech in his victim. Barton's wife, attracted to the spot by the report of the rifle, learned from the dying man the name of the murderer and such of the circumstances of the murder as are here related.

On the afternoon of that day Fate Ferguston came home, flung half a dozen squirrels on the floor of the cabin, cleaned and reloaded his rifle, smoked his pipe in silence, and appeared in all respects as usual.

"There was nothing out of the common in him, so fur as we could see," his father assured me. "He went to bed airly, and slept right away. Next day he made baskets. He didn't say much; but then Fate never was a talking boy; there wan't nothing out of the common in that; Captain, *I* never see a murderer in him. *I* don't believe he killed Newberry Barton. Newberry Barton had enemies enough—people that he'd harmed agin and agin—people that had sworn on his life. He was a double-faced man, and was scorned by both sides. He'd lain out; and he'd been a Reb."

On the evening of the day after the assassination Fate Ferguston, with his revolver strapped around his waist under his coat, went to a cornhusking at the house of Widow McLean, the mother of his betrothed.

"That was the first time, stranger, that ever he heerd of Newberry Barton's killing," said Mary McLean to me. "I told him of it. All he said was that it was a good riddance. And, stranger, it was that. Newberry Barton was one of the wickedest and meanest Rebs in the mountains. After that he worked and joked jest like the others, Fate did."

Meantime a swift vengeance was gathering over this firm-visaged young murderer. Mrs. Barton, a pretty woman, but reputed of light character, had told the dying story of her husband to Pickens Rig-

don, who was suspected of being her lover, or rather one of her lovers. To no one else had she told it, for Rigdon had counseled secrecy as essential to a sure revenge, and so disorganized was justice in this region that the tragedy had not been followed by an inquest. But Rigdon himself had communicated the tale to certain persons in whom he had placed confidence, all of whom belonged to that very gang of which he was a member and Fate the leader. Fate was not popular with his comrades; they acknowledged his ability and feared his desperate audacity; but they considered him domineering and greedy in the division of plunder. In their eyes his killing of Barton was probably less important as a crime against society and nature than as an assumption of the power of life and death over his partisans. If every one was to be quietly assassinated who disagreed with Fate Ferguston, it was time that Fate Ferguston should be suppressed.

The husking had lasted for about an hour, and was in the full rush of rustic frolic, when John C. Jackson, that "mere slip of a boy," entered, and without speaking to any one, walked straight to where Fate sat by the side of Mary McLean.

"The old man wants you—outside," he said, addressing the victim.

"What for?" demanded Fate, surprised that his father should have come so far, and half discrediting the story.

"Dunno. Asked me to fetch you out thar."

Fate rose and stepped toward the door, without even taking his hat, observing that he would be back in a minute.

"John Jackson, you look as white as a meal bag," said Mary McLean. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," muttered the boy, and, turning sharp on his heel, went out of the cabin, closing the door behind him. Fate Ferguston was already in the hands of the avengers of blood, half a dozen of whom had grasped him the moment he stumbled into the exterior darkness, one stopping his mouth and others pinioning his arms. He was carried quietly a hundred yards; then laid down, gagged and handcuffed with a rope; then set on his feet and ordered to march. The party were all armed, and Fate must have seen at once that his chance for life was slender, but he could make neither resistance nor prayer. After walking for a mile on the road, they struck the woods, pushed into them for another mile and came to a halt in a natural opening, which was lighted by the newly risen moon. There the captive was bound to a sapling, and the captors sat down to consult upon his doom. It soon appeared that there were two parties, one of which, headed by Pickens Rigdon, demanded that he should be shot without ceremony, while Calhoun McClary, who was distantly related to the Fergustons, led a minor-

ity which urged that he should be taken to Greenville jail and surrendered for judicial trial.

"He ha'nt been 'lowed to speak for himself yet," said McClary. "He ha'nt had a trial. Who ever heard of shooting a man without letting him say a word for himself?"

"He shot Newberry Barton that way," responded Rigdon.

"Mout be he did; mout be not. We didn't see him do it. Let's hear what he's got to offer for himself."

The majority agreed to this proposition, and the gag was removed. The first words of Fate were, "Boys, let me off o' this, and you may come down on me for anything I've got."

"Did you shoot Newberry Barton?" demanded Pickens Rigdon.

"No," answered Fate, without a moment's hesitation, and without a tremor under the awful query.

"That's a lie," said Rigdon. "Newberry 'lowed you did, and dying men tell true."

The mingled examination and discussion proceeded for two hours without resulting in a decision. By this time the two young Jacksons, spent with fatigue, were fast asleep where they had thrown themselves down.

"Let us all sleep on it," proposed Calhoun McClary. "What do you say, boys?"

"Agreed," answered one and all, even including Fate Ferguston.

"We didn't ask you," snarled Rigdon, glaring at the prisoner.

Fate was allowed to lie down, his feet being securely fastened to the sapling, and each hand tied to a stake on either side of him, so that he was stretched in the form of a crucifix. Notwithstanding the constrained position, and the near brooding of death, and the consciousness of horrible crime, this hardy body and reckless spirit were both soon wrapped in a quiet slumber. Predestined victim and predetermined executioners slept side by side like innocent children.

Waking at daybreak, Calhoun McClary set off for the public road, resolved to raise a party which should see that Fate had a fair and legal trial. But among the persons who were roused by his hue and cry, there happened to be, unfortunately for the prisoner, a Leroy McAllister, nephew of that McAllister who had been assassinated, as it was supposed, by Fate Ferguston some months previous. This young man, wealthy, energetic and vindictive, gave his voice for immediate execution in the conclave which opened at sunrise. His presence put Fate on trial, so to speak, for two crimes at once.

"He shot my uncle," said he. "Nary doubt of it. It couldn't be tracked to any other man. Now he takes to shooting his own friends. Damn him! he ought to die. What's the use of sending him to jail? He's sure to die, anyway."

After a heated debate, the question was put to vote, and the sentence of immediate death was passed by a large majority, in spite of the opposition of Calhoun McClary.

"I quit the business here," said the latter. "I jest leave it on your heads."

He shouldered his rifle and started for the settlements, followed by the seven men who had voted with him. Sixteen staid, all of whom had given their voices for death, but there seemed to be a terror upon their spirits when they came to contemplate their action as near at hand, and before Fate was untied from the sapling four more had departed, alleging various excuses of business. The twelve who now remained were in such a hesitating mood that they easily accepted the proposition of Perry Jackson to go further into the wood before undertaking the execution. Under the pressure of this dreadful doubt the march was prolonged for six weary, terrible miles, until they were eight miles from the public road, and all suffering with hunger.

"By ——! how much further be you going to travel?" demanded Fate, sulkily. "If you mean to kill me, get at it; and if you don't, let me go."

At these words McAllister stopped and said,

"Here is the place."

No one answered, but all halted, and Pickens Rigdon proceeded to tie Fate to a sapling.

"You'll suffer for this," growled the prisoner, though with a tremulous voice. "You're killing me onjustly. I ain't willing to die this way. I won't. Let me loose. I tell you, let me loose!"

"Keep still, Fate," responded Rigdon, hoarsely. "Your time is come. Stand up to it like a man, if you be one."

"I am willing to be tried by the law," persisted the prisoner. "If I've murdered anybody, I'm willing to go before the law."

Then, seeing that his doom was sealed, he added, "Take out my pocket-book, somebody, and let father have it. I'm ready, boys. Fate Ferguston is ready."

But now, at this moment of extreme trial, four of the twelve men absolutely refused to take their places in line in front of the victim. In vain the other eight reproached, raved, cursed and even threatened; the four, without answering many words, shouldered their rifles and turned back toward the settlements; they would not save, but neither would they kill. When they were gone, quite gone, out of sight and out of sound, McAllister, who had been a sergeant in the Rebel army, uttered the words, "Fall in." All of the eight took their places, even to those two boys of fifteen and sixteen, the Jacksons.

"Aim," said McAllister; the eight rifles dropped to a level; the captive shut his eyes and shuddered.

"Fire!" yelled the same voice, and Fate Ferguston sunk in his bonds, pierced with seven bullets.

At the last moment Pickens Rigdon's heart had failed him, and he had slily plugged the nipple of his gun, a circumstance which he did not reveal for months afterward. The two Jacksons, with that unhesitating and pitiless obedience to popular feeling which one often sees in boys, had not faltered in their purpose nor in their aim.

A messenger was immediately despatched to inform McClary Ferguston where he could find his son, while two others of the party remained by the body to see that no harm came to it. When the father appeared with his market cart, driving slowly down a forest by-road, the two watchers receded before him unobserved, and returned by a circuitous route to their homes.

It was three months after the tragedy that he came to me with the words, "I want justice for my son."

What should I decide upon as justice? In the progress of my investigation I obtained not only statements but opinions.

"Don't meddle in the matter," advised one true and intelligent Union man, a neighbor of this unfortunate youth. "It was lynch law, but it was justice. I have not a doubt that Fate Ferguston deserved his death, although his executioners had no legal right to inflict it. And it is better, I think, for the peace of our mountains that in this business by-gones should be by-gones."

After grave consideration I forwarded to my commanding officer a statement of the case, closing with this sentence: "Without special instructions I do not feel justified in seeking to punish the slayers of a soldier who was a deserter, and of a loyalist who was a bandit and murderer."

To this communication I received no answer. Judging this fact by the customs of "official business," I inferred that my action was approved, and that the paper had been "filed," or, in other words, committed to pigeon-hole oblivion.

Thus ends, so far as I am aware, the case of Fate Ferguston.

J. W.

THE GALAXY AND THE SUN.

"That great and enthusiastic, although cautious observer, Sir W. Herschel, was the first," says Humboldt, "to sound the depths of heaven, in order to determine the limits and form of the starry stratum which we inhabit."—*Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 71.

IT was first surmised by the ancient philosopher Democritus, that the faintly white zone belting the heavens under the name of the Galaxy, or Milky Way, might be only a dense collection of stars too remote to be distinguished. This, the first conjecture on record of its starry nature, has been verified by the instruments of modern astronomers, and some speculations of a most remarkable kind have been formed in connection with it. Only to the history of these speculations shall we refer. Kepler revived the idea of Democritus; he conceived that the Galaxy was a vast ring of stars spanning the concave surface of the heavens, in the centre of which our solar system is situated.

From the quotation placed at the head of these remarks it will be seen that the elder Herschel "was the first to determine the limits and form" of the sidereal heavens, visible to the naked eye. Assisted with unprecedented telescopic powers, he was able to collect evidence by actual sight, from which he deduced a theory of its form and limits; beside enabling him to point out the precise spot, within the visible universe, where the sun with its planetary system is placed. Although his ideas in relation to the limit and form of the Galaxy underwent a change during his observations in 1796, 1811, 1817–18, yet, he never altered his opinion of the position of our sun in the stratum of stars forming the Milky Way. For at the close of his career he says, "our system is placed eccentrically so as to be much nearer to the parts about the cross than to that diametrically opposed to it."—*Phil. Trans.*, 1833.

By the side of this historic review we wish to place Swedenborg's "Theory of the Galaxy," to show the place of his great work, the "Principia," in the history of philosophy and science and its relation to both, not only in the age in which he lived, but also in the present day. And we doubt not the reader will be equally certain with ourselves as to the main facts, that Swedenborg was the first to point out the precise spot—the actual locality and situation of our solar system among the stars of the visible universe.

So truly is this the real state of the case, that, without the slightest exaggeration, he may be represented as affirming, "I have formed a comparison of the magnetic sphere with the sidereal heav-

ens (chap. i., part 3), and have gauged geometrically the stratum of the milky path. I have examined its parts and discovered its construction, and have found by a geometrical calculus, the exact spot in that Galaxy where the sun's system is placed." As if, placing his finger on that spot, he had exclaimed—"It is there! At the point where the main trunk of the milky stream has a considerable incurvation or divergence into branches, there the sun's system is placed. Seek and you will find it."—*Principia*, part iii., p. 237.

Five years subsequently Herschel is born (1738). In the year 1789 he directs his monster telescope to the sides and surfaces of the Galaxy, and without knowing of Swedenborg's previous announcement of the sun's position therein, conjectures the identical spot, seeks for evidence of its truth by a species of star gauging, and a few efforts reward his labor, with the most abundant confirmation of the reality of his conjecture. Certainly, never did a bold assertion receive a more striking confirmation.

To whom should the honorable wreath be awarded—to the man who, by a series of careful observations on the elliptical and eccentric form of the planetary orbits, and by a careful deduction, arrived at by geometrical reasoning, from the facts thereby established, indicated the exact situation in the heavens where our solar system is placed, and consequently, before human eye had looked upon it, or mind conjectured it, had confidently predicted the exact location among the stars, where fifty years subsequently the eye of Herschel sought and found it? Or, shall it be awarded to the man who first made the literal but less meritorious discovery?

How like the recent case of Leverrier and his discovery of the planet Neptune! Was Leverrier who first saw it mentally, or Dr. Galle who afterward saw it telescopically, the real discoverer of this boundary planet? The whole civilized world have, without the slightest demur, decided in favor of the person who revealed its situation (for the planet's existence was long suspected), who saw it by intellectual vision, before bodily eyes could even suspect where to look for it. There is the same essential difference between Leverrier's mental discovery of Neptune, and Herschel's visual discovery of Uranus, as there is between Swedenborg's mental discovery of the situation of our sun in the Galaxy, and Herschel's visual discovery of the same. In both Leverrier's and Swedenborg's cases the discovery is intellectual, and shows forth the triumphs and superiority of reason over mere sensation.

This superiority consists not in the mere discovery, but in the opening out a new method of analysis for the future researches of the human mind. For it is clear, now that both have been so wonderfully confirmed, that their methods and formulæ have shown us the possibility of measuring distances and discovering planets, and with the utmost precision point out the exact situation and kind of

revolution of our own and neighboring solar systems; and to do this in such a manner as we can never hope with our instruments merely to either appreciate or detect. By a new method—which is itself a mark of true genius—Swedenborg was able to command the invisible forces whirling planetary and starry systems through their mysterious courses; to penetrate unseen and unmeasured spaces; to watch the play of their mighty evolutions, and to predict with unerring certainty the structure of the material heavens, and the situation therein of our solar system.

He informs us distinctly that from certain given data, which he expressly names as the given orbits of the planets, the inference is geometrically drawn as to the situation of our system, or of any system, in relation to neighboring star-systems. In page 257 he applies his formula, and assigns to our solar system the identical position among the stars of the Milky Way which, fifty years subsequently, the eye of Herschel sought out and found. This must now be regarded as a fact beyond dispute.

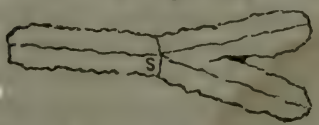
That he has assigned the true and exact position, let the reader judge for himself. To present the comparison which constitutes the proof of this fact in the most striking manner, we will select only the particular words in which the fact is given as follows:

Swedenborg in 1733.—"Near the axis, where there is considerable inflection."—*Principia*, vol. ii, p. 237.

Sir W. Herschel in 1785 and 1817.—"Not far from the place where some smaller stratum branches out."—*Phil. Trans.*, vol. 75.

Sir J. Herschel in 1833.—"Near the point where it subdivides into two principal laminæ."—*Astron.*, n. 586.

Herschel gives the following diagram as an illustration:*



There is no mistaking the exact spot here indicated by each. All affirm the situation of our system to be at one end of the milky axis or stream, and near the point of divergence. So also says

Humboldt.—"We are near this division."—*Cosmos*, vol. i., p. 72.

Dick.—"Near the point where it diverges."—*Sid. Heavens*, p. 197.

In other words, the solar system is placed within the milky zone, but much nearer the southern inner edge of the ring, where the considerable inflection or divergence into two main branches takes place, than to the inner edge of the zone in a northern direction. This

* For a full exposition of this diagram, see Sir W. Herschel, Phil. Trans., 1817, part ii, p. 328; also Phil. Trans., 1785, part i, p. 257; likewise Sir J. Herschel, Phil. Trans., 1833, part ii, p. 476, fig. 25; also Astron., n. 586, 624. In the diagram, S represents our sun's position in the galaxy of stars forming the Milky Way.

confirms the wonderful exactness of Swedenborg's statement, "That our solar vortex is not in the axis, but is near the axis, where there is a considerable incurvation or inflection."—*Principia*, ii., 237.

He fixes the position of our solar system by three conditions: 1. It is not in the common axis or stream; 2. It is near the common axis; 3. It is near the portion of it where there is considerable divergence. All of which are wonderfully true, and now regarded as expressive of a most important matter of fact. Let it be observed, this position was assigned fifty years before the elder Herschel first conjectured it, and that no published record exists of its being even surmised before the time of the latter, except in the way pointed out in the introductory remarks to this article.

This striking confirmation of Swedenborg's formula is a hundredfold more wonderful than the confirmation of Leverrier's formula for the discovery of planets; as much so as the discovery of the situation of planets in a planetary system is to the discovery of the situation of suns in a starry system. Before Herschel confirmed the formula in the manner previously stated, there were as many reasons for doubting the position of our sun among the stars—assigned by this formula—as there are for doubting the position of all other stars. Bear in mind that the application of the formula by Swedenborg, and the demonstration of it by Herschel, has been given—the strongest, the only one indeed which can be demanded. The position of our solar system among the stars has been assigned, and observation has since declared that the sun can be seen to occupy the identical position. This demonstration will answer for all the stars. And when this is obtained, the character of their respective systems, the form of the planetary motions revolving around each, become at once as evident as those of our own system. This is indeed a mighty achievement of the eminently profound and colossal genius of Swedenborg. By the striking demonstration of his formula, referred to in this paper, and given as a discovery by Herschel, the possibility of informing ourselves of the general character of the planetary motions around each star, is carried to the highest point in the certainty of reason. Beside this information, astronomy will derive some important advantages from its application; inasmuch as it most beautifully develops the mysterious groundwork of those secular inequalities and cycles of incalculable length to which the solar system as a whole is liable.

That the genius of Swedenborg accomplished this singular achievement—the most extraordinary on record—there can be no reasonable doubt. He assigned, in 1733, the exact position of our solar system among the stars, full fifty years before it was even conjectured elsewhere, and five years before the elder Herschel was born. When will the world do justice to the memory of this departed genius?

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

THE American in England feels for a long time like a fish out of water. He hears his mother tongue spoken around him, yet does not understand all that is said, the accent being dissimilar to his own, and the names of many articles used by both nations totally different. He wants to shop, but nobody can tell him where the right "store" is; for pantaloons he is brought drawers, as the latter are called the former in England. He asks for "unmentionables," "pants," lastly "breeches," and is highly delighted with his knowledge of his own tongue, which he had begun to doubt when they couldn't understand him.

The pleasure is mutual. Hurrying away, the shopkeeper soon returns with a pair of *knee*-breeches, worn only by jockeys and footmen. In despair, our countryman stretches forth his "limb" (leg), insinuating that he wants a covering for it, and at length manages to obtain a pair of "trousers."

In his search for suspenders he is still more bewildered, for he is told that he may probably get them at the "cheesemonger's, fruiterer's or ironmonger's, just oppo*syte*—they themselves don't keep the article." In blank astonishment he thrusts his cane into the show-window, and lifting down a pair, asks with some warmth and indignation,

"What do you call these things?"

"Oh! them's what you mean, sir! Why *we* call them *braces*."

Does the American in England want a vest? He cannot buy it until he calls it a waistcoat, nor an undershirt unless he calls *that* a vest.

It may not be out of place to recall, as exemplifying the difference of small customs in America and England, that on the preliminary trial of Muller in New York, two or three years ago, Matthews, the cabman, was asked if his head was measured for the hat which played so important a part in this *cause célèbre*. "No," he replied, "they don't measure 'eds, but 'ats, in England."

They try on ready-made hats till one fits, and the measure of the head is taken from it and not often from the old hat which the buyer wears.

Socks are called half hose; many Englishmen wear stockings and, like the ladies, garter above the knee. That soft, fuzzy muslin known to us as canton flannel is, in England, named "swan's down," but swan's down is not canton flannel. It is ludicrous to see a sign with "shirt tailor" on it, for tailors with us never make

shirts, but only coats, etc. Any shoe coming above the ankle they call a boot; when it reaches the calf it is a "hessian." Shoes below the ankle are "high-lows," "bluchers." Gaiters do not mean a lady's boot, but those old-fashioned leggings which were drawn over the leg when gentlemen wore knee-breeches and silk stockings. Overshoes are "galoshes."

The English call a bureau a "chest of drawers," because in olden times travellers to India used a species of trunk containing a set of drawers to hold clothing; arrived at their journey's end, the trunk made a bureau and writing-desk all in one. Though this old-fashioned piece of furniture is seldom seen now, the name is still retained; "bureau" would suggest to the British mind an office for the transaction of business.

Needing a crystal for his watch, the "American cousin" would have to enquire for a "glass;" if, wanting a *looking*-glass, he merely asked for a "glass," a tumbler would be brought him, and if this were what he really wanted and asked for a "tumbler," he would be misunderstood to mean a street acrobat, an *al fresco* gymnast.

A waiter is called a tray, and the French word *trait*, is pronounced the same—tray—without sounding the final *t*, as we do. A dumb waiter is not with them a sliding closet, but a circular what-not, to receive plates that have been used at lunch, a repast from which the majority of servants are excused in a large English household.

A waiter is an unfortunate English "he," who attends in hotels, taverns, etc. The private waiter is distinguished as the "man-servant."

A pitcher is always a jug; a grate is called a stove, though our stove is hardly known in England, nor are blowers, but their desirability is so evident that girls in England will often put a newspaper before the grate to make the fire burn fast, but the air soon sucks it into the stove at the risk of setting the chimney on fire. More often, however, the "maid-servant" puts a poker over the coals as a substitute for our blower, and leaves it there, firmly believing that if there were not a spark of fire the magic poker would soon charm the coal up into a blaze.

There are no people equal to the English in the singular talent for making fires which invariably go out. They put a few sticks of kindling-wood (they call it "fire-wood") and a piece of paper under some old cinders and a few lumps of coal, and thrust in the poker; but as they carefully exclude the air, the fire cannot burn, in spite of the potency of the poker.

England is justly celebrated for her many home comforts, but she is sadly deficient in the manner of heating houses. The grates are set so far back into the old-fashioned fireplaces that nearly all the heat goes up the wide, open chimney. In most of the London

dwellings the range—it hardly deserves the name—is so incommodious, and the kitchens are so dark, that on foggy days, even while the gas is burning, they are obliged to cook holding a bit of lighted paper or the end of a candle in the hand. A pleasant reflection while eating, that of the charred ends of paper in the food, or the drippings of a candle! Often too, just as the dinner is about to be taken off the range, a sudden slide of soot takes place, and, lodging in the viands, spoils them altogether.

Dried apples they call "Norwich pippins," and corned beef, salt beef. If an American wants ice cream, he must ask for cream ice. A vender of fruits and vegetables is a fruiterer and green grocer.

All English people do not misuse the letter h; no matter how well-informed or well-behaved an individual may be, the moment he misplaces an h they know that his education in early life has been neglected, and therefore he must be excluded from the narrow, charmed circle of refined society. English lower classes invariably misuse the h; and so do the children of the rich in infancy, because the child's nurse is from the uneducated masses and the child learns from its nurse; thus the offspring of the wealthy and cultivated do drop their h's to a ludicrous degree until careful instruction at home or in school eradicates the fault. The children of the poor having no opportunities to acquire education, seldom or never rectify the error, and thus a remarkable and insuperable barrier and distinction is formed between the two classes.

The most singular fact in regard to the h is, that no Englishman has any difficulty in aspirating it *except* in the right place. It is impossible for a cockney to say "hill" when he means a hill; but if he wishes to say "ill," it is equally impossible for him to say anything but hill. He has no difficulty in saying "hegg" and "hax," but he cannot say hammer nor home.

The writer has often tried to make children of ignorant people pronounce the h in its proper place, but failed utterly; at the same time it came with laughable readiness where it was not only not needed, but served to give a wrong meaning to the word; hair, for instance, being inevitably 'air, and *vice versa*. Another peculiarity of this little letter is that, unless people are taught its exact place in extreme youth—no matter how carefully they may study in after life not to misapply it—despite all their precautions, it will occasionally slip out to betray their past, if not their present ignorance.

The English refuse to admit that we have invented any new words, with the sole exception of "humbug;" but accuse us of reviving almost forgotten old English or Saxon words and giving them a wrong definition.

"Skedaddle" is claimed as a Yorkshire word, signifying to spill.

Granting this, we have not altogether misapplied it, for anything that can be spilled will run, and "skedaddle" with us, means to run away.

In some instances our English cousins may be right in charging us with perverting the meaning of words, and sometimes making one serve for another, differing somewhat in signification.

For example, we say "ride" for every species of locomotion in a vehicle; whereas, when they say "ride," they nearly always mean to ride on horseback (as we express it), and "drive," when they do drive or are driven; yet one may drive without riding, as a man may drive a team walking by its side.

But by far the most amusing difference is that we make no distinction between "sick" and "ill;" yet one can be ill without being sick (at the stomach), but not sick without being ill.

By "fix" (that word applied to almost anything and everything in America), an Englishman means to fasten a thing so tightly that it cannot move; hence the word "fixture." We say rent a house whether we be tenant or owner; in England the person who takes a house, "rents" it of the owner, who "lets" it.

It is needless to define the difference between lawyer, barrister, attorney and counsellor, and between doctor and surgeon, because, having no such actual distinctions in our country, we require no words to express them. Yet the American medical practitioner may well be glad that, because of the difference in a name (the English surgeon is only "Mister," while a physician is "Doctor"), he is not forbidden to sue for his fees, which the English doctor is.

"To" is a little word the English refuse to end their sentences with; such as "I'm going to." In their use of prepositions the dissimilarity is remarkable; they say "different *to* that," we, "different *from* that." An American says, "I prefer to walk," an Englishman "prefers walking." They use the present participle when we employ the infinitive mood.

They invariably use "should" instead of "would;" they inquire, "should you like going?" instead of "would you like to go?" With Americans, "should" implies an obligation; "would," merely will or pleasure. There is no such distinction in England. An American who has been educated within the last fifteen or twenty years, hardly knows how to spell otherwise than as Webster, but as his fame is not extended in England, the American who follows his spelling there lays himself open to the charge of ignorance.

Those who have heard of Webster's orthographic changes do not approve of them, and except as a reference for new words, it is probable that in England the great philologer will never be looked upon with favor.

Of all words which we indulge in without hesitation, the

word "bug" is the most offensive to the British ear. Their horror of it is so great that although they have adopted our word "humbug," they drop the last syllable and tell you "you can't *hum* them."

An Englishman named Bug recently created a great deal of laughter by piteous lamentations over his unfortunate name, and through the medium of the "Times" detailed the annoyance and ridicule to which it subjected him. At length he was goaded into changing it, and selected Norfolk Howard as his future cognomen, thus appropriating to himself two of the best and oldest names of the aristocracy. Soon after Mr. Bug became Norfolk Howard, something like the following conundrum went the rounds of society:

"What makes him an Norfolk Howard?" (an awful coward.)

"He's afraid of a bug."

Instead of laughing, they should be grateful to him for giving them an aristocratic name for the detested insect, for, ever since his change of patronymic, they have called the little b. b. (not the busy bee), a Norfolk Howard.

The dictionary only could enumerate the differences between English and American pronunciation; but among the "slang" of the former some words are very expressive: for instance, "knag," which admirably depicts the peculiar temper of those who are unceasingly finding fault and otherwise indulging in disagreeable pettishness of disposition.

No American should ever attempt to pronounce an unfamiliar English proper name without first inquiring how, or there will be a laugh at his expense; but we have the poor satisfaction of hearing them make no better effort when it is question of ours.

The late lamented President, whom we familiarly called "Abe," was more respectfully designated "A. B. Lincoln" by them.

They could not be expected to properly pronounce our beautiful Indian names, nevertheless. The writer has often seen a melancholy smile flit over the anxious features of the American in England during our fierce contention, eager and expectant of news from home and the seat of war, as the newsboys cried along the streets of London, "All quiet on the banks of the Pot'-omac."

CELIA LOGAN.

NEBULÆ.

—— SNUBBING, it seems, has gone out of fashion. More's the pity. It is a kind of discipline, a mode of defence, that may be abused by the rude and the domineering; but so may any other prerogative of the strong. The abuse of anything is no sound argument against its proper use. But this trite truth seems to be forgotten by those who, more than any others, should remember it—the Houses of Congress, our other legislative bodies and our public functionaries. In Parliament and in the French Chambers bores are not permitted to use up the nation's time and wear out the members' patience. They cannot, of course, be entirely suppressed; but they are soon taught that boring has its limits; and in this way the legislature and the people are protected against a great deal of wearisome twaddle. This custom might be introduced among us greatly to our benefit. We would not, indeed, be pleased to see the coughing, the shuffling of feet, the ironical cheering down, and the imitated cries of birds and beasts, the crowing, barking, hooting and howling which are so often heard in the British House of Commons obtain in the House of Representatives. But there are other modes, quite as effective and more decorous, of intimating to a speaker that he is wearisome and offensive, and that, in the opinion of his hearers, he had better straightway take his seat. Some method certainly might and should be devised of protection against members who talk nonsense to please their own vanity or who spout "spread-eagle-ism" for the benefit of Buncombe. These men are becoming a burden hard to bear. Freedom of debate has reasonable limits, the fixing of which might be safely left to the common sense and good feeling of any of our deliberative assemblies; and where it is so often checked by the arbitrary application of the previous question, fears that discussion might thus be unjustly restricted would seem rather squeamish. If a legislative body might, could and should protect itself against a mere wearisome waste of its time, still more ought it to guard its own dignity and that of the country against the affronts of the coarse and the reckless among its own members; and this it should do with rigid impartiality; disregarding entirely the influence of the offender and his connection with either the majority or the minority of the assembly. For the moment considerations of such a kind are allowed to have weight, and a member is allowed to presume that because he is of the dominant party he may insult the minority, or any member of the Government, or in any other way violate decorum. The assembly has, by reason of that very license, lost all dignity that is worth preserving. The last session of Congress was disgraced by incidents, either of which would furnish occasion for these remarks; and the present one, short as its duration has been, provides us already with a text for our homily. Mr. Saulsbury among the Democrats and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens among the Republicans were last year the chief offenders in this respect; and at the very beginning of the present session the latter member was guilty of a breach of decorum so petty in its nature and its motive as to be unworthy of a manly schoolboy, and so serious in its circumstances as to be an insult to the whole country. The reader will know without being told that we refer to Mr. Stevens' conduct in regard to the President's message. Just before the message was announced he proposed that it should be read from a newspaper "extra" in which it had been surreptitiously and incorrectly printed; and, being unable to carry this motion, when the Clerk of the House had about half finished reading

the message from the President's manuscript, Mr. Stevens moved that as some citizens, freedmen and others, "our friends," as he called them, were waiting, the reading of the remainder of the message should be postponed until the following day. For the first of these motions Mr. Stevens would have been sternly called to order by a Speaker who had a fit knowledge of decorum and a proper view of the duties of his office. Fancy a member making such a motion as that with a man like Henry Clay in the chair, or one like Luther Bradish! For the second proposition he should have been rebuked both by the Speaker and the House. He was able to carry neither motion, it is true; but each of them was in itself an insult, a gross insult to the House and the country, for which he should have been snubbed, snubbed to the quick—if, indeed, a man who could make such motions has such a degree of moral sensitiveness as is implied in that term. Mr. Stevens is opposed to the President's policy and dislikes the President. Very well: so do many good men oppose the policy and dislike its author. Nobody is obliged to approve the one or to like the other. But the President of the United States has a right to official respect, altogether regardless of opinions in regard to his policy or feeling toward his person; especially has he the right to look for this respect from the members of a coördinate branch of the Government; and any violation of it is an insult not only to him, but to the House in which it occurs, and to the nation. If Mr. Stevens has a personal spite against Mr. Johnson, surely he should know that therefore it becomes him to be the more careful in rendering the President all the honor due to his office. But the worst feature of this affair was the indifference of the House to Mr. Stevens' conduct, and the concurrence with him of a very large minority. A very few votes more would have carried his motion. So far was the House from resenting that motion as an insult. But until we are compelled to do otherwise by evidence which cannot be gainsayed, we positively refuse to accept this as proof that the members of the House of Representatives do not see and appreciate the insolence of Mr. Stevens' conduct—do not from the mere selfish point of view see that they, when in the minority, may need the protection against such conduct which can only be given by an active sense of decency in the House. The truth is that, owing to the position which Mr. Stevens has assumed, those who follow his lead, or who, at least, allow him to move first and speak first, are unwilling—we do not like to say afraid—to offend him upon a matter of personal behavior. That is all. If some man of character and of recognized good sense and good taste in his own party had boldly snubbed Mr. Stevens, if the Speaker had rebuked him with dignity and firmness, he would have received a lesson in behavior of which he stands much in need, and by which others, if not he, would have profited.

—— ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, as it is generally known, is of Spanish descent; but the origin of his name, which sounds to us so un-Spanish, is not known, perhaps, even to the doughty Admiral himself. Yet there is the best reason for believing that his name is of very great antiquity, and that it has an origin remarkably appropriate to the most distinguished person by whom it is at present borne. One of the Carlovingian legendary poems (which were composed in the middle ages to celebrate the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins), is entitled "Roland and Vernagu." It exists among the Auchinleck Manuscripts in a copy which was made about the year 1300. Ellis, in his "Early English Metrical Romances," says that the manuscript of this ballad of "Roland and Vernagu" cannot be of later date than 1330. It tells how, when the great Emperor was at Pampeluna, he received a challenge from Ferragus, a general who was sent against him by the Sultan of Babylon, and who summoned him to single combat. Now Vernagu is a mere English corruption of Ferragu, which is itself only a

Gallicized form of *Ferrus acutus, i. e.*, sharp sword. Indeed, the name of this heathen champion and foe of Charlemagne appears in the chronicle compiled by Archbishop Turpin, which was written in the age immediately succeeding Charlemagne, and certainly before 1122, as *Ferrus acutus*. Of this even the modern French form would be *Feraigú*. In some of the old French romances the name is given as *Farragu*, and even *Fernagu*; so that its identity with the Vernagu and the Ferragus of the Auchinleck Carlovingian ballad is unquestionable. No person at all accustomed to tracing the history of language can hesitate a moment at the pedigree, Ferrus acutus, Ferragu, Farragut. Their actual identity is as manifest as that of Angle-land and England, or of Wessington and Washington. The old romance tells us that—

——on a day came tiding
Unto Charles the King,
All of a doughty knight
Was comen to Vasers:
Stout he was and fierce,
Ferragus he hight.[1]
Of Babyloun the soudan
Thither send him gan,
With King Charles to fight.
So hard he was to-fond[2]
That no dint of brond[3]
No grieved him, I plight.
He had twenty men's strength,
And forty feet of length,
Thilke[4] paynim had:
And four feet in the face
G-meten[5] on the place
And fifteen in brede.[6]
His nose was a foot and more;
His brow as bristles wore
(He that saw it said)
He looked lothliche[7]
And was smart as pitch;
Of him men might adrede!

[1]Was called; [2]found; [3]sword; [4]this; [5]measured; [6]breadth; [7]loathsome.

King Charles (*i. e.* Charlemagne) went to see this tremendous fellow, but liked the look of him so little that he backed out of the fight, and allowed one of his paladins, Ogier the Dane, to undertake it. Ogier took all necessary precautions, and with a superb horse and a lance of uncommon strength he attacked Ferragus. But the latter, receiving the point of his antagonist's lance on his shield with an air of calm indifference, seized him with his right hand, lifted him from his horse, and tucking him under his arm so snugly and firmly that he could not get free, carried him off bodily to the Castle of Vasers. Another knight made a like attempt, with a like fate; then two at once; then ten; but all in vain. Finally, the great Roland, or Orlando, Prince of Paladins, undertook the combat, and after a fight which continued, with brief intervals, for two days, with varying fortunes, succeeded by Divine assistance and by means of his enchanted sword *Durandal* in killing Ferragus, who, like Achilles, was vulnerable only in one spot. Some readers may suppose that because Ferragus is represented as being a giant, he must needs be a fabulous person, and that because he appears on the part of the Soudan of Babylon, and is called a Paynim, he could not have been a Spaniard. There is, however, not the slightest reason for such a supposition. Few of the middle-age chroniclers and romance writers restrained themselves within "the

modesty of nature;" and their art was so childish, as well as so rude, that they endeavored to account for the superiority of their heroes by representing them as giants and giving them enchanted weapons. With the same puerility of purpose the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptors, in their bas-reliefs, represented victorious monarchs as ten times the size of the people they overcame, and twice that of their own officers. In the very romance in question Charlemagne himself is described as being twenty feet in height, and of proportionate strength. As the heroes were all giants, so were the enemies of Charlemagne all Paynims. To call a man a misbeliever was in those days to apply to him the most opprobrious of epithets, of which our word miscreant, the original meaning of which was merely misbeliever, is living witness. And in the middle ages all heathens, pagans, or unbelievers in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, were reckoned among the followers of Mohammed, who were as a body the enemies of all Christendom, and who, as they threatened to overrun Europe, were held in general abhorrence. Thus the chroniclers came to speak of all the enemies of Christian kings as Paynims and Saracens. The battle of Roncesvalles, in which the rearguard of Charlemagne's army was attacked and cut off by the Basques, is represented in the old romances as having been fought with Saracens; and the same name is applied to the inhabitants of Prussia, who knew nothing of Mohammed, and who had never seen a Saracen. Ferragus was doubtless as real a man as Charlemagne himself, and, we may be sure, no nearer forty feet in height than the Emperor was to half that altitude. He was one of the Spaniards who resisted Charlemagne in his attempt to subdue the Iberian Peninsula. Ferragus, or Ferraigu, as he is revealed to us in the ballad, is not unlike our own Farragut in one particular. He sets not much by words, and very much by fighting. During one of the pauses in his combat with Roland, he asks permission to take a short nap, which his antagonist, with the courtesy of a true knight, accords. He falls instantly asleep, and begins to snore so tremendously that Roland, thinking that he must be very uncomfortable for lack of a pillow, takes a great stone which the giant had thrown at him and puts it under his head, with a most happy and tranquillizing effect. Ferragus on waking is touched with this extreme courtesy, and falls into conversation with Roland, who, after learning from him in an unguarded moment that he is invulnerable except in the navel, becomes seriously concerned lest his new friend when he kills him should go to the devil. He, therefore, then and there, undertakes his conversion. But he finds him as tough in controversy as in combat; and the giant, after listening and disputing a long time, finally breaks out thus:

Quoth Ferragus, "Now ich wot[1]
Your Christian law every grot;
Now we will fight
Whether law better be,
Soon we shall y'see
Long ere it be night."

[1] I know.

They went at it again, and Roland, profiting by prayer and by the giant's weak confession, smote him in the navel and put him to death. But we can fancy some Virginia abstractionist during a truce endeavoring to split hairs with the victor of New Orleans and of Mobile Bay, and after being endured as long as the weakness of the flesh would permit, meeting with somewhat such a downright check to further controversy as that which the ballad records. Admiral Farragut has raised himself above the need of ancestry, even if ancestry in this country were of much value. As Napoleon said of himself, he is an ancestor. But it is interesting to know that his name means Sharp-sword, and that a man from whom he is descended was slain by the paladin Roland a thousand years ago.

——We have received the following letter from Mr. Grant White in relation to Mr. Swinburne's defence of "Laus Veneris:"

To the Editor of the Galaxy:

Since the appearance of my criticism of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," his pamphlet, "Notes on Poems and Reviews," has reached this country. In it he replies very sharply, often justly, but sometimes unwisely, to the critics who have attacked him with so much virulence for what they regard as the immodest and blasphemous passages in his last volume. He could have well afforded to let their censure pass without retort; and it was quite unnecessary for him to show that he could beat them at satire and vituperation. His poems tell that story. And it is to be regretted that he forgot that an author's place in literature is to be determined by others, not by himself. I wished chiefly, however, to notice a passage in Mr. Swinburne's pamphlet which bears upon a remark in my article as to the subject and the name of the poem entitled "Anactoria." I expressed regret at his choice of such a subject, and some wonder at the name, which is simply the Greek for sovereignty. Mr. Swinburne says of this poem: "The key-note which I have here touched was struck long since by Sappho. We in England are taught, are compelled under penalties to learn, to construe, and to repeat, as schoolboys, the incomparable verses of that supreme poet. . . . Now the ode *Εἰς Ἐρωμέναν*—the 'Ode to Anactoria' (as it is named by tradition)—the poem which English boys have to get by heart—the poem (and this is more important) which has no rival but the 'Ode to Aphrodite'—has been twice, at least, translated or 'traduced.' . . . Feeling that although I might do it better I could not do it well, I abandoned the idea of translation. I tried then to write some paraphrase of the fragment which the Fates and the Christians have spared us." Mr. Swinburne thus explains the choice and the name which I did not quite comprehend, and also not only why I did not comprehend them, but why they would be generally matter of surprise to educated people on this side of the water. It appears that in British colleges boys not only construe and read the fragments which remain of Sappho's poetry, or which at least bear her name, but that they get them by heart. Now, here we do nothing of the sort. Ovid, Horace, Juvenal, and Terence, are among the Latin poets whom we read at college, but not Catullus; Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Pindar, among the Greek, but not Aristophanes or Sappho. With the works of the excepted poets only those become acquainted who make Latin and Greek literature a special study after leaving college, and who put no limits to their reading. Such, at least, is the case according to my observation and experience. The difference in this respect between the classical college courses of the two countries is doubtless due to the influence of Puritanism, traces of which still remain in our oldest and most cultivated communities. And in this respect, as in some others, Puritanism would seem to have been to us a very unmistakable benefit. The verses called Sappho's may be, as Mr. Swinburne says they are, "the supreme success, the final achievement of the poetic art;" but as the study of them is not necessary to the making of a good Greek scholar, or that of the exquisitely dainty although highly erotic lines of Catullus to the attainment of Latinity, it is well that they have been generally struck out of our college curriculum, and that no man need read them unless he chooses to do so, although they probably would do no harm to any man who after leaving college did so choose. RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

——When the "Folk-Songs" of Dr. J. W. Palmer was first published by the old firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, in 1860, it was regarded by "the trade" as a most hazardous venture, as it was the first attempt on any considerable scale to prove that fine illustrated works of the gift-book class could be made in this country wholly independent of foreign materials or industry. The type, paper, ink, presswork and binding were all American; the engravings were made in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, from designs by native artists, and in every respect the work was an illustration of American skill. The success of the undertaking was undoubtedly due in large measure to the personal attention given by its editor to the details of the issue of his book. The result

demonstrated that it was possible to publish in this country works which could be safely brought into comparison with the most elaborate of similar issues from foreign presses. The pecuniary success of the enterprise is shown in the fact that "Folk-Songs" has just been reissued in an enlarged form, after thorough revision by the editor. There is constantly increasing encouragement given, indeed, to the publication of works of this class, in which artistic and mechanical skill fitly accompany literary taste and ability. The demand in our publications for those qualities which are, at the most, but the accessories to literature, has been such as to favor the publication of works of a similar character to Dr. Palmer's admirable collection of minor poems, as well as of many which, unlike these, find their only claim upon attention in their choice typography. It seems to be increasingly the fashion to issue small editions of works in the rarest of typography and binding for distribution among a select circle of subscribers, at a price which may be considered sufficiently extravagant in these days of cheap editions. With one eye to business, however, these patrons of literature have a care to secure the safety of their investment by limiting the edition to a hundred copies or so, and printing from the type, so that no second edition can be had without the expense of resetting. Wealthy gentlemen aspiring to become the patrons of literature, after the pattern of the Johnsonian age, have opened their purses to assist in the publication of choice editions of works which, in some cases, might better have been left to their own unilluminated dullness. Still, these ventures have contributed to the development of literature upon its mechanical side, however unimportant the addition to it in other respects. It has been proven that it is possible to emulate foreign skill in this direction, in spite of the old argument that this was impossible, as good printing was a question of climate—that the press-work could never overcome the atmospheric difficulties in its way. Our paper, too, was believed to be inferior to the foreign article, but late importations have shown it to be in no respect inferior, while a little patience and skill in the use of the facilities at hand have demonstrated that the necessary skill was at hand in all of the departments of industry pertaining to literature; needing only to be applied with judgment and good taste. Our supply of skilled labor is being continually increased by the importation of foreign artisans, and there is no doubt that our publishers will be able to supply the utmost demands of luxury and taste in their department.

—— It has been doubted whether negro attendants were known in England before the end of the seventeenth century. Perhaps the following passage in regard to Eve, from the "Paradise Lost," may settle the question:

> With goddess-like demeanor forth she went
> Not unattended; for on her, as a queen,
> A Pomp of winning graces waited still.

—— To present a strong and ever-living picture of some scene in harmony with the feeling of the poem in which it is embodied and of whose incidents it is the scene, is one of the rarest and happiest achievements in lyric poetry. Tennyson has done this with the happiest effect in "Mariana at the Moated Grange," and in "Break, break, break!" in each of which the scene and the sentiment of the poem mutually set off and, as it were, explain each other, while, at the same time, the scene is in itself a creation that lives in the memory by virtue of its own beauty and characteristic traits, as much as the finest work of the best landscape painter. We are inclined to think that Mr. Randolph, the book-selling poet, has done something of this kind for a scene not uncommon on our New England or New Jersey shore; and which, yet we do not remember ever to have seen portrayed in verse. He has done this in a poem called "Margaret Brown," which may be found in a dainty little volume of his poems just published, not by him-

self, but by a brother in the trade, and, as it appears, at the latter's request. Margaret Brown is a poor old lone woman who lives in a forlorn old farm-house in the outskirts of a sea-side village; and who yet lives happily because, though lacking much, she yet has virtue, faith and content. Here is the picture:

Hard by the brook, beyond the town,
Where stands the leafless locust tree,
There is a cottage old and brown,
Which rearward looks upon the town,
But faces to the sea.

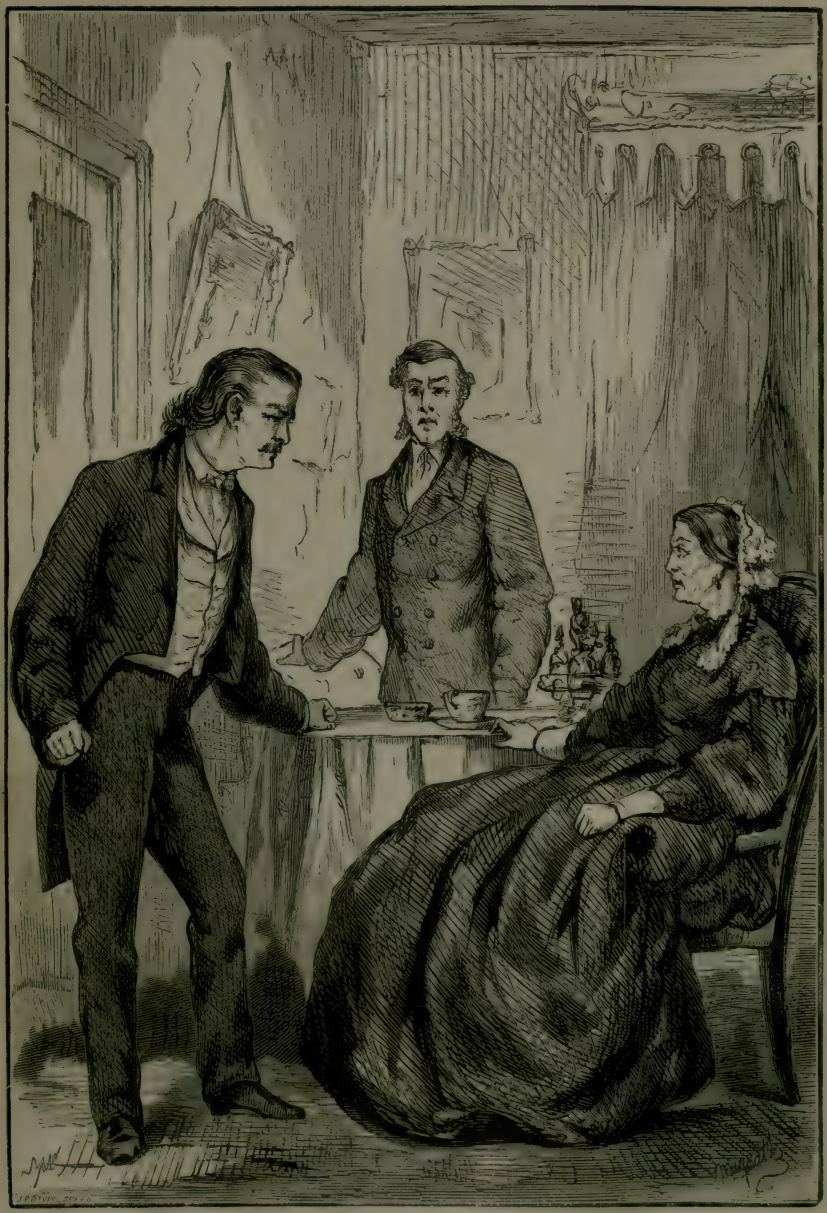
The walks with grass are overgrown,
And weeds fill up the garden bed;
The moss clings to the stepping-stone,
And from the tree the birds have flown,
Now that the tree is dead.

'Mid all these dreary signs without,
And scarce a sound of life within,
The passer stops and looks about,
As half in fear and half in doubt
Of what may here have been.

. . . .

What if the sea roar up the beach,
The leafless tree the sound prolong;
Her soul its resting place can reach,
Still tune the common words of speech
Into a thankful song.

A picture more vivid, fuller of the truth which the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting insists upon, and yet more informed with the sentiment which the works of that school so frequently lack (yet sometimes have), it would be difficult to find. The volume in which these verses appear will be welcomed to the many admirers of "The Color Sergeant" and other poems by the same author, which have been widely circulated in magazines and newspapers, and which are gathered within its covers.



"I OBEY, TRISTAN!"—Page 130.

THE GALAXY.

JANUARY 15, 1867.

TRISTAN.

A Story, in Three Parts.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Part II.

"Kein Mensch muss mussen."

OWING to various harassing delays, illness, and the like, it was over eight months before I again set foot upon the levee at New Orleans. During this time I had more than once heard from Tristan. He had returned home, and, I gathered from his letters, was getting on in the same old way, without any change—at least, for the better. Immediately upon reaching my hotel in the city, the clerk handed me a note which he said had been there a day or two. It was as follows:

My Dear Ned:—You must come up forthwith upon the receipt of this. I have been postponing my marriage until the day of your arrival. The day now appointed is next Thursday week, which will give you ample time to be present. It is absolutely necessary that you should come, for I will not let the ceremony go on, unless you are near to aid and sustain me. You are the only friend I have, and I know now, from signs infallible, that the day of my marriage will mark the crisis that I have been kept looking for so long. She has let me know it in a thousand ways, by a thousand signs. Cecilia is very well, and as hopeful as I am desponding. Do not disappoint me, Ned. Come, for God's sake, for I do not know what is going to happen. Only, I am driven nearly to the wall—let them beware! Yours,

Tristan.

I did not hesitate about complying with this summons. I also felt, instinctively, that these long-impending clouds were now about to clear pleasantly away, or to break luridly in awful tempest, and I was almost certain that the latter alternative would govern the event. So, on the third day following, I stepped ashore at the landing used by the Marcs. It was only a little after noon, but Tristan was waiting for me, and embraced me as a drowning man might clutch his rescuer.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by W. C. & F. P. Church, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"Great God!" cried he, "I have so feared you would not come! I have waited here all the time, for three days, and to-morrow is the appointed day."

Walking beside him from the river shore to his carriage, I had leisure to examine him, and to remark the terrible state of agitation he was in. He seemed like one whom a vampire had visited by night, sealing him for death with its clammy embrace. His eyes were wild and staring, his hands clammy, his whole appearance wretchedly haggard. Never have I met a man who wore outwardly more palpable evidence of a distempered spirit. His flesh would jerk and quiver, he rubbed his hands nervously together, gnawed the nails, bit his lips, and started fearfully at every breath of air, every loud word, every breaking twig. His voice was strained and husky, and his cheek incessantly paled and flushed; his whole system seeming to be broken down, unstrung by the reacting influence of his fancies. It was sad, indeed, to see a man in that extreme stage of hysteria (so to speak), to which disease sometimes brings down weak women, and I more than ever feared for his mind, lest it should give way entirely, impaired already, as it but too evidently was.

"This is very wrong, Tristan," said I, gravely, "has anything happened to justify your being in this condition?"

"No—nothing more than what I have long known—that to-morrow will bring the crisis. Oh, Ned! is it such an easy thing to endure, this being hung by flesh-hooks over the jaws of hell for so long, and not knowing when the thing will break! You can *look* at the matter complacently, but—put yourself in my place. And to-morrow is the day—twenty-four hours off, only, and yet I know not whether I am to become supremely happy, as Ceci certainly can make me, or supremely miserable, as I believe that woman who calls herself my mother is equally capable of making me."

"Of course, supremely happy. Why, man alive, what else could happen to one who loves as you love, and is blessed with such love in return? You do not doubt Ceci?"

"I doubt everything, except my own fears," said he, gloomily. "No, I do not doubt Ceci, and I do not doubt you, Ned. I do not doubt even myself, but—God in heaven! how I fear that woman!"

"But be a man, Tristan, at least; put away this so unbecoming timorousness, for your own sake."

"I have no manhood when I think of her, Ned," said he, in abject despondence. "But come, jump in. The afternoon is young yet, and we will drive over to see Cecilia before we go home. She is at her cousin Blane's, where we are to be married. Ned," said he, suddenly, after a pause, "I do not deserve such love as Ceci wastes on me. Promise me you will be a friend to her, no matter

what happens to me, or what I may do—for I may be driven to do something that I dare not contemplate now."

I found Ceci more lovely than ever, and her love for Tristan had warmed, deepened, and strengthened her frank, confiding nature into a genuine, thoughtful womanhood. She was the embodiment and incarnation of innocence in its loveliest features,

> —— "a splendid angel, newly drest,
> Save wings, for heaven."

The change in Tristan had not shocked her, for she felt that, once hers, there was a healing power in her love amply sufficient to cure his wounds and minister unto his woes, until they should vanish before her, as fiends are said to vanish when the name of Jesus is pronounced. Oh, sublime faith! what wonder if men have looked for miracles, even from the relics and dry bones of sainted women!

With eyes of love for him, and a kindly smile for me, she received us.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come, Mr. ——," she said, laughing, "for I really do not believe that Tristie would have had me if you had staid away. Do you know I ought to be right jealous of you, sir?"

"I wonder if it were possible to make Tristan jealous," I replied.

"He jealous of me!" said she, clasping her hands about his arm. "Not he; but come, I am really on pins to show you my lovely 'things,' and to get your learned criticism upon them;" whereupon, with the innocent *naïveté* and freedom of a child, she summoned us into an inner room, where her *trousseau* was displayed. This simple act, so confidently performed, was a real type of the woman. How it pains me to recall it now! Ah, we must not fall in love with Ceci; mayhap those "wings for heaven" shall not be long wanting.

While we listened to her eloquent prattle, Tristan put his arms about her waist with an air of unspeakable, loving tenderness, and led her up to me.

"This is my only friend, Ceci, darling," said he. "Will you not trust to him, whatever happens?"

She placed her soft, warm hand in mine a moment, looked smilingly up into my face, and said she would trust me; but then, she leaned back against his arm, as if to hint that her trust in him was all-sufficient.

"I shall have to call you 'Uncle Ned,' if you are to be my guardian," said she, playfully, "and if you want me to be very much afraid of you, you must wear a gray wig and spectacles, and be my grandfather."

Thus pleasantly talking, we passed two or three hours, and on leaving, she permitted me to exercise my venerable privileges by giving her a grandfatherly kiss.

There was every evidence of cordiality in Mrs. Marc's manner of receiving me when we reached her house that evening. I was surprised to remark a great change in her, however, assisted and augmented, perhaps, by the sombre weeds which she still wore; but, making every allowance for this, she was still greatly broken and aged. Her hair was becoming quite gray, while the lines in her face had deepened and multiplied. She was not a woman to sit lightly under sorrow. Hers was a nature to adopt grief, to make it part of her strong life, and move on in partnership with it, until the virus had infiltrated itself through the whole system and deposited its strumous blemishes everywhere upon the surface. At times, also, during the evening, I fancied that I could detect a nervousness in her manner, such as I had never before noticed; but this, I thought, was owing principally to the occasion, and to the worry of preparation for the morrow's events. The relations between her and Tristan were, to all appearances, just what they had been a year previous, except that, perhaps, there was more moodiness and less actual shrinking from her on his part, and on hers not so much ostentatious display of affection, and ostentatious seeking to have that regard returned. The course of the evening also revealed two or three symptoms of decided antagonism between them, as, for instance, when she said to me, laughingly:

"Does not Tristan strike you as a particularly sombre bridegroom? His face wears funeral favors."

Whereupon Tristan shot one of those dark-lantern glances at her for a moment, to her serious discomposure, and said in his old slow, hesitating kind of way: "There was always a corpse at the gay feasts of the old Egyptians, madam."

"Oh, horrible!" cried she, affecting to shudder, "you do not mean that you are going to entertain us to-morrow with a *mort-fiancée?*"

"If it should so happen," he rejoined, measuring the words, "you can best tell at whose door the death lies."

But, despite one or two other unpleasant passages of this nature, the evening passed on much more smoothly than I had anticipated. Mrs. Marc exerted herself to entertain me, and certainly, when she made the effort she had the faculty of being remarkably agreeable. She knew Havana and Orleans well, and seemed much interested in my accounts of her old friends, and of the scenes I had witnessed and localities visited.

When the hour for retiring came, she went up to Tristan and kissed him affectionately on the forehead. What a grand hypocrite the woman is, thought I, if his suspicions be correct! Said she:

"Tristan, my son, to-morrow is your wedding day, you know, and then, instead of being my son, you will become some one else's husband. Not a pleasant thought for a mother, is it, Mr. ——? So I must call you my son once more, for, after this, the words will

not have the same sound to my ears; and—who of us knows what may happen?" A wonderfully pregnant *Quien Sabe* that was! I fancied she paused and that there was a slight tremor in her voice as she added: "When you reach your room, you will find there a present from me—in your little writing desk on the mantel. It is a little surprise, but—I deem it suitable to the occasion. When you have taken it up and fully examined it—*remember the donor!*"

Tristan did not return her embrace; he merely bowed, muttered a good night, and, closing the door after us, started with me to my room. As we went toward the stairway, I perceived a shadow flit from its foot, moving rapidly upward from banister to banister till it disappeared on the second floor. I was about to call Tristan's attention to it when he clutched my elbow in his hand as if to enjoin silence, and said, in rather a loud tone:

"I will go to your room with you, Ned; I have something to tell you, of the greatest importance—a secret," added he, artfully lowering his tones at the word "secret."

No sooner were we in my room than, motioning me to sit down, he placed himself by the door in an intently listening attitude, and kept the post for a couple of minutes. Suddenly he seized the door knob, opened it with a burst, darted out into the passage, and returned again instantly, his hand upon a man's throat. It was the Frenchman whom I had seen in New Orleans, Ambroise, and he shrugged his shoulders with some tokens of shame as Tristan brought him into the light, released him, and stood glaring upon him.

"Well, sir; a thief, eh, as well as a scoundrel!" said my friend.

Ambroise grinned. "Mon Dieu, non! Nevaire tief, but, evaire von dam burglaire! Grrr! Moi! Je suis sot! Pooah! M. Tristan, you have exemplaire quick ears, you. Eh bien. I am prisonaire, it seems, captif of your valeur, eh! It appears that von rransom is exacted, eh? Donc, I sall have to demand of you the presence of madame—who becomes my securité, toujours."

"Madam?" asked Tristan.

"Oui, madame ta mère. I am engage wis her affaire. I have von momentous circonstance to developpe ce jour ci. I vas trop tard to go all ze vay back, chez moi, so madame say: 'Ambroise, you sall sleep to-night in ze leetle rroom of old Tom, *au troisième;* vich I go to do, vhen sa sagesse meks me prisonaire. Oui, en vérité—c'est tout, parole d'honneur, et—de plus—parole de madame."

"A spy, eh? Well, I want a spy, too," said Tristan, reflectively. "Now Ambroise, be careful; you know what I am; you must not interfere with me." Ambroise quailed like a flogged cur before the terror of his glance. "Go to my room and wait there for me. I will be there presently, and I want you."

"Mon Dieu! oui—parole d'honneur," cried Ambroise, making his

escape as speedily as possible. After waiting a minute or two, Tristan closed the door, saying: "He fears me too much not to mind me."

Then, bolting the door, with a passionate gesture my friend flung himself down athwart the bed, and burst into a violent and hysteric weeping. I began to remonstrate with him for such womanly weakness, but he cut me short with a wave of his trembling hand.

"You do not know," said he, with piteous emphasis, "you cannot guess the hell of horrors that has thus made a child of me. Come, now, you that would reason with me; tell me why I am so much afraid of her; why she haunts me equally awake and in sleep; why I shrink from her, as the murderer might from his victim's bleeding corpse? Explain me that!"

"These things are your own mystery, Tristan."

"My own mystery! Eternal heavens! Yes! It is mine so far as it is consuming me—making a madman of me—if I am not that already. It is her mystery, not mine. Oh that this were once over—well or ill—only over!"

"But what is it you fear, Tristan?"

"All dreadful things! If I only knew; if she would but once give me a hint of what I have to expect, I could meet it, death, separation, anything, calmly. Do you not see? Can you not conceive the torture of this suspense? Just think for a moment. If she hates me, then she is preparing something direful for me—something prodigious, unheard of, without parallel; she can do it; and she is subtile enough to select just this time, this very to-morrow, when my life-happiness is about to culminate—to call down her thunderbolt. God strike her also, if she dare it!" cried he, solemnly raising his hand. "This is why I am so fearful. It is cowardice, an awful, shuddering cowardice, which I am not ashamed to confess. I could face a loaded cannon, Ned, if there were need, but this being pricked over one's heart every minute for years, with a needle that enters deeper at every thrust, would shiver the nerves of the stoutest."

He covered his face in his hands for a moment, writhing with real agony, and then sprang suddenly up—

"But I am dallying with my fears. Here's to solve them. That dog, Ambroise, waits for me—he knows something, and I can conquer him. And—you noticed it?—that covert meaning in what she said about the present for me? Her words concealed something; it is always her way to deal in allusions. I will soon learn it all Good night, Ned—I go to learn my fate, perhaps."

"Stay a moment—I will go with you," said I.

"No, no, Ned," answered he, sadly; "there are offices beyond the reach and aid of friendship. One of these may chance now. Oh, Ned!" said he, taking my hand in his, "make me one promise.

I will be calm enough to-morrow, whate'er betides, for Ceci's sake. Swear to me that you will stand by me; that you will not attempt to thwart me, as others will, I know; swear to me that you will do exactly as I tell you!"

"It is not needed, Tristan. You are sure of my support in all proper things."

"Thanks, Ned. To-morrow, I will be another man. Good night."

"Good night, Tristan."

The more I thought over my friend's words, and collated them with my own experience, the more I was disposed to fear that he was right, that Mrs. Marc *did* hate him, *was* preparing some cruel stroke with which to smite him down forever. And I resolved that, if this were the case, or if I had reason to suspect such a state of things, I would be his determined supporter throughout, and her determined opponent; and, even if a little harshness, rudeness, aye, injustice, were needed to rescue him from her toils, I would not discountenance it. During the whole night my sleep was troubled by a thousand dismal visions, and it was only when the morning had begun to break that I dropped off into an enjoyable slumber.

Out of this I was roused, with a start, by the weight of a hand upon my breast. I looked, but I had to rub my eyes and look again ere I could satisfy myself that it was really Tristan who stood before me. He was dressed for his wedding, and looked quite handsome—but it was not his comeliness that so struck me, and made me start up and cry—

"For God's sake, Tristan, what is the matter?"

He had said rightly that the morn would behold him another man. There had been some revolution in him during the night—such a revolution as the earthquake produces, destroying landmarks and changing the face of a country so that the returned wanderer can no longer recognize his boyhood's home. Such a revolution as converted Savannah la Mar from the habitation of man into an abiding place for mermaids and a foundation upon which the madrepores might build; a revolution that at once perplexed and terrified me. What was it? The palingenesis of actual and joyful relief, or the petrifactive stroke of a confirmed despair? Was it the thrilling shout of a succored garrison—the "*dinna ye hear the slogan?*" —or the calm resolve of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ? Had he been reprieved, pardoned, or had the inexorable executive warrant been recited in his ears? The change offered me one or the other of these alternatives, and I did not know which to choose. His face was deathly pale, but his eye was no longer distraught and wild; it beamed with the informing light of intelligent and inflexible purpose; and his whole air, manner and appearance were pervaded with a calm which I had never before known him to display.

"You are changed, Tristan," repeated I, "what is it?"

He smiled quietly. "Do I then look so much like the gay bridegroom that you do not know me? If so, where are your congratulations? Aye, Ned, I *am* changed, and *avec raison*, as madam would say; for, you know that

> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream—

and now, in good time, the dream is over. I am awake!"

"I do not understand you."

"Nor need you, for—I understand myself, now. See here, Ned; I opened this pet book of yours just now—'Bacon's Essays'—and this is the sentence my eyes encountered: 'Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends."' Now, Ned, can you tell me what it all means?"

I grasped his arm—"What do you mean, Tristan? What have you done?"

"In Deed? Nothing. In Thought, and resulting Will? I have even built worlds, Ned, and peopled them! Oh, I am free at last;

> I held some slack allegiance, till this hour,
> But now—my sword's my own!"

"For heaven's sake, Tristan, speak rationally! Tell me what has happened, and what is the matter with you."

"You think, then, that the Reverend Croly's Catiline and I have no affinities, eh, Ned? What do I mean? What has happened? This: *La femme* has shown her hand, at last; and, as I cannot—in gambling phrase—'out-spot' her, I mean to win the 'pool' *vi et armis*."

"Your suspicions last night then"—

"Fell as far short of the reality as the top of a live oak is from the blue heaven! You happy fellow! You do not know how women can hate! I—I alone am the apostle of that revelation! But, it is a secret, Ned, a family secret, and even from you I must lock up our skeleton yet a while. Ned, Mrs. Marc's bridal present to her dear son was something intended to prevent his marriage. Ha, ha! a dainty device, and a cunning!"

"Don't do so, Tristan—pray don't laugh! How do you mean?"

"*N'importe*; your promise, Ned. Her toils were well laid. I could not unmesh them, if I were to try never so patiently. But I can tear them asunder, thank God! and this I do! With all the woman's study of me, and all her deep planning, it comes to this finally: She knows me only under one aspect. God! If you hurl the very stupidest log into a well, it will make a splash—shall not

a man struggle when they bear him to the brink of the abyss! Come, Ned, your promise. Ought I not to marry Ceci?"

"Unless there is something absolutely forbidding—yes, undoubtedly."

"As the world goes, you mean, but not as God orders things. Well, the case stands thus, Ned, I will tell you candidly: To-day the coast is clear, the way is fair; Heaven seems to smile; I am in power, and I can marry her—unless you oppose. To-morrow impenetrable darkness, prohibition definite and absolute—despair. By marrying her to-day I may prevent to-morrow from ever coming. To-day I am king, and you shall see Mrs. Marc quail before me. To-morrow, unless I can, by marrying, disarm her, she puts her foot upon my neck and crushes me down for ever. Therefore she opposes my marriage to-day; therefore you must aid me in counteracting her opposition. Do you see the position? And, Ned, because Cecilia Marc loves me as the angels love, and because she will die if that love dies, and because also I love her beyond wealth, honor, life itself; because I *love* her, therefore, I say, assist or oppose me as you list, I marry her this day were all the devils here to prevent! Now we understand each other; and, moreover, Ned, because my will is so strong you will obey. Come, get you ready I have innumerable matters to see after to-day, for I am like Louis XIV. of France; I have thrown off my Mazarin without knowing at all how to administer affairs of state. Get ready, then. No, no, Ned; ask me no question. *Le roy le veut;* that shall be my response to your whole litany of thoughts. You will see and hear stranger things than this to-day; and they will pass before your eyes in such bewilderingly rapid succession, like dissolving views, that you will forget to ask of any of them whence they came or whither do they go! Nevertheless, dear Ned, be satisfied of this, that when you know all, as you will one day, you will not condemn me, but applaud. God! I have lived a thousand years since last night, and I am so happy now, so supremely happy now! Do I not look like it?"

"Just now you look like you were mad."

"Oh, no, Ned, not mad, but come at last to my true proportion of sense and reason! Oh, not mad, but awakened, and gloriously, so that I can look abroad and into the depths of God's grand universe, and see the stars rolling in their courses, and the glorious apportionment of things, justice meted out to all, and the great scale ever balancing and deciding, now the weight of a sparrow's feather, now the black debit account of centuries and æons! And I know that, over all, above there sits the eternal, just and merciful God, and I stretch out my right hand before Him even, Ned, as the harlots did before Solomon the king; and I say, knowing Him to be there and witness of my acts, I say, Thou, God, wilt justify me!"

Then I, hearing his solemn tones, witnessing the grand self-confidence of his action, and feeling those awful last words thrill through me like an organ's sublimest *De Profundis*, then, I repeat, I knew that he was right in whatever he was going to do; if not right by my law, still right by his own; and I vowed with myself that through all I would support him, however much evil report or suspicious action might try to dissuade me, or prevail to discourage me.

And, so help me God, knowing all I now know, and recalling all that transpired, I believe that I did only my duty, neither more nor less, and I believe that I would again do as I did then.

I have more than once, and that, too, since I began the mechanical part of it, hesitated in regard to the propriety of this reproduction of Tristan's sad history. I have been conscious of the charges of morbidness, of pandering to the low taste of man for the unnatural, which will be raised, and I must confess the dread of this has at times caused me to lay down my pen with the determination not to take it up again for this theme. But when I have recalled Tristan's grand appeal to the Chief Justice of us all; when I have brought back before my mind's eye his noble gestures, the sweet and gentle sincerity of his glance, the earnest lines of his mouth; when I have remembered me of his calm, flowing utterances, and the sublime confidence in his cause which these things unmistakably symbolized, then I have no longer hesitated—then I do not dare any longer to doubt. It is right that his memory should be vindicated. Accept the offering, O Tristan, for I confidently make it with up-turned palms. *Ad Superos*, O my Tristan!

"See," said he, while I was dressing, "see what a lovely day inaugurates my new life! Like the butterfly, I am new-born to the Summer and the sunshine. Things glow with life, and my blood leaps with love, though I am a thousand years old this day, and as wearily sorrow-laden as dusty old Kartaphilus* when he drags his steps over the countries, with the pestilence ever following in his wake. Yet I spat upon no god. Ned, think me not mad to-day, though I shall seem to act madly. If I be mad, it is a mania of which all the drugs of Anticyra cannot purge me; and—my bride shall never guess it."

Arm in arm we went down to the breakfast-room. Tristan, as I have said, was dressed for the day in plainest black; his hair, still long as when I first knew him, was thrown back, close-brushed, behind his ears; and his face was clean-shaven, except for a silken moustache, the graceful curve of which decked his lip without concealing its fine, nervous mobility. He appeared handsomer, more

* The "Wandering Jew," better known in poetry and legend by the name of Ahasuerus, is called Kartaphilus in Matthew Paris and other earlier works that mention him.

of a man, and with more expression of soul, more breadth and depth of mind, than ever before.

When we entered the room in this close companionship Mrs. Marc, who was already there, seemed to start and grow pale. She turned quickly to Romeo, the major-domo and steward, who was attending upon her, and asked,

"Where is Ambroise?" Her self-control was not so supreme but that her tones betrayed agitation. Tristan bowed to her as he made a step forward.

"Good morning, madam," said he; then to the servant, "Romeo, you can retire; wait until you hear the bell." When the servant had closed the door behind him Tristan turned again toward his mother, who, with ever-increasing pallor and fright pictured in every feature, every gesture, was already standing.

"Ambroise," said he, "did his work as well as he could, madam, but this time he found his master. He has changed his allegiance, and is at present some miles from here, employed in my service."

"In your service!" cried she, if possible paler still.

"Yes; why not? 'Tis easy to bribe those whom you have conquered—easy to make those obey who are afraid of you, as I will prove very speedily." He paused a moment, while she waited like one who waits to receive sentence of death. He bowed once more, and then, with a fine irony in his tone, resumed:

"Madam, I have carefully read the papers you did me the honor to submit to my attention last night, and I assure you that *now* I can both understand and appreciate them and you."

Hearing these words, an indescribable fury seemed to possess her, conquering her fear and filling her with rage. Haughty, erect, threatening, she advanced toward him.

"What!" she cried, "am I sneered at by you! Do you then dare"— But he stepped in front of her, and one look of his, one gesture, one purpose gleaming from his face, made her quail, shrinking and robbed of the power which she had just now half resumed.

"Madam," said he, not calmly but deliberately, and with such tones, such a look that proved he meant all he said, "Madam, let us fully understand each other before we go further. This is not a time to negotiate, nor to swerve; so let us define our relations to each other ere that fatal 'too late' shall come on. You are a woman of calm judgment, but you have not rightly estimated the quantity of my father's blood that is in my veins. Aha! I see you understand how much that means. Not quite, though. It means more even than resistance. It means victory. With so much to gain, and with nothing to lose, do you ask me if I *dare?* I do indeed dare immeasurable things! I dare marry Cecilia Marc this day, and I dare kill any one who by look or word or gesture shall this day interfere to prevent me. Oh, you quail, and rightly! Why, madam,

the timidest living thing becomes desperate and dangerous at bay, and you had better go into a burning magazine this day than try to thwart me. Ambroise is mine, remember, and only you can attempt it, so I have only you to watch. Understand me fully now, and be very sure that you do so," said he, at the same time producing a revolving pistol, which he cocked deliberately and placed in an inside breast pocket, where it would be convenient to his hand. She followed his movements with fascinated eyes. He continued, showing intense excitement by his compressed, quivering lips and gleaming eyes, yet speaking ever in the same deliberate and measured tones, "I am firm as iron to-day, and no one knows better than you how much reason I have to be so. Now listen. If you do as I bid you, no harm shall come to you; all will go off peacefully and well. You know that I ought to kill you—that I have a right to kill you now—a warrant full as legal and high-sanctioned as the warrant of sheriff and executioner; yet, despite my loathing, despite your hatred, your sanguine cruelty, your ruthless purposes toward me, I did not murder you last night in your bed. I will not kill you now unless you rouse the demon that is in me by touching Ceci through me—by attempting to thwart me. Beware! for you know how much I would profit by your death, what an incubus I should fling off. Beware, then! I will not harm you, I repeat, if you do as I tell you, no more, no less; but, I swear by the happiness you have been at such pains to destroy—by the black despair you meant should damn me, but which instead buoys me up to my purpose—I swear that if you hint by lip, by look, or by gesture, one word, one breath that may create a pause or awaken a suspicion of the secret you taught me last night, within the twenty-four hours succeeding this, if you try in any way to prevent my marriage, if you swerve one hair's breadth from the directions I shall give you, the course of conduct I shall point out to you, if I suspect you even of attempting it, I will *kill* you!—be it in church, or at table, on your knees, or in the ball-room—no matter where, nor what the result, I shall KILL you! My eye will be on you always, and you cannot escape me. You thought to drive me mad, did you? Forsooth! you have but swept away the cobwebs from my brain, and now for the first time, I see clearly."

I cannot describe my sensations while these words were being uttered. One thing, I could not doubt their sincerity, and equally I could not doubt but he had the right on his side, though I did not reason about it then at all, only felt, and—felt with Tristan.

Mrs. Marc withered before them as they rolled in scorching flood upon her, like a green, sap-filled blade of grass tossed into the flames. She grew white as milk, sank back, and would have fallen, had not Tristan sprang forward and supported her.

"It is the son's place to sustain his dear, fond mother," said he, with the bitterest sneer that ever curled human lip.

Mrs. Marc stood erect again at these words, and thrust him fiercely off. Her pride had come again to her aid, and perhaps she knew that it was not dangerous to taunt him, so long as she did not oppose.

"Mr. ——," said she, scornfully, "have you no manliness about you, thus to see a woman threatened by a madman, and stand by calmly, without interfering? Perhaps you are under the same spell he has imposed upon Ambroise—fear!"

"This was a taunt and an appeal hard to resist indeed, but, while I was still hesitating how to act, Tristan interposed himself between her and me, saying in that bitter, sneering tone which was so terrible to her:

"Pray do not trouble yourself by appealing to Mr. ——'s gentlemanly feeling. I do not think he will serve you this time. You see him with me, and yet, madam, he knows all!"

These words seemed to shut her out from all hope, to crush, to annihilate her. She sank into a seat, and covered her white face in her hands, murmuring tremulously:

"I see, I see! I was wrong. I will retract all, Tristan—bear me witness, Mr. ——, that I withdraw it all—I will keep eternal silence, destroy all the papers, enter into any arrangement that you propose, Tristan, or let things stay as they were, if you—"

"Too late, madam, too late! I know it, and that is enough. Things as they were, say you! God! you hold out flattering inducements, certainly, knowing as you do what a hell that *statu quo* was to me! No, madam. This day, at the appointed hour, I marry Cecilia Marc. Not a word, or, curse you! I shall kill you now, and so blot all out forever! You made this match. Knowing all, you deliberately made her love me, and stirred up this spark from among the dying embers of my heart. And so, if I must marry her—as I must—and the spark falls in your magazine, it is you who blow yourself up, not me. You knew all, and what you encouraged for the sake of your revenge, I shall accomplish for the sake of her love. 'Tis wrong; 'tis an offence that's 'rank, it smells to heaven.' Pah! But the fly-blows are yours, madam, curse you, and if the fœtor breeds a typhus that takes you off also, well and good. Think of the damnation you have visited upon that innocent child, madam; think also of God's judgment, and tremble! Quake—you have cause; but it is not I that will punish. Think of it when you kiss her and congratulate her upon being Tristan's bride. Faugh! We three know what that means—God knows why it is so. Which pillar do you see, madam, the pillar of cloud or the pillar of fire? Don't faint, I must say my say. To-day is mine, remember. To-morrow, when my marriage is consummated, you may do as you like with me, and what shall suit your pleasure then will convene to mine. I will neither murmur, nor object, nor resist.

But to-day, to-day is mine, mine, mine! God, who is to judge between us, has given it to me, made it mine, every minute and every second of it, and woe be to all and each who try to deprive me of it! Come. You see how it all is now; you recognize my powers, my necessities, my purposes, and you see very well how inevitable all is. You yield, I know. I will not swear you, for I shall watch you from first to last. And, from first to last, if you value existence, be careful and obey!"

"But, Tristan," murmured the wretched woman, "but, think—"

"Think!" screamed he, like an arrow-pierced hawk; "have I not thought! thought till my hairs are turning gray; thought till there seems no heaven nor hell, no yesterday nor to-morrow—only to-day and my purpose! Aye, madam, and you may thank yourself for my thinking; you—you that would have thrust me down this day unshriven into hell, you may thank yourself that this same day I reign supreme, that this same day none dare disobey me! I am not Tristan," cried he, raising himself aloft, as the eagle spreads his wings for flight, and by his tone and gesture robbing his words of all impression of hyperbole; "I am not Tristan; I am a ruler of the winds and the storms, and this day even the turbulent elements obey me, the simoom glides on like a zephyr, the crested waves grow smooth as oil. And I say unto you, woman, I say unto you, 'Peace, be still!'"

Rightly. None of us dared disobey him, he said, and it was strangely true. I knew him not. It was, indeed, by no means the Tristan of yesterday who stood before us now. There was an omnipotence, almost, of magnetic power in his eye which subdued me equally with her; and as she murmured, "I obey, Tristan!" my mind tacitly but definitely registered a similar pledge and promise of unconscious submission and blind, unhesitating obeisance.

As Tristan's palingenesis was complete, so also was the transformation of Mrs. Marc, under the influences of the fascination her son exerted, and of the terror he inspired, equally complete and perfect. He stood there, all forethought, composure, manliness; she crouched there, wearer of the skin he had sloughed, filled with all his timorousness, all his shrinking, all his shuddering gloom. I have read somewhere, in some French collection of "Contes Fantastiques," I think, the story of a person of middle age, a composed, complacent, self-confident man, full of resources, not overstocked with "feelings," careful of himself, who had to do with a troublesome madman of a nephew, the only controlling power over whom was the mortal, cringing fear his uncle inspired him with—such a fear, in effect, as a vindictive monkey might have of a cruel master. Finding him too great an annoyance one day, the controlling uncle conducts the cringing nephew to a *maison de santé*, to have him confined there. While they are waiting in the ante-room for the physician, who was tem-

porarily engaged, the slave, prompted by a sudden thought, turns on his unsuspecting master, overpowers him as readily as one would bend a twig, and with that calm adroitness of cunning which only the madman possesses, completely reverses the order of things to the complaisant doctor: "This is my poor uncle, who is insane; has such and such vagaries; *par exemple*, that 'tis I who am crazed, etc. He is troublesome, perhaps dangerous. I wish him cared for, etc." Now take this picture, fill up this outline, fancy the sudden change in their positions and their mutual recognition of it; the overpowering sense of danger breaking down the uncle's courage, destroying his equanimity, and confusing his ideas till all his resources seem to flee from his grasp; the newly-acquired sense of power in the nephew clearing up his disordered intellect, multiplying his means, clarifying and cooling his fermented brain; bring these ideas in their living, vivid concreteness before you, and you will have an adequate conception of the transformations wrought in Tristan and in Mrs. Marc—transformations amounting to essentially an elementary elimination of characteristics from each, and (so to speak), a metempsychosial interchange of being and attribute.

Thenceforward, throughout the day, she yielded, with a slavish waiting upon his nod and beck. Thenceforward, during all the day, he ruled, with the stern, out-going, unrelenting power of a despot who had the mind to detect and the ruthlessness to select the very sorest and most tender spots upon which to let fall his red-hot and searing sceptre. I could see, and it pained me to observe it, that, beside his care for the present and its necessities, he preserved a recollection of the past, and revenged himself for it.

Well, after breakfast we proceeded to Mr. Blane's, at whose house Ceci was sojourning, and where the marriage was to be consummated. We were a strange bridal party, certainly. Tristan, with most ostentatious care, escorted his mother, who, completely conquered, obeyed his every look and gesture, like a well-broken pointer-dog in the field. I followed, stunned, and in a dream, or like one suddenly startled out of the somnambulic trance.

To the fair and lovely bride, with her unsuspicious, loving eyes, all things seemed very well, while her face was radiantly happy to see Tristan look so well; but I could perceive that many of the guests eyed our party all amazed, beholding the sombre Tristan so invest with life and thought, and the stately, composed Mrs. Marc so prostrate and brain-shattered. Perhaps also they noticed the ague which shivered in my bones.

At the appointed hour, Ceci and Tristan stood up before the clergyman, and, in the presence of us all, with ring, and form, and ceremony, were made man and wife.

During the brief, yet imposing service, I could not keep my eyes off from Mrs. Marc, who looked on in a strange, fascinated horror, as

one might behold a murder which he could not by any means avert, nor cry out at, but must watch through all its phases from inception to completion, in dumb, benumbed, shivering terror. At the moment which made Ceci irrevocably the wife of Tristan, she seemed about to start forward, half-raising her hands, half-rearing herself on tip-toes, while the muscles of her throat worked convulsively, as if repressed shrieks strangled her in their eagerness to burst forth. But even at that moment Tristan was watchful; a glance from him, a quick, diamond-flash of those terrible eyes, now terrible beyond expression, and a significant, but almost imperceptible motioning of his finger toward the concealed death that menaced her, there in his pocket, flung her back, even as if he had corporally seized her, and forced her backward with his hands.

I shall touch the events of that day and evening with a very light pen. Now, I know that they constituted but the carpet-laying, scene-shifting, and furniture-placing which is performed upon the stage, preparatory to the rising of the curtain upon the fifth act and final catastrophe. Then, the catastrophe so quickly came on, and with such over-powering, midnight horror, that all these antecedent events were driven out of my memory, as skirmishers flee before the serried array of battle; so that I can only pick them up in fragmentary here-and-theres, as we gather up the *débris* of ships when the tempest has ceased to rage against the shore, and the cries of the drowning no longer pierce us to the soul.

After the marriage was concluded, we sat down to a dinner given by Ceci's cousin. During this, and, indeed, during the whole day, Tristan continually kept his eyes fixed upon his mother; he was always at her side, and always she shrank away from him, shuddering as I had been used to see him shudder when she would approach him. He was a little wild, now and then, for a moment or two; yet as a general rule, was suave, collected, free, out-spoken, altogether different from himself; while Mrs. Marc, cowering, seemed to add a year to her life with each advancing hour.

The dinner over, the entire company prepared to go to Mrs. Marc's, there to celebrate the occasion more liberally in a ball, for which due preparation had been made, and at which a large number of guests were to be present. By Tristan's command, I escorted the bride, while he accompanied his mother, a mode of procedure which created some remark; but Tristan turned it off with a ready jest, such as suited the already gay and exhilarated company, many of whom loudly retracted previous opinions in regard to him, singing a flattering palinode, and, upon the strength of his colors, voting him emphatically a *bel esprit*.

Except to Tristan, Mrs. Marc, and myself, everything seemed to go off well and smoothly. Even the hostess seemed somewhat to recover herself, and, though confessedly languid and pleading illness,

made some exertions to enact the part of entertainer. In this I fancy she was constrained by Tristan, who, as the evening wore on, multiplied his resources, and became ubiquitous. He left the ball-room several times, and was gone minutes, often, during which absences Mrs. Marc would glance fearfully about her, and advance hesitatingly toward some one or other near her, but Tristan always appeared ere she could carry her apparent purposes into action. My friend, usually the most temperate of men, as he was the most easily excited, to my surprise seemed to drink a great deal during the evening, without being affected by it, however; and I noticed that he sedulously encouraged drinking among the young men, so that quite early there was more than the usual noise and hilarity.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, I think, when our hostess, obeying a hint of her son's, which I alone saw given, announced that she was fatigued and unwell, and must retire; whereupon Tristan, offering his arm, accompanied her from the room. Never shall I forget the look she flung back, a look full of the agony of positive fear, the large-eyed, piteous agony of the drowning man's look, when he rises for the last time, and lets his glance meet yours for a moment of dumb entreaty! How she must have dreaded him who went with her out of the gay rooms into the dark passage!

In about twenty minutes Tristan returned to the ball-room, and, calling upon me to second him, plunged merrliy into the excitement of the occasion, himself marshalling the dances, and leading off *in propriâ personâ*, ably supported by his lovely bride. Lovely indeed she appeared then, her eyes bright as diamonds, her mouth open like a dewy rose with happy smiles, her cheeks glowing with the warm flush of excitement, and her voice eloquent as a skylark's with beauty and joy and praise and the exuberance of being. Clad in some pure white fabric, such as best suited the petite elegance of her figure, she moved among us like Hebe at some high Olympian feast, her smile, her words, the nod of her head, the touch of her finger, providing nectar and ambrosia for us all. Especially I noticed a necklace of fine pearls which she wore about her rounded neck, a present from Tristan, the golden cross of which was hidden beneath her dress, "drowned out of sight"—it was a pretty thing and most prettily became her.

Encouraged by Ceci's life, and spurred on by Tristan, I sought to put behind me, if I could not forget, the excitements and terrors of the day, in the mirth and excitement of the whirling throng. The exhilarating dance, the flow of wine and of stronger liquids, and the electric contact of wit and beauty, speedily brought things to their acme of enjoyment, and for several hours there was a continuous roar of talk and laugh, joke and repartee, blended with the bewildering mazes of the dance, and the ebb and flow of lively and passionate music. Through all Tristan was *facile princeps*, the soul

of the party, the prime instigator of all humor and joviality—to Ceci a source of hope and pride and joy, for she took it half to herself—to me a prodigy, monstrous and fearful, because I could not understand his meaning, and because I was so well aware of the ghostly skeleton that ruled the feast, and the dismal spectres that attended on it. I dared not think what it meant.

As the night wore on, some of the guests began to depart, but the party did not break up until almost daylight, when quite a number of the company, in accordance with free-and-easy Southern customs, staid in the house all night, using the bedrooms as far as they would go, and, when these were exhausted, finding such accommodation as they could. The dancing was over, the bride and her maids had retired, the company had separated, all save a few who yet lingered to talk over their enjoyments and experiences—a pair of lovers, mayhap, loth to say the parting word—two or three who had drunk too much and were talking with all the profound seriousness of approximate ebriety—a coquette or two, who loved the sight of the battle-field, and perhaps saw yet a few enemies more to conquer—and I was about to steal away to bed myself, when an arm was thrust within mine, and Tristan led me on into a deserted ante-room. His arm was unsteady, his face white, but his eyes were bright and cool, and his lip as firm as steel.

"Ned," said he, "there will be a change to-morrow. Let me look at you," and he took my shoulders in a tight, tremulous grasp, and, looking into my eyes, while a shade of infinite, tender sorrow, blended with a touching affectionateness, came over his face. "Will you desert me, Ned—you, my friend, my brother! Oh, God," he gasped, painfully; "it is very, very hard!" He struggled with his emotions, and seemed to conquer them a little. "Ned, I may have to leave here soon; I may never have a chance to speak with you thus again; do not ask me why—promise me now, then, that whatever you may hear, you will not misjudge me, but wait—wait till you hear and know all. Promise me, dear Ned."

"I do, Tristan."

"Dear Ned, we may never meet again as we meet now. I owe you much, my friend, more than I can hope to repay—except with love. Good night, Ned; think of me kindly." So saying, he embraced me, in a hurried, moved way, once, twice—kissed me on the lips with the kiss of a woman, and was gone ere I could turn.

Tired and worn out, I sank into a profound sleep as soon as I got to my room, and, though haunted with terrible nightmares, did not wake until late in the morning, when, in compliance with my orders, Romeo, the old steward, called me. He told me that some of the ladies and gentlemen were already up and dressed, and would have breakfast as soon as I was ready.

"Marster Tristan sez as how mistis is too sick to git up dis morn-

in', an' don't want to be 'sturbed, sar. An' he don't want you to wait brekfust fo' him nuther, sar," added Romeo, showing his teeth, "'case he's goin' to eat his'n in bed dis mornin', I reck'ns."

"Mr. Tristan has been up, then?"

"Oh yes, sar; hour ago, an' gone back to bed ag'in. Wants you to take de foot of de table dis mornin'."

"Very well, then; have breakfast ready against I come down."

What a scare-crow I have been making of things, to be sure! thought I, as I commenced making myself presentable; putting in night's deepest shadows, horrid forest tarns, and Cocytan streams, into this little day-lighted landscape; making a gallows of the finger-post, and transforming the vulgar cowherd into a murderous, "stand-and-deliver" brigand! Pshaw! How soon Bogy loses his "terrible aspect" when dragged into the clear sunshine! So Tristan has been up and about, giving his orders already, has he! Aha, it is evident that from this time forth he is determined to rule as proper master of the house.

In this light-hearted mood I hastened down to the breakfast parlor, where I found quite a number of the guests already assembled. I had been so long a "sojourner in the land" that I could act the part of host with some propriety; so, ordering in the meal, I announced the indisposition of our entertainers. It was generally remarked that the lady of the house had looked extremely ill on the preceding day, and I was asked by several persons if her indisposition was recent, and what ailed her.

Breakfast was announced, and we went in to the table. The party was languid, and conversation went by fits and starts, all of us being somewhat fatigued from our over-exertions of the previous day. However, in accordance with the license of such occasions, dictated by immemorial tradition, there were, I believe, the usual number of sly jokes perpetrated by the gentlemen, and the usual number of suffused cheeks among the ladies. It was a matter of comment what a lovely bride Ceci had made, and a matter of surprise that my friend had so handsomely acquitted himself as bridegroom. I had taken a seat beside a very pretty young lady, who had attracted my attention and excited my admiration on the previous evening—pouring into her ear a score of those delightful nothings to which ladies so delight to listen, and, *par consequence*, the gentlemen love to indulge in, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"What is that dropping on my head?" at the same time pushing back her chair from the table in a frightened manner. Just as she did so, another drop fell, into her lap this time, staining the pure white of her dress with an ugly, red splotch. The young lady screamed, all of us sprang from our seats, alarmed, and with a simultaneous impulse glanced upward at the ceiling. Here we saw a round, red spot, about the size of a saucer, and momently increas-

ing, while, even as we gazed, another red drop formed and fell. I called to the waiters, asking them what it meant. They were shivering with terror, their round eyes staring, and their sleek, brown faces seeming as if rubbed with ashes. They did not know.

"It 'pears like blood, sar," Romeo ventured to say.

"Blood!" repeated the guests, staring in each other's faces with eyes of strange dismay.

"Blood!" shrieked the poor girl by my side, frantically striving to rend the red spot from her garment. "Blood! and it was warm!" and she fainted.

But I did not heed her. A horrible thought burst crashing through my brain. I seized one of the servants—

"What room is above this?" I shouted.

"De big bed-room, sar."

"Great God! the bridal chamber, gentlemen!" screamed I, half sinking back as the thought crowded on me and so vividly explained all that I had seen, all that I had heard, all that I had dreaded—"Gentlemen! Tristan has killed himself."

The company was scarcely less horror-stricken; several ladies fainted, all grew pale and ran toward the door in purposeless confusion.

"It may not be too late to save him," cried the coolest of the party, a physician, springing forward and seizing a napkin from the table as he went. "Come, sir," touching me, "show me to the room." I hurried after him, and those of the company who were able, rapidly followed. In an instant we were at the door of the bridal chamber. We tried it. It was locked. We thundered at it, but there was no response. Furiously I rushed against it, and burst the lock, so that the door flew wide open, and the impetus carried me to the middle of the room. But no one followed me. There were wild screams, and shrieks of horror from some; some fled precipitately down the stairs, and from the house, in the delirious *sauve qui peut* of mortal terror; others, and strong men, men not unused to the sight of blood, fainted, and dropped down like sick girls; others, weeping, covered up their eyes to shut out, physically at least, the awful scene. There was the bridal chamber, rich and soft and warm, full of dainty luxuries. Through the deep windows streamed the bold morning sunlight, daringly unconscious of the things it shone upon. There was the white bridal bed, all virgin white indeed, save for the red stream that coursed down it, and the dark red splotch upon its surface, and the dull, livid puddle under it. And there, in all her sweet apparel of last night, with eyes closed and hands prayerfully clasped, smiling in her sleep, there lay the bride, Cecilia Marc! From her virgin breast, not yet unzoned, came that red stream; her blood it was had dropped that horror spot upon all our souls, and over her heart we saw sticking the glittering silver hilt of a dirk-knife.

Well, reader. Some screamed murder, they tell me. Some madly shouted—some wept. Rapt I stood there through all. I saw not the surgeon, with lip compressed, and face very pale, step toward the bed, gingerly avoiding to tread in the livid puddle there. I saw him not, going thither as reverently as it had been his dead mother's grave, take one of those white, pure, cold hands in his for a moment, and then with tender care replace it. I did not heed his return, noiseless, to my side, nor his whisper—"She is dead; God help us all! quite dead!" None of this I noticed, nor aught else, save one only thing, at which I stared—oh how closely stared! One only thing, reader, five words, finger-written in blood, in great uneven letters there upon the wall—there upon the wall—I see them now! —five words only—"*Madam, you have your revenge!*"

That was all—but, I knew the hand!

"Come, sir, you must not faint," said the only man among us all, the doctor, with his compressed lip and stern frown. "This is no time for fainting. Rouse yourself—be a man. Without there!" he shouted, "This is damned murder! Do you hear—murder! Arm yourselves, all. Secure the servants. Shoot down all who try to escape. Surround the house. Let some one go immediately for the coroner and the sheriff!" Then, as these quick orders were as quickly obeyed, he turned to me again.

"Can you answer me now?" asked he, sternly. His frown gave me courage.

"I can."

"This is murder, is it not?" said he.

"It is murder."

"And the murderer"—

"Is Tristan Marc. That is his dirk—these are his words."

Again the doctor eyed me; "Tristan is not here; where is he?"

"I do not know."

"We must find out," said he, "this is our work. You are his friend. You suspected him of suicide—why?"

I gave him a hurried sketch of events as they phantasmagorically passed before my mind's eye, and, out of my bewildered words, with the skilled physician's quick powers of diagnosis, he built up a theory of the case.

"It is clear as day," said he. "That woman so wrought upon his mind as to break it down. The excitement of the revelations she made to him—and I have a shrewd guess as to what they were—his love for Cecilia, the strain of his assumed part yesterday, and the feverish whirl of last night, drove him completely mad. He fancied they were going to rob him of his bride, and, to prevent that, he has killed her. We'll find his corpse somewhere about, in the house, or hanging from a tree, or floating in one of the ponds."

His coolness disgusted me, but I managed to ask what he supposed Mrs. Marc had told Tristan.

"That he was a bastard; that's the most likely supposition; and old Marc had very little of the saint about him. But come, we must hunt for Tristan, and—this room is too full of horrors." As we went out, and he turned the key in the door, we heard the cry from below,

"Bring him up! The doctor is here! bring him up!" while a feeble voice made reply: "Mais, m'sieu, je suis—je suis—p'role d'honneur!" and three or four of the excited guests appeared, half leading, half carrying the Frenchman, Ambroise, up the stairs toward us.

"We found him—out there—under the trees—bleeding"— cried all the voices, simultaneously, while Ambroise kept feebly murmuring his "mais, messieurs," and the doctor stepped forward to examine him. His head drooped from faintness, his face was bloody, and in his temple was a swollen wound, about which the blood was thickly clotted. The doctor examined it a moment. "There is no fracture," said he, "it is a mere trifle—a blow from a heavy blunt instrument—get him a drink of brandy, somebody."

"Probably it was done with this," said one of his captors, handing up a loaded riding whip, which I immediately recognized as having belonged to Tristan.

"Now, sirrah," said the doctor, after Ambroise had drank the brandy, and seemed sufficiently revived, "you know something about this murder, so come, tell us all you know. How did you get that hurt?"

"Murder!" cried Ambroise, incredulously, "vat murder? Me know nossing of murder, except almos' murdered, *moi-même*."

"I don't want you to criminate yourself, Ambroise," said the doctor, "but where is Tristan Marc? Do you know?"

A look of malevolent hatred darkened over his face as he answered: "Damn him! He sall pay me vell—vhere is he, zen? He sall try to brek ze head on ozzer side, den. Come."

The doctor seemed in doubt what to think. At last, taking hold of Ambroise with one hand, and with the other turning the key of the door, "See here, my friend, have you any share in this?" said he, opening the door, and leading the Frenchman into the room.

Then, rude, rough, reckless, probably villain as he was, a wondrous change came over Ambroise as he gazed upon the murdered girl. He was stricken with a ghastly pallor, he staggered, he flung himself upon his knees, crossed himself, smote his breast, and cried in an agony: "Oh Jesu! avec toute sa beauté! Et moi, donc, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! pourquoi donc lui le ai-je nié! Oh, Sainte Vierge, pardonnez-moi, pardonnez-moi, je prie!"

Then, turning rapidly to me, he clasped my knees, and said, in rapid, piteous, imploring tones, "Oh m'sieu, I not let her go, mais, sur ma vie, I sink not zis! Mon dieu, no! Oh grand ciel! and she implore me so, too—oh, vill you pardon me, sare!"

"Perhaps we will pardon you, if you tell us all you know about it," said the doctor, laying his hand upon his shoulder. The touch and the tone seemed to present a new feature of the case to him; he rose to his feet, glanced suspiciously at us, and then, putting on a sullen, dogged look, said, resolutely:

"Now, I vant to see ze madam, first. I not tell you nossing. I know nossing about dis massacre. You let me be."

"The madam!" cried the doctor, "sure enough. I was a fool not to have remembered her all this time. Take this man into custody, some of you, and see that he does not escape, for he knows more about this than he is willing to tell. Come, Ned, Mrs. Marc can explain this whole mystery to us—if she be alive."

Summoning two or three of the most composed of the guests to go with us, the doctor followed me to Mrs. Marc's door. It too was locked, and receiving no response, we forced it, shudderingly expecting more horrors still. Mrs. Marc lay upon her bed, dressed in the same rich black silk she had worn the last night. She lay there with her eyes closed, gagged, and bound securely hand and foot, while, flecked with blood already dry, Ceci's rich pearl necklace lay upon her breast, as if it had been flung there. As we hurriedly touched her, she opened her eyes and gazed at us with a queer look which I did not understand, but which made the doctor start, exclaim, and with quick fingers tear away the fetters from her mouth and hands. Thereupon, half mumbling, half laughing, she seized upon the necklace, passed it through her fingers as an infant would a string of beads, and looking at us vacantly, exclaimed:

"He had such a nice red hand, ha! ha! such a nice red hand!"

"I suspect that is retribution, friends," said the doctor, as he turned away quickly. "Come, let us get away from here. I want fresh air. Her secret is locked up forever. She is hopelessly crazed!"

Thus, the tragedy was complete, and we will let drop the curtain over the ghastly stage.

Pursuit was hot after Tristan, but, in spite of rewards offered, and strenuous efforts made, he managed to make his way to New Orleans, and thence out of the country. When Ambroise found that Mrs. Marc could give no hints, he also refused to tell what he knew, and, after a brief incarceration, was released, there being scarce any evidence against him. Before the coroner, it seemed established that the deed was premeditated, and that Tristan, through Ambroise's aid, had beforehand made every preparation for escape. This overthrew the doctor's theory that the deed was done under the sudden impulse of insanity, but it did not reveal any other motive. Upon the hearth in Mrs. Marc's room, the ashes of papers recently burnt were found, and it was reasonably supposed that these had some connection with the awful tragedy. But beyond this,

nothing satisfactory transpired. Mrs. Marc continued a babbling, unintelligible idiot, from whom it was impossible to extract an idea or a hint. She was removed to a lunatic asylum, where, for aught I know, she still remains, smiling constantly, and prattling, like a child of two years, about "the pretty red hand." Thus, all the actors removed, the affair remained a mystery—one of those dark problems which sometimes chance in our experience of human nature, and which, unable to solve them, we quickly turn the page upon, and would willingly obliterate from our memory. It is not my purpose to expatiate upon what my thoughts and feelings were, in contemplating the matter. I will simply say, without going into whys and wherefores, that had Tristan then come within my reach, none would have been quicker to strike him dead than I. It was impossible for me to think that there might be a motive, extenuating if not justifying the deed, then, when I had palpably before my horror-stricken eyes the picture of that murdered innocent, stabbed, it might be, while dreaming of a kiss. Reason fled before that reality.

Most touching was it that as her weeping tire-women, some of whom had been her bridesmaids, were tenderly composing her body for its last home, they found in the bosom of her dress, close to where the dagger had entered, and stained with her blood, a copy of verses in her fair hand, inscribed: "To my Husband: Ceci's First Offering."

Before I finally left that part of the country to return home, I visited her grave. It was in a quiet little copse, near her cousin's house, and the birds seemed to take especial delight in the murmuring trees which shaded it. Already the grass was beginning to grow about it, and two or three Summer roses, planted near the head-stone, gave forth odors as fragrant as had been that lovely girl's breath. It was not unmanly weakness that drew a tear from my eye as I knelt at the grave, and planted a violet near it. It was of her alone that I could then think. Years were to pass before Tristan should stand justified for the deed of that terrible night. It is only within a few months, indeed, that I have learned the final history of my friend; and it is only very recently that I have been able calmly to review it, and to come to the conclusion which I must now record. Reader! you shall know the facts upon which this conclusion is based, and judge with me of its justice.

NIX.

HE sat beside a willow-circled lake
Which mirrored Scandinavia's steel-blue sky.
So still, the brooding wild duck in the brake
Forgot to watch him with her jealous eye,
But sat secure upon her secret nest,
Content to feel the eggs beneath her breast.

But he, poor sprite, to whom a heart was given
To feel, a mind his destiny to know,
Forlorn and sad beneath the sunny heaven,
Was musing on his strange and hopeless woe,
To be alone shut out, by heaven's decree,
From life's best boon of immortality.

At length he spoke, nor noticed how the bird
Darted out startled from the willow-shade,
So rapt in thought was he, he never heard
The sudden whirring that her swift wings made,
Nor steps of child just coming home from school
With naked feet on pebbles wet and cool.

"No hope for me! this is not life!" he cried;
"This is but dreary waiting for my death!
No joy can ever reach my soul," he sighed,
"For it is slain before it entereth.
This thought debars all comfort from my heart—
In everlasting life I have no part."

Ceasing, he suddenly became aware
That by his side there stood a little child,
A little girl, blue-eyed, with golden hair
Blown back in ringlets from her forehead mild.
A pretty, childish form, and full of grace,
With sweet, sad wonder in her gentle face.

"Our good God gives eternal life," she said,
"To all who ask it. Come and pray with me!"
He rose. With eager step the way she led
Into the deeper wood, there bowed the knee,
And prayed in child-like trust to One so near,
So loving, that He could not fail to hear:

"Dear Heavenly Father, let us live with Thee,
Forever and forever, for the days,
Unless they had no end, too short would be
To see and know Thee, and to sing thy praise.
For Jesus' sake, the life eternal give;
Forever and forever, let us live!"

Then rising, "I am glad," she said, "for now
You need not be so sorry any more.
Good-night!" He bent and kissed the up-turned brow,
And then she vanished; trunks of oak-trees hoar
Hid her small form, as through the wood-paths dim
She hastened, singing low some holy hymn.

* * * * * *

The long, long twilight deepened into night,
And yet it was not dark, for all the sky
Was gleaming with the brilliant northern light.
He watched the red and golden pennons fly,
Sitting alone upon the grassy slope,
Asking his heart this question, "May I hope?"

A touch upon his shoulder. Lo! a form
Beside him, clothed in raiment dazzling white!
The air around grew fragrant, light and warm,
All things looked lovely in that presence bright.
One could not fear nor sorrow, but rejoice,
Hearing the music of that heavenly voice.

"Seek," said the angel, "one to whom belongs
The gift divine of immortality—
There may be one among these countless throngs—
Willing to cede his endless life to thee."
The mortal spirit looked his longing vast
Into the eyes angelic ere they passed.

The angel paused, and met the burning look
Which fain would shape itself in words, but failed.
The unasked question all his great heart shook,
Till from his shuddering wings the glory paled.
"I cannot cast the fair, immortal crown
Which God hath given, from my forehead down!"

Tears of celestial pity filled his eyes,
And tender benedictions softly fell
From lips which trembled with deep sympathies,
And glorious hopes heaven had not bid him tell;
Till, while his words' sweet music lingered on,
As vanishes the rainbow, he was gone.

And then began the search from day to day,
Among the human crowds which seem to hold
God's peerless gift they cannot cast away,
As worth far less than earth's polluting gold.
Are ye immortal?" wonderingly he cried:
Some mocked, some laughed; one, startled, turned aside

To pray and think upon the endless years
His soul must live; one answered boldly, "No!
For death is death. Leave idle hopes and fears
Of superstitious folly!" "But I *know*,"
The sprite responded, all his soul's surprise
And almost anger in his eager eyes—

"I know the life beyond the gate of death.
I have seen heaven and hell. I know what lies
Beyond this vale of fleeting mortal breath,
The world of solemn, fixed realities."
"Dreams!" cried the infidel, and would have passed,
But those beseeching accents held him fast.

"Give unto me the immortality
Which thus thou scornest! Sink to endless sleep,
And yield the peerless privilege to me,
The boon of endless life for aye to keep!
My whole soul shudders on the fearful brink
Of nothingness and death. I gaze and shrink!"

Whether it were the horror in that look,
Or quickened doubts which never wholly slept,
His nice-poised frame of specious reasoning shook,
And o'er his heart a thrill of terror crept.
"Nay, get thee hence!"—"Yet, what a fool am I,
A madman's vain petition to deny!"

He hastened on his way, and tried again
To balance in his reason's shaken scales
The misty cobwebs of a sophist's brain
Against the gold of truth, which still prevails,
Unless the stubborn will perverts the beam,
And makes the solid truth more light than error seem.

* * * * * * *

There was a grave, and one in weeds of woe
Knelt weeping by the new-set burial-stone,
And now she called on him who slept below,
And now she prayed for death with bitter moan;
And then she sobbing said, "Ah, woe is me!
It surely had been better not to be!"

Then spoke a voice beside her: "Let it be
As though thou hadst not been! Bestow, I pray,
On me that being which oppresses thee,
Then may'st thou sleep the peaceful years away
In endless, dreamless slumber, nor awake
Ev'n when the resurrection morn shall break."

"No, no!" she cried. "This one joy let me keep,
The knowledge that we two shall meet again!
No other charm hath death, no rest hath sleep,
The only light of life, and balm of pain."
He looked on her and wondered, as he thought
Of earth's Redeemer, that she named him not.

And, "Strange," he murmured, as he turned away,
"That these immortal hearts can sorrow thus
O'er woes which are so transient; earthly day
So brief! eternity so glorious!
They have as little reason to be sad
As I can have, poor mortal, to be glad!"

There was a chamber where a sick man lay,
And Death stood watching; and the clock's slow beat
Ticked his few moments one by one away.
A dire disease had bound him, hands and feet,
And grim despair, with as tenacious hold,
Held the lost spirit in its hideous fold.

A stranger entered, stood beside the bed,
And would have spoken, but the sick man turned
And cursed him ere a single word he said,
And, in the look which in those dread eyes burned,
He read the soul, its guilt, remorse and fears,
Its speechless horror of the eternal years.

And what he would have asked he uttered not,
But spoke of one whose blessed touch, he said,
Was antidote to sin and death. Ah, naught
Availed his earnest words: the man was dead;
And he passed out into the sunny air,
Still haunted by that look of wild despair.

And it so haunted him he could not rest,
But wandered full of musings to and fro,
And he returned at length, an unknown guest,
Unto that house of mourning and of woe,
To look upon the dead, in hope that now
Death's restful calm had settled on the brow.

Alas! the soul in its departure found
No light upon the dread, unfathomed deep,
And so no smile of peacefulness profound,
As when God giveth His beloved sleep,
Left its bright impress as the soul took flight,
No dawning of the everlasting light.

Poor seeker after life! his heart did ache
With burden of a grief beyond his own,
And he bethought him of his quiet lake,
And hied to rest him there, and think alone.
And there came one who loved him, and he told
Into her gentle ear his wanderings manifold.

"And now I thank my God!" she cried at length,
"That He hath opened to my soul a way
To bless thee, pouring all the boundless strength
Of love into one gift, to last for aye.
Most gladly, my beloved, give I thee,
Since God permits, my immortality!"

And as he could not speak for tears, she said,
"My life is but a taper's feeble spark;
Then let it light thy nobler lamp instead.
Though this small flame expire in utter dark,
Before the throne of God thy soul shall shine,
And my heart live forevermore in thine!"

But then he spake, his full heart running o'er,
"I bless, I bless thee! Yet it cannot be!
How could I live upon the radiant shore
Of deathless joy, forever missing thee
In endless sorrow? Better dreamless sleep
Than heart-sick loneliness for aye to keep!

"I cannot take thy gift! my heart would break.
I knew not until now how much the stress
Of my desire for life was for thy sake,
Love-prompted; and my dread of nothingness
By shrinking of my spirit from the thought
Of losing thee, or leaving thee, was wrought."

Two loving hearts in generous rivalry
Could neither yield its earnest, resolute will,
One pressing its sweet purpose eagerly,
And one as constant in refusing still
The self-forgetful gift of priceless life,
Till Christ's voice reconciled the sinless strife.

For then He came, the Lord of Life, and said,
"My death hath purchased life for all—for thee.
My servants are the living, not the dead.
Behold, I give thee immortality!"
Then, ere the happy soul could speak its praise,
The vision vanished in the sunset's blaze.

Then, taking his long-silent harp, he sang
Such joyous and exultant, grateful strains
That all the glowing lake with music rang,
And the woods listened, and the dewy plains,
And passing angels lingered in their flight,
With gladness deepening in their eyes of light.

In the blank wall which shut his being up,
Oblivion's prison, op'd a golden gate,
And showed an endless prospect, boundless hope,
And joy and life illimitably great
And ever blessed. Well might praise o'erflow
The heart which never hoped such bliss to know.

And are such joys dissolved in common life?
Heaven's priceless pearls in this our human cup?
Such hope sublime should still care's petty strife,
Such rapturous knowledge lift our spirits up,
O'er earth's low clouds, to life serene and high,
Worthy the heirs of immortality.

MARY ELLEN ATKINSON.

SAVONAROLA.

[Second Article.]

UPON Ascension Day of that year, the party opposed to Savonarola conspired to have his pulpit blown up, by fireworks, while he was preaching. But this attempt was abandoned for fear of injury to the congregation. The Arrabbiati then scattered all sorts of filth in the pulpit, and drove sharp spikes in the places where Savonarola, in the warmth of his discourse, often struck his hands. The object of these conspirators was to raise a commotion, in the hope that an opportunity to slay Savonarola would occur.

The Piagnoni, a party full of gentle piety, who were friendly to Savonarola, went to the Duomo at break of day and cleansed the pulpit and removed the spikes.

Savonarola, surrounded by his armed escort, reached the Duomo in safety, and commenced his sermon. Suddenly, while he was preaching, a tremendous crash was heard, the alms chest was thrown down, drums were beaten, benches were torn up and tossed about, and the doors flung open. The Compagnacci (evil companions) with the Arrabbiati had raised this alarming tumult. In the midst of this confusion two of the Otto (eight rulers), who thought that the dignity of their office rendered their persons secure, rushed forward to kill Savonarola, but his friends had already formed a circle about him and barred all approach. They conducted him triumphantly through the crowd, back to the convent of St. Mark.

Pope Borgia now sent his long-threatened letter of excommunication, in which every one who would not incur the like penalty was prohibited from rendering the friar any assistance, or having any communication with him.

Savonarola wrote a letter declaring the excommunication to be invalid, as it was based upon false charges, invented by enemies.

Villari says that the effect of this excommunication, which was solemnly read in the cathedral, was that "profligacy was established as if by incantation; the churches were empty, the taverns full; women came forth wearing indecent dresses, and their hitherto hidden jewels; perfumed youths went about singing carnival songs under the windows of their mistresses, who no longer blushed when hearing them. In less than one month the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent seemed to have come back, and all thoughts of patriotism and liberty were forgotten."

Meantime the plague had again broken out, and Savonarola was one of the most zealous and untiring of the small band who had the strength or courage to minister to the stricken.

When Christmas day arrived, his friends entreated him to ascend the pulpit once more. He yielded, and celebrated three masses upon that day at St. Mark, and the first Sunday in Lent (February, 1498) again appeared in the pulpit of the Duomo; the Archbishop of Florence, Leonardo de' Medici, threatened to withhold the communion and burial in consecrated ground, from any one who was present at Savonarola's discourse. But the Signoria showed their resentment by intimating to the Archbishop that he must resign his office within two hours or he would be declared to be a rebel.

This year there was a second bonfire of vanities, upon the Piazza della Signoria, in spite of the violent opposition of the Compagnacci. The Pyramid was surmounted by a figure of Lucifer, surrounded by representations of the seven mortal sins. The conflagration was even greater than on the previous year.

After this the Pope wrote a violent letter to the Signoria, threatening to excommunicate the whole city if Savonarola was permitted to preach. The Signoria (the officers of which were changed every two months) had no alternative, and sent an order to Savonarola requesting him to deliver no more sermons. The next day, which was the third Sunday in Lent, he took an affectionate leave of the people, informing them of the order he had received.

About this time a singular event took place, which suddenly turned the capricious current of public opinion against Savonarola. Francesco di Puglia, preaching in the church of the Santo Spirito, denounced Savonarola's doctrines as heretical, and challenged him to the Ordeal by Fire, affirming that if Savonarola were truly a servant of the Lord, a miracle would certainly be wrought in his behalf, and he would issue from the flames unharmed; but if he were burned, his impostures would be made manifest, and the people would be awakened from their pernicious delusion. The Franciscan monk asserted that he was prepared to perish himself for the sake of putting Savonarola to the test.

Savonarola, to the surprise and dismay of his adherents, refused the challenge. He replied that he had other work to do, and that he did not feel himself called upon to undergo this ordeal. But when Savonarola declined, his heroic friend, Fra Domenico—who was gifted with a stolid fortitude which defied physical pain—rose up and boldly accepted the challenge. Savonarola rebuked him, and argued with him—in vain. At last, seeing his unflinching resolution, and perfect faith in the triumph that awaited him, the conviction was forced upon Savonarola that Fra Domenico must be acting under the promptings of inspiration, and that the Lord would guard him through the fire.

The Franciscan monk, who evidently had anticipated Savonarola's refusal, rejected Fra Domenico as a substitute, and proclaimed that he would only undergo the ordeal with Savonarola. But Fra

Domenico was resolved, and the Signoria felt bound to urge Francesco di Puglia to consent, for all the friars of St. Mark, and of the Dominican convent of Fiesole, had offered to pass through the fire, and had compelled Savonarola to make known their wishes to the Signoria, and to desire that body to select one of the Dominican order for every Minorite who would accept the challenge. The excitement rose to such a pitch that men, women, and even children, in crowds offered themselves as candidates to pass through the flames.

The 7th of April was fixed upon for the trial. Fra Giuliano Rondinelli was accepted to accompany Fra Domenico. Francesco di Puglia, who had given the challenge, held himself in readiness, he said, to enter the flames with Savonarola, but with him only. The city was in a state of frenzied enthusiasm to witness the proposed spectacle. Upon the famous Piazza della Signoria lay the pile of fagots—wood sprinkled with gunpowder, oil and resinous substances. It was eight feet long, ten feet wide at the base, and five feet high. In the middle was a passage two feet wide, through which the champions were to pass.

When the mace-bearers of the Signoria announced that the hour for the trial had arrived, the friars of St. Mark immediately went forth in procession. Fra Domenico walked between his brethren, Malatesta Sacramoro and Francesco Salviati. He was perfectly confident and eager for the test. He wore a bright, red velvet cape, and carried a tall cross. Savonarola followed him in a white robe, bearing the sacrament. The Piazza was thronged, and the windows, balconies and roofs of the surrounding houses perilously crowded.

A body of three hundred infantry had been stationed in front of the Loggia de Lanzi, commanded by Marcuccio Salviati, a faithful adherent of Savonarola. But there were also five hundred Compagnacci, Savonarola's bitterest foes, under the leadership of the brutal Dolfo Spini, and five hundred of the infantry of the Signoria stationed in front of the palace. Thus, there were a thousand armed men, masters of the Piazza, all ready to offer any indignity to Savonarola, or even to do him any personal injury.

The monks of St. Mark had taken their appointed places, but Francesco di Puglia and Giuliano Rondinelli had not yet made their appearance. They were in the palace holding a secret conference with the Signoria. The Minorite friars now began to invent causes for delay, and, if possible, to raise up obstacles to the ordeal. They ordered the Director of the ordeal to say that the red cape of Fra Domenico might have been charmed by Savonarola, and must be removed. Fra Domenico at once took off the suspected cape. Then the Minorites said that his gown might have been charmed. Fra Domenico willingly consented to lay it aside. He was taken into the palace and put on the dress of the Dominican, Alessandro

Strozzi. After this the Minorites would not allow him near Savonarola, expressing a fear that the latter might renew his incantations.

The crowd which had been waiting, eagerly expectant, for many hours, now became impatient at the delay, and their murmurs soon broke out into a tumult. The Arrabbiati had agreed among themselves that they would take advantage of any disorder to seize Savonarola and put him to death. They made the attempt, but Salviati kept his soldiers close before the Loggia, and drawing a line on the ground with his sword, cried out, "Whoever passes this line will find what the weapon of Marcuccio Salviati can do!"

Order was hardly restored when a violent storm of thunder and lightning broke over the heads of the people, and threatened to put an end to the trial. But the populace were too pertinaciously determined to behold the spectacle to stir from their places. They remained unmoved until the pouring rain unexpectedly ceased.

The Minorites now requested that Fra Domenico would lay down the crucifix he held in his hand. He complied, and Savonarola substituted the Sacrament. The Minorites violently protested; to bear the consecrated host into the flames would be sacrilege, and could not be permitted. Savonarola and Fra Domenico refused to yield this point, and an argument arose between them and the Minorite friars, who were rejoiced at the delay. The Signoria took advantage of this dispute to order that the trial should not take place.

The populace was thrown into a state of indignant fury and disappointment, and turned their wrath upon Savonarola. Even his own party maintained that, others failing, *he* ought to have walked alone through the fire, and miraculously exhibited his supernatural powers. His enemies openly accused him of cowardice, and of having been proved an impostor. Friends and foes wanted to see a miracle; they *would have* a miracle; and if Savonarola were a man of God a miracle must be wrought in his person! But for the brave soldiers of the noble Salviati, who, with their drawn swords, defended Savonarola and Fra Domenico against the enraged mob, they would not have reached the convent of St. Mark alive.

Savonarola had worked no miracle! He had cheated his disciples out of the wondrous spectacle every heart palpitated to behold! From that hour he was torn from the pedestal to which popular love and gratitude had raised him. Who cared that the city had owed its freedom and its purification from the worst abuses to him? Or that he had taught the Florentines how to frame their new government? Or that when others fled from the pestilence he had tended the plague-stricken with never-flagging devotion? Or that his voice had consoled the starving, and kept alive their dying hopes, when gaunt Famine walked the streets? Or that he had rescued this fair city from the depredations and violence of the French army, and prevailed upon the French King to take his departure?

What were all the friar's benefactions if he could work no miracle? —if he would not even trust his body to the flames?

Not only did the Minorite friars consider themselves the victors, though their champion had not even appeared upon the Piazza, but the Signoria awarded them an annual pension of sixty lire for seventy years, "as a reward for the services they had rendered."

The friars of the convent of St. Mark could not appear in the streets without being insulted, called hypocrites and impostors, and having stones thrown at them.

On the afternoon of Palm Sunday, the 8th of April, the convent of St. Mark was attacked by a mob, headed by the Arrabbiati. The people who were attending vespers in the church were assaulted by a volley of stones. The church was rapidly vacated and the doors of the convent barred. Savonarola's small band of remaining friends, in number about thirty, stationed themselves within to defend the convent. Foreseeing the danger, they had concealed weapons in a small chamber in the cloister, unknown to Savonarola. They armed sixteen of the friars, who presented a most singular appearance, with helmets on their heads, halberts in their hands, and cuirasses over their long Dominican gowns.

While the assailants were thundering at the doors, Savonarola implored his self-constituted defenders to lay down their arms, and proposed to give himself up without delay. Neither his secular friends nor the friars would listen to this suggestion. Soon the mace-bearers arrived with a proclamation from the Signoria, ordering every one in the convent to surrender, and announcing that Savonarola was banished, and must leave within twelve hours.

The fury of the attacking party increased. They set fire to the doors, while some scaled the walls and got into the cloisters. They sacked the infirmary and the cells, and entered into the sacristy, breaking open the doors of the choir, where Savonarola and his followers were at prayer. The friars struck at the intruders with their lighted candles and crucifixes, putting them to sudden flight, for they believed themselves attacked by a company of angels.

In spite of Savonarola's entreaties, new encounters with the assailants followed, the convent bell was tolled, and every moment the tumult heightened. The convent seemed to be gaining the victory when a new proclamation was received from the Signoria, stating that all who did not leave the convent within an hour would be considered rebels. And now the tide of war changed and the assailants were triumphant, and Giovacchino della Vecchia, who commanded the palace guard, threatened to destroy the convent buildings with his artillery if Savonarola, Fra Domenico and Fra Salvestro were not given up. Savonarola's friends entreated him to escape by being let down the wall on a side that had not been reached by his adversaries, but Savonarola chose to surrender, so

did his faithful friend Fra Domenico. Fra Salvestro concealed himself, and was not found until the next day.

Villari thus describes the scene: "The two friends had no sooner come down into the cloisters than the mob, pressing around them, gave a shout of ferocious joy. All were now insane with rage. It was eight o'clock in the evening. The dense mob looked like a tumultuous sea of helmets, cuirasses, swords and spears, from which the light of lanterns and torches was dimly reflected. The people gazed on Savonarola with threatening looks, and holding up their lanterns to his face, exclaimed:—'This is the true light!' They scorched and burned his face with their flambeaux, saying 'Now for a turn of the key!' They twisted his fingers, and beat him; insultingly calling out: 'Prophesy now to us who it was that beat you!' So great was their fury that the guards could with difficulty protect him, by crossing their arms and shields over him."

When they reached the palace the two friars were brought before the Gonfaloniere to be interrogated. He asked if they asserted that their words came from God, and when they replied in the affirmative, caused them to be thrown into separate cells. On the morrow Fra Salvestro was seized and incarcerated.

On the 11th of April the Signoria appointed a committee of seventeen examiners to conduct the trial of the three monks, and gave permission for the use of torture. Among this committee were the deadliest, most open enemies of Savonarola—Piero degli Alberti, who exhibited fierce hatred on the day of the ordeal, and Dolfo Spini, the ferocious leader of the Compagnacci, who headed the tumult on Ascension day, and also when the convent was attacked—who had tried to kill Savonarola by means of hired assassins—who had even made the attempt with his own hands and been frustrated by Savonarola's guard of friends.

Savonarola was questioned, and, remaining firm in his replies, the unhappy friar, in spite of his delicate and debilitated frame, his sensitive nature and nervous temperament, was at once subjected to the torture of the hoisting rope. In this kind of torture a rope is attached to a pulley on a high pole, the victim has his hands tied behind his back, and the end of the rope wound around his wrists. He is then repeatedly drawn up and let down suddenly by the executioner; the arms, drawn up backward, are made to describe a semicircle; the pain of the torn muscles and fibres is excruciating. The agony often produces delirium, and, if protracted, death.

That Savonarola had a shuddering fear of physical pain, that he was unable to support its effects, it would be impossible to deny. He had high mental courage, but his *physique* lacked all power of resistance, and was keenly susceptible to outward impressions. As soon as he was subjected to the torture his mind began to wander, his answers were incoherent, and he wailed out, in his paroxysms of

agony, "O Lord! take, oh, take my life!" The executioner stated that he had never seen any one on whom the torture produced so immediate and so severe an effect.

During a month he was repeatedly tortured, and the historians, Pico and Burlamacchi, testify that when he was drawn up by the rope, live coals were applied to the soles of his feet.

There seems to have been no doubt in the minds of the historians of that day that the minutes of his examination, during torture, were grossly falsified; they are in many instances contradictory, and sometimes unintelligible. They represent Savonarola denying, in his agony, that he spoke from Divine inspiration, or had visions, or prophesied, and then reasserting that these things were true.

He was much lowered in the estimation of his few remaining disciples by his incapacity to endure the torture, and remain coherent and firm in his declarations.

But in spite of all his delirious ravings, and in spite of the transparent falsification of the minutes, the Signoria found, to their dismay, that Savonarola could not be proved guilty of any charge brought against him. They had succeeded in humiliating him, and wholly destroying the faith reposed in him by his followers. This was their only triumph; yet it was one of importance, for it rendered his condemnation easier.

Savonarola was compelled, before eight witnesses, to sign the copy of his own depositions, but Burlamacchi asserts that one copy was read to him, and then a different one dexterously substituted for his signature.

During his respite from torture, Villari says, "His troubled and wearied mind soon took the direction of mystical contemplations. His prison became peopled by supernatural creations, by invisible beings, and when once carried off to that world, every other thought vanished from his mind." In these moments he forgot all the horrors he had undergone; forgot his lacerated limbs, his insatiable persecutors, his prison walls, and imagined himself in the pulpit of the Duomo. His pen was not idle, and he wrote his last meditations or sermons, taking for his text the Psalmist's words, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust, let me never be confounded."

Pope Borgia sent on two commissioners to examine Savonarola under fresh torture. On the 20th of May he was cruelly interrogated before them. On the 21st the torture was repeated, and he was ordered to appear upon the 23d to hear his sentence. As the minutes of this examination more clearly proved the innocence of Savonarola than the previous ones had done, they were not signed, nor printed, nor publicly read, according to the established custom.

Sentence of death was hastily passed upon the three friars, without a single accusation against them having been proved. Savonarola begged to be allowed to see his condemned brethren. The friars met for the first time, after forty days of imprisonment and torture.

The undaunted and immovable Fra Domenico had borne the most severe tortures without flinching, never betraying his sufferings, and never wavering in his assertions. Fra Salvestro, who was a natural somnambulist, and whose organization was, if possible, even more sensitive than that of Savonarola, had yielded at once to his persecutors, and to escape the agony he could not endure, had admitted or denied whatever was required of him.

After the interview, Savonarola, on returning to his cell, quickly fell asleep. It is related that during his sleep he seemed to dream, that he smiled, and his countenance expressed the most perfect serenity.

The next morning he administered the sacrament to the two friars, and took the communion himself. At the close of the ceremony, it was announced to the condemned that they were to be conducted to the Piazza della Signoria. That Piazza where the little children, taught by Savonarola, had substituted hymns for licentious carnival songs; had solicited alms for the poor instead of waylaying the passer by and emptying his purse to spend its contents in feasting and carousing; that Piazza where Savonarola had built for them the pyramid upon which their earnest young hands laid the vanities they had collected from the penitent and made them into a bonfire.

Three tribunals had been erected on the *ringhiera*. The first, next to the door of the palace, was appropriated to the Bishop of Vasova, the second to the Pope's Commissioners, the third was occupied by the Gonfaloniere (Mayor) and the Otto (Eight Rulers). In front was a scaffold supporting an upright beam, holding another beam, near the top, at right angles. An arm of this beam had been truncated, to diminish its resemblance to a cross. From the beam were suspended three halters and three chains. At its foot lay a large heap of combustible materials. The friars were sentenced to be hanged from the halters; the chains were then to be wound around their bodies, which were to be suspended until consumed.

The three friars, when they had descended the stairs of the palace, were ordered to lay aside their gowns. Their scanty woolen under tunics alone remained; their feet were bare. Savonarola showed great emotion when he received this insulting command; but resistance would have been fruitless; and he obeyed, saying: "Holy dress, how much I longed to wear thee! Thou wast granted to me by the grace of God, and to this day I have kept thee spotless. I do not now leave thee, thou art taken from me!"

Their hands were then tied, and they were led out into the Piazza, up to the first tribunal, where the Bishop of Vasova was seated. The Bishop was compelled to obey the orders of the Pope, but he appeared to be greatly agitated, for he loved Savonarola, and had been one of his disciples. He pronounced the funeral ceremony with a feeble and broken voice. The gowns of the friars

were restored to them that they might be first degraded and then have their sacred vestments removed, for the last time. It is said that the Bishop's presence of mind so completely forsook him that he forgot the words of the formula, and taking hold of Savonarola's arm, exclaimed: "I separate thee from the church Militant and Triumphant!" Savonarola electrified the bystanders by solemnly replying, "Militant,—*yours* is not Triumphant!"

The gowns of the friars having been stripped off in token of their degradation, they were led up to the Pope's Commissioners, from whom they heard their sentence as heretics. Then they were placed before the Otto, who, according to the established custom, put the sentence to vote, and passed it without an opposing voice. The condemned were then conducted to the scaffold. Savonarola's composure was never once disturbed, and his companions were equally calm. The ferocious mob hooted and jeered at them, and gave utterance to all manner of contumely, but the martyrs continued as serene as though the revilings were unheard. Savonarola's last words were, "The Lord has suffered as much for me!"

The two friars were executed first. The halter suspended from the centre of the beam was left for Savonarola. When he mounted the scaffold, after witnessing the death of his companions in persecution, he saw the people, with lighted torches, crowding eagerly to the beam, impatient to light the fire, before the spirit had escaped.

A voice from the crowd cried out, "Prophet, now is the time to perform a miracle!"

The executioner, to please the brutal mob, indulged in audible jokes. While the body of Savonarola was yet alive and quivering, he made great haste, hoping that the fire would reach the martyr before life was extinct, but owing to this very speed, the chain, which he was trying to wind around the body, slipped from his hand, and, during the brief delay occasioned by his efforts to recover it, Savonarola passed into the Eternal World.

He died in the forty-fifth year of his age. This martyrdom took place at ten o'clock in the morning, on the 23d of May, 1498.

At first a current of wind turned away the flames from the three bodies; then the fickle populace, easily swayed by the most trifling incident, cried out, "A miracle! A miracle!" But the wind soon fell, and the flames rose and enveloped the bodies.

Still, the morbidly excited imaginations of the people made them eager to discover some miraculous token; and when the flames caught the cords by which the hands of Savonarola were pinioned and the heat caused the hand to move, they declared that he had raised his right arm in the midst of the flames to bless his enemies, who were burning him! His disciples fell upon their knees, sobbing wildly, and men and women lamented aloud.

The Arrabbiati could not endure this sight; they hired little

children to make a noise, and dance, and throw stones at the burning bodies. The favorite barbarous game of stone throwing, which Savonarola had partially abolished, was thus reëstablished in the presence of his corpse, and was entered into with so much zest that large pieces of flesh were cut from the bodies by the sharp stones, and fell, hissing, into the flames beneath.

Many ladies, disguised as servants, made their way through the crowd to the scaffold to gather up relics; but the soldiers of the Signoria drove them back. The Signoria, fearing that the very ashes of the martyrs might be made to work some miracle, had them collected and thrown over the Ponte Vecchio into the Arno.

But even there those ashes did not prove inaccessible. Villari tells us that young "Pico della Mirandola, although an eminent scholar and learned in philosophy, believed that he had been able to pick up from the Arno a part of Savonarola's heart, and he asserted that he again and again had had experience of its miraculous effects in curing many diseases, and exorcising malignant spirits.

Henceforward the friars of the Convent of St. Mark were relentlessly persecuted by the Arrabbiati, who were now masters of the city; they were robbed, under various pretexts, and deprived of their privileges and freedom. To show to what an absurd extent the Arrabbiati carried their animosity, we cannot forbear mentioning that after much deliberation they declared the great bell of the convent, which went by the name of Piagnona, guilty of having tolled on the day of the tumult, and they accordingly banished it from Florence. It was taken down and carried without the city, in a cart, and publicly whipped by the hangman, with as much gravity as though all who witnessed the punishment actually believed that it was endowed with sensation.

Only a few years later, when the Spanish army had replaced the Medici in power over Florence—when all Italy was scourged—when Clement VII. became Pope, and Charles V. sacked the Eternal City—when churches were converted into barracks for soldiers and stables for horses—the prophecies of Savonarola seemed fulfilled to the letter. Men never tired of pointing out how the events he had foretold had literally come to pass; his sermons were in every one's hand, and the Convent of St. Mark became the powerful centre of the most faithful friends of liberty and lovers of their native land. Well might Mrs. Browning say of Savonarola:

> 'Tis true that when the dust of death has choked
> A great man's voice, the common words he said
> Turn oracles.

ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

TRADITIONS OF THE BLACKFEET.

A DEGREE of similarity pervades the traditions of all the American Indian tribes. The leading ideas are essentially the same, and the filling in of minor tradition has a family likeness that may generally be traced without difficulty. Very likely such is the case in all large bodies of barbarous people, and an expert in comparative mythology might trace resemblances and relationships that have not as yet been attempted. A close comparison of the legendary and mythic history of the American Indian with that of the North Asiatic Tartar might, if sagaciously prosecuted, develop stronger proofs of a trans-oceanic origin of the Indian race than the Jewish theory of Cotton Mather, or the circumstantial account of the Mormon Bible. It might possibly fortify, and, it may be, amplify, the ingenious theory of Mr. L. H. Morgan, who founds his argument upon a similarity of the terms defining degrees of affinity and consanguinity.

The traditions of a barbarous people should be collected, if possible, before contact with civilization has modified their habits of life and methods of thought. A very few years of intercourse with whites gives a perceptible coloring to even the more important and leading traditions of the American Indians, and the more trivial though not less characteristic legends preserved by families, or perpetuated in the medicine lodge, become distorted in a shorter time than would generally be supposed; and if the fairy tales of talking beasts, malignant ogres and double-headed giants are still popular and likely to be transmitted to a remote posterity, we may perhaps venture to offer a brief sketch of some traditions of the Blackfeet Indians, descriptive of their creation, and illustrative of their idea of the Supreme Being.

The word used by the Blackfeet as a name for the Supreme Being is Na-pi-eu. Its literal translation is The Old Man, or, more respectfully, The Venerable Man. Of the origin of the Old Man there is no account. As his existence antedates that of the Indians, there is no attempt on their part to explain his creation. A vague idea prevails that previous to the creation of the Indian race, the Old Man came from the far west, and, for a great while, wandered in solitude over the prairies of the Missouri, preparing them for the use of the people who he intended should occupy them. His resting places are still shown at various points in the northwestern prairies, always marked by stones arranged in the form of a cross, of great size—the perpendicular line representing the recumbent position of the body, and the transverse the arms

extended at right angles. These cairns are not very numerous, and are certainly of a date anterior to the present Indian race. They are unanimously ascribed to the Old Man himself.

At length the Old Man, tired of solitude, determined to create mankind, and commenced a series of experiments. The Indian accounts of the different forms in which the model of the human frame was first constructed are very prolix and not unamusing. Having first procured a large lump of red clay, the Old Man formed the mass into a rude semblance of himself; but, in the spirit of improvement, he made numerous innovations which were subsequently discarded. For example: four arms were furnished, two in front, and two in the rear. The eyes were placed in the front and back of the head, and protected by lids that opened and closed upon a vertical line. In the first model an aperture was made in the side where food was introduced; the feet were of great size, and of circular shape, to insure stability; the mouth was unfurnished with teeth, and the arms and fingers were of great length.

The Old Man, however, after a patient series of experiments, perfected his model in the present human form, and duplicated it with great industry. The mud of the Missouri, tinted with ferruginous matter, furnished his material, and, in a short space of time, several hundred inanimate forms of clay were completed. These he exposed to the vivifying rays of the Summer sun, whose benign warmth infused vital heat and life. A propitious south wind gave breath to the quickening bodies, and the men of the Blackfoot nation awoke into life and motion. The Old Man had formed mankind purely for his own purposes. They were to afford him the comforts of society, and render him homage. He therefore removed his newly formed creatures to the vicinity of the mountain Nee-na-sta-ko, where he instructed them in hunting and fishing.

A number of years passed by, and death began to thin the ranks of the created Indians. It became necessary for the perpetuation of the species that women should be brought into being, and the marriage relation established. The God of the Blackfeet seems, throughout all their traditions, to prefer general rules to a multiplicity of special miracles; woman was therefore formed, as man had already been, after many and anxious experiments, and a number of them, corresponding to the surviving men, were brought to life and safely located in a remote spot north of the Saskatchewan. The place of their seclusion was a "park" surrounded by precipitous rocks and accessible by a single narrow entrance.

A very marked superiority was soon displayed by the women. They organized a rude form of government, elected a Chief Woman, devised snares for the buffalo and other animals that wandered into their park, and were not slow to invent methods of cooking the flesh and dressing the skins of captured beasts. A short period of

patient industry transformed the park into a handsome and thriving village, where fair lodges of buffalo skins clustered, and the busy hum of industry was heard from morning to night. Under the direction of the Chief Woman, stores of dried meat were laid by for Winter use, berries were gathered and prepared during the Summer season, and furs collected and dressed for protection against the cold of the long and severe Winters. On the other hand, the colony of men, though under the immediate care of the Old Man himself, were by no means prosperous. They hunted with rude stone weapons, and fished with ill-contrived hooks of bone. They devoured their food raw (for they were too improvident to keep a fire burning in the camp), and exhibited neither prudence nor industry. Their only dwellings were rude holes scooped in the earth, and their only thought was the gratification of present hunger or thirst.

The Old Man was discouraged. His utmost efforts had failed to inspire the men with any sentiment of reverence for his teachings or gratitude for his care. If they obeyed his directions, it was only while he was present to enforce, under the dread of punishment, an observance of laws prescribed for their best interests. The Old Man, therefore, left the men's camp in disgust, and journeyed northward, toward the spot where he had left the colony of women. At the first sight of the village, the Old Man was astonished. He had dreamed of no such capacity for improvement as was there presented, and he at once conceived a plan for ameliorating the condition of his bachelors. Lying in wait at the entrance of the park, he succeeded in catching two of the women, by whom he sent a message to the Chief Woman. The purport of his message was that he would bring all the men to the park on a certain day, when the women were to come out in procession and choose husbands. The Chief Woman agreed to the proposal, and instructed her women accordingly.

On the appointed day the men were ranged, by the Old Man, in a long line opposite the entrance of the women's park. They were docile and tremblingly submissive, for threats had been added to persuasion to gain their consent to the new arrangement. The Old Man sat apart meditating a design which he seriously contemplated effecting. It was to secure the Chief Woman as his own wife. He had observed her lodge in the centre of the village, and had remarked its stately height and gaudy decorations, and he had thought that such a woman would be a suitable companion, even for himself. The Chief Woman, too, had an ambitious aim to gratify, and determined, if she could, to captivate the Old Man. But, to detect any mercenary motives the Old Man might entertain, she resolved to exhibit herself first as rich and afterward in poverty. The procession of women moved out on the appointed day, and silently and carefully surveyed the line of young men. The Chief Woman, in all the splendor of her rude finery, was soon

recognized by the Old Man, and very courteously attended by him. Having completed the inspection, the women returned home.

On the next day the Chief Woman wore her common working dress, and clothed another in her official robes. The procession was again met by the Old Man, who was even more assiduous in his attentions to her whom he supposed to be the Chief Woman. He rejected with indignation the blandishments of the woman in common clothes who persecuted him. The result may be imagined. The Chief Woman in a rage gave a signal, and the women each rushed forward and chose a husband, the Chief Woman selecting a young man distinguished for his stature and comeliness. The Old Man was left a bachelor—hopelessly and irretrievably so. His rage knew no bounds. He swore vengeance against the female sex, and sentenced the women to a servitude which their accomplishments would render more burdensome. The men, he said, should hunt and sleep; the women must work for the men.

From this marriage sprang the Blackfeet. Not many years elapsed before they were so numerous as to people the wide territory stretching from the Yellowstone to the Saskatchewan, and able to cope with their formidable neighbors, the Atsinè and the Upsaroakas. The industry and skill of the women rapidly introduced the arts of dressing skins and preparing dried meat for Winter use. Tall lodges supplanted their former dirt hovels. They learned to roast and boil their food, and advanced to their present achievements in the rude arts. No persuasion, however, could induce the women to attempt agricultural labor. What little knowledge they had of it was soon forgotten, and never revived.

The Old Man never recovered from his chagrin. His first revenge was upon the birds and beasts of his own creation. The crow was originally a beautiful snowy-white bird, of ravishingly delightful song. Cunningly concealing a quantity of charcoal in his hand, the Old Man first enticed the poor bird by flattery, and, seizing it, rubbed the black dust through all its white plumage. He then tore open its beak, and left it half dead, forever soiled, and its melody forever gone. The wild cat was also a sufferer from his anger. Its beautiful tail was plucked off, its shapely head flattened and disfigured, and its very legs jammed into half their former length.

The whole animal creation were aghast with terror and affright. They betook themselves to the mountains or broad prairies for security, and have transmitted to their offspring the hatred and fear of mankind which they then imbibed. Notwithstanding his misanthropy, the Old Man was occasionally forced to seek hospitality from human beings, and his treatment by them at such times was rewarded or punished, much in the manner of our fairy tales. Once, when treated with marked rudeness and inhospitality by a squaw, who hung to the fire a piece of cottonwood bark as a roast for his

dinner, he sentenced her to subsist on bark and twigs, and, to insure the fulfilment of his judgment, transformed her into a moose—an animal till then unknown. In a few rare instances hospitality and kind treatment were nobly rewarded, as when the uses of the kamash plant (a species of artichoke) were revealed to a young hunter who had divided his last ration with the unrecognized divinity. But the general character of all the Old Man's dealings with mankind was marked by vengeance and malignity. He never forgave the insult of the Chief Woman, and appears to have lost no opportunity of punishing the human race for that first fault. Matrimony seems, both in Blackfoot and Hebraic tradition, to have been the fruitful source of all human woes. The curious may find a nut of speculation to crack in the manifest perverseness of human nature, which, among the Blackfeet, found woman a superior, and degraded her; and, in the Japhetic races, finding her an inferior, has, with advancing ages, accorded her the first station.

The Old Man waged such unrelenting war upon his creatures that they were saved from extinction only by the favor of Na-tush, or, The Man-in-the-Sun. Of this powerful spirit the best informed medicine men profess to know but little. He appears to have succeeded to the protectorate of the Indians when the Old Man (as will be presently told) abandoned them. The Man-in-the-Sun has, according to Blackfoot mythology, a human form of surpassing grandeur and beauty. He is uniformly described as a white man (Nap-a-koin), related in some mysterious way to the whites of the human race. He supplied warmth to the inanimate clay models fashioned by the Old Man, and still preserves an interest in the creatures whom he assisted to bring to life. Until the abdication of the Old Man, the Man-in-the-Sun held a secondary place in the Blackfoot Olympus; but since that event he has been reverenced as the protecting and all-powerful national god. The most casual traveller through the country roamed over by the Blackfeet, will have his attention arrested by the votive offerings of cloth, warlike implements, robes, and other Indian valuables, suspended to trees in such positions as to be in the fullest glare of the bright Summer sun. These are the religious sacrifices of Indians who, influenced by fear or hope, endeavor to propitiate Na-tush. Although the value of these offerings is sometimes very considerable, it would be difficult to find an instance of their sacrilegious appropriation.

The Man-in-the-Sun is the bountiful giver of all the buffalo and other game that throng the prairies, and, if properly propitiated, will supply food in abundance. He grants success on the war-path, cures diseases, if skilfully invoked, and governs, without a rival, in the land of spirits. It is said that in a remote age the Rain Spirits, incited probably by the Old Man, endeavored, by pouring down incessant rains for a number of days, to drown the human race.

Great multitudes of Indians perished in the open prairie, and the few that succeeded in reaching the mountain tops were in imminent peril. The Man-in-the-Sun rescued the remnant by binding fast the Rain Spirits with the rainbow, which he used as the halter of his horse, and keeping them in close confinement until the waters subsided. In proof of this tradition, the Indians assert that the Rain Spirits are still bent on the destruction of mankind, and are uniformly frightened into quietude by the appearance of a rainbow. The rainbow is called, in the Blackfoot language, the Cabress of God,* from this circumstance.

But the Man-in-the-Sun was not the Indian deity until the Old Man had abandoned his creatures to ruin. And the formal transfer of their allegiance was never made by the Indians until the Old Man staked his claim to the Indian race upon a game of chance. His opponent was a spirit of powers nearly, if not quite, equal to his own, whose origin is unexplained, and who makes no appearance in Blackfoot story before the day of the wager. The Indians have no word to designate this spirit of unmixed evil, except the term, Another Old Man. They attempt to describe him as a compound of fascination and terror, insinuating and plausible, but unrelenting in his malice toward all that is good. From the hour of his first appearance in their traditions, he has been unwavering in his malignity toward the Indian race.

There is a difference of opinion among the Blackfeet as to the cause of the Old Man's hazarding them on a game of chance. Some assert that his old disappointment rankled in his breast and caused him to anticipate, with pleasure, the misery that would follow the triumph of his adversary. Others maintained that he was beguiled and fascinated by his opponent, and one wager after another proposed and lost, until, in a fit of desperation, he hazarded the present and future happiness of the Indians.

The game selected was bowls, and the place chosen for the trial of skill is still shown. There is a beautiful, limpid river in British America, called, by the few trappers who have seen it, La Rivière qui Jouait. Its waters bound fresh and cold from the perpetual snows of the mountains, and find their way through the Na-mai-ta-ta, or Rivière des Arcs, into the great Saskatchewan. Upon the banks of this stream the game of Blackfoot destiny was lost and won. A deep groove or alley, of perhaps thirty yards in length, still appears, cut with exquisite smoothness in the solid granite rock, and polished to such perfection that the chisel-marks (if there were any) are obliterated. At either end of the channel is a huge

* The word "cabress" is a corruption of the Spanish *cabresta, i. e.*, "lariat." Every trapper, voyageur and Indian uses one of thirty feet in length for picketing horses. In the southern parts of the Indian country the term "lariat" is applied to it. In the far northwest the whites universally use the word "cabress."

ball of glittering quartz, to all appearances perfectly spherical in form.

With these huge implements the Old Man and his adversary gamed for successive days, until the creator of the Indians found himself despoiled of everything except his dominion over the Blackfoot nation. As a last venture, that was staked and lost. From that day the Old Man has transferred his powerful assistance to the whites, and the Bad Spirit has claimed an exclusive property in the Indian. Under the strong protection of the Old Man the whites have uniformly succeeded in all their enterprises, finding, as they do, a powerful auxiliary in the Bad Spirit, whose aim is the extinction of the Indian race. Against these two, Na-tush affords the Indian a willing but inadequate protection; his warmest favor can only delay, not avert, the ruin which impends over the Blackfoot people. The best informed and most reflective of the Indians agree that the extinction of their race is inevitable, and the cause of the calamity, as it has just been recounted, is the universally received tradition of the Blackfoot Medicine Lodge. Na-tush is well aware of the fate that awaits his Indian worshippers, and has beneficently provided, for those who may deserve them, happy prairies and pure rivers in the Spirit Land. The shade of the deceased Indian, armed with the shadows of the weapons interred* with his body, traverses the broad plains of the happy hunting grounds, in pursuit of the abundant game with which the Man-in-the-Sun has furnished them. In that paradise the grass is ever green and plenty, the bands of horses are numerous and well trained to the chase, no wolves or rattlesnakes are found there to wound or annoy the happy inhabitants. The kamash and wild tobacco grow there perennially, and the red willow, for kinnikinnick, borders every stream. Trout and salmon swarm in the limpid rivers that water the wide-spread prairies. Into those hunting grounds no white man's spirit can intrude. The power of the Old Man and the Other Old Man does not extend within its limits, and the Indian once received there has nothing further to fear. The tribal organization is supposed to be perpetuated in a modified form. At the head of each tribe Na-tush places a spirit of his own nature as chief, reserving to himself the general government of all.

It will be seen that while the Blackfeet recognize three powerful spirits as concerned in the destiny of their race, they look to the Man-in-the-Sun for whatever of good the future may have in store for them. It is very seldom that an untamed Blackfoot can be persuaded to speculate upon the attributes of his deities, and the

*The word "interred" should not mislead the reader. The Blackfeet deposit their dead on scaffolds, about ten feet above ground. The bodies are carefully wrapped in skins, and the arms of the dead warrior are placed by his side, for use in the spirit world.

task, when attempted, soon shows the Indian mind to be strikingly defective in the metaphysical faculty. Their system of mythological tradition is, as the reader may have guessed, but a collection of fabulous deeds of supernatural agencies. Whenever a *motive* is to be attributed, they resort to their human experience to find one in the passions of love, hate, jealousy or covetousness, or the appetites of hunger or thirst.

The Pottawattomie Indians have a system of theogony which has been ingeniously explained by some most excellent men as crudely shadowing a former acquaintance with the doctrine of the Trinity. Though the explanation would seem elaborately fanciful and far-fetched to any but a zealous ecclesiastic, it must be owned that the Great Spirit, Nee-na-boo-jou, of the Pottawattomie legend, has a higher nature than the deities of the Blackfeet. Nee-na-boo-jou even sacrifices his life to the malignant spirits, that the human race may be preserved; and his body, raised by his two brothers, from its deep grave, is said to typify the entrance of the Indian into the happy hunting grounds. But the whole Pottawattomie and Chippewa legend is manifestly tinctured with the teachings of whites, and has plainly lost that true strain of Indian mythology—the absence of allegory. It may serve to prove what we asserted before, that the harvest time for savage tradition is previous to their contact with civilization, before new modes of thought are developed or new motives imagined. Until the recent discoveries of gold in Idaho and Montana the Blackfeet rarely came in contact with the whites. Their meetings were generally hostile, and it was not until 1862 that the devotion of the Jesuits succeeded in establishing the germ of a mission in their country. The Pieganni, Kaimè and Satsika bands of the Blackfeet may be regarded as the purest type of the aboriginal Indian. They have all the good and bad traits of the native Indian in unalloyed simplicity. As their native fierceness is unsubdued, and their native stoicism and rude virtues still uncorrupted, so are their legends still untinged with the white man's religion or allegory. Such will not long be the case. The lapse of a few years will reduce the Blackfeet to insignificance in numbers, and degradation in character. Instead of seven thousand bold and hardy warriors, feared by whites and Indians, they will number but a remnant of diseased wretches, dependent upon the grudgingly-given annuities of the Government, and with but one aspiration in life—*rum*. With their physical decadence will disappear the old legends of the autochthones, and the antiquary of a generation hence will perhaps find a plausible groundwork for theories the most improbable, and perhaps at the present time demonstrably false.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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FLORENCE BURTON MAKES UP A PACKET.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By Anthony Trollope.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FLORENCE BURTON MAKES UP A PACKET.

WHEN they reached Onslow Crescent, the first half-hour was spent with the children, as to whom Florence could but observe that even from their mouths the name of Harry Clavering was banished. But she played with Cissy and Sophie, giving them their little presents from Stratton; and sat with the baby in her lap, kissing his pink feet and making little soft noises for his behoof, sweetly as she might have done if no terrible crisis in her own life had now come upon her. Not a tear as yet had moistened her eyes, and Cecilia was partly aware that Florence's weeping would be done in secret. "Come up with me into my own room; I have something to show you," she said, as the nurse took the baby at last; and Cissy and Sophie were at the same time sent away with their brother. "As I came in I got a note from Harry, but, before you see that, I must show you the letter which he wrote to me on Friday. He has gone down to Clavering—on some business—for one day." Mrs. Burton, in her heart, could hardly acquit him of having run out of town at the moment to avoid the arrival of Florence.

They went upstairs, and the note was, in fact, read before the letter. "I hope there is nothing wrong at the parsonage," said Florence.

"You see he says he will come back after one day."

"Perhaps he has gone to tell them—of this change in his prospects."

"No, dear, no; you do not yet understand his feelings. Read his letter, and you will know more. If there is to be a change, he is at any rate too much ashamed of it to speak of it. He does not wish it himself. It is simply this—that she has thrown herself in his way, and he has not known how to avoid her."

Then Florence read the letter very slowly, going over most of the sentences more than once, and struggling to learn from them what were really the wishes of the writer. When she came to Harry's exculpation of Lady Ongar, she believed it thoroughly, and said so—meeting, however, a direct contradiction on that point from her sister-in-law. When she had finished it, she folded it up and gave it back. "Cissy," she said, "I know that I ought to go

back. I do not want to see him, and I am glad that he has gone away."

"But you do not mean to give him up?"

"Yes, dearest."

"But you said you would never leave him, unless he left you."

"He has left me."

"No, Florence; not so. Do you not see what he says; that he knows you are the only woman that can make him happy?"

"He has not said that; but if he had, it would be no matter. He understands well how it is. He says that I could not take him now—even if he came to me; and I cannot. How could I? What! wish to marry a man who does not love me, who loves another, when I know that I am regarded simply as a barrier between them; when by doing so I should mar his fortunes? Cissy, dear, when you think of it, you will not wish it."

"Mar his fortunes! It would make them. I do wish it—and he wishes it too. I tell you that I had him here, and I know it. Why should you be sacrificed?"

"What is the meaning of self-denial, if no one can bear to suffer?"

"But he will suffer too—and all for her caprices! You cannot really think that her money would do him any good. Who would ever speak to him again, or even see him? What would the world say of him? Why, his own father and mother and sisters would disown him, if they are such as you say they are."

Florence would not argue it further, but went to her room, and remained there alone till Cecilia came to tell her that her brother had returned. What weeping there may have been there, need not be told. Indeed, as I think, there was not much, for Florence was a girl whose education had not brought her into the way of hysterical sensations. The Burtons were an active, energetic people, who sympathized with each other in labor and success—and in endurance also; but who had little sympathy to express for the weaknesses of grief. When her children had stumbled in their play, bruising their little noses, and barking their little shins, Mrs. Burton, the elder, had been wont to bid them rise, asking them what their legs were for, if they could not stand. So they had dried their own little eyes with their own little fists, and had learned to understand that the rubs of the world were to be borne in silence. This rub that had come to Florence was of grave import, and had gone deeper than the outward skin; but still the old lesson had its effect.

Florence rose from the bed on which she was lying, and prepared to come down. "Do not commit yourself to him, as to anything," said Cecilia.

"I understand what that means," Florence answered. "He thinks as I do. But never mind. He will not say much, and I shall say less. It is bad to talk of this to any man—even to a brother."

Burton also received his sister with that exceptional affection which declares pity for some overwhelming misfortune. He kissed her lips, which was rare with him, for he would generally but just touch her forehead, and he put his hand behind her waist and partly embraced her. "Did Cissy manage to find you at the station?"

"Oh, yes; easily."

"Theodore thinks that a woman is no good for any such purpose as that," said Cecilia. "It is a wonder to him, no doubt, that we are not now wandering about London in search of each other—and of him."

"I think she would have got home quicker if I could have been there," said Burton.

"We were in a cab in one minute; weren't we, Florence? The difference would have been that you would have given a porter sixpence—and I gave him a shilling, having bespoken him before."

"And Theodore's time was worth the sixpence, I suppose," said Florence.

"That depends," said Cecilia. "How did the synod go on?"

"The synod made an ass of itself; as synods always do. It is necessary to get a lot of men together, for the show of the thing—otherwise the world will not believe. That is the meaning of committees. But the real work must always be done by one or two men. Come; I'll go and get ready for dinner."

The subject—the one real subject, had thus been altogether avoided at this first meeting with the man of the house, and the evening passed without any allusion to it. Much was made of the children, and much was said of the old people at home; but still there was a consciousness over them all that the one matter of importance was being kept in the background. They were all thinking of Harry Clavering, but no one mentioned his name. They all knew that they were unhappy and heavy-hearted through his fault, but no one blamed him. He had been received in that house with open arms, had been warmed in their bosom, and had stung them; but though they were all smarting from the sting, they uttered no complaint. Burton had made up his mind that it would be better to pass over the matter thus in silence—to say nothing further of Harry Clavering. A misfortune had come upon them. They must bear it, and go on as before. Harry had been admitted into the London office on the footing of a paid clerk—on the same footing, indeed, as Burton himself, though with a much smaller salary and inferior work. This position had been accorded to him of course through the Burton interest, and it was understood that if he chose to make himself useful, he could rise in the business as Theodore had risen. But he could only do so as one of the Burtons. For the last three months he had declined to take his salary, alleging that private affairs had kept him away from the office. It was to the hands

of Theodore Burton himself that such matters came for management, and therefore there had been no necessity for further explanation. Harry Clavering would of course leave the house, and there would be an end of him in the records of the Burton family. He would have come and made his mark—a terrible mark, and would have passed on. Those whom he had bruised by his cruelty, and knocked over by his treachery, must get to their feet again as best they could, and say as little as might be of their fall. There are knaves in this world, and no one can suppose that he has a special right to be exempted from their knavery because he himself is honest. It is on the honest that the knaves prey. That was Burton's theory in this matter. He would learn from Cecilia how Florence was bearing herself; but to Florence herself he would say little or nothing if she bore with patience and dignity, as he believed she would, the calamity which had befallen her.

But he must write to his mother. The old people at Stratton must not be left in the dark as to what was going on. He must write to his mother, unless he could learn from his wife that Florence herself had communicated to them at home the fact of Harry's iniquity. But he asked no question as to this on the first night, and on the following morning he went off, having simply been told that Florence had seen Harry's letter, that she knew all, and that she was carrying herself like an angel.

"Not like an angel that hopes?" said Theodore.

"Let her alone for a day or two," said Cecilia. "Of course she must have a few days to think of it. I need hardly tell you that you will never have to be ashamed of your sister."

The Tuesday and the Wednesday passed by, and though Cecilia and Florence when together discussed the matter, no change was made in the wishes or thoughts of either of them. Florence, now that she was in town, had consented to remain till after Harry should return, on the understanding that she should not be called upon to see him. He was to be told that she forgave him altogether —that his troth was returned to him and that he was free, but that in such circumstances a meeting between them could be of no avail. And then a little packet was made up, which was to be given to him. How was it that Florence had brought with her all his presents and all his letters? But there they were in her box up stairs, and sitting by herself, with weary fingers, she packed them, and left them packed under lock and key, addressed by herself to Harry Clavering, Esq. Oh, the misery of packing such a parcel! The feeling with which a woman does it is never experienced by a man. He chucks the things together in wrath—the lock of hair, the letters in the pretty Italian hand that have taken so much happy care in the writing, the jewelled shirt-studs, which were first put in by the fingers that gave them. They are thrown together, and

given to some other woman to deliver. But the girl lingers over her torture. She reads the letters again. She thinks of the moments of bliss which each little toy has given. She is loth to part with everything. She would fain keep some one thing—the smallest of them all. She doubts—till a feeling of maidenly reserve constrains her at last, and the coveted trifle, with careful, pains-taking fingers, is put with the rest, and the parcel is made complete, and the address is written with precision.

"Of course I cannot see him," said Florence. "You will hand to him what I have to send to him; and you must ask him, if he has kept any of my letters, to return them." She said nothing of the shirt-studs, but he would understand that. As for the lock of hair —doubtless it had been burned.

Cecilia said but little in answer to this. She would not as yet look upon the matter as Florence looked at it, and as Theodore did also. Harry was to be back in town on Thursday morning. He could not, probably, be seen or heard of on that day, because of his visit to Lady Ongar. It was absolutely necessary that he should see Lady Ongar before he could come to Onslow Terrace, with possibility of becoming once more the old Harry Clavering whom they were all to love. But Mrs. Burton would by no means give up all hope. It was useless to say anything to Florence, but she still hoped that good might come.

And then, as she thought of it all, a project came into her head. Alas, and alas! Was she not too late with her project? Why had she not thought of it on the Tuesday or early on the Wednesday, when it might possibly have been executed? But it was a project which she must have kept secret from her husband, of which he would by no means have approved; and as she remembered this, she told herself that perhaps it was as well that things should take their own course without such interference as she had contemplated.

On the Thursday morning there came to her a letter in a strange hand. It was from Clavering—from Harry's mother. Mrs. Clavering wrote, as she said, at her son's request, to say that he was confined to his bed, and could not be in London as soon as he expected. Mrs. Burton was not to suppose that he was really ill, and none of the family were to be frightened. From this Mrs. Burton learned that Mrs. Clavering knew nothing of Harry's apostasy. The letter went on to say that Harry would write as soon as he himself was able, and would probably be in London early next week—at any rate before the end of it. He was a little feverish, but there was no cause for alarm. Florence, of course, could only listen and turn pale. Now, at any rate, she must remain in London.

Mrs. Burton's project, might, after all, be feasible; but then what

if her husband should really be angry with her? That was a misfortune which never yet had come upon her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SHOWING WHY HARRY CLAVERING WAS WANTED AT THE RECTORY.

The letter which had summoned Harry to the parsonage had been from his mother, and had begged him to come to Clavering at once, as trouble had come upon them from an unexpected source. His father had quarrelled with Mr. Saul. The rector and the curate had had an interview, in which there had been high words, and Mr. Clavering had refused to see Mr. Saul again. Fanny also was in great trouble—and the parish was, as it were, in hot water. Mrs. Clavering thought that Harry had better run down to Clavering, and see Mr. Saul. Harry, not unwillingly, acceded to his mother's request, much wondering at the source of this new misfortune. As to Fanny, she, as he believed, had held out no encouragement to Mr. Saul's overtures. When Mr. Saul had proposed to her—making that first offer of which Harry had been aware—nothing could have been more steadfast than her rejection of the gentleman's hand. Harry had regarded Mr. Saul as little less than mad to think of such a thing, but, thinking of him as a man very different in his ways and feelings from other men, had believed that he might go on at Clavering comfortably as curate in spite of that little accident. It appeared, however, that he was not going on comfortably; but Harry, when he left London, could not quite imagine how such violent discomfort should have arisen that the rector and the curate should be unable to meet each other. If the reader will allow me, I will go back a little and explain this.

The reader already knows what Fanny's brother did not know—namely, that Mr. Saul had pressed his suit again, and had pressed it very strongly; and he also knows that Fanny's reception of the second offer was very different from her reception of the first. She had begun to doubt—to doubt whether her first judgment as to Mr. Saul's character had not been unjust—to doubt whether, in addressing her, he was not right, seeing that his love for her was so strong—to doubt whether she did not like him better than she had thought she did—to doubt whether an engagement with a penniless curate was in truth a position utterly to be reprehended and avoided. Young penniless curates must love somebody as well as young beneficed vicars and rectors. And then Mr. Saul pleaded his cause so well!

She did not at once speak to her mother on the matter, and the fact that she had a secret made her very wretched. She had left Mr. Saul in doubt, giving him no answer, and he had said that he would

ask her again in a few days what was to be his fate. She hardly knew how to tell her mother of this till she had told herself what were her own wishes. She thoroughly desired to have her mother in her confidence, and promised herself that it should be so before Mr. Saul renewed his suit. He was a man who was never hurried or impatient in his doings. But Fanny put off the interview with her mother, and put off her own final resolution, till it was too late, and Mr. Saul came upon her again, when she was but ill prepared for him.

A woman, when she doubts whether she loves or does not love, is inclined five parts out of six toward the man of whom she is thinking. When a woman doubts she is lost, the cynics say. I simply assert, being no cynic, that when a woman doubts she is won. The more Fanny thought of Mr. Saul, the more she felt that he was not the man for whom she had first taken him—that he was of larger dimensions as regarded spirit, manhood and heart, and better entitled to a woman's love. She would not tell herself that she was attached to him; but in all her arguments with herself against him, she rested her objection mainly on the fact that he had but seventy pounds a year. And then the threatened attack, the attack that was to be final, came upon her before she was prepared for it!

They had been together as usual during the intervening time. It was, indeed, impossible that they should not be together. Since she had first begun to doubt about Mr. Saul, she had been more diligent than heretofore in visiting the poor and in attending to her school, as though she were recognizing the duty which would specially be hers if she were to marry such a one as he. And thus they had been brought together more than ever. All this her mother had seen, and seeing, had trembled; but she had not thought it wise to say anything till Fanny should speak. Fanny was very good and very prudent. It could not be but that Fanny should know how impossible must be such a marriage. As to the rector, he had no suspicions on the matter. Saul had made himself an ass on one occasion, and there had been an end of it. As a curate, Saul was invaluable, and therefore the fact of his having made himself an ass had been forgiven him. It was thus that the rector looked at it.

It was hardly more than ten days since the last walk in Cumberly Lane when Mr. Saul renewed the attack. He did it again on the same spot, and at the same hour of the day. Twice a week, always on the same days, he was in the chapel up at this end of the parish, and on these days he could always find Fanny on her way home. When he put his head in at the little school door and asked for her, her mind misgave her. He had not walked home with her since, and though he had been in the school with her often, had always left her there, going about his own business, as though he were by no means desirous of her company. Now the time had

come, and Fanny felt that she was not prepared. But she took up her hat, and went out to him, knowing that there was no escape.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "have you thought of what I was saying to you?" To this she made no answer, but merely played with the point of the parasol which she held in her hand. "You cannot but have thought of it," he continued. "You could not dismiss it altogether from your thoughts."

"I have thought about it, of course," she said.

"And what does your mind say? Or rather what does your heart say? Both should speak, but I would sooner hear the heart first."

"I am sure, Mr. Saul, that it is quite impossible."

"In what way impossible?"

"Papa would not allow it."

"Have you asked him?"

"Oh, dear, no."

"Or Mrs. Clavering?"

Fanny blushed as she remembered how she had permitted the days to go by without asking her mother's counsel. "No; I have spoken to no one. Why should I, when I knew that it is impossible?"

"May I speak to Mr. Clavering?" To this Fanny made no immediate answer, and then Mr. Saul urged the question again. "May I speak to your father?"

Fanny felt that she was assenting, even in that she did not answer such a question by an immediate refusal of her permission; and yet she did not mean to assent. "Miss Clavering," he said, "if you regard me with affection, you have no right to refuse me this request. I tell you so boldly. If you feel for me that love which would enable you to accept me as your husband, it is your duty to tell me so—your duty to me, to yourself, and to your God."

Fanny did not quite see the thing in this light, and yet she did not wish to contradict him. At this moment she forgot that in order to put herself on perfectly firm ground, she should have gone back to the first hypothesis, and assured him that she did not feel any such regard for him. Mr. Saul, whose intellect was more acute, took advantage of her here, and chose to believe that that matter of her affection was now conceded to him. He knew what he was doing well, and is open to a charge of some jesuitry. "Mr. Saul," said Fanny, with grave prudence, "it cannot be right for people to marry when they have nothing to live upon." When she had shown him so plainly that she had no other piece left on the board to play than this, the game may be said to have been won on his side.

"If that be your sole objection," said he, "you cannot but think it right that I and your father should discuss it." To this she made no reply whatever, and they walked along the lane for a con-

siderable way in silence. Mr. Saul would have been glad to have had the interview over now, feeling that at any future meeting he would have stronger power of assuming the position of an accepted lover than he would do now. Another man would have desired to get from her lips a decided word of love—to take her hand, perhaps, and to feel some response from it—to go further than this, as is not unlikely, and plead for the happy indulgences of an accepted lover. But Mr. Saul abstained, and was wise in abstaining. She had not so far committed herself but that she might even now have drawn back, had he pressed her too hard. For hand-pressing, and the titillations of love-making, Mr. Saul was not adapted; but he was a man who, having once loved, would love on to the end.

The way, however, was too long to be completed without further speech. Fanny, as she walked, was struggling to find some words by which she might still hold her ground, but the words were not forthcoming. It seemed to herself that she was being carried away by this man, because she had suddenly lost her remembrance of all negatives. The more she struggled the more she failed, and at last gave it up in despair. Let Mr. Saul say what he would, it was impossible that they should be married. All his arguments about duty were nonsense. It could not be her duty to marry a man who would have to starve in his attempt to keep her. She wished she had told him at first that she did not love him, but that seemed to be too late now. The moment that she was in the house she would go to her mother and tell her everything.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I shall see your father to-morrow."

"No, no," she ejaculated.

"I shall certainly do so in any event. I shall either tell him that I must leave the parish—explaining to him why I must go; or I shall ask him to let me remain here in the hope that I may become his son-in-law. You will not now tell me that I am to go?" Fanny was again silent, her memory failing her as to either negative or affirmative that would be of service. "To stay here hopeless would be impossible to me. Now I am not hopeless. Now I am full of hope. I think I could be happy, though I had to wait as Jacob waited."

"And perhaps have Jacob's consolation," said Fanny. She was lost by the joke and he knew it. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed his thin face as he heard it, and there was a feeling of triumph at his heart. "I am hardly fitted to be a patriarch, as the patriarchs were of old," he said. "Though the seven years should be prolonged to fourteen, I do not think I should seek any Leah."

They were soon at the gate, and his work for that evening was done. He would go home to his solitary room at a neighboring farm-house, and sit in triumph as he eat his morsel of cold mutton by himself. He, without any advantages of person to back him,

poor, friendless, hitherto conscious that he was unfitted to mix even in ordinary social life—he had won the heart of the fairest woman he had ever seen. "You will give me your hand at parting," he said, whereupon she tendered it to him with her eyes fixed upon the ground. "I hope we understand each other," he continued. "You may at any rate understand this, that I love you with all my heart and all my strength. If things prosper with me, all my prosperity shall be for you. If there be no prosperity for me, you shall be my only consolation in this world. You are my Alpha and my Omega, my first and last, my beginning and end—my everything, my all." Then he turned away and left her, and there had come no negative from her lips. As far as her lips were concerned, no negative was any longer possible to her.

She went into the house knowing that she must at once seek her mother; but she allowed herself first to remain for some half-hour in her own bedroom, preparing the words that she would use. The interview she knew would be difficult—much more difficult than it would have been before her last walk with Mr. Saul; and the worst of it was that she could not quite make up her mind as to what it was that she wished to say. She waited till she could hear her mother's step on the stairs. At last Mrs. Clavering came up to dress, and then Fanny, following her quickly into her bedroom, abruptly began:

"Mamma," she said, "I want to speak to you very much."

"Well, my dear?"

"But you mustn't be in a hurry, mamma." Mrs. Clavering looked at her watch, and declaring that it still wanted three-quarters of an hour to dinner, promised that she would not be very much in a hurry.

"Mamma, Mr. Saul has been speaking to me again."

"Has he, my dear? You cannot, of course, help it if he chooses to speak to you, but he ought to know that it is very foolish. It must end in his having to leave us."

"That is what he says, mamma. He says he must go away unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I will consent that he shall remain here as——"

"As your accepted lover. Is that it, Fanny?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then he must go, I suppose. What else can any of us say? I shall be sorry both for his sake and for your papa's." Mrs. Clavering, as she said this, looked at her daughter, and saw at once that this edict on her part did not settle the difficulty. There was that in Fanny's face which showed trouble and the necessity of further explanation. "Is not that what you think yourself, my dear?" Mrs. Clavering asked.

"I should be very sorry if he had to leave the parish on my account."

"We all shall feel that, dearest; but what can we do? I presume you don't wish him to remain as your lover?"

"I don't know, mamma," said Fanny.

It was then as Mrs. Clavering had feared. Indeed, from the first word that Fanny had spoken on the present occasion, she had almost been sure of the facts, as they now were. To her father it would appear wonderful that his daughter should have come to love such a man as Mr. Saul, but Mrs. Clavering knew better than he how far perseverance will go with women—perseverance joined with high mental capacity, and with high spirit to back it. She was grieved but not surprised, and would at once have accepted the idea of Mr. Saul becoming her son-in-law, had not the poverty of the man been so much against him. "Do you mean, my dear, that you wish him to remain here after what he has said to you? That would be tantamount to accepting him. You understand that, Fanny; eh, dear?"

"I suppose it would, mamma."

"And is that what you mean? Come, dearest, tell me the whole of it. What have you said to him yourself? What has he been led to think from the answer you have given him to-day?"

"He says that he means to see papa to-morrow."

"But is he to see him with your consent?" Fanny had hitherto placed herself in the nook of a bow-window which looked out into the garden, and there, though she was near to the dressing-table at which her mother was sitting, she could so far screen herself as almost to hide her face when she was speaking. From this retreat her mother found it necessary to withdraw her; so she rose, and going to a sofa in the room, bade her daughter come and sit beside her. "A doctor, my dear, can never do any good," she said, "unless the patient will tell him everything. Have you told Mr. Saul that he may see papa—as coming from you, you know?"

"No, mamma; I did not tell him that. I told him that it would be altogether impossible, because we should be so poor."

"He ought to have known that himself."

"But I don't think he ever thinks of such things as that, mamma. I can't tell you quite what he said, but it went to show that he didn't regard money at all."

"But that is nonsense; is it not, Fanny?"

"What he means is, not that people if they are fond of each other ought to marry at once when they have got nothing to live upon, but that they ought to tell each other so, and then be content to wait. I suppose he thinks that some day he may have a living."

"But, Fanny, are you fond of him; and have you ever told him so?"

"I have never told him so, mamma."

"But you are fond of him?" To this question Fanny made no answer, and now Mrs. Clavering knew it all. She felt no inclination to scold her daughter, or even to point out in very strong language how foolish Fanny had been in allowing a man to engage her affections merely by asking for them. The thing was a misfortune, and should have been avoided by the departure of Mr. Saul from the parish after his first declaration of love. He had been allowed to remain for the sake of the rector's comfort, and the best must now be made of it. That Mr. Saul must now go was certain, and Fanny must endure the weariness of an attachment with an absent lover to which her father would not consent. It was very bad, but Mrs. Clavering did not think that she could make it better by attempting to scold her daughter into renouncing the man.

"I suppose you would like me to tell papa all this before Mr. Saul comes to-morrow?"

"If you think it best, mamma."

"And you mean, dear, that you would wish to accept him, only that he has no income?"

"I think so, mamma."

"Have you told him so?"

"I did not tell him so, but he understands it."

"If you did not tell him so, you might still think of it again."

But Fanny had surrendered herself now, and was determined to make no further attempt at sending the garrison up to the wall. "I am sure, mamma, that if he were well off, like Edward, I should accept him. It is only because he has no income."

"But you have not told him that?"

"I would not tell him anything without your consent and papa's. He said he should go to papa to-morrow, and I could not prevent that. I did say that I knew it was quite impossible."

The mischief was done and there was no help for it. Mrs. Clavering told her daughter that she would talk it all over with the rector that night, so that Fanny was able to come down to dinner without fearing any further scene on that evening. But on the following morning she did not appear at prayers, nor was she present at the breakfast table. Her mother went to her early, and she immediately asked if it was considered necessary that she should see her father before Mr. Saul came. But this was not required of her.

"Papa says that it is out of the question," said Mrs. Clavering.

"I told him so myself," said Fanny, beginning to whimper.

"And there must be no engagements," said Mrs. Clavering.

"No, mamma. I haven't engaged myself. I told him it was impossible."

"And papa thinks that Mr. Saul must leave him," continued Mrs. Clavering.

"I knew papa would say that; but, mamma, I shall not forget him for that reason."

To this Mrs. Clavering made no reply, and Fanny was allowed to remain upstairs till Mr. Saul had come and gone.

Very soon after breakfast Mr. Saul did come. His presence at the rectory was so common that the servants were not generally summoned to announce his arrivals, but his visits were made to Mrs. Clavering and Fanny more often than to the rector. On this occasion he rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Clavering, and was shown into the rector's so-called study, in a way that the maid-servant felt to be unusual. And the rector was sitting uncomfortably prepared for the visit, not having had his after-breakfast cigar. He had been induced to declare that he was not, and would not be, angry with Fanny; but Mr. Saul was left to such indignation as he thought it incumbent on himself to express. In his opinion, the marriage was impossible, not only because there was no money, but because Mr. Saul was Mr. Saul, and because Fanny Clavering was Fanny Clavering. Mr. Saul was a gentleman; but that was all that could be said of him. There is a class of country clergymen in England, of whom Mr. Clavering was one, and his son-in-law, Mr. Fielding, another, which is so closely allied to the squirearchy as to possess a double identity. Such clergymen are not only clergymen, but they are country gentlemen also. Mr. Clavering regarded clergymen of his class—of the country gentlemen class—as being quite distinct from all others, and as being, I may say, very much higher than all others, without reference to any money question. When meeting his brother rectors and vicars, he had quite a different tone in addressing them, as they might belong to his class, or to another. There was no offence in this. The clerical country gentlemen understood it all as though there were some secret sign or shibboleth between them; but the outsiders had no complaint to make of arrogance, and did not feel themselves aggrieved. They hardly knew that there was an inner clerical familiarity to which they were not admitted. But now that there was a young curate from the outer circle demanding Mr. Clavering's daughter in marriage, and that without a shilling in his pocket, Mr. Clavering felt that the eyes of the offender must be opened. The nuisance to him was very great, but this opening of Mr. Saul's eyes was a duty from which he could not shrink.

He got up when the curate entered, and greeted his curate, as though he were unaware of the purpose of the present visit. The whole burden of the story was to be thrown upon Mr. Saul. But that gentleman was not long in casting the burden from his shoulders.

"Mr. Clavering," he said, "I have come to ask your permission to be a suitor for your daughter's hand."

The rector was almost taken aback by the abruptness of the re-

quest. "Quite impossible, Mr. Saul," he said; "quite impossible. I am told by Mrs. Clavering that you were speaking to Fanny again about this yesterday, and I must say that I think you have been behaving very badly."

"In what way have I behaved badly?"

"In endeavoring to gain her affections behind my back."

"But, Mr. Clavering, how otherwise could I gain them? How otherwise does any man gain any woman's love? If you mean—"

"Look here, Mr. Saul. I don't think that there is any necessity for an argument between you and me on this point. That you cannot marry Miss Clavering is so self-evident that it does not require to be discussed. If there were nothing else against it, neither of you have got a penny. I have not seen my daughter since I heard of this madness—hear me out if you please, sir—since I heard of this madness, but her mother tells me that she is quite aware of that fact. Your coming to me with such a proposition is an absurdity if it is nothing worse. Now you must do one of two things, Mr. Saul. You must either promise me that this shall be at an end altogether, or you must leave the parish."

"I certainly shall not promise you that my hopes as they regard your daughter will be at an end."

"Then, Mr. Saul, the sooner you go the better."

A dark cloud came across Mr. Saul's brow as he heard these last words. "That is the way in which you would send away your groom, if he had offended you," he said.

"I do not wish to be unnecessarily harsh," said Mr. Clavering, "and what I say to you now I say to you not as my curate, but as to a most unwarranted suitor for my daughter's hand. Of course I cannot turn you out of the parish at a day's notice. I know that well enough. But your feelings as a gentleman ought to make you aware that you should go at once."

"And that is to be my only answer?"

"What answer did you expect?"

"I have been thinking so much lately of the answers I might get from your daughter, that I have not made other calculations. Perhaps I had no right to expect any other than that you have now given me."

"Of course you had not. And now I ask you again to give her up."

"I shall not do that, certainly."

"Then, Mr. Saul, you must go; and, inconvenient as it will be to myself—terribly inconvenient—I must ask you to go at once. Of course I cannot allow you to meet my daughter any more. As long as you remain she will be debarred from going to her school, and you will be debarred from coming here."

"If I say that I will not seek her at the school?"

"I will not have it. It is out of the question that you should remain in the parish. You ought to feel it."

"Mr. Clavering, my going—I mean my instant going—is a matter of which I have not yet thought. I must consider it before I give you an answer."

"It ought to require no consideration," said Mr. Clavering, rising from his chair—"none at all; not a moment's. Heavens and earth! Why, what did you suppose you were to live upon? But I won't discuss it. I will not say one more word upon a subject which is so distasteful to me. You must excuse me if I leave you."

Mr. Saul then departed, and from this interview had arisen that state of things in the parish which had induced Mrs. Clavering to call Harry to their assistance. The rector had become more energetic on the subject than any of them had expected. He did not actually forbid his wife to see Mr. Saul, but he did say that Mr. Saul should not come to the rectory. Then there arose a question as to the Sunday services, and yet Mr. Clavering would have no intercourse with his curate. He would have no intercourse with him unless he would fix an immediate day for going, or else promise that he would think no more of Fanny. Hitherto he had done neither, and therefore Mrs. Clavering had sent for her son.

"ALMS AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE."

AH, how shall we, lame from the mother's womb,
The temple enter! Beautiful in vain
For us, the gate where we, in double pain,
Of suffering and of loss, can find no room;
Whose whiteness only makes our outer gloom
The blacker, and whose shining steps, more plain
Than words, mock cripples weeping to attain
The inner courts, where censers' sweet perfume,
And music, fill the air!
Oh, sinful fear!
Dare not to doubt! Our helplessness laid near
That gate, is safe; our faith without alarms
Can wait; the good apostles will appear;
Our crippled beggary, made rich by alms
Of God, shall run, and leap, and praise, in grateful psalms.

H. H.

IMPERIAL FRANCE.

Past, Present, and Future.

IT may seem paradoxical to say that the same circumstance which most powerfully contributed to the elevation of the present ruler of the French, has been at the same time the most formidable obstacle in his path. He was elected President of the Republic because he was a Bonaparte; the *coup d'état* and sudden bursting forth of the Empire, in 1851, were submitted to because he was a Bonaparte; and from that day to this he has never been trusted by his own people, or by other nations—because he is a Bonaparte. When he became President, his character was as yet totally unknown to the French people; but they had tired of Bourbon absolutism, Orleanist old fogyism and republican extravagance, and looked back longingly to the dazzling era of Napoleonic ascendency. At the outset, then, appears this fact: That the present sovereign, perceiving why he, and not another, was chosen, announced himself to be the heir as well of the policy and ideas of his Imperial predecessor as of his name. The Empire opened its remarkable career with that understanding, and thence have proceeded the most serious embarrassments which have environed its progress. People looked forward to a second edition of the old Empire, crimes, blunders and all; so that every act of Napoleon III. has been construed to have a hidden and malicious motive. He had avowed his intention to finish the work left undone by the unwilling hermit of St. Helena; and men have ever since been looking for him to begin it. Those startling principles and motives of action which awakened and kept alive an unparalleled terror throughout Europe in the beginning of the century, have been yearly expected. The aggrandizement of France was supposed to be the corner-stone of the new creed. Belgium and other little fishes on the French border, it was predicted, would certainly some fine morning be gulped up by this monster shark which had grown in a day. Hardly a year has passed in which we have not heard whisperings of some dark design, whether against England, or Prussia, or Spain. Even so sensible a man as the late Lord Lyndhurst talked quite absurdly in the House of Lords about French bayonets invading the sanctity of English firesides. There has been a widely existing idea that Napoleon III. was perpetually employed in maturing dark and tortuous plots to disturb the peace of the world; that the Tuileries had been turned into a kind of political alchemist's laboratory, where spells and concoctions were being invented to destroy rival Powers, and elevate the magician to the utmost grandeur of human authority.

Still, we have arrived at the close of the year 1866. Napoleon has ruled in France more than eighteen years, and has worn the Imperial crown more than fifteen; he has passed the prime of his life, and the vigor of his constitution is visibly declining; opportunities have not been wanting in which he might have extended the French frontier and made alliances for offensive objects which would have insured success and an enormous reward of spoils; at times we have heard a cry breaking forth from one end of France to the other, calling for war—for aggressive war—for war in pursuit of conquest, and the head of the State, with rare ability, holding in check the characteristic vehemence of his people. Wherein then, throughout his career, do we find ground for the suspicions, the oft-repeated apprehensions, the tortured constructions of every word and act, which have followed the Emperor, like the gadfly, from his first day of Empire to the present? There was the trade for Savoy and Nice, it is true, made after the tough work of Solferino; but does so small an affair as *that* convict Napoleon of a policy and hereditary thirst of aggrandizement?

The truth is, that if he ever seriously entertained a purpose to continue the policy of the first Emperor, that purpose has been abandoned. He has been wise enough to perceive that this age would not suffer a repetition of the old Empire. He has therefore, in reality, governed quite independently of the supposed Napoleonic ideas. He has ceased to endeavor to follow in his uncle's footsteps. He has found the best interest, both of France and of his own dynasty, to lie in a policy of peace and internal development; and therefore, peace he has sedulously cultivated. As we glance back over those eighteen years which have witnessed the growth of the present dynasty to its present condition, we are struck by the remarkable manner in which Napoleon has sailed, to use a trite expression, with the current. With all the anticipations which he himself created at the outset, he has hardly once violated in his foreign policy the modern ideas of the world; has never once shocked those ideas by ostentatious defiance. It is not the object of this article to laud the Empire, to excuse its blunders, or to defend the false principles upon which many of its acts have been founded. Before my conclusion is reached, I shall strive to point out some radical deficiencies, and to show wherein there is disease which, if not cured, may kill. But where we looked for bloodshed, for grievous and unreasoning tyranny, for utter indifference to popular and international opinion, we have seen prosperity, strength and order grow up with a miraculous growth; we have seen graceful concessions to national sentiment; we have seen sympathy with struggling peoples seeking independence; we have seen a turning away from temptation which in a Bonaparte is wonderful.

The foreign policy of the Empire until very recently has been an

enigma. The present year seems to have in a great measure cleared away the obscurity which enveloped it. The idea that Napoleon was only seeking for an occasion to develop a warlike and aggressive design must yield before the light of recent events. Had it appeared to be the decided will of the French people—had no other means presented themselves by which to secure the Napoleonic dynasty—we cannot doubt that such a policy would have been entered upon; in truth, when the public mind seemed, at one time, to be growing restless and dissatisfied with inaction, the experiment of Mexico was made. The complete failure of that experiment (which was at its very outset a failure, if it was made with the hope of drawing popular esteem nearer to the Government, for no step was ever more thoroughly disapproved by a national sentiment) has notably convinced the Emperor that his cue is not conquest—that the French have grown beyond the age when they were tickled by the baubles of military glory; and it is found that from the moment when the mistake of Mexico was realized, there has been no further attempt to add martial lustre to the moral guarantees of the Imperial throne. The two wars in which we have seen France engaged since the rise of the Empire—that with Russia and that with Austria in 1859, cannot be said to have been undertaken from greed of conquest. In the former, France gained nothing which the other European States did not gain. By the Crimean war the overgrowth of Russian power was checked, and the treatment of Napoleon I. by Russia avenged. In the Italian war of 1859, France, it is true, gained Savoy and Nice, but it is absurd to suppose that that great struggle was undertaken merely for a prize so insignificant. The balance of Europe was further maintained thereby, by creating a rival Power as a check upon Austria in the south; and the war was popular with the French people, both by reason of their impulsive and generous sympathy with Italy, and because Napoleon I. was once more avenged in the humiliation of Austria. Both wars were approved by the nation, and neither can properly be called aggressive. Another striking event in the Imperial policy was the alliance with England, and the commercial treaty accorded to that ancient rival. The alliance can never be said to have been a cordial one; distrust on one side, popular dislike on the other, have prevented that; still it has been an alliance working good results to both nations.

In the recent German war, there was a rare opportunity offered to France to aggrandize herself by the misfortunes of others. The Rhine frontier might have been hers almost without bloodshed; beyond that, she might easily have prevented the consummation of that German unity to which the monarchical statesmen of France have always looked forward with jealous dread. Still France stood aloof; events were left to work out their own results; and when

the fortune of war determined the issue in favor of that Power best able to consolidate the Teuton race, neither remonstrance nor obstacle came from Napoleon. He made, it is true, a proposition to Count Bismark that the Rhine provinces should be annexed to his crown, to satisfy the restless spirit of his people; but the proposition being declined, he waived the point, thus showing a marked disinclination to take up arms for the aggrandizement of France; and this is one more and a conclusive proof that his settled policy is one of peace, and that he seeks rather moral than military triumphs.

Yet, the military strength of France is sedulously kept at its maximum; and it has resulted from this fact, and from the now deliberate conviction of European Powers that the foreign policy of the Emperor is one of moderation, and that he has abandoned, with the approbation of his subjects, the idea of martial aggression, that he possesses such a moral power as to constitute him the arbiter of Europe, to whom all nations in difficulty look for protection and wise counsel. At the present moment, therefore, we find that France is only larger by Savoy and Nice than when Napoleon was elected President of the Republic in 1848; that she is on amicable terms, to say the least, with Russia, with England, with Prussia, with Italy, and with the United States; that, if she is not just now beloved by Austria, at least there is no hostility between the two, only a little soreness on one side, which may certainly be excused in a Power crushed by defeat, surrounded by ever increasing troubles, and hardly daring to look forward to the future; that she is, in a sense, the patron both of German and Italian independence; and that to the Emperor Napoleon, more than to any other potentate, is confided the arbitration of all European disputes, and the grateful and lofty office of restoring the blessings of peace to all the nations.

The Marquis de la Valette, *ad interim* Minister of Foreign Affairs, issued a circular to the French diplomatic agents abroad a few months ago, in which were clearly announced the leading principles of the future foreign policy of the Government. This paper, without doubt, emanated directly from the Emperor himself, and may be regarded as showing forth his real views upon the subject. It was a most significant paper. It seemed to dispel all that suspicion which had hitherto looked darkly upon Napoleon's movements; it was a reassurance to the world. To impartial minds there was a frank simplicity, a sincere explicitness about it which was all the more striking as it contrasted so remarkably with previous emanations from the same source. It announced the abandonment of that old, petty jealousy which looked with disfavor upon the prosperity of neighboring and of rival States. It heralded the dawning of an age of great nationalities, the final dissolution of feudalism, the extinction of small sovereignties. It acknowledged a larger and

more generous ambition than that of sowing dissensions among competing States, of keeping divided into many a race which should acknowledge but one nationality. It accepted gracefully the unification of Germany, with a tone of welcome the independence and the massing together of Italy. France would never, it declared, interpose any obstacle to the accomplishment of an undivided State, erected by the will of a whole people. It was rather for France not only to coincide in, but even to further, the resolution of Europe into a few great Powers. France had nothing further to desire in the way of territory; there might be necessary, in the great changes which would doubtless occur, some slight modifications of boundaries; but France had enough, was strong enough, and should only retain an army for defence. The destiny of France, her province, was to devote herself to internal improvement, develop her resources, become great as a maritime, a manufacturing, an agricultural, and an intellectual country; to compete with her sisters in an active but peaceful race toward the highest civilization; to put herself in the van, if possible, of human progress. There were a few who still distrusted, however, plain-worded and outspoken as this celebrated paper was. Belgium was a little uneasy —that clause about great nationalities was unwelcome to her; Switzerland, too, began to fear that that meant her own absorption.

But the world, the press everywhere, seeing how reasonable and how wise the policy indicated would be if really intended to be pursued, and being unable to imagine why it should be thrown out as a blind, accepted the manifesto of the Emperor as sincere; and we have since seen a new feeling spreading everywhere—a strange feeling, indeed, recollecting all these years of *Napoleophobia* (if I may invent a word)—a feeling absolutely of trust and confidence in the Imperial word. On the whole, then, we are able to find but little serious fault with the foreign policy of the Empire; there has been nothing in it startling or shocking; in many cases it has worked conspicuous good to the world. That policy, acting positively, has kept Russia from undue encroachment in the East, has given trade a tremendous impetus by the English alliance, has enabled Italy to achieve her unity and independence; and, acting negatively, has permitted a great Germany to swell from many miserable petty Germanys.

In two cases, however, that policy has been unfortunate, and both these have had reference to the American Continent. Mexico will be the most ominous word in the future history of the second Empire; that was a sore mistake, and is now so acknowledged by him who made it. Napoleon was likewise unfortunate in his policy, or attempted policy, of recognizing Southern independence; and he has to thank the caution and indecision of his British neighbor that

it never matured into a grievous wrong. It was an attempt to help one unwise act by another, and perhaps it was one of his most fortunate escapes that the occasion which he sought never came. As it is, France feels the effect of the mere attempt, the intention, by that coolness on the part of the re-united and triumphant American Nation, which has taken the place of an earnest and confiding friendship, while, on the other hand, there does not exist that almost universal and almost justifiable hostility toward France which our people evince toward England, for the very simple reason that France kept the same professed neutrality which England openly violated.

The internal policy of the Empire, past and present, as compared with its foreign policy, presents at once more striking evidences of administrative vigor, and more circumstances worthy of just blame. To the stranger who studiously contemplates France, the first thought is, how prosperous, how thriving, how busy is this nation of revolutions! What activity in every department of industry and commerce, what vigor in internal improvement, what order and regularity in the civil administration! When he has learned his lesson a little more thoroughly, however, he exclaims: Ah, there is freedom to work, but not to think; there is universal suffrage, but the people are not represented; the Protestant clergy are paid from the Imperial treasury to preach Protestant doctrine, but there is not freedom of religion; the police keep murder and robbery at bay, but they also break up public gatherings; there is thrift on the farm and busy activity at the factories, but there are grievous taxes bearing down the poor; there is a capable, a vigorous, an ever-watchful Government, but a Government wielded by a single hand—set in motion from a single spring.

These are the two phases which the Empire reflects from within: high prosperity, absolute authority. The idea of the Empire is the idea of a representative man receiving from the people the sanction to govern despotically. Napoleon III. has written the life of Cæsar, is writing that of Charlemagne, and constantly points to the example of his illustrious uncle, to prove that this is true government; and the world infers, without doubt correctly, that the theory he has thus so ably advanced is the theory upon which he has founded and has so far carried on with brilliant ability the Imperial system. And the prosperity which we see everywhere in France at present results from the fact that this absolute power, proceeding from a single man, has been in hands singularly able, and under the direction of an active, a clear-sighted, and a politic mind. The result is that there has been a harmony in the action of all the departments of the State, a unity of plan, the whole force of execution devoted to the objects proposed. For centuries France has not thrived so well, on the sea and on land, in manufacture and

internal trade. There is a reserved military strength such as Napoleon I. never possessed. Education is fostered by the Government, and no one can say that the blessing of intelligence is not rapidly spreading itself among the lower classes. Charities, hospitals, benevolent enterprises, are no less encouraged by the powers of the Tuileries. The commercial system of France approaches each year nearer to a free trade standard, and the ports grow in population and activity more rapidly than do those of free and constitutional England. Under the auspices of the Government, railways are being built, canals dug, the land re-forested, the cities cleaned and drained and adorned, harbors enlarged, streets broadened and paved, roads everywhere widened and made more easy of travel. The police system, as far as its efficiency in preserving public order is concerned, is well nigh perfect, and is in marked contrast with the police systems of all other nations in the completeness with which its duties are fulfilled. A more than paternal (perhaps it would be more grateful to the people if it were less so) control is exercised over the popular amusements, over corporations, and certain branches of trade. But we have to remark, in the midst of all these beneficent results of a strong, absolute, and able Imperial rule, other circumstances which not only cannot be approved by intelligent minds accustomed to constitutional liberty, but also which seem to bear within themselves such seeds of disease as may ripen to the destruction of the Imperial system. There is a constant jealousy of the press; a jealousy which discovers and promptly punishes all demonstrations hostile to the Imperial policy or the Imperial house. While there is, under this state of things, less of that systematic personality which was the salient feature of the French press under Louis Philippe of Orleans, there is likewise a grave danger to Imperialism in displaying its sensitiveness in the sight of the people, as well as a serious deprivation in preventing the nation from weighing antagonistic ideas and arriving at the truth. A very short time since, a small provincial paper, published at Orleans, was warned because "it published statements tending to alarm the public in regard to the Emperor's health." Another paper received a similar reprimand, for a similar cause, at Arras. A Bordeaux journal was also warned because it "published remarks insulting to the Pope," and the Nantes "Phare de la Loire" was, some time ago, suspended for two months for saying that "Solferino was a success in spite of bad generalship"—a remark supposed to reflect upon the military talents of the Emperor. Such instances, occurring weekly, serve to remind the people only too vividly that a stern restraint is constantly put upon all freedom of expression—in fact, it is a perpetual reminder that they are not allowed to think. The French reason less than they feel; and when they experience so practical an evidence of despotism, they become

more dangerous to the Empire than the free promulgation of logical ideas most hostile to it. People who are impulsive are easily galled; and when we reflect that the Empire never had the enthusiastic, overwhelming support of all classes, it is easily seen that alienation, increased by the instigations of original Orleanists and Republican malcontents, must work rapidly in presence of that grievous restriction of free speech to which I refer.

An apparent consistency with the theory of Imperialism is maintained by the universal suffrage which is supposed to exist in France; and at first view this would seem to be just, and to indicate that the Empire and its policy are in truth endorsed by the nation. This universal suffrage, however, is, upon closer inspection, found to be but a pretence; it is a mockery of the people which is working hostility to Napoleonism in conjunction with the slavery of the press. The legislature is composed of the Senate, entirely of Imperial creation, and the *Corps Legislatif*, nominally elected by the people. Now the *Corps Legislatif*, as at present constituted, is found to contain a very large majority in favor of the Imperial Government; and yet a survey of the representation brings to light the fact that nearly every large town sends Opposition deputies. Paris, divided into ten *arrondissements*, each sending one member, is represented by nine Opposition, and but one Imperialist. So Lyons, Lille, Marseilles, Nantes, Havre, and Strasbourg send each an Opposition member to the Chamber. The reason why, therefore, we find so large a preponderance of Imperialists in that body is that the Empire, conscious that its most substantial support must be from the country, so regulated the electoral districts that the rural provinces, in proportion to population, should send more deputies than the cities. The representatives from the country, therefore, are Imperialist; those from the cities are either Republican or Orleanist. The rural districts, it is easy to see, are more readily controlled by officials, by the army, and by the police; political harangues and canvassing are forbidden by express law; and the common country farmers, left uninformed and at the mercy of Government authorities, vote regularly for the Empire. What little reason, too, this class exercises at all in regard to politics, leads them to prefer an existing, strong, protective dynasty to the hazards and change of revolution; and they have always been found—at least since their emancipation from the great landed nobility in '89—supporting the existing government for the time being. In the *Corps Legislatif* before the present one, there were but five Opposition deputies; now there are between thirty and forty; in the next that number will doubtless be fully doubled. This fact is full of significance, and an easy inference may be made from it as to the progressive popularity of the Imperial system.

France is divided into provincial departments. Over each depart-

ment is set a viceroy, called a Prefect, who acts with absolute vicarious authority *in loco Imperatoris.* The local administrations are totally independent of popular control; the Prefects are completely devoted to the Imperial policy and person; they "do not care a fig," as a Frenchman said to me, somewhat petulantly, "for public opinion." Their destinies are wrapped up in that of the Napoleonic house; when that falls, they expect to fall, and it is their interest to maintain it, therefore, by a rigid exercise of its authority. So that France is divided into nearly a hundred little despotisms, each the shadow of the gigantic despotism at Paris. There are two more points in which we observe a spirit proceeding from the Government which is calculated to operate unfavorably upon its future; both relate, as everything in truth which is wrongly done in France does, to the liberties of the subject.

You would infer from the fact that a Protestant Church is in part supported by the treasury of a Catholic Power, that there must be religious liberty in the country where this phenomenon appears. There is in France a regular Protestant system, subsidized by the Government; and that is protected, if the churches keep within their own sphere, and sustain the Empire, and do not seek to interfere with the Catholics either by attempted conversions or by denouncing them from the pulpit. Still the fact remains, that there is not religious liberty in France. A clergyman cannot go to France from America or England and preach the doctrines of Protestant Christianity to the French; at least he has to have the special permission of the Government to do it. You cannot build a Baptist, a Presbyterian, or Episcopalian Church in France, and go and preach in it, and administer the communion to the subjects of Napoleon. If you wish to be a Protestant in France, you must be a Protestant according to Imperial notions. You must subscribe to the doctrines and hear the preachings of the French Protestant Establishment. Worship in your own way you cannot. You must be a Protestant after certain prescribed methods—prescribed, too, by a political system for its own convenience. Some English clergymen of various denominations have been seeking permission for years to freely preach their beliefs in the French provinces, and solicitations the most earnest and persevering have been of no effect. And even in that very French Protestant Church itself there is no life, no vital moving power, because it is restricted, and hemmed in, and confined to a certain specified routine. It stands still. In countries where there is religious freedom, churches grow, branches sprout everywhere, every society swells larger and receives new life and vigor every year. The French church does not increase. It continues weak and listless, simply because it has not space; in a word, has not *liberty.* Henry IV. did many great things in France, and his greatest act was the memorable Edict of Nantes. His grandson,

Louis XIV., did many mean and wicked things, but the meanest and wickedest of all his acts, that which has more than all other things blackened his prolific reign in the eyes of posterity, was the revocation of that same Edict, his grandsire's proudest laurel. There are not wanting historians who date the decline of the Bourbon dynasty from that act; and certainly the absence of religious liberty hastened the first revolution. Neither is Catholicism under the Empire so independent as it was under the Bourbons and Orleanists. As Napoleon I. used the circumstance of the abasement of the priests to build up his power by making the Concordat, thus subjecting the church to conditions, so Napoleon III. has done likewise; the bishops are to-day, in many instances, his creatures, and he holds the whole ecclesiastical system in his palm.

I can do no more than mention one other respect in which popular liberty is denied, to subserve the practicability of an absolute system—the prohibition of public gatherings to discuss political questions. The right of communication is so completely understood and appreciated in America, it is so easy to imagine what a grievous restraint its prohibition would be upon all thought and intellectual enterprise, that it is quite unnecessary to dilate upon its effect in France, where the people, if careless of politics, keenly feel a practical and constantly present deprivation of liberty. It is only mentioned to show the accumulation of instances wherein liberty is denied in France, and to prove that there liberty is not merely a sentimental idea, but a practical, tangible object—an every-day want.

Thus it is, however, that this singularly able man, much abler as an administrator and as a diplomatist than his uncle, has built up his Empire, and has introduced that wonderful harmony and singleness of purpose which is to be observed in the internal policy of France. By paralyzing all means of opposition, by centering in his own hands all the enginery of government, and in his own mind all the operations of political thought, he has been able not only to make France what it is, but also to raise her to her present position in such a manner as to have strengthened his own dynasty as well, never once to have grievously shocked or injured his people, and nearly always going in exactly the direction by them desired. So, while he has restricted public liberty, his policy, as far as was consistent with despotism, has been progressive, active, and surprisingly successful.

He has sailed with the popular current in everything save this one thing—freedom; that fact, after three revolutions to achieve it, the French can never forget, although they may postpone the retribution. It is probable, so keen is his comprehension of French character, so prompt is he in anticipating and warding off hostility of opinion, and so constant and evident are his efforts to make his people great and prosperous, that he will die, as he has lived, Em-

peror of the French. While it is impossible to measure party strength in France, owing to the double reason that there is no liberty of demonstration, and that the French, when they do act, act rather from impulse than from settled conviction, it is safe to believe that the mass are contented with the vigor and success, if not the despotism of the Empire under its present head; and that while Napoleon lives, no attempt at revolution would be successful. But Napoleon's life is, according to all that we hear, a very uncertain thing to reckon upon; he is afflicted with a disease which seems to have become chronic; he ages visibly from month to month; his health becomes more precarious every day. How will it be when he dies? Should his heir be old enough to assume the direction of affairs, his throne would only be safe in case he displayed the same administrative vigor, the same insight into character, the same shrewdness in making despotism coincident with high prosperity, which have been the salient features of his predecessor's career. If he failed in these, Imperialism would no longer be submitted to, simply because the nation would then have its bane without its benefits.

While there is no means of telling what the strength of the Orleanist and revolutionary opposition is, it is quite certain that these elements are not to be despised. Within them is included almost every one of the first minds in France; there are Thiers, Guizot, Favre, Girardin, Barrot, Hugo, Laboulaye, Pelletan, in solid array against the Empire. The upper classes, the middle class, contain multitudes of constitutional monarchists, who would welcome with joy the restoration of the heirs of Louis Philippe; a large majority of the lower classes in the cities are unquestionably for revolution and a republic. Let the Empire once show an indication of weakness; let it halt only a little, and its doom is sealed. When the strong arm which now supports it so sturdily shall be withdrawn, and one less strong shall take its place, there will be a cry for liberty; and then, perhaps, there will be no more a question of Imperialism, but rather a contest to see whether constitutionalism or democracy will prevail. There is unquestionably a grave doubt whether there will ever be a Napoleon IV. The heir of the house of Bonaparte is too young to give an indication of his future; perhaps there never was a time when so much has hung upon how the character of a single individual would develop. I do not believe in another bloody revolution; the tyranny of the Empire has not been so grievous as to breed a bloodthirsty desire of revenge; but it is not to be concealed that a dynasty can never be secure in its descent from a strong hand to a weak, which sets practical liberty at defiance, and which is built upon a theory incompatible with the free action of thought, the free competition of principles, and the free exercise of worship.

George M. Towle.

THE LONDON CLUBS.

IN the centre of almost every village in equatorial Africa there is a large, barn-shaped building, roofed, but with the sides walled in only by bare poles, and so resembling a gigantic cage. This is the *palaver-house*, in which ambassadors from foreign tribes are received in state; in which criminals are tried; in which laws are enacted; and in which questions of local government are discussed. But it is not reserved exclusively for such grand occasions, which occur only now and then. As soon as the morning meal is finished the elders of the tribe resort thither, and pass the heat of the day in smoking hasheesh or tobacco, in gossiping, or in listening to the songs of the village minstrel. No woman may enter this sacred dwelling, which may be considered the club-house of the savage.

When we ascend higher in the scale of civilization, we find that the club is approaching more nearly to its present character. The public tables of Sparta consisted each of fifteen persons, and all vacancies were filled up by ballot, one hostile vote being sufficient to exclude. The other laws, as described by Plutarch, differ but slightly from those of modern clubs. Justus Lipsius mentions a Roman club the members of which were bound by fixed rules and regulations, and Cicero has immortalized these "confraternities" in his "Treatise on Old Age."

In the Elizabethan period there was a kind of classical *furore*, and it is possible that Sir Walter Raleigh and his friends borrowed the idea of the Mermaid Club from the ancients. However that may be, the tavern club system became popular, and has descended to the present time in a diffused and degenerated form. There are still in London a number of authors and artists who delight to meet each other in obscure taverns, such as the Bedford Head in Maiden Lane, where Voltaire once occupied a chamber, and at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in the very room where Johnson hid behind the screen, and to enjoy gin and water and "associations." The London artisans have also their tavern clubs, where chairmen and vice-chairmen are elected with great solemnity, where they sing songs in turn, and drink John Bright's health with three times three.

The first political club was founded by Republicans, in 1659. Its members contented themselves with debating abstract political questions; while the Sealed Knot, a Royalist club, soon afterward organized an insurrection in favor of the King. From that time the political club became an institution of the land. Everybody has heard of the October Club, in which Swift figured; of the Calves' Head Club, established to ridicule the memory of Charles I.; and of the Kit-Kat Club, a society of Whig leaders and wits.

The political club still exists in London. The Liberal party possess Brookes', the Reform, and a new Reform Club which is now being built. The Conservatives are installed in White's, the Carlton, the Conservative, and the Junior Carlton. A club called the Clarendon, which styles itself as Liberal-Conservative, has been largely advertised in the London journals, but is not likely to prove a success. But though there are so many clubs, they scarcely represent active bodies of political partisans. The Liberal and the Conservative of to-day are as different from the Whig and Tory of the last century, as those were different from the Royalist and Republican of the century before. In the seventeenth century political opponents argued with sword and pistol; in the eighteenth century they fought savage duels upon paper; and now-a-days a member of the Carlton will dine with a friend at the Reform Club, or vice-versa, and they will discuss the Reform Bill good-humoredly over their wine. Mr. Gladstone is still, I believe, a member of the Carlton. The fact is that since the Reform Bill of '32, the two parties have scarcely ever marched to the House of Commons as armies march to the field of battle. The defection of the Peelites from the Tories, the defection of the Adullamites from the Liberals, and the peaceful sway of Lord Palmerston over both parties, prove that those days are gone by. The John Bright agitation is viewed in much the same manner by the followers of Palmerston and Russell, as by those of Derby. At present it is only an agitation; it will carry a Reform Bill, but will prove powerless against the House of Lords, or the law of primogeniture, or in favor of manhood suffrage. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that Mr. Bright is destined to be the leader of a new party, now represented only by a handful of members, but in time to become a strong one, and which will then no doubt establish a club as a kind of social fortress in Pall Mall.

In the Georgian era almost all the fashionable clubs, such as Brookes', White's, and Boodle's, those elegant exclusives of a past age, were little better than private gaming houses. A volume might be filled with anecdotes of the celebrated men who spent half their lives over the tables of green cloth. The mania was beginning to decline, when a fishmonger named Crockford established a gambling club in the building which is now the Wellington restaurant. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, and so was Blücher. Bulwer and Disraeli, in their younger days, used to play there frequently enough; and Crockford, in spite of his enormous expenses, became a millionaire. In England the gambling mania has now taken the intermittent form: it bursts out at Epsom, Ascot and Goodwood; or at Homburg and Baden-Baden. The Arlington is almost the only gambling club left in London.

In the celebrated *leges conviviales* of the Apollo Club, written by Ben Jonson, we find that women of good character are not ex-

cluded—*Probæ feminæ non repudiantur.* And in the latter end of the eighteenth century "a club of both sexes," as Horace Walpole called it, was opened in King Street, St. James'; the building is now called Willis' Rooms.

This institution placed more direct power in the hands of the fair sex than they have ever before enjoyed even in England, *le paradis des femmes.* It was simply an assembly room for the purpose of dancing, with its attendant pursuits of husband-catching and flirtation. No one could be admitted who was not personally acquainted with a lady patroness. These were seven in number (of whom the present Lady Palmerston was the most celebrated), and the candidates were balloted for as in a club. Of the three hundred gentlemen in the Guards, six only were admitted; and the Duke of Wellington was sent from the door because he had presented himself in black trowsers instead of knee-breeches, as required by a new ordinance of these fair despots. It may well be imagined how people schemed, and intrigued, and bribed, and slandered, and licked the dust to get possession of those magic vouchers; and let those who cannot imagine it, read "Almack's," which is filled with real characters and photographic scenes, and to which Disraeli wrote a key.

"Almack's" belongs rather to the history of the *salon* than to that of the club, though a genuine club for the two sexes would inevitably end in a series of balls. As for a ladies' club, it is doubtful whether such an institution could exist at all, although ladies in London sometimes talk about it with a very serious air. In the first place, husbands and fathers would not subscribe to it; this would exclude a large class; the real woman of fashion might give the patronage of name and money, but has no time to waste in libraries and newspaper rooms; the woman of independent means and solitary habits and studious tastes, who would really make use of a club, if she had one, is quite an exception to the rule, and must be content to endure, for some time longer, the discomforts of a home.

The outcry of women for a club is, I firmly believe, a spurious one; and very few of them would go there, if they had one. It is founded on what may be called the *Ego quoque* argument. "Alphonso is always going to his club; I think we women ought to have one, too." But perhaps if there were no clubs women would be afflicted with an overdose of their husbands' society in a country where there is so large a class of unoccupied men. Mrs. Gore praised clubs, comparing them to conductors when domestic storms were in the air. The husband who was out of temper could go to his club and so get rid of his spleen. In the same way it must be a great relief to ladies whose husbands are suffering from *ennui* that they should go and yawn somewhere out of doors, and that, having been thoroughly bored in a bow window, they should return, cured on the homeopathic principle, to the bosoms of their families.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the club can entice any man from the pleasures of his fireside; or, if it can, it says little for the attractions of his wife. As a rule, the married men saunter into a club for a few hours in the afternoon, write a few letters, read the newspapers, pick up the floating gossip, play a game of billiards and go home to dinner, having aired their minds, and, perhaps, bagged an *esclandre* for dessert. If any of my readers do not understand French, I may be allowed to explain to them that the *esclandre* is a kind of game which is very plentiful in London at all seasons of the year, but especially in the Summer, when the town is full. The finest specimens are usually brought from Paris, Rome or Baden-Baden; but it is also indigenous, and frequently first sees the light in a club morning room, or at afternoon teas, or among wall-flowers in ball-rooms, or in dressing-rooms in country-houses. It is chiefly noted for the rapidity with which it moves, and for a certain marvellous property which it has of changing not only its colors but its size. It has a very exquisite flavor, which is especially relished by the old women of either sex. The majority of men in clubs make use of them as above described. Some who live in the country seldom use them at all, while there are others who use them as much as they possibly can.

The gentleman who lives in his club is usually a man of limited tastes and means. He is supposed to occupy a bed-room in one of the quiet streets between Piccadilly and Pall Mall. He breakfasts at the club as soon as it is opened; for, having nothing whatever to do, he rises early, and prides himself much upon that habit. He spends the forenoon in severe study over the morning papers; he may be seen at any moment between ten and one the occupant of three journals; one in his hand, another on his lap, and a third under his coat-tails. At one o'clock he takes a glass of sherry and a biscuit. He consumes a quarter of an hour over this simple proceeding. Then he goes to a dressing-room and washes his hands, to kill time; wanders vacantly through many rooms; is not often seen to write a letter; and it is supposed that he has no friends. At three o'clock there is a large influx of old fogies; he gives them neat abstracts of the leaders which he has read in the morning, and talks about everybody who comes into the room, or who passes by in the street. They know everybody, these old gentlemen, and debate most earnestly how Smith could afford to buy his new brougham, and why Jones broke off his engagement with Miss Brown. But at five o'clock the gentleman who lives in his club proceeds to the dining-room. He stands before the printed bills of fare and gnaws the end of his quill pen in a state of grave anxiety. Ordering dinner, next to eating it, is the event of his day. At last he has made up his mind about his soup and fish and joint and wine, passes an hour or two of suspense; then enters the room

with a sprightly air, spends three hours over his dinner, and goes into the library, where he falls asleep in a deep arm-chair between a couple of wax candles.

The gentleman who studies in the club is a rare animal. He usually wears blue spectacles astride of a long, pinched nose. He is unknown to literature, though he is always making voluminous notes from books. He throws his whole being into this pursuit, and when anybody opens the library door looks up at him indignantly, as though it were an intrusion. He is always finding mistakes in the catalogue, or carrying a ladder about, looking for books on top shelves. Sometimes, seeing another book on his way, he lets the ladder fall against the chandelier, or upon another member's head.

The gentleman who dines in his club is a credit to the institution, and his name is mentioned by the French cook with approbation. He is not to be confounded with those who eat there. He may be seen conversing with the house steward during half an hour at a time. He has been detected in the stranger's room tasting wine. He never dines alone, and it is impossible to look at his face at 9 P. M. and then deny that true happiness may be found on earth. But there are occasions when he is troubled with gout.

Lastly there is the old, old man who frequents the club, and who sometimes lives in it. There is no sadder sight in the world than this—a man eighty years old and who has no home; I saw one once who was nearly blind. He lives in a palace, it is true; he totters across a floor of gorgeous mosaic; he can lean when he is weary against a marble pillar; he is surrounded by servants in splendid liveries, who treat him with as much outward deference as if he were their only master. But he is not their master: they have a thousand masters, and he is only one; this palace is not his; it is a hotel; there are a thousand partners in the firm, and he is only one. He is not at home; he is among strangers in a far land; he is among acquaintances, and all the hopes, the pleasures, the affections of his life are far, far away. He has lived too long, and perhaps he has not lived well. Perhaps when he was young he neglected to lay up those treasures of friendship and of love, which are not always stolen from us with our riches and our years. And now nobody cares for him. He lives only to give extra trouble to the servants, and to be laughed at by young men as he tries to eat his dinner without an assisting hand.

There are one or two of these in most of the large London clubs. They show what a curse it is to have a childless, wifeless, solitary old age. They are tombstones which warn men that they should marry, as those of the churchyard warn men that they must die.

C. Winwood Reade.

SHAPES OF A SOUL.

WHITE with the starlight folded in its wings,
And nestling timidly against your love,
For this soft time of hushed and glimmering things,
You call my soul a dove, a snowy dove.

If I shall ask you in some shining hour,
When bees and odors through the clear air pass,
You'll say my soul buds as a small flush'd flower,
Far off, half hiding, in the old home-grass.

Ah, pretty names for pretty moods; and you,
Who love me, such sweet shapes as these can see;
But, take it from its sphere of bloom and dew,
And where will then your bird or blossom be?

Could you but see it, by life's torrid light,
Crouch in its sands and glare with fire-red wrath,
My soul would seem a tiger, fierce and bright
Among the trembling passions in its path.

And, could you sometimes watch it coil and slide,
And drag its colors through the dust a while,
And hiss its poison under foot, and hide,
My soul would seem a snake—ah, do not smile!

Yet fiercer forms and viler it can wear;
No matter, though, when these are of the Past,
If as a lamb in the Good Shepherd's care
By the still waters it lie down at last.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

THE POOR CAPITALISTS.

THE old fable of the wagoner and Hercules is as apropos to-day as it ever was. It is not resignation and prayer which are to help the car of society out of the mire of poverty; nor is it any better for the poor to depend upon the rich to aid them in bettering their condition. To wait until some millionaire shall be moved to aid any projected improvement with the use of a small corner of his heavy purse, is more futile even than idly waiting upon Providence. There are, of course, rich men who feel the responsibilities of wealth, and make the most conscientious use of the power it gives them. But all such endeavors are either positively injurious, or else only so partially successful that it is doubtful whether the benefit gained equals the means which are dissipated.

It is not charity that the world wants, but justice; and to gain this it wants only self-dependence. Capital may and unquestionably does often oppress labor, but labor, if combined, is in itself capital. It is perhaps questionable whether any general and permanent change in their relations will ever be established, which does not rest upon a basis of combination in agriculture, that is, in the foundation of all human life; yet a successful attempt in any department which tends to show the advantages of combination, is valuable and of interest to every one who is interested in social science. The most important attempt at coöperation in modern times is that of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society; and it is also one of the most suggestive, since it was commenced by day laborers, has never asked or received any assistance from capitalists, and has been for years a most perfect financial and social success. It shows what the poor, by resolute, persistent and combined efforts, can achieve for themselves.

Rochdale is one of the very oldest as well as one of the most intelligent of the manufacturing towns of England. It is said that a Roman station or permanent camp was established in the vicinity, and history tells us that its woollen manufactures were introduced by those Flemish immigrants whom Edward III. so wisely encouraged to come and live in England. Its oldest parish church dates back to the twelfth century, when the secret guilds of masons were in full activity, and when many of the principal European cathedrals were founded.

This coöperative society was formed in 1843. At that time the flannel trade, one of the principal manufactures of Rochdale, was brisk, and the weavers, who were and are still a poorly paid class of workmen, undertook to strike for higher wages; and to support

those who struck, a subscription of four cents a week was made by those who retained their places.

The people of Lancashire are distinguished in England for a shrewd, hard common sense, and a persistent self-reliance. It is enough to say that John Bright is a native of Rochdale to show the liberal and progressive character of the people. Beside this, the social theories of Owen, the Chartist movement, and communistic reform, were at this time exciting people to thought, and all these movements were interesting the Rochdale laborers. It was proposed to commence a subscription of four cents a week for the purpose of obtaining sufficient capital to commence manufacturing. But the hopelessness of this scheme was too evident. Out of this discussion, however, it was finally resolved to form a coöperative society, and the society was incorporated and enrolled under the acts of Parliament, and thus proclaimed its intentions. The objects and plans of this society were declared to be "to form arrangements for the pecuniary benefit and the improvement of the social and domestic condition of its members, by raising a sufficient amount of capital in shares of one pound each to bring into operation the following plans and arrangements:

The establishment of a store for the sale of provisions, clothing, etc.

The building, purchasing, or erecting a number of houses, in which those members desiring to assist each other in improving their domestic and social condition may reside.

To commence the manufacture of such articles as the society may determine upon for the employment of such members as may be without employment, or who may be suffering in consequence of repeated reductions in their wages.

As a further benefit and security to the members of this society, the society shall purchase or rent an estate or estates of land, which shall be cultivated by the members who may be out of employment, or whose labor may be badly remunerated.

That as soon as practicable, this society shall proceed to arrange the process of production, distribution and government; or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests, or assist other societies in establishing such colonies.

At this time the society consisted of about forty members. The weekly subscription was raised to three pence (six cents), and three collectors were appointed to visit the members every Sunday and receive their subscriptions. The whole affair appeared hopelessly futile, but by steadily persisting, the formidable sum of £28 ($140) was finally collected, and with this they resolved to commence operations. A ground floor was hired in Toad Lane (all English towns have streets with disgusting names), on a lease of three years at $50 a year. Mr. William Cooper was appointed cashier, and Samuel Ashworth salesman. After paying for the necessary fixtures and changes their capital was diminished about one half, and the remainder was expended for a stock of flour, sugar, butter and oatmeal, and on the 21st of December, 1844, the Equitable

Pioneers commenced business. Of course it is manifest that with such a capital, the variety and selection of the stock must have been very poor, but the men engaged in it were persistent, for they knew that their principle was correct, and the store prospered very slowly, but surely.

In 1845 they took out a license for the sale of tea and tobacco, and at the close of this year numbered eighty members, and had a capital of £181 12s. 3d. The weekly receipts for sales during the last quarter of this year were over $150. They now resolved to raise a capital of $5,000, in shares of five dollars, of which each member should hold four shares and no more. These he was to agree to take on his admission, paying a deposit of not less than six cents a share, and the same every week until the whole was paid, allowing at the same time all dividends of profits to remain as further payments of his subscription. It was, however, allowable for a member to sell all his shares except one, if overtaken by distress.

In 1849 the members numbered 390, the capital had reached £1,193 19s. 1d., and the average weekly sales amounted to £179. The society now opened a stall for the sale of books, papers and periodicals, the profits of which were to be devoted to furnishing a reading room for the members. The next year the society was troubled by the introduction of sectarianism into its meetings by some bigots who proposed to close the meeting room on Sundays, and forbid religious discussion. It was therefore resolved, "that every member shall have full liberty to speak his sentiments on all subjects when brought before the meetings at a proper time, and in a proper manner; and all subjects shall be legitimate when properly proposed." From that time to this there has been no trouble upon this point. At the end of this year, 1850, the members amounted to 600, the capital to £2,299, and the sales to £338 a week. In April, 1851, for the first time since its commencement, the store was opened all day.

At the time of the last quarterly report, for June, 1866, the capital amounted to £91,535, and the profits for the last quarter were £6,917. From this, after allowing ten per cent. for depreciation of fixed stock, and £137 for the educational department, a dividend of two shillings in the pound, or ten per cent., was divided among the members. In making this report, the committee "regret that the dividend this quarter is the smallest we have made for the last five years, and one of the principal reasons is on account of the butchering department yielding so small a gain, which is caused by the great restrictions and regulations arising from the cattle plague." The language of the report is not the most polished, but the facts are stable enough, and its truthfulness unquestionable. There is in all the published documents of the society a homely simplicity of style, with a directness of statement and sometimes the peculiar in-

volution of phrase which shows that it comes direct from the working class, who are more conversant with realities than with rhetoric. And it is the most noticeable feature of this entire enterprise that it was conceived and has been realized by working men; by the class who as a rule are refused the right of suffrage in England.

The dealings of the coöperative society are, of course, for cash; they neither take nor give credit. It is the rule now that each member must take five shares, and that no member can hold more than one hundred. The candidate for admission, when approved, pays one shilling and three pence to the cashier, who credits him this sum on the pass book, which each member is provided with, as a voucher. This payment he is to continue until his shares are paid up, when he receives interest upon them at the rate of five per cent. When he makes his purchases, he receives a tin ticket with the amount he has expended stamped upon it; this is his voucher for a share of the profits. This share of the profits also goes toward paying up his subscription to the stock, so that persons have become holders of stock without ever paying anything but the original fifteen pence, the balance coming from the division of profits. The stock is not transferable; when any member wishes to retire he cannot sell his stock. On announcing his intention to withdraw, his account is balanced, and he receives the amount to his credit. When a member dies, the society settles with his representatives. In this way, as the stock of each member is a thing personal to himself, it can never become an object of jobbery, can never rise to a premium or fall below par. The first shilling paid in, and the last shilling to the credit of a member on drawing out, are retained for a fund called redemption money, which is intended to make good the deterioration of the property.

The store is now open for the custom of the public, and the loyalty of all its transactions, the certainty that its articles are pure, that its prices are fair, and its dealings honorable, induce a great deal of such trade. This is, of course, for the advantage of the members, since they alone share in the profit thus made. Commencing, as we have seen, with an almost infinitesimal stock, the society has now, beside the original store, nine branch stores for the sale of groceries, meat, drapery, tailoring, boots and shoes, etc.

Beside the individual effect upon the members, in fostering habits of economy, self-reliance, and the sentiment of personal dignity which is the natural result of success, the social results of this experiment are equally marked and equally valuable.

The collective spirit which the society has engendered is shown most satisfactorily in the liberality with which its wealth is used to foster various other attempts at coöperation in the town. The Co-operative Corn Mill, an association having the same objects in view, was most generously assisted in its hour of need by the Equitable

Pioneers, and is now in a very flourishing condition. Beside this, The Rochdale Equitable Provident Sick and Burial Society, The Rochdale Coöperative Manufacturing Society, The Coöperators' Loan Fund, The North of England Coöperative Wholesale Society, The Rochdale Coöperative Land and Building Company, and The Subscription Turkish Baths, are all more or less indebted to the generous use of the surplus capital of the Pioneers. Thus capital, in their hands, has become a real blessing to themselves, and though the whole of the "objects and plans" they enunciated in the beginning have not been attained, yet they may look with pride upon what they have done, and with hope to the future.

They have at least, in the nineteenth century, and at the focus of the modern devotion to commerce, destroyed the demoralizing and false character of trade; they have shown the power of combination, the identity of public and private interest, the necessity of personal liberty in coöperation, the possibility and advantage of a combination between labor and capital, and the ability of labor by association to become capital. They have inaugurated the movement which will in history be as distinctive a mark of the last half of the nineteenth century as republicanism was of the last half of the eighteenth. Nor must it be forgotten that women are admitted to all the benefits of the society. Under the head of "Construction of Rules," it is declared that, "In construing these rules, words importing the masculine gender shall be taken to apply to a female."

M. Howland.

ADVERTISING.

THE time has passed when fame was necessarily earned by acts of valor and beneficence, or by notable labors of the mind. The humblest individual may enjoy the satisfaction of seeing his name in print at a specified sum per line, and he may repeat it to any, even the most preposterous extent, in agate, or in huge capitals, or up and down long columns, on the simple condition of footing the bills. If he is not fastidious he may have it posted on dead walls and temporary enclosures in the cities; and, except he be deterred by the operation of the laws against defacing nature, he may have it painted in any color that may suit his fancy, on board fences, and on enduring rocks along the lines of much-travelled thoroughfares. The names of successful advertisers have become household words where the poets, politicians, philosophers and warriors of the land are as yet unheard of. They invade every department of life, and no privacy or exclusiveness is a bar to them. Everything in use is under somebody's patent. You feel a just contempt for the philosophical individual who earns his bread in the sweat of his brow, by promenading up and down Broadway, in fair weather and foul, clothed in oil-skin printed all over with obtrusive advice as to where you should purchase ready-made garments; but you forget that in a less palpable manner you become the bearer of the advertisements of a dozen men. The maker's name is stamped on your hose, on the inside of your boot, on your paper collar—supposing you wear one—on the blade of your pocket knife, in the case of your watch, on your pocket book, on the inside of your gloves. In donning a new suit it is necessary to exercise great care before you go into the parlor or the street, to see that the card of the tailor is not neatly sewn upon some conspicuous part. You can never make a call but the inquisitive may discover the answer to that pertinent question which meets us at the commencement of special notices, "Who's your hatter?" and I once knew a young man so sensitive on this matter that he discontinued the purchase of cheap hats on the east side, and bought dear ones on Broadway, solely that he might bear about with him the evidence of patronizing an aristocratic locality. Articles of household use come enclosed in somebody's patent package; and you are admonished as to the groceries you should use through every channel by which the eye can be attracted or the understanding addressed. At the table the knives, forks, spoons and crockery are stamped; and on every cracker you eat with your oysters a man's name stares at you as it passes to your mouth, is crunched between your teeth, and crammed down

your very throat. In every farm-house in the land there is instant recognition at the mention of Higg's saleratus and Wigg's soap, even where the title of Tennyson's last work is thought to be "In a Garden," and Longfellow understood as the nickname of a tall man.

To advertise is the monomania of the time. There is no relief from it in all the earth. On the buildings are blazing signs, on the curb-stones are posters, and banners with inscriptions pendant between the lettered fronts of six-story buildings shut out the view of the sky. Never a brick pile rises in any part of the city but it is covered almost in a night with the fungus and mould of hot notoriety-hunting. You read men's names in the panels of the cars, in the saloons of the steamboats, in your morning paper, in the latest novel, in the almanac, with pages alternately telling of the signs of the zodiac and the healing powers of Simpson's syrup. The proverbial countryman, as he enters the city, gazes hither and thither, up and down, in blank bewilderment; but the practised eye has obtained respite to the extent that all ordinary signs and inscriptions are overlooked with scarcely an impression on the retina. It is in the attempt to cheat the mind of even this relief, and to address peculiar and ingenious forms and compositions to the eye and understanding, that advertising has been developed into a kind of fine art.

The historians tell us that the first newspaper established in London was the "Weekly News," in 1622, and that the first English advertisement was published in 1652, in the Parliament journal, announcing a book eulogizing Cromwell's victories in Ireland. The first merchandise advertised was tea, which was then just coming into use. In the two hundred years and more that have elapsed since then, advertising has certainly kept pace with the progress of trade and literature. It is, of course, but the routine of business that the pawnbroker should hang three gilded balls over his door; that the tea-merchant should run riot in Chinese letters; that the shoe-dealer should establish on the sidewalk his mammoth boot, large enough for Gavroche to lodge in of nights; that the blacksmith should exhibit a horse-shoe; the newspaper its bulletin; the barber his striped pole; the tobacconist his statue of Indian, Chinaman, Highlander, Bayard Taylor, or Punch; the jeweller his huge watch or clock; the theatres their monstrous posters and jets of gaslight; the dry-goods merchants their frames dressed in the similitude of females; and all others in their windows the emblems of their calling. For extra attraction, some of the stores pin placards on their articles of clothing, containing such adjectives as "Exquisite!" "Fashionable!" "Stylish!" "Cheap!" "Handsome!" "Beautiful!" "Magnificent!" "Divine!" and some hang in their windows such admonitions as "O! look here!" "See this!" "If you

don't see what you want, ask for it!" "No charge for looking at stock!" It is related of Miss Mitford, the authoress, that she once bought and wore to a grand assembly, a turban on which was a small but conspicuous label reading "Very chaste; only five shillings!" A little extra excitement is sometimes created by bulletins announcing, "Great Reduction in Prices!" "This stock selling out below Cost!" "Fire! Fire! Goods from fire selling cheap!" But that was a higher order of genius which invented the sign-board on one side of which are the words, "Don't look on the other side!" Scarcely a person who passes is able to resist that propensity of human nature which impels men to take the utmost pains to do that which they are particularly requested not to do—a propensity which leaves Dr. Holland, as he says, at a loss to decide whether there is more of human nature in the pig, or of pig in human nature. An appeal to curiosity is always sure. To get a book suppressed ensures a good sale for it, if not suppressed too strictly. An acute merchant once hired four men of meditative aspects to stand all day at the edge of the sidewalk and gaze at his sign. It was a pretty sign enough, certainly, but although there was a crowd there every day looking up to see what attracted the attention of the four men, and though every one read the words carefully and considered them well, no extraordinary significance or wonderful import ever came out of them. But the object of the merchant was attained, and the sign was indelibly impressed on many minds. The wagons covered with posters that loiter through crowded streets; the line of men who walk down Broadway, each with a huge letter on his shoulder, all spelling a word, are worthy examples of advertising genius. I was rather surprised and taken at fault one day, by seeing on the sidewalk very life-like representations in paint of rats and mice, apparently in the last stages of fright, but was reassured when I observed that the shop by the side sold a newly patented "Exterminator."

The common and business-like method of advertisements in the newspapers was also found not to attract readers sufficiently; and then was called in the aid of the professional writers to give magic arrangement to these otherwise dead and senseless types that had become the medium of communication throughout nations. Mayhap the authors occasionally found that poetry on abstract themes was not as remunerative as poetry designed to illustrate the virtues of various classes of merchandise, though in either case the pay might be sufficiently meagre compared with the profits of the trader. The man who has anything to sell now-a-days, has attached to his establishment not only his salesmen, but his poet, who writes now a poem, to-morrow a story, the next day a news item; all commencing with the true ring of literary merit, but all culminating to the praise of his employer's wares. Having the appearance of

excellent and entertaining matter, they lead the reader irresistibly on to the consideration of Hobson's boots and shoes, and Dobson's charming varieties of hosiery. "Marriage" is a very attractive heading, but seeing one day an article thus headed, I looked to the closing paragraph and found the following words: "Most merchants sell it"—not referring at all to marriage, but to a certain kind of saleratus, which subject was introduced quite consecutively in an appropriate comparison between marriage and this saleratus, as the two greatest blessings of the earth. The searcher after news observes an item which seems remarkably interesting: "The removal of General A.," it says, "and the substitution in his place of the brave General B., will give pleasure to every patriotic citizen of the Republic. General A. has given offence to Unionists not only by his stupidity, but by his lack of grace and gentlemanly taste. If the ex-commander desires to redeem his good name, however, he should immediately order, from Messrs. Q. & Q., of N. street, one of those cheap but elegant suits of clothing which have become characteristic of that famous and justly celebrated establishment. The stock of clothing contained in Messrs. Q. & Q.'s vast emporium, is unexampled for excellence, elegance, and variety; and there is not a garment in their store that is not made in the best style."

Would not the following item look "newsy" and interesting, even to an experienced editor?

STRANGE NOISE IN THE HOUSE OF A RIOTER.—WHILE A CAPTAIN OF the Police was searching the house of a rioter in the Twenty-second Ward last week, a singular noise was heard, which proceeded from a niche in the wall, whereupon the captain blew his whistle, and his posse proceeded forthwith to tear away the plastering, hoping to find a "plug ugly" secreted there; but what was their surprise, to find instead a whole case of A.'s watches, wound up and ticking away at a 2:40 rate. Among them were Hunting Cased Ladies' Watches, Fine Gold Plate Cylinder, equal to solid eighteen carat gold in finish and general appearance, which he sells at $16. How they obtained them is a question. We presume that they were purchased for speculation from A.'s Emporium, Broadway, where every conceivable style of watches and jewelry can be found at astounding prices.

The pensive reader observes a poem which gives promise of fine and chastened sentiment:

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
Go buy a hat of Jiggles—
You'll find it just the thing.

There is a popular taste for anecdotes among some classes, and it is true of some men that wherever they see, in looking over the landscape of an article, so to speak, two d's with a dash between them, they expect to find something very funny in it. The knowledge of this infirmity of human nature is taken advantage of in the following, though the connection between the anecdote and its application would seem, to a casual observer, to be somewhat remote:

Thackeray, bright genius of the past, would frequently, when speaking about fame, tell the following amusing incident: When in St. Louis, and at dinner one day, at the hotel, he heard one Irish waiter say to another. "Do you know who that is?" "No," was the answer. "That," said the first, "is the celebrated Thacker." "What's *he* done?" "D—d if I know." But we do know that the place to get a glass of cool and wholesome lager is at T.'s neat saloon.

The following, in the Æsopian style of advertising, is rather misty:

"Luff a little," said the captain.
"See you d—d first," said the ship.

The captain stepped overboard, and kicked it over, much to the astonishment of the "watch below;" who, however, all got to land in safety, owing to their invariably sleeping in Dobbin's Patent Nautilus Jackets.

A "Story of ye Modern Times," entitled, "The Traveller," next meets the eye:

THE SHADES OF NIGHT WERE FALLING FAST,
As through a western city passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with this strange device—
"Boots, Boots, and Shoes."

In his sojourning this young man had heard that F. kept the best stock of boots and shoes in the city; thitherward he bent his steps.

His toes were peeping with the blues
From out a pair of defunct shoes,
And like a fish-horn clearly rung
The accents of that unknown tongue—
"Boots, Boots, and Shoes."

Nothing daunted by the present dilapidated condition of his under-standings, he presses vigorously on, cheered by the hope of better days.

He passed where stands the boot o'er head.
"No further go," an old man said,
"You'll find no better far nor wide;"
And loud that sax-horn voice replied,
"Boots, Boots, and Shoes."

It further relates, in a subsequent stanza, how

He calls in accents clear and high
"Boots, Boots, and Shoes."

Nor did he forget to inquire the prices, which being cheaper than he had dreamed of, he pitched in to a marvellous extent. The result of which was:

At break of day, toward the brook,
His way the thirsty farmer took;
He heard a voice of wild despair
Ring clearly through the startled air,
"Boots, Boots, and Shoes."

A most unaccountable mystery, which shall be cleared up soon.

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
All buried in boots and shoes was found,
Still in his hand, as in a vice,
The banner with that strange device,
"Boots, Boots, and Shoes."

The fact is he got too many boots and shoes for his money. The monks of Saint Bernard have since ordered one hundred cases of F.'s boots, which are to be distributed among ambitious youths who aspire to high positions at the low price of $3 00 per pair.

A person having bought a pair of those boots and having them "shined up" with that particular blacking which is advertised by a picture of a gentleman shaving himself by the reflective polish on the leather, ought to be satisfied.

Eloquence is very well in an advertisement, but bursts of ecstatic literature sometimes come under our notice, which seem to overstep the bounds of moderation. Take, for instance, the following sentence from the card of a firm of dry-goods dealers in the West:

But not to pile up the agony of Western eloquence, we state with great confidence, that ladies attired in our new styles of Fall and Winter goods, will find the effect so rejuvenating, that all the cares incident to domestic life will be as blithesome as kissing the dew from the roses of beauty that bloom in perennial fragrance in the elysian fields of ecstatic love!

The following is an advertisement of a Western showman:

A RATTELL SNAICK TOO BE SHOED!

Thee histry of this snaick is as follors:
he was ketcht on tung mounting by a poore man
With a large Fammely being sicks yer ould, and werry
Wenumus he is now in A bocks, and cant Hurt nobody Wich is much Better than
To be running Wild Cause he Cant want To eat nothin. admittance
Is sick Pents For them what pleese To pay It and thrippents
for them what Dont a Liberal reduckshon For Fammelees.
for more particklers pleese to cawl on Old Dick.

The following is copied from an old Connecticut paper:

JOHN STIBBING, TAYLOR, SHOEMAKER, AND ASTRONOMER. I ALSO keeps a journeyman to do all kinds of carpenters and blacksmiths works, and to hang bells, etc. Aney lady or genteelman as bespeaks a cote or a pair of breeches may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail. N. B.—being rumored abroad that I intend leaving off business on account of my elected church warding, I hope my friends won't give ears to such bloodthirsty reports. JOHN STIBBING.

A gentleman of quite as various capacity advertised in the St. Joseph (Mo.) "Gazette" as follows:

BARTHOLOMEW McGINNIS OFFERS HIS SERVICES TO THE CITIZENS of this city as a wig-maker, music teacher, and dealer in dry fruits. He has come here, and gives people information that he intends to open in Middletown Alley, No. 12, where he proposes to make ladies' chops, repack pork, set hens' eggs under wild ducks; horse-jockeys and faro-dealers can be supplied with old saddles, smelling-bottles, and all the vegetables of this year's growth. Also, quail traps repaired, renovated, and fabricated. All kinds of needle-work can be done with accuracy; pantaloons patched, with one hundred pounds of new lard, and forty pounds of hemp—tow-cloth, goose-grease, and gridirons to be bartered off for soft-soap.

Another Western man who is a doctor, lawyer, justice of the peace, and dry-goods merchant, adds to the list of his qualifications, "N. B.—Auctioneering of the loudest kind, interwoven with ventriloquism."

The "London Review," in a late number, makes famous a certain Mr. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, author of a sort of periodical called the "Londoniad," in which he either praises or abuses prominent parties as he has succeeded in blackmailing them or not. Here is a verse of his, which immortalizes a toilet-soap maker:

Here midst irradiate halls, with K.'s patent soap
And crystal colonnades the muse her solar dome shall cope,
For goodness of quality through a hundred nations known,
Languages of a legion race sing K. to renown.

Between Cobden and Mr. Delane, the editor of the London "Times," he makes a very striking contrast:

In Richard Cobden existing nations see
The prototype of existing Deity;
John Delane—if his likeness we would seek,
We must strive to find it in an area-sneak.

Mr. Delane compelled Lidstone to make an abject apology for the two last lines.

Editors of newspapers look with the sharpest eyes for hidden puffs in items of news. Advertisements must be paid for. The man who pays they are willing to accommodate as best they can. One country editor goes so far as to offer a high salary to a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every person's advertisement to head the column. But in every department of human endeavor ingenuity will accomplish wonders. The London "Spectator," in a caustic criticism on a new poet, remarked: "And this extraordinary production Mr. —— modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe." The publisher in his advertisement quoted it as follows: "Extraordinary production . . . equal to Goethe."

An ingenious method of advertising cheaply was adopted by one John Thompson of a second-rate city. A pompous trader in the same line of business moved into the place, started his store, and, in the greater part of a column of the newspaper, explained what excellent goods he sold and at what cheap prices. John Thompson's advertisement was inserted directly under this, as follows:

I, too.
JOHN THOMPSON.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with this subject is the extent to which a gullible public will believe an advertisement. A dozen dealers in the same class of goods will each proclaim his own store the cheapest, best, and, in all other laudable respects, the superlative establishment in the town, and the confiding reader sees no anomaly. The countryman sends his money to the city with profound expectation of receiving by return mail four times its value from a public spirited and philanthropic advertiser. Surely there need be no sickness, suffering, or death, if men would only take the medicines brought to their notice through the journals. The list of diseases cured comprises all the "ills that flesh is heir to;" and all doubt that such cures can be accomplished is dissipated by the testimonials of fortunate convalescents themselves. Dr. Hall gives the following as a fair example of such testimonials:

DEAR DOCTOR—I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when I was stirred with a lever. But a year ago last Thursday, I heard of the Graniclar Syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt of the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen somersets without stopping. P. S.—A little of your Alicumstone Salve, applied to a wooden leg, reduced a compound fracture in nineteen minutes, and is now covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of white gum pine bark.

A person who advertised for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," adding that "it will be profitable to the *undertaker*," came very near the truth by accident.

A great many hints on human life, not necessary to be enlarged upon, may be gained by an attentive perusal of the advertising columns. A commentary on the morals of liquor dealing, and on tenement life, might be written from the following, which appeared in a New York paper:

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST PAYING LIQUOR STORES IN THE 7TH Ward, will be sold cheap, there are 60 families in the building. For further particulars inquire, etc.

That is quite as impudent, though not intended to be as glaring, as the following:

TO RENT—A HOUSE ON M. AVENUE, LOCATED IMMEDIATELY ALONGside of fine plum orchards, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in plums.

Another liquor dealer advertises, facetiously, that those of his patrons who desire it will be sent home on a wheelbarrow gratis.

A commentary on Young American energy might be written on the following and others like it:

SITUATION WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN 25 YEARS OF AGE, WHO writes a good plain hand; is about as intelligent as the average, and is willing to learn what he don't know.

A commentary on almsgiving might be written on an advertisement which appeared in London, of the "walk" of a deceased blind beggar, in a charitable neighborhood, with his staff and dog. A moralist might discourse on the likelihood of the lady being suited who wrote and paid for the following in a city paper:

WANTED—A FOOL, BY A LADY OF DISTINCTION: MUST BE PERFECT and playful, as it is necessary to keep the lady laughing all day. Address, giving full description and amount of salary required, A. B. C., ——— office.

The following is curious:

SAM H. H.—MOTHER IS DEAD, AND WILL BE BURIED ON THURSDAY. Can't you come on? I'll pay your expenses.

There was never anything more sarcastic printed than those words, "I'll pay your expenses," though they might have been intended kindly. The young man who advertised for a boarding place where his pious example would be considered an equivalent for board and lodging, is matched by the lady who wants a house where contact with believers would be an attendant circumstance, and who concludes: "A line to the Sinner Saved, B. post-office,

will be called for and gratefully acknowledged." Of matrimonial advertisements enough has been written. The only sentiment that could be indulged, in reference to some "personals" I have seen, is wonder that a sane mind could produce anything so idiotic. For instance:

POPPY—Beware of Hank Mudge. "Verbum Sap." Swipes?

SCREECHER.

And again:

WINKEE WUM—Snakes are in town and the oildrip is lively. Wake up the small dippers in, and see me at my office.

FUNGUS THE FIRST.

How much more sensible is the following:

DEAREST LURLINE—Shall we never meet again? Oh, dearest, tell me. All will be forgiven and forgotten. I have sent you a bottle of the far-famed Bunion Extractor. Let it propitiate thee. Thine ever,

GUSTAVE.

The last example is given merely as a hint to advertisers.

As I was thinking of all these things in my meditating chair one night, I had a vision of the gorgeous and flaming carnival of advertisers in the new times that are to be. All things that presented a surface were lettered with the names of men and nostrums and wares; and all things that had voices sounded them. All interests and entities were forgotten except as they related to the madness of the hour. The leading editorial in the morning paper was double leaded, stating, in effect, that the news of the Fenian Revolution was interesting, but that it was due to the reader to say that Dobbs & Co. remained at their old place of business dispensing goods to all comers as cheaply as ever before. The first telegram from Washington gave information that the President "this evening at the reception, appeared in a complete new suit, made expressly at his order by Cobbs & Co., the far-famed clothing firm of B. street." One of the book notices mentioned that Longfellow's new poem was discovered to be an ingenious acrostic referring to Wripp's Universal Renovator, and giving the names of numerous disorders for which it is an infallible cure. In the art column it was stated that the cross at which the Pilgrim kneels in "The Heart of the Andes," is so transformed as to become a board on which is painted the brief title of a dentifrice. A city item that told of the burning of a lady by catching fire to her dress, suggested that such accidents could be entirely prevented by the use of the Patent Fire-Proof Crinoline. I learned as I read that letters of friendship and love were enclosed in advertising envelopes; that parlors of private houses were supplied with wall-paper and window-curtains, ornamented with names, embroidered and stamped in fanciful figures; that pocket-handkerchiefs were given away, not filled with moral precepts like those that were sent to the heathen, but covered all over with advice as to purchases; that photographs were sold cheaply of beautiful natu-

ral scenery among mountains and valleys, introducing very appropriately, in bloated letters on the prominent boulders, the titles of pills and syrups; and that popular songs carried refrains, telling of wines and dry-goods, which many a night floated out from beautiful lips into the balmy air upon the tones of piano and harp. The advertisements and news were mixed inextricably and could not be distinguished. The eye wandered over

> A wilderness of strange
> But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
> And lilies for the brows of faded age,
> Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
> Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
> Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
> Sermons, and city feasts, and favorite airs,
> Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
> And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

In the streets the buildings were painted, not as heretofore in uniform colors, but with signs and notices, presenting as variegated an appearance as the brick-piles on Broadway. Criers perambulated the streets or shouted from housetops, or balconies, or boxes at the corners of streets. Lamp posts were turned into sign-boards to tell of religious services, of elegant residences to let and for sale, of removals, and of dissolutions of copartnership; the awnings were advertising sheets; the sides of carriages in the streets were covered with words; and, now and then, long processions passed like political demonstrations, except that the mottoes related to matters of trade and not to matters of state. Cars and omnibuses were gay with banners containing notices of plays, circuses, fairs, lectures, and picnics. The streets of promenade were filled with young men who added to their salaries by wearing placards on their coats and hats. Even the ladies wore silks that were no more stamped with flowers and pretty figures, but with notices of Spring openings and great bargains. I saw full verification of the honest purpose of a special notice I had read with incredulity:

RARE OPPORTUNITY!—ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LADIES OF THE city, an acknowledged leader of fashion, has unoccupied, and ready to let to advertisers, one breadth of a magnificent corn-colored silk worn nearly every afternoon in Broadway, Fifth Avenue, or the Central Park; and at the opera, balls, and select parties in the evening. Terms reasonable. Address, etc.

I bowed my head to the earth in sorrowful and bewildered contemplation of these things; and, lo, the pavement was painted, diversified with colored glass, and illuminated through interstices in the iron plates—I walked upon advertisements!

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE.

I REMEMBER the day well. It had snowed until the dusk of the early evening came on.

I was rather idle and musing in those times, and I used to sit hours by the window of my room, looking down upon the street at the people, then gazing inquisitively at the quiet house directly opposite.

The shutters were always fast closed along the front, save one, two stories up, on a level with my room.

To this window a bent and withered old man used to come daily and stand looking, like myself, up and down the street; only, I fancied, he did not look with a listless gaze as I did, but with the sharp, eager glance of one who waits and watches.

Then, sometimes in the forenoon, I was sure to see a wan-looking girl of twelve or thirteen come and dust the window, and tend the solitary plant that stood forlornly there.

Thus I had aimlessly watched them every day for a month, for I had fallen into the habit, and did not think of giving it up, though I do not know that I received any pleasure from it.

But this day—as I sat with idle pen between my fingers, knowing that the gray of evening was fast coming and I had written but little—I saw the front door of that house open, and the little girl glance up at my window, then huddle her shawl about her and splash across the street to my door and ring.

I was curious, and I ran down the stairs myself to open to her. Then I saw that she looked frightened and was shivering, not alone with cold, I thought.

"Please, miss, will you come over there? There's nobody there but me and him, and I don't know a thing to do, and he says he won't have a doctor."

In common humanity I could not refuse the child, and yet I did not want to go. I said,

"Come up to my room while I put on my things. You are not in such a hurry but you can do that, are you?"

She looked inexpressibly relieved at my words, and followed me as I returned. I wanted to ask her some questions, to find out, if possible, what I was expected to do over there. I half suspected the old man—whom I instantly understood to be "him"—to be a miser who denied himself the common necessaries of life that he might keep his gold.

"Is there no other servant?" I asked, as I put away my writing materials.

"No—nobody in the house but he and I. It's dreadful. And he's fussing for fear somebody will come."

"Whom does he expect?" I asked, with interest, for in some way, I felt a mystery.

"I don't know. He don't want any one to come but that one. He's muttering and mumbling about it now." And the child shuddered as she spoke. Apparently, and naturally, she felt a relief in this opportunity of speaking to some one, and she was not loth to answer my questions.

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Geralds."

"He does not know you came over here?"

"Oh, no, indeed," with a scared look, "he would not have let me come."

I had now my cloak and bonnet on, and I said,

"He will probably, then, not receive me very hospitably—but as he is sick, I will go."

There was something very gloomy in the dark, damp hall into which I was ushered. I never felt more disagreeably in my life than when following the little girl up the stairs. I had not an idea what I should do, but I knew the old man was helpless, and somebody ought to assist him.

As we reached the door of his room the girl shrank and said,

"You go in alone. There's no need of my going with you."

Without allowing myself a moment's hesitation, I pushed open the door and entered the room at whose window I had so often seen the shrunken face of the man.

The room was furnished well, almost richly, but had a forlorn air.

I looked at the figure on the bed; it did not move; he thought it was his servant. I advanced two or three steps; something told him it was not the servant. He turned his head slowly and, with a long stare of amazement, saw me looking. With a feeling of relief I saw that it was not a bad face, nor a disagreeable one, thus turned toward me. It was sunken, and worn, and anxious, perhaps a little peevish from some continual disappointment, but there was something even handsome in the large gray eyes and the broad forehead from which swept the neglected white hair.

There was an imperative question concerning my intrusion in his eyes as he looked at me. I hastened to say,

"I learned that you were ill and alone, and I came in to see if I might do something for you. You will allow me to send for a physician?"

"I am not ill enough for a physician. I shall do very well without help. I suppose you mean kindly."

Had I meant otherwise I should have blanched before his ear-

nest, searching look. I did not reply to his words, save by meeting that glance with the honesty of my purpose in my eyes.

"If you will not allow me to get a doctor," I said, at last, "is there nothing I can do to make you comfortable?"

"I don't know of anything. My limbs are paralyzed, and I must lie here."

He spoke with an attempt at resignation that had a great deal of impatience in it.

Notwithstanding his words, there was something so despondent and weary about his appearance that I did not like to take this as my dismissal. As I still lingered, uncertain what to do, he asked, with sudden asperity,

"How did you know I was ill? Maggie has been blabbing?"

"If Maggie is the little girl, she did tell me, sir. She was very much frightened, as was natural."

I spoke more boldly than I had intended, for though I felt a strange, weird power about the house and its occupant, I did not feel afraid of him.

"I suppose the child is fidgety, shut up so close," he muttered, with a half groan, and moving his head wearily, "but I can't have this house full of people now."

"But if you are ill," I said. I had seated myself by his bedside, and was looking full at him.

He interrupted my remark by saying quickly,

"Do you work for a living?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you do?"

"I write."

"What do you write?" with a curious glance at my hands.

"Stories, reviews—anything I can."

"And you get money?"

"A little; I live."

"And that is all, of course. You look very honorable. Are you?"

I was silent, for I did not know what to say, and I could not imagine at what he was driving.

"Are you honorable?" he repeated.

"Try me, if you please," I said, a flush mounting to my cheek at his intense scrutiny.

"You have offered to help me; now we will see if you will," he said, and I waited, vividly interested.

"How much do you usually earn in a week?"

I named the sum.

"I will give you that, and insure you against losing any situation, if you will stay here a few weeks. I don't want you to work. I expect to be helpless a long while. Will you stay here, and when

one whom I expect shall come, will you receive him and keep him secreted in the house until he can get away?"

I hesitated. The proposition was so strange that I could not at first say anything. I was inclined to refuse, and he saw it.

"You offered to help the sick old man," he said, ironically, "but when he proposes the only way in which you can do so—a simple, innocent way—you retreat."

"If I retreat, it is because I fear it is not innocent," I exclaimed, indignantly.

He smiled for the first time, and in such a way that I knew he did not think less of me for that exclamation.

"But I swear to you that what I ask of you is entirely innocent," he said, with earnestness. "Could I ask a girl to do what was not?"

I looked at him and felt that he spoke truth—and there was something in his request so strange as to be rather attractive.

"That person whom you expect is not a criminal?" I asked.

"Never!" he said, with indignant fire flashing in his eyes.

"Then I will stay," I replied, rising to return to my lodgings.

"And you will be silent?" he asked, detaining me with a glance. I promised, and went down stairs, letting myself out alone, and hurrying across the wet street. It was now dark, and the street lamps were shining in at my room.

I thought I had done a very curious thing, but I did not feel that I had done a wrong one. I put my room to rights, conscious of an exhilarating interest very different from the stagnant indifference that had been mine so long.

I felt that I was to be surrounded for a while with slightly mysterious influences, but no premonitory fate warned me how completely my destiny was to be changed, how the next few weeks were to write on my life characters whose force would be felt in all my after years.

The servant, Maggie, had lighted a fire in a room for me when I went back. She was overjoyed that I was to be there, and seemed to throw off her melancholy at once, though she was very quiet and subdued.

My duties, after a day or two, were rather irksome and fatiguing, though there was a peculiar interest in them.

There was a rear entrance to the house which Maggie was not allowed to penetrate. It was reached by a narrow passage through a part of the building, and the walk from the house door was protected by a high board fence, with a gate always locked.

It was at this entrance that I should some day find the unknown, and close was the watch I was obliged to keep. There was a bell-wire extending from the outer gate to Mr. Geralds' room, but now that he could not move, it was I who was to answer that summons.

My room was directly over that of the old man, and I knew the faintest tinkle of that expected ring would reach my ears. I used to read to him a good deal; and I sat in my own room and wrote, feeling a vague excitement all the time.

I had not been there a week, when one night, as I sat late to finish an article for a magazine, for once forgetting that for which I waited, the bell below rang faintly, but still distinctly.

The pen dropped from my fingers, all idea of my story fled.

I sped down stairs and tapped at Mr. Geralds' door, and opened it. He raised his head, a white, luminous excitement on his face.

"Do not come here," he cried, "go down and let him in! Oh, why cannot I move?"

I needed no second bidding. I ran down, and through the dark passage, opening the house door, and letting in a soft, white radiance of moonlight as I did so. I walked slower toward the gate, for my heart throbbed very uncomfortably. I gained an appearance of composure before I undid the bolt. A tall, heavily-cloaked figure awaited the opening of the door. I had a glimpse of dark hair and beard. He started somewhat as he saw me, and drew back slightly, involuntarily touching his hat as he bowed.

"It is a mistake, I think, I will go on," he said, in a voice of melodious respect.

"I do not think it is a mistake," I replied. "This is the house of Mr. Geralds, but he is ill and could not come down."

"My father ill!" he exclaimed, stepping in quickly, his cloak falling as he did so, and revealing a swarthy, straight-featured face, with eyes of intense darkness.

He looked at me swiftly, and, though I could not be offended by that glance, yet I felt a faint blush sweep up and subside.

"I will conduct you to him," I said, turning toward the house.

"He has wanted to see me?" he said, with suppressed eagerness, as we groped through the dark passage.

"He has been very impatient," I replied.

"He is not very ill—he can't be that?" His voice had a tone of anxious pain that called forth a response in my own heart. Whatever this man was, I felt sure he was a good son.

"A kind of paralysis, I believe," I said.

We were now at Mr. Geralds' door.

"This is your father's room," and I went up stairs, leaving him to enter alone. For a long time I lay awake, hearing the murmur of voices from below, but at last I slept and dreamed constantly of vague, distressful things.

It was very early when I awoke, but I felt that I must rise and dress immediately. I had hardly done so before Mr. Geralds' bell rang for me, and I entered his room to find him propped up by pillows, his face radiant, his eyes shining and fixed on his son who sat

in an easy chair close by the bed. The full blaze of the gas was upon his figure, and, though sustained by some excitement, I saw in that form the languor of overwhelming fatigue; his eyes drooped wearily, his hands hung listlessly by his side.

"Take Randolph to the north room, will you?" said the old man; "and if you would be so kind as to carry him some breakfast without Maggie's knowing anything about him. You do not consider it menial?" he asked, almost pleadingly.

"Certainly not," I replied, with the gaze of the son upon me, and feeling a desire to avert my face, though I could not. There was something so penetrating, and yet so full of a soft splendor, in his gaze that had a nameless power over me; while it was marked, it did not repel.

He rose, and drew his cloak to his arm, saying with that gay gallantry which sounded so strangely in that room,

"The queen shall serve her subject; but he could not forget that he is still a vassal."

The words, the air, the elegant man who uttered them, in some magical way seemed to transform that sick man's room to some olden hall, some fairy place like that where

> A thousand lustres shimmering stream
> In a palace's grand saloon.

And that handsome, tropical face might well suggest a "golden gittern's tinkling tune."

I took him to the room—a lonesome one in the northern corner of the house. As I stood in the door before going, he suddenly caught my hand, saying with that peculiar low tone which is so emphatic,

"The son more than thanks you. My father may be able to speak his gratitude; I never can."

He held my hand for a second with that tight clasp which is yet so vibrating and so expressive; a touch which one remembers after many a firmer grasp is forgotten. At least, I did.

When an hour later I softly tapped at his door with a tray on which was spread his breakfast, I received no response, but, womanlike, I hated to have the breakfast spoil, and I opened his door, and trod softly in and laid it on the table. He was lying on the lounge, his head upturned to the light, his eyes closed, and deep breaths parting his lips. He was sleeping the profound sleep of exhaustion. He was so dark and so motionless that he might almost have been a bronze statue of weariness.

By noon I was commissioned by the eager father to bring Randolph to his room to dine with him, but first to see that Maggie was out of the way. The child was sent on an errand, and then I told the son he was free to go into his father's room, but I advised him not to go round the house much if he wished to keep concealed. He paused in his walk through the hall at that last word, and waited until I had come up with him.

"If I trust to my intuitions, I shall feel that you do not think of me as a criminal," he said; "but appearances are against me. Do you believe in me?"

"So far as to think you have committed no crime," I said, somewhat coldly, having no mind he should so soon discover that I ever thought of him in the wondering way I did.

"For that I thank you," he responded, with sudden, icy politeness, the fire of his face dying with his words.

I felt my position uncomfortable, and I hoped it would not continue; but I could not desert my post now.

Randolph Geralds had been with his father a week, when, anxiously on the alert as I was, I discovered that the house was watched. It did not surprise me, but it distressed me beyond words. It proved to me what I had surmised, that young Geralds was suspected of some crime. The next time I saw him I begged him to be more careful, saying that, even if Maggie were faithful and discreet, still he might be discovered. I spoke as to a stranger, but there was a distressful air about me that made him say, quickly,

"Are we watched?" while a haughty flush colored his dark face, and there was that in his mien that seemed to defy everything.

"Yes, for the last two days I have believed that the house is well guarded on all sides."

He looked like a caged lion. He made a rapid movement of impatient deprecation, and said, "And yet I am not a culprit."

His voice sank into something almost pleading; though my face was turned away, I knew that those electrical eyes were full upon me. The impulse was strong to reply,

"I know that you are not;" and I yielded to that impulse, saying the words with all the conviction I felt.

He advanced a step nearer; a vibrant tremor seemed to shake his frame. He bent to speak again to me, when the front door bell rang loudly and decisively. We were standing in the lower hall, and I put out my hand, rapidly motioning him back up the stairs.

Instead of instantly obeying me, he caught that hand, detaining it an instant, devouring my face with a glance of flame.

"Go up stairs," I said, endeavoring to withdraw my hand. As I spoke, the door bell rang again, and simultaneously Maggie appeared from the kitchen to answer it.

So well had I arranged matters that she had not suspected that any other person was in the house, and now she stood still, with mouth agape, staring at Geralds, who, having looked at her with a smile of amusement, was mounting the stairs.

"I will answer the bell, Maggie," I said; "you may go back to your work."

She disappeared with a dazed face, and I opened the door and saw one of the men who had been lounging along the street so con-

stantly. I shivered inwardly, but I was outwardly rather phlegmatic. I knew when I was acting well.

"Is Mr. Geralds in?" said the man, with a business air.

"Yes; but he is confined to his room by illness. Shall I carry up your name?"

"Young Mr. Geralds, I mean," was the response. "Is he at home this morning?"

Why should I lie to screen those who had been strangers to me a few days ago—who might be grossly deceiving me? At that time no such thought passed through my mind, but afterward I asked myself that question, though not repentantly.

Now I said unhesitatingly,

"You are mistaken in the house. There is no young Mr. Geralds here." And I waited patiently for him to go away.

"But this is the direction. Perhaps the young man has left?" he persisted.

"He cannot have left, for he has not been here," I said with polite coldness, wondering how long I could sustain this.

The man looked at me earnestly, and I fancied he was satisfied I knew nothing, though by no means assured the young man was not there. He muttered a "thank you," and left. As I shut the door, a quick faintness came over me, and I leaned weakly against the wall. I trembled; I knew the danger was but just begun.

I related to father and son what had happened. The father's face grew white as he listened, but an indignant lightning seemed to leap into the eyes of the son. That evening as I sat alone in the dimly-lighted parlor turning over the few unique books on the table, there was a step on the stairs, then Randolph Geralds opened the door, apparently to see if I was there; then he came in, his cap in his hand and his cloak over his arm. I looked at him in surprise.

"I have just said adieu to my father," he said, "for I am going away to-night."

"But the police"—I said in alarm.

"I have to run the risk. I shall be desperate, for I believe an innocent man hates a prison even more than a guilty one."

I shrank from that word prison, and he saw it. After a moment's silence he said, with an effort,

"I must tell you that I escaped after having been condemned for murder. I will never be taken again. The evidence was of the strongest circumstantial kind. Shall I tell you about it? I do not know why I have such an intense desire that you should know all."

"Tell me," I said, without looking up.

The peculiar circumstances under which I had known this man had seemed to give me more knowledge of him than months of ordinary intercourse would have done.

He told me all the story of his trial. I believed him then as

fully, as much without doubt, as I did six months afterward when I read the confession and apprehension of the real murderer.

"And now I have confessed and am shriven," he said, rising; "the next word for me to say is—farewell."

He stood with both hands clasping the back of the chair from which he had risen. Had I been an indifferent stranger, the look upon his face would have moved me much. I sat quiet, apparently cold; it was the only safeguard.

"I am saying an eternal farewell to happiness!" he exclaimed, with a sudden passionate thrill in his voice, "for I shall never see you again. I hoped not to love; the star of my destiny has been too clouded."

He paused—I had not the will to refuse to look up at him; at that moment of fate, no blush stained my cheeks, but I felt my soul answering him.

"Farewell," he said, and left me.

I remained sitting very still, my mind hurrying over innumerable chances, and through all there was a strange vein of sweetness—a sweetness that I knew could never wholly leave me.

With it all I was conscious of listening intently for any sound outside the house. The moon had not risen, only stars shone between hurrying clouds, and a low wind sobbed about the shutters.

Half an hour passed—then, before the next minute had gone, I heard two pistol shots close to each other, and I knew that Geralds had been lurking until now, and that he had started, and been discovered, and then fired upon his pursuers. His shot had been returned—had he been hit?

I sat utterly immobile. Soon there was a noise at the back of the house. With strange outward calmness I went to the alley door in time to see two men come through the gate, bringing in their arms a helpless figure. They were two detectives, and they laid Geralds on the floor of the hall beneath the gas-jet, saying,

"It's all over with him, so we brought him here."

I knelt by his side, and received one deep, sweet glance of his eyes, one dear, fleeting smile, then, indeed, it was all over with him for this world. He had been shot to death.

I staid with his father three months longer, then he died—a victim as much to grief as disease—disappointed in what he had lived for.

For myself, there is a balm in my bitterness—a something dearer than words can tell. I can not look upon those few weeks of my life as a dream—dreams do not leave an impress deep as the most vivid realities. If it was not love, it was at least an emotion I can never know again.

Maria L. Pool.

NEBULÆ.

—— The resurrection of color is one of the most remarkable events in the social history of the present generation. No longer than fifteen or twenty years ago all positive color seemed to be banished from our dress and our houses, except where in the latter a flimsy annual or book of beauty rivalled in tasteless gaudiness the flaring carpet. Even in carpets the sober wood colors and drabs, which were the favorite tints with our mothers for the Brussels parlor-floor covering in which they delighted, still stoutly held their own. Ladies, especially those who professed good taste, preferred gray, tea-color, drab and cold brown as the tint of their gloves and gowns. Blue was coarse; yellow, vulgar; red, immodest. The spectrum was dreaded as if it were a spectre. Its tints were well enough in the rainbow, which was a very good thing—for the sky. Sobriety was the rage, quiet the frenzy of the hour. Such a cover for a magazine as that of "London Society," or of "Belgravia," or that which is richer and more fanciful than either of those, the "Riverside Magazine," or the one which seems to be thought most beautiful of all, The Galaxy's, if it could have been produced at the time of which we are speaking would then have aroused a prejudice in the mind of every well regulated person. It would have caused the magazine that wore it to be looked upon with grave suspicion; perhaps caused it to be connected in the mind of the well regulated person with the scarlet woman, or with the scarlet women of which the Puritans regarded *her* as the type and exemplar. The well regulated person would have expected an infinite series of Mr. Swinburne's poems and ballads to be published in such a magazine. The fashion extended itself even to woman—to the real woman as well as to her dress. Black hair and a japonica complexion—that is, a skin colorless and opaque—were then regarded as essential to the highest style of womanly beauty; and tawny-haired girls, and girls whose heads were clothed in the glory of that golden red every hair of which color is now worth ten times its weight in gold—mourned over their sad lot, and by the use of leaden combs and oils, even of castor-oil—our gorge rises at the thought of it—sought to sober their bright tresses to a dull and muddy brown. The obstinate few who insisted all the while that of all beautiful hair, beautiful red hair was the most beautiful, were laughed to scorn—the poets and the painters to the contrary notwithstanding. People forgot, or did not know, or, worse yet, stupidly did not care, that the great women who had lured men through the ages had ensnared them in such tresses. People thought of Lucrezia Borgia and Lady Macbeth as big, black-haired creatures with pale faces and flashing eyes, striding about with an air of command; when the fact is that the Borgia was red-haired, and soft, and supple, and alluring, and that all the indications and probabilities are that Lady Macbeth was a woman of the same type—a little, purring creature, eaten up with ambition, like many other little purring creatures. The Lady Macbeths of the middle ages and the Borgias of the *Renaissance*, now-a-days bloom into Becky Sharps. The very conception of Hamlet was wrong in like manner. It was that of a tall, slender, melancholy young man, pale-faced and black-haired. The real Hamlet, according to Shakespeare and

according to probability, was a fair, tawny-haired, blue-eyed, and rather stout-built person. The seeming aversion to color thus manifested itself everywhere, except in nature, where, thank heaven! there are no fashions; and it prevailed to such an extent that city-living people in the civilized world who saw little of nature were in danger of becoming color-blind from the disuse of their eyes in the discrimination of positive hues. The change which has taken place, great although it be, is a healthy one; for it is to the side of nature. The red-haired beauties may rejoice therein exceedingly; for it is only as a part of this change that they have their triumph.

—— Praise is sometimes harder to bear than blame; and applause that comes in the wrong places is more offensive than misplaced disapprobation. British critics have often displayed a petty, invidious, detracting spirit toward American authors and artists, and now, by the attention and the applause they are bestowing upon Artemus Ward, they are giving us reason to doubt whether, after all, commendation that can be had so cheaply is worth having. Artemus Ward's books and his lectures have received more attention from London papers of the first class within the last six months, than they could command in this country from journals of like position if he had kept on speaking his piece and advertising his show here for his lifetime. Charles Reade astonished us all by calling him in "Griffith Gaunt," "Artemus the delicious," thus adding another to the many existing examples of the incapacity of humorists to judge of humor. Artemus Ward has one thin vein of dry whimsicality which occasionally peeps out of the conglomerate rubbish of his lectures and books; but beyond this, what he says and writes is the feeblest, most puerile stuff imaginable; just fit for the humorous papers that are laid in one's lap in a railway car by a passing boy to enliven the journey by their dolefulness. Such humor could be furnished by the ream, on demand, by almost any person capable of writing at all; for it has not the merit of being either new in kind or good of its kind. Take the following very characteristic passages from Artemus' account of himself: "I was born in the State of Maine, of parents. . . . I'm not a member of any meetin'-house, but firmly believe in meetin'-houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudanum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any with a thousand dollars in my vest pocket." Could there be more elaborate attempts to force a feeble joke from reluctant soil? The entire process, the machinery of the whole affair, is visible to the naked eye. And when he goes on to say, "My temperament is bilious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world. I am a early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian," he merely repeats the old joke of connecting by conjunctions and prepositions ideas which have no relations with each other. The cap-sheaf of all the many jests of this kind, is the well-known epitaph upon Lady Looney, who was said in it to have been "bland, passionate and deeply religious;" also, "first cousin to Burke, commonly called the sublime, and of such is the kingdom of heaven." Here there is not only the absurdity of connecting the incongruous, but a very humorous absurdity in the thoughts themselves which are so connected Whereas in Artemus Ward's there is only the very painfully prepared incongruity. The bird must be very hungry for a joke, that is caught with such chaff as this, and when the net is spread so plainly in his sight. And yet upon such stuff as this, disguised in elaborately incorrect spelling, such mere emptyings, is the "new American humorist's" reputation founded. Some of the British critics find not only great amusement, but great national signifi-

cance, in Artemus' use of the figure 4 to express the preposition "for," a trick that seven school boys in ten are up to. What satisfaction have we when the same critics condescend to praise the humor of Lowell?

—— A good word should be said in favor of that much-abused and ill-used individual, the lobster. He is not lovely to the eye; is, in fact, outwardly but a large sort of insect or water beetle. Yet is he delicious within; as delicious as if he were a mermaid or a cherub. Who first summoned courage to eat him was a bolder if not a better man than he who first ate an oyster, and he conferred almost as great a benefit upon his species—that is, the species which eats, not that which is eaten. But yet ungrateful man reviles as he enjoys, and having no bowels of compassion, vituperates whom he devours. The reason for this unhandsome conduct is the supposition that the poor lobster has the impudence to disagree with the savage that eats him. Now this accusation, so commonly brought and so universally believed, has no bottom of facts to rest upon. The lobster eaten by himself, or in a salad, is one of the most amenable of all animals to digestion. In fact he takes kindly to being eaten; is nutritious as well as palatable; and does not remain longer in the stomach than his presence is desired. The fact is that he has suffered in reputation from the gay and not very reputable company in which—he not being in any way consulted upon the subject—he is frequently found. A party of gentlemen eat lobster about midnight, and upon him they pour a fluid which he has no previous acquaintance with, for it is not water, salt or fresh, and for the consequences next morning, they hold responsible, not the real rosy enemy of their rest, but the guiltless lobster. We wish that the author of "The Story of a Stomach," a little pamphlet which has just appeared in the always elegant and excellent typography of the Riverside Press,* had given us his opinion upon the lobster question, and gone otherwise a little more into particulars in setting forth his evidently well-considered views upon the important subject of dietetics. His notions, although not remarkably new, are sensible, and worthy the thoughtful attention of all dyspeptic persons. But they are too vague and general to be of much real service. A classified list of viands, with information as to their respective fitness for weak stomachs and strong, with directions simple and clear as to the way in which they should be cooked and eaten, a sort of dietetic *catalogue raisonné*, would be of as much real service to dyspeptic people as the fat Mr. Banting's pamphlet was to those who are threatened with obesity, and would have as large a sale as that singular pamphlet commanded on both sides of the water. The style of "The Story of a Stomach" is at times too ambitious for its subject, and at times too slangy for any subject. The author, for instance, speaks of "delicious rolls and buckwheats." Now a man who will say, much more write and print, "buckwheats," deserves a fit of indigestion that will make him dream that he has dined off of Johnson's Dictionary two volumes folio, and had Lindley Murray—the book, not the man—for dessert. Such a word should be left in the mouths of those gentlemen who call out in eating houses, "One tapioca both," meaning thereby, it is presumed, or at least presumable, one plate of tapioca pudding with both kinds of sauce, to wit, wine sauce, so-called, and hard sauce. These gentlemen, it would seem must die of indigestion from the enormous number of words they swallow whole daily. But, although they do this and live, so sensible a person as our author ought to eschew not only their words, but their example.

* The Story of a Stomach. An Egotism. By a Reformed Dyspeptic. Fowler & Wells

—— The excellent and faithful recording officer of a public body which shall be nameless, in a city not a thousand miles away, wishing to impress it upon the public that if they would be free from scarlet fever they must be clean, breathe fresh air and avoid contagion, winds up a monthly statistical report with the information that, "The health officer of Liverpool and many other close observers have recently confirmed the value of the suggestion here given. Hygiene requires that her prophylactic guards shall, like the vestal fires, be unceasingly renewed." The reader has already laughed. Probably every educated person who read the report laughed over those vestal fires; and those readers who were not educated wondered what the author meant, and thought that he might as well have said a plain thing in a plain way. And the uneducated readers were right. The officer did not mean to be laughed at, but rather to be admired for having said something fine. But the rule almost without exception is that, when a man has said something which he intends to be fine he has said what is superfluous, and generally what is more or less ridiculous. An illustration is admissible in writing of certain kinds, narrative, essay, poetry and the like, when it really makes the substantial thought clearer or more impressive. In that case it is really an illustration. A brooch may be worn to fasten a gown, a collar or a shawl; but a brooch stuck upon the breast of a man's coat is ridiculous. The brooch may be beautiful in itself or merely useful; and so with the illustration; and the ability of the writer is shown in his making his illustrations both beautiful and useful. But the usefulness is the first, the essential requisite. Now in the case in question the illustration is entirely useless. Read the sentence omitting the vestal fire clause, and it is complete and tells all that the writer had to tell. The vestal virgins with their fires are lugged in by the head and ears. But illustrations of this kind are never more out of place than in public documents, reports, and above all, statistical papers. These should be written in the plainest and simplest way, without ornament of any kind, and in the fewest words that will record the facts or express the thoughts they intended to convey. A tendency to the florid style which has lately manifested itself, makes it worth while to remind public officers that simplicity in this regard is one of the surest evidences of good sense and high culture.

—— The celebration of Forefathers' Day by the New England Society is always a pleasant and an interesting occasion. Of all the anniversaries that are observed, Christmas and Good Friday excepted, there is not one which is connected with more important consequences to the country and the world, or the memory of which binds together in strong and healthy bonds a larger and a more powerful body of men. For the Yankees, let them be loved or hated, are at present the most influential people in the world. They have a greater task upon their hands than any other people; and with the task larger means and more ability for its accomplishment. They are doing at present, have been doing for a generation and more, and must do for a generation at least to come, the most important work of the world, to wit, the shaping of government and society in this country, a matter which concerns not this country only. And who are the Yankees? Mr. George William Curtis undertook to tell us at the celebration aforesaid in one of those after-dinner speeches which he delivers so gracefully as to make even an after-dinner speech delightful. Far from shirking or denying the accusation brought against the Yankees by their enemies, he seized it boldly and dexterously, and endeavored to turn it against the accusers. In the language of the law-

yers, he confessed and avoided. We wish that we could approve his plea as much as we admire his tactics. His reply to those who concentrate all their dislike of Yankee thought and Yankee ways into the accusation that Yankees are Puritans and fanatics was epitomized in this brief passage of his speech. "The work of the world is done by just this Puritan or fanatical spirit. For fanaticism is simply unswerving devotion to a purpose." And then, as examples of the working of fanaticism, he brought up Columbus, Luther, Sheridan at the battle of Winchester, Farragut at Mobile Bay, and Mr. Cyrus Field in the laying of the ocean telegraph. It is generally not fair to scan an after-dinner speech too closely; but Mr. Curtis repeated this idea with such emphasis, and enforced it with such evident purpose as well as with such skill, that it plainly was no casual out-dropping of after-dinner oratory. And besides, no one knows better than he does the value and significance of words. And yet, we heartily wish for his credit as a man of letters and as a publicist that we could believe he did not mean what he said. For fanaticism is *not* simply unswerving devotion to a purpose. They who bring it as an accusation do not use it with that meaning; no man of sense, and candor, and a knowledge of the English language, except Mr. Curtis, ever used it with that meaning. We refuse to believe that he himself so used it seriously. What he said was, we take it, rather the outcome of a mood of mingled audacity and humor, in which he chose to make merry with his companions at the board. For otherwise we should be obliged to believe that with a sophistry which displays the cuteness but not the candor of his nature, he dexterously substituted the meaning of earnestness for that of fanaticism. Now the glory of the Puritan forefathers is their earnestness; their fanaticism is their reproach. A fanatic is one who raves with wild, irrational enthusiasm. The word was applied at first to those who thus raved about religion; but has come at last to be applied to those who are wild and irrational on any subject Its root is *fanum*, a temple, and it came into use from the divine fury simulated by priests when they professed to deliver oracles. But an earnest man is one who eagerly, seriously, and steadfastly pursues and strives after any object. The root of "earnest" is "yearn," a pure Anglo-Saxon word, expressing in one strong syllable a strong and simple emotion of the human heart. Now, the Yankee character is eager, serious and steadfast, and is not wild and irrational. In brief, it is not fanatical, and it is earnest. The Yankees have retained that which was the glory and purged themselves of that which was the reproach of their forefathers. As to Mr. Curtis' examples, from Columbus to Field, what did they but earnestly, that is, eagerly, seriously and steadfastly pursue the object they had at heart? The fanatics for religion opposed Columbus, opposed Luther; the fanatics for slavery opposed Sheridan. Roger Williams, whom Mr. Curtis calls in happy phrase "the soundest and sweetest fruit of Puritanism," and who was roughly shaken from the rugged old tree because he believed in religious liberty, was simply the man in whom this casting off of fanaticism and cleaving to earnestness was first notably manifested; and the Yankee is in no sense the Puritan of the nineteenth century, except it is because he does what that excellent Puritan did, and is earnest but not fanatical in the cause of liberty, whether religious or political. But in Abraham Lincoln Mr. Curtis found the "ideal Yankee," although he was born in Kentucky and had seen New England but twice. For, as the orator well said, "the word Yankee is as broad as the country, and when the quality of

tendency is to be tested the Yankee might be found in or out of New England. We are inclined to the opinion that Mr. Curtis is right here, perhaps more nearly right than he suspected, or at least for other reasons than he had in mind, when he spoke. For the pivots of Mr. Lincoln's soul were earnestness and devotion to duty, the two poles of the best type of Yankee character. Mr. Lincoln's sworn duty was to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and so to preserve the Union, without which there could be no such constitution. This he constantly felt to be the highest duty of a President of the United States—felt it equally when he said before the war that he thought the Slave States were entitled to a Fugitive Slave Law—when he said in the midst of the war that he should save the Union with slavery if he could, without slavery if he could, but in any case, save the Union—and when he said near the close of the war that he would receive any commissioner from any quarter who was authorized to treat for a laying down of Rebel arms and a recognition of the cessation of slavery—earnestly desiring at first that slavery might cease, believing that it could not endure, and rejoicing at last when he supposed that it had come to an end. Rejoicing no less than Mr. Curtis and no more than Mr. Curtis' present critic; but believing that the first and vital need of the country is the preservation, not of this, that or the other provision of the Constitution, but of Constitutional Government now and hereafter; without which union and liberty would both be crushed by usurpation. Mr. Curtis did not do well in confessing fanaticism as the Yankee faith and rule of action; but he redeemed his error by setting up as the ideal Yankee a man so free from fanaticism, but so earnest, so bound up in the simple discharge of duty, as Abraham Lincoln.

—— Fenelon said that he loved his family better than himself, his country better than his family, and mankind better than his country, because he was more a Frenchman than Fenelon, and more a man than a Frenchman. This is just such a fine speech, just such an elegant sentiment, as might be expected from the lips of the author of "Telemachus," a book which is well stored with fine phrases, formal morality, and admirable rules of life; full, indeed, of all sorts of high-sounding speech, and of almost everything beautiful that could be put into words, except that which was most to the writer's purpose—a practical knowledge of human nature. The truth is that the working of love in man is just the reverse of that which Fenelon represents as its action in his own breast. A man loves, and must love, his family better than the families of other men, and men of his own race and country better than those of other races and countries; otherwise families and nations would go to ruin from the mere lack of some one to look after their special interests. Nature has implanted this instinct of love for what is our own as the best, in fact the only means of preserving families, races and nations. If Fenelon really meant what he said, he would have preferred the interests of six Chinese children, or six negro children, to that of his own child. But we know very well that he would have done no such thing, and that he did not really mean what he said. However he might have sacrificed himself and his own interests to barbarians whom he had never seen, he would not have so sacrificed his family or his country. True self-sacrificing love begins with those who have the nearest and strongest claims upon us. This love is the germ of real philanthropy—of all philanthropy which is not either a weak, vague sentiment, or a wild monomania. Man's duty to his race, like all other duties, is to do that which is here, before him—which calls upon him now, to-day. An instinctive conscious-

ness of this truth has found its expression in the adage that charity begins at home; which, indeed, like many other truths, is perverted by selfish men to selfish purposes. But real charity which begins at home never stays there.

—— Hoops are becoming manifestly smaller. A woman can now pass through a door of ordinary size without crushing her gown against both the sides. She can even enter an omnibus without sticking fast upon the upper step until by the benevolent, but not always entirely disinterested, exertions of the gentlemen nearest the door, she is compressed into passable dimensions and dragged and squeezed into her seat. Indeed, ladies begin to complain that the wire cages now prescribed by fashion for their habitation from the waist downward, are too small for comfortable locomotion; and that, whereas, formerly their hoops were man-traps, now they are snares for the feet of the wearers, who are in constant peril as they walk of being thrown forward headlong. It is safe, however, to rest secure in the belief that the number of accidents of this kind will be very small. There is a wonderful degree of adaptability in woman; and it is manifested in nothing more than in her power of suiting her habits, and, indeed, it would seem of conforming her very figure, to the behests of fashion. Were it not so, what matter? What is the chance of a broken nose or a broken arm to the dreadful consciousness of not being in the fashion! Better die than not be dressed like other women! But in spite of the reduction in its size, the hoop continues to tilt in the most charming manner. Long may it wave! The fashion has, it is true, a tendency to make female underpinning rather elaborate and expensive; but that is an error on the right side. Fresh, dainty under-skirts and neat, well-fitting stockings are surer signs than rich outer clothing of real refinement, and of that coquetry which no man likes to see his sweetheart or his wife without. As to the question of propriety in connection with the hoop—well, that is a matter for individual consideration. If a woman has very ugly ankles, indeed—but how few there are who are so unfortunate!—it may be safely admitted that for her to run the risk of showing them would be very improper. But if not, not. Are we threatened with the displeasure of our grandmothers? If those excellent and formidably virtuous ladies were to rise before us in the gowns in which they were married and went to parties, we should see them hoopless, indeed, but in gowns which stopped some inches above the ankle, and so straitened in size and so light in material that no lovely outline was lost between the ankle and the waist. Yet more than this, before going to parties they slightly dampened these skirts that they might cling the closer to the forms which they covered, but did not conceal. Our great-grandmothers and their mothers did wear hoops; and, as in their days, a young woman never did such an improper thing as to love a man before she married him, vouchsafing him nothing warmer than "esteem," and requiring him to languish for her a year or two before she "rewarded" him with her hand, it may be supposed that the hoops they wore were of a kind that never tilted. To be sure, there are the lines:

> **And from the hoops enchanting round,**
> **Her very shoe hath power to wound.**

But then all women must wear shoes, and it is very pleasant to know what a fatal as well as useful article of the female panoply the shoe was a hundred years ago. Did not Suckling write:

> **Her feet beneath her petticoat**
> **Like little mice stole in and out?**

A couplet, by the way, which Jean Ingelow has improved upon in her charming lines about the milk-maid:

> **Against her ankles as she trod**
> **The happy buttercups did nod.**

She puts this pretty speech into the mouth of the girl's lover; and how that word "happy" tells us of his enamored longings, and how much finer the thought that the buttercups nodded against and kissed the pretty ankles than Suckling's, that his girl's feet were like playful mice! But our first quoted poet used "shoe," it is to be feared, with as large a margin of significance as "ankle" has now-a-days. The play-writers and the essayists of the last century, from Addison to Johnson, filled as their writings are with allusions to social .topics of their day, give ample evidence that the hoops of the eighteenth century were no more open to the charge of a niggardly concealment of beauty than those of the nineteenth. Within certain limits, modesty in dress and manners is mere matter of custom. Some of the most immodest and unchaste women that have ever lived, habitually wore dresses that covered them from their ears to their heels; while others, pure in thought and irreproachable in conduct, have been visible from just below the calf downward, and from the waist upward. The Eastern woman is as honest in her belief that it is immodest to show her face to any man to whom she can be married, the squaw that it is immodest to turn her toes out when she walks, as any well-bred English or Yankee girl in her opinion that it would be not exactly correct to go about in her night-gown, although it covers her from her throat to her ankles. The instincts of a modest woman may be trusted to guide her decision as to how far she may innocently follow fashion in the revelation of any beauty; and if those instincts do not guide her aright, nothing else will.

J. P. Davis & Speer, Engravers & Printers.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE GALAXY.

FEBRUARY 1, 1867.

TRISTAN.

A Story, in Three Parts.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

Part III.

—— Miratur Erichtho
Has fatis licuisse moras, irataque . . . .
Verberat immotum vivo serpente . . . . .
. . . . . "Iam vos ego nomine vero
Eliciam, . . .
. . . per busta sequar, per funera custos:
Expellam tumulis, abigam vos omnibus urnis."
—Ah miser! extremum cui mortis munus inique
Eripitur, non posse mori!—*M. A. Lucani Phars.* vi. 724—735.

AND yet, the man did right to kill her! For, being his, he could do nothing else with her. It was a thing of necessity with him, not of choice. This I write, not in any spirit of captious hyperbole, nor with any eye to paradox, but plainly, calmly, and intending the words to be accepted in their full force and meaning. Emergencies occur to all of us under some circumstances, and to many of us under all circumstances, in which we are permitted a choice of evils in extricating ourselves. But again, there are some men who, in certain situations, can have but one visible, one possible course to pursue. They have no power to open a new way for themselves. The one narrow path is just before them, and they must follow that alone, no matter into what Cocytus it may debouch.

Take an instance from history—or pseudo-history, according to Niebuhr (whom *credat Judæus;*)—the story of the Roman Virginius and his daughter. View it from the woman's stand-point, letting the girl decide the matter, and you see immediately that she had the choice of two evils: either to die, or to live a slave and a concubine. And Roman virtue must have flowed very strongly in her veins indeed, if, of her own free will, she had preferred the sharp knife and the cold grave, to Appius Claudius and the torch-lighted

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thalamus. But, for the stern parent there was no such election. She was his child, and it was his duty, absolute and imperative, to destroy her, in order to protect himself from eternal disgrace and to save her from eternal pollution. There was no other possible alternative for him to adopt. Every consideration, however anguishing, must give place to this dire necessity.

And for Tristan I claim the existence of a necessity, of a different kind, certainly, but equally imperative with that which has immortalized the Roman. And I glory in my friend, that, able to recognize his need, he was also able to put it in execution. Without further preface, or more enlarged comment, I shall set the facts before the reader.

Some two years ago, on a day in early Summer, I received a visit from a gentleman who announced himself as Lieutenant P., of Walker's Nicaraguan army. He seemed quite anxious to satisfy himself that I was the person he wished to see, and, having finally accomplished this, inquired whether I had ever known one Louis Trist, who had fought and been killed in Nicaragua. I told him I did not remember ever having met a person of that name, whereupon he rejoined that he thought it must have been a *sobriquet*, as the man had unquestionably known me. Thus saying, he handed me a large envelope, much soiled and worn, and stained with blood in several places, asking me if I could identify the handwriting of the superscription. It was directed to me, and was from Tristan Marc. Satisfying the lieutenant that the package had reached its proper destination, I heard with much interest his meagre but graphic account of my friend. He had been killed in one of the battles around Grenada, and had the package about his person at the time of receiving the fatal shot. "Part of the blood there is poor Trist's," said the lieutenant, and, smiling, "I suspect a good deal of it is mine, for I got myself winged in the same fight. You ought to have had the papers long ago, but I did not wish to trust 'em by mail, for I wanted to be certain about it, as Trist was so particular; and it's rather a long step to this place, you know, from Grenada via California, Sandwich Islands, the China Seas and Liver pool, more especially when one has to try to earn his passage money before starting, and work his way after all. I was near Trist when he was shot, and held him till he died, which wasn't long—the ball went just below his heart—and it was then he made out to tell me about you, and asked it as a dying favor that I would see to it that you received the package safely. He said you were his only friend, and that you had something terrible against him, which these papers would explain and clear up, which was the only thing he wanted in this world.

"We were all sorry for Trist, for he was a good fellow, but none of us looked upon his dying as a particular hard case, seeing it

struck us as being the best thing for him, and about the only thing he wanted much. The wonder is he didn't blow out his own brains. Did you know him very well, sir? He was a queer fellow, wasn't he? There were times when I was half persuaded he was crazy, but then again I thought it must be all owing to his having been very badly treated by somebody, or else to his having done something dreadful that he couldn't forget or get over. But he was a very harmless man, except in a fight, and then he went in like ten devils—but that was only to get killed quicker, I guess. He never could have been bloodthirsty. What was it made him such a strange man—trouble, or something he'd done?"

"He had a black crime at his door, sir," answered I, "but I think also that he must have been greatly abused. I never had reason to suspect him of any vicious qualities, though I knew him intimately."

"You may be sure of that, Mr. ——," affirmed the lieutenant, with great earnestness. "Trist was not the man to do wrong without somebody drove him into it. I'm pretty much of a rough myself, and have been beating about the world, taking and giving hard knocks for a good while, and that helps me to know a man when I see him; and you may take my word for it, poor Trist never did anything wrong, even if it was murder itself, without first taking more provocation than any other dozen men you could pick out. He was no coward, neither, only he had a way of drawing it mild on all occasions."

"Murder was just his crime, Mr. P."

"*Caramba! Valgame Dios!* It makes no difference, though; my word for it, there's the why and wherefore set down in those papers—which, by the way, I see you want to read, so I'll *vamose;* hoping, sir, that if there's any need of it, you'll not be backward in saying the good word for poor Trist, in the proper straight-up-and-down way. Good-by."

I am afraid I did not extend to Lieutenant P. all the courtesy he deserved at my hands for having so faithfully executed his trust, and that, too, very likely at the cost of considerable inconvenience to himself. If he should read this, I pray him to pardon me, for I could not help it. The sight of Tristan's handwriting, conveying a message to me, as it were, from beyond the tomb, was at once so unexpected, and withal so poignantly suggestive of old associations and experiences, that I felt myself completely overcome; and, even after the lieutenant had left me, I sat motionless for many minutes, my thoughts crowded with a thousand images which I had deemed banished forever.

At last, I tore open the envelope, and Tristan's case was pleaded before me. Judge thou, also, oh, my reader.

There were several papers, in different handwritings, and I here reproduce them in their legitimate order of succession.

First, A duly recorded bill of sale:

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, John Hart, of the State of Louisiana, trader, for and in consideration of the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500) to me in hand paid by Charles W. Marc, of the State of Mississippi, at or before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have bargained, sold, and delivered, and by these presents do bargain, sell, and deliver unto the said Charles W. Marc, quadroon woman Ethel Scuderi, or so calling herself, by me purchased of the estate of the late William C. Vert, said Ethel being about eighteen years old, very bright in color, with straight hair and brown eyes, five feet three inches and a half high, well educated, and warranted in good and healthy condition. To have and to hold said woman Ethel and her issue male and female, unto the said Charles W. Marc, his executors, administrators, and assigns, to his and their proper use and benefit, for ever. And I, the said John Hart, my heirs, executors, and administrators, the said bargained premises unto the said Charles W. Marc, his executors, administrators, and assigns, from and against all person and persons whomsoever shall and will warrant, and forever defend, by these presents. In witness whereof, &c.

Second, A leaf from the baptismal record of a Bible, upon which was written, in Mr. Marc's bold hand, the following:

September 19, 183—. On this day was born Tristan, son of Ethel Scuderi, and (I do not hesitate in acknowledging it) of myself, Charles Worthington Marc. I solemnly enjoin my heirs, whomsoever they may be, to respect and provide for this boy, as my son.

Third, A yellow, tear-blotted page, apparently cut from a private journal, in which, under a date less than two years subsequent to the above, Mr. Marc deplores the death of his "dear Ethel, the only woman I ever truly loved, or ever shall love." The record is full of a wild, passionate despair, such as one would have fancied far transcended the sedate planter's capacity. His whole life was blighted now. He had trained her into a knowledge of his ways, had turned the full currents of her rich fountains of love and passion in toward himself, and all for what—"that the simoom blast of death should again convert into a desert all my rich Nile lands, from which I had promised myself such prolific and perennial harvests!" He concludes by registering a vow to bring up their son Tristan as his own recognized child and heir, securing for him, as far as possible, the immunities of a white boy.

Fourth, Apparently in accordance with this intention, the next paper, of a date immediately after that of the preceding one, contains the manumission of "boy Tristan," with a memorandum on the back, of the deed having been duly recorded in Liber——, and that an authenticated copy (in case of trouble), is deposited for safe-keeping in the hands of —— ——, Esq., lawyer in Vicksburg. Folded within this paper was a folio leaf, containing (copied in Mrs. Marc's hand) the record of several manumission papers, among others that of Tristan. "This," she had written on the margin, "is the copy of a leaf which I have in my possession, and which I

caused to be cut out of a county record book. It cost me a thousand dollars."

Fifth, A paper, endorsed (in Mrs. Marc's hand) as "containing so much of Charles W. Marc's will as relates to you. Copy."

According to this memorandum, Tristan was to inherit all of his father's property, subject only to Mrs. Marc's life estate in the upper plantation, which he is advised to compound for with her. Proceeds of sale of personal property (if sold) to be equally divided between them. He is also recommended to sell his property and remove from the State for fear of difficulties. Further, in case of trouble of any kind, affecting either his property or his person, he is referred to a key, to be found in a certain drawer, which key he is to wear about him after his father's death, and on presenting which to the above-named lawyer in Vicksburg, he will be allowed access to papers capable of explaining away all difficulties and of guiding him for the future. "These papers are now in my possession," wrote Mrs. Marc, "and the will, though duly signed and witnessed, was to be opened by you first and only, in presence of a lawyer."

Sixth. This paper was a commentary by Mrs. Marc upon the foregoing documents, and explanatory in clear terms of her conduct and motives throughout. As such, I present it entire:

TRISTAN! I enclose in this letter a long-contemplated bridal present for you. You have ever dreaded me and my power over you; your friend rightly hinted that your fears were spiritual monitions; but, I doubt if all your dread, all your shudders, all your morbid terrors ever compassed the likelihood or even the possibility of such a consummation as this. Of course, you can measure my hatred in the light of these facts, and I will presently afford you the poor satisfaction of knowing why I hate you. Let me tell you candidly, there is no escape for you. This thing has been carefully matured, and I have spent not a little money in perfecting it to my wish. Your father's lawyers have been bribed, and the criminal acts I have paid them to commit make them very securely mine. The will is not known to exist, I have the manumission papers in my possession, and (as you see) the records have been mutilated. I can substantiate the bill of sale beyond a doubt, and Ambroise, if called on, will prove that you are the issue of the quadroon slave, Ethel. So, you see, you are irrevocably in my power, in the power of the woman who has hated you with an ever-increasing hatred, for twenty years. Think of it, Tristan! You, the delicately reared, the tender, the indolent, the dreamer, you are my slave! I can send you into the cotton-field to-morrow, if the fancy suits me. If you are refractory, I can have you fettered in the barracoon, or made to taste the cowhide—and I fancy Black Jake would lay it on soundly, for he has not forgotten how you rode over him when you were a boy. It is useless, worse than useless for you to rebel.

But, do not fear the cotton-field, nor the lash. I have learned, from the plenitude of my own experience, that spiritual torture far transcends any physical inflictions, and I hate you so calmly that I have been able to prepare the most exquisite of all possible racks. It was in furtherance of this object that I encouraged your love for Cecilia, and you must confess that I have been most successful in it. You do love her, do you not? You have wrapt your whole life about her, and made her part of your being, I think I have heard you say?

There was a time, when I was young in hatred, and had not gone into a psychological investigation of its elementary properties, and, then, my simplicity taught me no better way of manifesting it than by killing you, a thing I would have done long ago, but for fear of your father, and still more, for fear of losing his love. (I am writing very calmly now, not because I feel calm, understand me—for I am exulting, as I picture you to myself reading this—but because I want you to know fully the length and breadth of things, and what a grand, comprehensive plan is this of mine.) So, as the poet says, "I grew wiser in Love and Hate," when I found that I would have to put off, and wait for, my revenge. Not entirely, however, for before you had outgrown short clothes I had begun to exert the fascination over you which has kept you so miserable, and made you a man with two shadows in the days when all should have been sunshine for you. That was the daily physic, my Tristan; but, in this present communication, I have truly put in operation the oiled and burning Moxa. The odor of your crisp and shrivelling flesh is as sweet incense to my nostrils. It was a novel idea, this of mine, of making love minister to hate, was it not? So I sent for Cecilia, and made her love you, and made you love her, giving you one bright glimpse of the sunshine, that you might be the better able to appreciate the darkness of midnight. All these things were intended purely and simply to prepare you for the reception of what you have learned this night, and for the proper encountering of to-morrow's events. Think how I have loved you! Think at what expense of invention, concealment and deceit I have been to make the shock more exquisitely sudden! Think how completely I have flayed you, gradually removing the epidermis as if by friction of pumice-stone, and carefully laying bare the delicate fibrine extremity of every nerve. Think of how I have been boiling for you this caldron of oil, boiling it slowly over the heat of a Nebuchadnezzar's furnace; and then, think how, to-morrow, with a caress, and a "my dear son," I will smilingly thrust you into the midst of it all! This, now, is what I style a reasonable hatred.

My dear Tristan, contemplate for a moment what a galaxy of most unexampled joys awaits you to-morrow. Just when the hour for your marriage approaches—for I am romantic enough to delight in the effect of remarkable coincidences—just at that bright and blushing moment, I have arranged to bring about the grand *eclaircissement*. What a splendid scene it promises! Your classical reading will enable you to recall that grand picture by Sophocles, of how Œdipus, king, father, husband, rich, powerful, happy, through the simple "enter shepherd," becomes at once outcast, parricide, incestuous dog, *miserrimus*. But, in *my* drama, there will be refinements such as transcend even the superb invention of that acute old Greek. Œdipus, blind and wretched though he was, had yet an Antigone left him, Tristan. What will the fair bride of to-morrow say, when she learns that her chosen one is a bastard and a negro? Even had not the days of Desdemona gone by, there is a considerable difference between a grand and honorable Othello, general and governor, and a cringing *carnifex* of a nameless slave. She will shed a tear, faint, probably, and—"there's an end on't." Some day, maybe, she will be paying me a visit, in company with her white husband, when you are my first waiter, and how pleasant it will be to you, dancing at her elbow with obsequious "yes ma'ams," and "sarvant, ma'ams," to reflect how you loved her once, and how near you were to making her your wife! To-morrow, too, will greatly enlarge and modify your views of the value of friendship, if I am not mistaken. You will find more repulsive influences to exist in color than are claimed for the reversed magnet. Those who now pat you on your back, and pet you, will shrink from you as if you were plague-stricken, or spurn you from them like a masterless cur. And, when you have drunken of all this bitterness, remember that *I* did it—*I alone!* Not because I

hated you, but because through you, I am able to punish your mother; aye, even if she be in heaven, this shall reach her and give her pain! It is written, the sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children. She died happy; I have lived miserable; and, to prevent God's behest from falling to the ground unverified, I have, as you see, carried it out myself. Could Mephistophiles, with all his "walking to and fro and up and down the earth," have possibly done the thing in better style? I doubt it much.

But, because I have made you the scapegoat for your mother, and because you have been the victim by default, I owe you my own confession. In telling you my story, I shall not conceal from you that I am very miserable—not less so perhaps than you—and it is only the anticipation of revenge that has been able to keep me from dying, as it will be the satisfaction of that revenge which will drive me crazy. After to-morrow's crisis the motive of my life will have been taken away, and my brain will very probably yield to the stress. I feel this, but I do not regret nor deplore it. Like Samson, I am willing to be crushed in the fall of the pile that is to annihilate my enemies. Take this unction to your soul, and flatter yourself with it. Those who hate well, love well. These passions are but obverse and reverse of the same medal. Out of the greatness of my love I learned how to hate, and you, who know how deep the one is, can best measure the profoundness of the other.

I first met your father when I was a girl, just home from school, warm-hearted, generous, loving. He was at college then, and the favorite of his class. Handsome, wild, intelligent, liberal, he was just the man to captivate a young fancy. We met. I was not without my attractions, a mutual attachment sprung up, and we had not known each other long before we found means to interchange our secret, and drink of that sweet cup called love. We were engaged to be married. Oh, how I loved him! With what a high, unquestioning, ennobling love, too! It was a love that rounded my woman-nature and gave me a purpose in life. I was to be his wife, and I must prepare myself to deserve Charles. How I schooled myself—how I studied—how I practised myself in all the accomplishments—how I pruned away my faults and foibles, and made myself pure and perfect—all for his sake! Well, he graduated, and went home—to study law, build him a house, and make preparations for our marriage. I, too, prepared myself for that culminating event—schooled myself. He was so grand a man, I thought, that he could not deserve too much of me. Time rolled on—a long time, I now and then thought; but not a weary one, for the longer he staid away, the more perfect he would find me; and—I was not suspicious then. Oh no; I did not know what it was to couple doubt and jealousy with love then. His letters would have left no room for that, even had it been otherwise possible. You have no idea what a fine letter your father could write, Tristan. And poetry, too. How I used to treasure his verses, keep them sacred from every eye, pore over them, believe in them! 'Tis wonderful—wonderful both how blind I was then, and—how sceptical I am now. Do you ever write poetry for Cecilia?

Finally, however, and mark you, unsolicited of me, he came; we were married, and then the golden days were to begin. On my part, so; he, perhaps, did not drink at the same well, but I was satisfied. I did not believe in the love that exacts perpetual contact of the bared flesh, and—I fancied his views were mine. There was so much joy in kisses of the lips, that I did not dream souls also could kiss, and eyes, and hearts, and—he did not relieve my ignorance. So all went very well, until I went home with him, and saw you. See, it was *you* first came between me and happiness. Remember that, Tristan; *I* have remembered it. He said you were an orphan, adopted by him. But he loved you enough to make me jealous. Thence arose suspicion, confirmed in a measure by various inadvertencies on his part. I asked him for an explanation. He refused. I

taunted him, and, in an evil hour, he told me all, that you were the child of the only woman he ever loved. Very well. I did not, would not, believe the thing in all its glaring enormity. I searched, pried, watched, questioned, until I had the impartial truth of it all before me. Was I not wronged? Was ever woman more wronged? I had done so much for his sake, and his love's sake; I had kept myself and my thoughts so pure; I had built up so many vast realms of hope—and all for this. How dared he, fresh from contact with a wench, fresh from her hot kisses and meretricious fondlings, how dared he ask me to become the wife of his prostituted bosom? God! Pride less by far than mine would have cried out in eternal, unrelenting protest at such black injustice! But I—I did not do so much. Knowing all these things, I did not leave him, for—for—I loved him more than I loved my own self-respect. I loved him for what he was to me, I hated him for what he had been to her, and I made him feel both the love and the hate in their fullest measure. But, if I could not leave him, I could be revenged, and that has been my study. You see? I did not dare strike him, but I could strike over his shoulder at those behind him. So I nursed my plans and reared them.

But to you personally I also owe a debt, and it is the fact of this debt which has, when I would waver, strengthened and confirmed me in my present action. I *have* wavered, at times, Tristan, for I am human. The debt is this: On account of you, your father died. It was wrath against me for favoring your amour with Cecilia, which he found out inopportunely, and about which I taunted him, that brought on the last fatal seizure. So you, who first came between me and love, finally parted us forever. And my love for him compared with yours for Cecilia as the universe to a grain of sand.

Think not I shall ever repent this, Tristan. It is something I shall often smile over. Seldom do men attain to such complete, final and rounded revenge. Seldom are they so well prepared to enjoy such, as I am. I could wish my victim to have been nobler, braver, more erect; but—we look less to the victim than to the sacrifice. Good-by.

Certainly, this woman was, in purpose, the modern Crimhilde. And, after all, she failed; that which she dreaded from the accomplishment of her purpose coming to her with ten-fold violence in its failure—and I am sure Mrs. Marc, if she ever contemplated being insane, pictured herself the raving, terrible maniac, the dread Sybil in her cave, Norma defying the blasts—alas for her, she did not think of the smiling, insane, drivelling idiot. And this is man's security, who fleeth to the mountains to escape the pestilence, and is poisoned to death by the bite of some microscopic parasite. Is it not simply one way God has of arresting us in our headlong Jonah-flights?

Well, reader, there was also a letter from Tristan in the package. To me—for me alone—and mine alone it must remain. I cannot venture to give it here. The sorrow of it is too sacred. His motive? The poet has written it out in full:

> ——Could I lie at rest,
> With rude speech spoken to her, ruder deeds
> Done to her—heartless men to have my heart,
> And I tied down with grave-clothes and the worm,
> Aware, perhaps, of every blow—O God!—
> Upon those lips—yet of no power to tear
> The felon stripe by stripe?

Could nothing else be done? Consider a while, reader, whether this man, resourceless as he was, did not do the very best that was to be done, even putting the matter down to the lowest level, that of expediency, above which his motive soared high and far enough, indeed. It was in Mississippi this happened, mind you, not in Boston. Suicide? But what was to become of Ceci? Even if she lived, the memory of him and the knowledge of what he was, would prove cancers to her spirit. And he knew that it would happen to her, what the poet says there above, and, therefore, that it was his duty to save her from these things. Kill Mrs. Marc, and destroy all evidence of his birth? Some would have done that, but, for him, it was impossible. He had not time to do it rightly; it would not have secured his purpose, since the secret was in the hands of too many, might have been in the hands of some present at that wedding, who only watched for her signal to step forward, like apparitors of the Holy Office, for what I know. At least, that was the woman's way of doing things. And then, what would be the consequence to him if Ceci and I should know him for a murderer? Did he dare, indeed, to approach her with murdered blood on his hands, and she so pure? I doubt it much. Flight, then? That avenue, too, was very closely barred. No. Knowing all that he knew, situated as he was, marrying her—I dare assert it—for her own sake, solely, he sent her on before him, because there was no other resource open to him, and compatible at once with his position, his nature, his honor, and his love!

And yet, impracticable as it was, and proved, he did attempt to fly with her, risking all for her sake, even risking that she should loathe him—for that also was possible, reader. Not at first, however. It is due to him to state that his cool reason recognized the impossibility of any other course than that he finally pursued. What he did, I can show in a few brief sentences. Knowing all, he says, he became calm as ice, and firm as steel. Instantaneously he resolved upon his entire course of action, and upon what to do to bring it successfully through. Ambroise was there, and it gave him but little trouble, with the influence and prerogative of his newly-acquired power, to frighten, to conquer, to employ this man. He learned from him all he knew, and then paid him to become his own agent in the matter of providing for his flight. Double relays of horses were to be stationed at proper points and distances, so as to make his escape sure, and Ambroise, to avoid the penalty of helping a fugitive slave to get off, was to accompany him from the neighborhood. But, though he knew it must be done, though in the calm despairing moments of his reason, when his thoughts, purged of life and passion, were tense and firm as steel, clear and diaphanous as crystal, and far-reaching as a ray of light, he was able positively to recognize, and measure, and obey his necessity, yet, there came a

moment when all these things were banished, and only one wild dream possessed him. After taking leave of me that night, with his firm hand upon the dagger, he had gone to his chamber, to the bridal chamber, informed with a purpose as high as the purpose of Abraham on Mount Zion, and as cold, as pale, as passionless, but as firm in that purpose as was the Judge of Israel, Jephthah the Gilçadite. But in his bridal chamber Ceci received him, all her beauty abloom, her voice murmuring his name, her eyes soft, her lips dewy with love and kisses for him. As her arm went about his neck, and her cheek touched his, nothing was impossible any longer. In hurried, mad accents, he told her they must flee, without daring to say why. Another time—when his love would be indispensable to her—he could do that. Or, perhaps, flight achieved, other climes reached, there would be no necessity for her to know anything. They might reach some lotos-isle, and sit, and dream, and love, and rest, and forget, the livelong day, the livelong night. Come, then, away! She did not question, nor demur, nor hesitate—what he said was right—was her law—was her pleasure. So, they fled, all trembling now, and eager, for he was calm no more. The rendezvous was reached, and Ambroise was there with the horses. But, pointing to Ceci, he demurred. That was not what he bargained for, and he would not consent. It was running too much risk, and then, how was he to escape? He would not risk his neck for no consideration. There was no need of it. A place could be appointed, and madam could join him there, without any trouble or any danger. Tristan, while Ceci trembled at his side, begged, prayed, entreated, all in vain. At last, he grew angry, and Ambroise became insolent. He was not certain that madam would be quite so anxious to go anyhow, if she knew all. Had M. Tristan explained to madam his circumstances, who and what he was? Be that how it was, he was not going to put his neck in peril for any man, much less for an ungrateful, base-born negro! Scarce were the words uttered, when Tristan struck, and he fell. But it was too late. Ceci had heard, and was lying upon the ground by his side, in a deep swoon. Ordinary restoratives failed to bring her to, time was precious, already the morning light appeared, and so, with inexpressible bitterness at his heart, he bore her back to the room. Now, he would restore her—he would tell her all, and, if she said so, it was not too late to get away—to make a struggle, at any rate. I was on his side, would help them, and—a desperate man has many resources. But, as the blood fluttered again in her pulse, as, bending over her, he watched in her face the returning signs of life, the flush, the quivering eyelid, the long, deep-drawn sigh, she opened her eyes upon him, started, half gave utterance to a cry, and swooned again! "Then, indeed, Ned," said he, "the possible meaning of it flashed upon me, all my purposes, drowned by her presence and her smiles,

were dragged into day, and I was calm again." Marble-calm, indeed, he must have been, to recognize his necessity and to accomplish it! He placed her upon the bridal bed, smoothed her limbs, and then, thanking God for her closed eyes, he did the deed, and saw her die. It was after it was all over and she was quite dead, that, in the mad revulsion of his feelings, he rushed to Mrs. Marc's room, dragged her, bound and gagged as she was, from her bed, bore her in his arms to the ghastly presence of his bride, made her look, made her stand while he dabbled his fingers in the blood and wrote those five words upon the wall, and then, securing the necklace with the same red fingers, took her back, and left it with her by way of reminder. No wonder she babbled about the "nice red hand." This done, he was entirely calm again—purified his person—destroyed his mother's papers—gave the servants their orders, and calmly proceeded to fly. "It would have been sacrilege for me to have died then, dear Ned, where she lay dead in all her purity and love;" wrote he. And that he was able, before he departed, to go in to her and kiss her cold lips and brow, as he avers he did, proves to me that he knew he had done no murder.

Her "purity and love"—yes, he had the consolation to know that in the last moments, she retained these. I will transcribe a single sentence from his letter, to show that she—though all unknowing his dark sorrow—for Ambroise's one word could have given her no slightest glimpse of that—yet believed that he killed her lovingly.

"And when it was done, Ned, and my hands began to grow red, she opened her eyes once more, for the last time, opened them wide, thank God, and looked down into my soul. So I said, 'It is for your good, my love.' Then she whispered, 'I know it—kiss me.' And when I had kissed her, she folded her hands, closed her eyes, smiled, and so smiling, died.

"After that I was not afraid."

GEORGE SAND AND HER WORKS.

GEORGE SAND is the literary *nom de plume* of Baroness Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, born in Paris, 1804, descended from Marshal Saxe, the natural son of the King of Poland and the renowned beauty, Aurora von Konigsmarke; famous for his warlike skill, bravery and licentiousness. Her maternal grandfather was a bird-tamer; thus, she has on one side the blood of kings, on the other the blood of the people. She has written the story of her life in ten matchless volumes, called "Histoire de ma Vie," which is also the history of her moral and mental development, but is largely devoted to the story of her father's life—a charming romance—and of her intercourse with her most celebrated and intimate contemporaries.

George Sand has always been nobly companioned. The first men of the time, De Lamennais, Pierre Leroux, Michel the advocate, Musset, Chopin, Liszt, Delacroix, Béranger, Sainte Beuve, Neraud, Rollinet, Gustave Planche, and Mazzini, were either friends, associates or lovers of George Sand. Everything connected with her, every circumstance which came to form her, was remarkable, and antedated books equally extraordinary.

Some years ago George Sand was described as follows by one of the most remarkable of her contemporaries; I mean Heinrich Heine, who saw with the eye of an artist and wrote with the pen of a critic:

George Sand, the greatest of French writers, is also a woman of remarkable beauty. Like the genius revealed in her writings, her countenance may rather be called beautiful than fascinating. The face of George Sand has precisely the character of Grecian regularity. The cut of her features has not exactly the severity of antique models; her face is softened by modern sentiment which vails it with sadness. Her forehead is not high, and her rich and luxuriant brown hair falls on either side of her head upon her shoulders. Her eyes are not brilliant; has their fire gone out under frequent tears, or only in her writ-

ings? George Sand's eyes are soft and tranquil. Her nose is neither aquiline, nor spiritual, nor pugged; it is simply a straight and ordinary nose. Around her mouth habitually plays a smile full of kindness and benevolence, but not very bewitching; her inferior lip protrudes a little, and seems to reveal a fatigue of the senses. Her chin is finely formed. Her shoulders are magnificent, also her hands, her arms, and her feet, which are very small. . . . The general conformation of her body is rather too large, or too short. It is only her head which carries the seal of the ideal, recalling as it does the noblest remains of antique art. George Sand is beautiful like the Venus of Milo.

This study, by a famous literary contemporary, corresponds with Couture's sketch of George Sand's head. Couture's masterly drawing represents a large, dreamy face, almost languid, a dormant force masked by an expression of benevolence, and almost hidden by an air of repose, delightful alike in man or woman.

George Sand was brought up in the midst of elegance and in an aristocratic home; the abounding and irrepressible vitality of her nature conquered the elements of her home-life, forced her into the open air, made her delight in activity like a boy, made her love nature and solitude like a poet. Before reaching the age of fifteen the great-granddaughter of Marshal Saxe, the granddaughter of the widow of Count Horne, had become a scandal to her neighborhood, and had formed the tastes of a boy. At the age of fifteen, developed beyond her years, with a passion for ideals, for invention, for writing, given to hours of semi-poetic and religious revery, already having created a hero, and made a secret altar where she worshipped, and let her ardent imagination carry her soul in raptures and through ecstatic reveries into all vague, profound and limitless dreams, she was taken from her home, where she had so much liberty, to the Augustine Convent, in Paris. She remained there three years, passed through a most intense religious experience, and was on the point of becoming a nun. At this time she enjoyed all that the Catholic system has to fascinate and to exalt the uncorrupted heart and imagination of a young and ardent girl. Her first year in the convent made her remarked as one of the most talented and daring of the girls. The story of the three years of her convent life is charming, full of variety, of sincerity, told in a matchless style, and quite beyond similar chapters in Charlotte Bronté's "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," two powerful and genuine books, but which, notwithstanding the unquestionable originality and force of Charlotte Bronté's genius, seem to me to owe something to the more charming and equally powerful pages of George Sand.

When twenty-seven, mother of two children, one son named Maurice, one daughter named Solange, now the wife of Clessinger the sculptor, Madame Dudevant left her husband, and her estate of Nohant, and with her daughter went to Paris. She tried to support herself by painting portraits in water colors painting flowers on snuff boxes and cigar cases, and succeeded in the last *genre*. But the

work and the means of support were inadequate. At this time she made the acquaintance of Delatouche, editor of "Figaro;" he encouraged her to become a contributor to his paper. She was not adapted to the work. In 1832 she wrote her first novel, "Rose et Blanche," with Jules Sandeau, a young man who had abandoned the study of law for letters, and since has become a writer of some rank in French literature. Madame Dudevant took half of his name from him, at the suggestion of Delatouche, a man of letters venerated by her, and to whom she pays a noble tribute in "Autour de la Table," and also in "Histoire de ma Vie." Delatouche, almost old enough to be her father, was always jealous of George Sand; and at that time madly and vainly in love with her, he gave her the *nom de plume* which in her first story, "Indiana," written and published in 1832, made her known to the world. She had written several stories before, submitted them to Delatouche, who appears to have been a firm and exacting critic; he pronounced against each. But when she placed the first printed sheets of "Indiana" in his hands one evening, he sat up all night reading it, melted, won, moved beyond expression by the passion, eloquence and charm of the book. Delatouche, the critic, was surprised and conquered, just as thousands equally judicious and firm have been surprised and conquered by that ardent and beautiful work. "Indiana" was followed by "Valentine" and "Lelia." Between the writing of "Indiana" and "Jacques," George Sand visited Italy, and spent three years with Alfred de Musset. "Letters d'un Voyageur" and "Lelia" are the literary results of that experience. Not until 1836, and after a trial which lacerated her heart and outraged the delicacy and nobility of her nature—as the law often does in such cases, for it strips and makes naked whatever it touches—the tribunal granted her plea for divorce, gave her children to her, and secured her patrimony, which had been in possession of M. Dudevant. In her relations with her husband, a man violent and vulgar, she appears to have acted with dignity and self-respect.

Having written "Lelia," and separated herself from Alfred de Musset, George Sand devoted herself to Frederick Chopin. After eight years of almost unbroken intimacy, a portion of which time was spent in the island of Majorca, where she nursed the invalid, morbid, infatuated, dreamy poet, and gave back a dying man of genius to life, she was forced to dismiss him also; he had become irritable, morbid and jealous beyond endurance, and made her domestic life intolerable to herself and to her son Maurice. Chopin, to the last moments of his life, spoke of George Sand with love and veneration.

It is worthy of notice that the most remarkable modern musical genius, Chopin, and, after Béranger, the greatest modern French lyric poet, Alfred de Musset, should have burned with such passion-

ate love for the woman who has been called the greatest prose poet of France. Heine, speaking of Musset and George Sand, says: "These two heads crowned with laurel formed a beautiful pair."

But it is not my purpose to write the story of Madame George Sand, and the men who adored her. I should have to name too many men and master too many characters, and I might mistake, as the world has mistaken, her friends for her lovers, and her lovers for her friends. I should have to speak of the austere Delacroix, the exacting Gustave Planche, the pure and exalted Abbe de Lamennais, and the noble Michel; I should have to recall the sceptical, sad, audacious, dissolute Musset; I should have to unmask the wretched and impassioned Chopin; the two last, forlorn, self-destroying poets, whose names have filled the world of art never to be forgotten. I mention the names of her illustrious and devoted friends to indicate the associations which have been instrumental in determining the character of her works.

For a long time Madame George Sand was a contributor to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." She quarrelled with the directors about a novel called "Horace," which they refused to publish. It was afterward published in a rival review. "In 1848, the Revolution of February, a great political event, and the proclamation of the Republic, came to agitate the life of Madame George Sand. She threw herself into the movement, wrote two letters to the people, and created a weekly journal called 'The Cause of the People.' Her name was gravely compromised by a bulletin of the Minister of the Interior, which was attributed to her." Here I may say that Madame George Sand has always been associated with the cause of the people. She has always been an ardent and powerful advocate of progress, and she has been untiring in her efforts to emancipate humanity. She was the friend of Mazzini, and in 1850 translated his book called "Republicanism and Royalty in Italy." One of her most powerful satires on human governments is the story of "The Voyage of a Sparrow of Paris in search of the best Government." Constitutional government and industrial forces are depicted as they exist in England, republicanism as it exists in our own country.

George Sand has given forth an amazing quantity of literary work, and she is at the present time either contributing to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" or writing a play for the stage. It would be impossible for me to enumerate all her works, still less to analyze them, for I do not know them, nor are they accessible to me. I propose to express the character, to give the drift of, to analyze as I may, certain leading works, which, by common consent, best express the scope and meaning of her prodigious literary activity.

George Sand could not be silent; she is the voice of her age;

through her, not France alone, but Europe, has spoken. With the people restless, the old order of society broken up, laws, theologies and creeds from obsolete conditions of life and thought—the whole moral and intellectual world detached from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the disorders and assaults of the eighteenth, yet, restless to reform itself on an industrial basis, in consonance with universal benevolence and in accordance with the Christian idea—it has been the work of Madame George Sand to make known all this; she has sought to express the spiritual and moral needs of her age, to unmask established forms of injustice, to expose the pretensions of customs derived from an old and different order of society, to weaken social bonds that retard and often paralyze the best impulses, and destroy the free activity of men. It was for this that George Sand, artist in her genius and in her instincts, has been the conscience, the moral sense, and the intellectual protest of her time; it was for this that she has been forced to produce such an amazing quantity of work, as from an inexhaustible source; it was for this that she has been animated by a genius at once artistic and moral, at once unrestrained and self-possessed. Madame George Sand, who has shocked moral people in England, America and France, is among French writers an example of purity and nobleness. But she is altogether too grand and impassioned a type of woman, too comprehensive in her mind, covers too much of the moral and intellectual world, to be measured by the literary retailers, and the literary yard-sticks of our ordinary or average life. We need to extend the scale when we wish to estimate her proportions. The New Testament, Rousseau, Byron, the revolutions of '89 and '48 (the first before her birth), Europe, the whole of art, ancient and modern, and nature—most loving and intimate and intelligent intercourse with nature from childhood—went to form Madame George Sand, to enter and possess, and become a part of her genius. No woman ever lived who has been subjected to such varied and powerful influences. Sainte Beuve, the first literary critic of his time, brought to her all he could give in conversation; Gustave Planche, the first art-critic of France, sharpened her critical sense; Eugene Delacroix, the last of the great painters, moved her soul to sympathize with the grand manner, and painted pictures, voluptuous in color, sad and heroic in sentiment, which stimulated her; Michel encouraged and hastened the expression of her socialistic aspirations; Chopin and Liszt opened to her the vast and vague world of musical expression; De Lamennais helped to organize her religious sentiment.

The best thoughts of botanists, philosophers, reformers, poets, painters, statesmen, actors, musicians, composers, dreamers and students; of the first men of her time, in all departments, came to her to fecund her genius, to fructify in her soul, and to come forth from her

in a form rich and precious. The thoughts and sentiments of her contemporaries were absorbed by her powerful genius; she, more than all women, living or dead, has been the recipient of the great est moral, intellectual and artistic wealth; above all penetrated by the sentiment of nature, and capable of interpreting every word of the great mother.

Shakespeare has been truly called the most indebted of men· in like manner George Sand may be called the most indebted of women. She has been fed and nourished by all the forces of her time; like Shakespeare, what was given to her, or appropriated by her, came from the alembic of her intellect under a beautiful, living and expanded form. Her contemporaries live in her works: the Sténio of "Lelia" is Alfred de Musset; Chopin is said to be depicted in "Valentine." But enough; I need not write a chapter of correspondences. Let me at once consider the leading works of the greatest modern literary genius, for what contemporary, what writer since the eighteenth century, can be compared with her for expressional power, for pure artistic perfection and amplitude of literary genius, for eloquent statement and unrestrained yet never thin or exaggerated utterances of ideas?

Mediocre literary men are jealous of George Sand. Her penetration, her exactingness, her imperative demand for the ideal, her eloquence, her power of analysis, her dignity, her self-possession, her large and ample style, and her impassioned arguments, are at once the apology and the prophecy of her sex, and make men uncomfortable. And in her stories the *rôle* of the men is not always noble. She is at home in the world of ideas; she is not stupefied in the world of facts.

Madame George Sand has been charged with writing books the motive of which is hatred of marriage. It has even been said that hatred of marriage is the aim of all her books. This reproach, made by one of her ablest critics, called forth a most skilful and triumphant reply. Her letter to M. Nisard shows her best qualities, and embodies some of the noblest of her literary traits. After very clearly showing that such is not the aim of all her works, after excusing the moral inconclusiveness of certain of her books by the necessary supremacy of their artistic development, she fairly meets her critic, and, with a mingling of irony and deference, completely vindicates her work. She says:

> Who could suppose that I had the intention of remaking the laws of my country? I was astounded when a few St. Simonians, conscientious and sincere philanthropists, estimable and sincère seekers of truth, asked me what I would put in the place of husbands. I answered them *naïvely* that it was marriage; in the same way as, in the place of priests who have so much compromised religion, I believe it is religion which ought to be put. . . . That *love* which I erect and crown over the ruins of *the infamous, is* my Utopia, my dream, my poetry. That love is grand, noble, beautiful, voluntary, eternal; but that

love is marriage, such as Jesus made it, such as St. Paul explained it, and the reciprocal duties of which are expressed in the sixth chapter of the fifth title of the Civil Code. This I ask of society as an innovation, or as an institution lost in the night of ages, which it would be opportune to revive, to draw from the dust of æons and the shrine of habits, if it wishes to see real conjugal fidelity, real repose, and the real sanctity of the family, replace the species of shameful contract and stupid despotism bred by the infamous decrepitude of the world.

So much for one phase of the literary life of George Sand. It is but one phase; for though love is the vivifying and dominant sentiment of her life, nay more, the passion of her life, an ideal at once half pagan and half Christian—pagan in its voluptuous and natural beauty, Christian in its vague and infinite spirituality—yet her literary and socialistic work covers more ground than that intense and comprehensive passion. It is true that in no modern writing, and certainly not in any Greek or Roman work, has the idea of love found such ample and fervid expression. It could not have such an expression without certain chapters of the New Testament back of it. The riotous *abandon* of antique passion modified or spiritualized by the Christian sentiment, is what Madame George Sand means when she writes the word *love*. But she has another great word and another great inspiration—*nature*. Taught by nature, moved by love, she formed generous ideas of the liberation of man and the restoration of society. She has carried the idea of nature, the idea of love, the idea of worship, throughout her life, and her various works either illustrate one or all of these ideas, and in every case show a strong and intelligent sentiment of art. Whatever relates to or affects the social being of man has possessed her and agitated her; through her agitation, through her unrest, she has revealed the social disorders of the time, she has struggled and lifted up her voice of despair or of warning. She has written books mournful as music, yet so full of the beautiful that, like pictures, they hold us by indescribable charms. She has passed through every possible sensation; but revolt against society and its monstrous iniquities, and the consequent indignation of her outraged moral sense, religious questionings and seekings, and passion for the beautiful have led every other feeling and conquered every other idea. The bitterness, and sadness, and magnetic beauty of her books cannot be equalled. Happy people are disturbed, and, whether happy or wretched, she plants in their minds the seeds of unrest, and creates a longing to realize her ideal, the ideal of every religious but not ascetic mind.

The book which, more than any of her books, expresses her discontent with actualities, and represents the supremacy of the ideal tendency—the book most alive with the need of worship, of religion, of nature, of pure morals, yet also surcharged with scepticism and sublime irony, is "Lelia." It is a book that unmasks life, unvails every illusion, and tests the saint and the sinner alike. It is the

powerful utterance of a strong soul, struck by the withering influences that surround the being of the civilized man. To say it is daring, and eloquent, and incredibly impassioned, is to say it is by Madame George Sand in the fulness of her most personal life, and written when she was most wretched and despairing. In it we have the philosophy of passion and a sublime hymn to desire. Its dramatic personages are typical and ideal. Trenmor represents expiation and benevolence; Sténio, son of his time, poet and young man; Magnus, priest, typical of the futility of religious formula, witness to the infamy and lust of celibacy; Pulchérie, woman beautiful and wanton, typical of facile and lawless habits; Lelia, grand like an antique statue, and chaste like a vestal, yet agitated with all the bounding impulses of life. It is a book with grand dreams; but it is also a book tragic in its expression of despair. The figure of Lelia is mournfully and heroically beautiful.

When I speak of "Consuelo," I recall a work better known. Like "Lelia," it is a book of an epoch, and represents a crisis in the life of its author. "Lelia" is the chaos of belief and of love, through which the soul struggles toward light and peace; "Consuelo" is that soul reposing in the world of art, and making poetry, music, beauty and love feed, and stimulate, and soothe the unquiet spirit. It is a book full of the music of thought; it is the book in which the genius of George Sand appears the most calm and luminous, and it has exercised its charm on readers in all parts of the world. Art is the vivifying sentiment of "Consuelo." "Consuelo" belongs to the world as do Wilhelm Meister, as Don Quixote, as Hamlet. But we have to come down to a later period to find George Sand different from Lelia, different from Consuelo; free alike from unbelief and despair; free alike from the tyranny and selfish exclusiveness of art, a calm soul with a philosophy of life formed to meet all its conditions.

It is in "Valvédre" that we find her patient, quiet, tolerant yet firm. "Valvédre," one of her latest works, a book neither fervid, nor expansive, nor ardent, like earlier writings; not great, but quite perfect, and in which there is nothing of the strong ferment of the ideas and passions of her time, as of old, is a story designed to show that the scientific study of nature is the best protection against the reveries of poets and the consuming ardors of love. It is in this book that you will discover what time has done for George Sand. "Valvédre" certainly refutes the charge that the lover is the king of her books. Valvédre—the husband of an exciting and exquisitely organized woman, but a woman who needs excitement and goes from ecstasy to ecstasy, who wishes to be everything or nothing to her husband—is the man of greatest dignity and superiority in the book. Alida, the wife of Valvédre, is an admirable study of a nature audacious and

indolent, but passionate, yet without depth or seriousness. The lover, Francis, is a feeble, vacillating but ardent and well-intentioned young man, hurried on to a *dénouement* that almost destroys him. Valvédre is represented as exercising the utmost delicacy and forbearance toward the woman who has left his house to join the unsatisfying, insufficient, feeble Francis. Moserwald, the sensual Jew, is a character original, vulgar, vital, ludicrous and sympathetic; sensible and absurd, yet elevated by love; he finally calls forth the sentiment of admiration for his honesty, self-abnegation and devotion. He presents his philosophy of life with such vigorous good nature and hearty simplicity, such naked naturalness that it is hard to resist. Francis is a character of impulse, of unsettled thoughts and vague emotions—the type of the poet, contrasted with Valvédre, the type of the man of science. Francis, not bad, but feeble, betrayed by his sympathies and misled by his imagination, has to expiate his mistake; Valvédre, noble, self-possessed, without apparent weakness, of rare dignity and delicacy of nature, the model of a man and a husband in his relations with an exquisite, capricious, exacting, ardent woman. The book is of a pure and lofty moral. It shows that time and nature can restore the health of a diseased or mend a broken life. It shows that passion leads astray and is not satisfying; that delicacy, indulgence and forbearance are the best attributes of a man. The book is without any tampering with chastity, or any plea for abandonment to passion; it is full of purity, and it gives us a philosophy of life certainly good for the health and dignity of the soul. It places science and nature in the place of passion and illicit love; it is the husband made noble, and playing the *rôle* of a philosopher and a man of heart.

It is in "Valvédre" that George Sand expresses in her impassioned and simple language the Biblical idea that God is the hearer of prayer. But how does she make that idea current in her world? Grandly, poetically thus: "God will listen to you, for He is the great listener of Creation."

EUGENE BENSON.

THE NEGRO IN BLUE.

I WELL remember the first occasion when and where we were brought into contact with the negro in blue. Water-logged and crippled in one of the crazy tubs of Banks' expedition, which the kind consideration of some quartermaster had provided for six hundred soldiers, we made Port Royal harbor on a pleasant evening in early December, when Hilton Head, Bay Point, the adjacent islands, and the magnificent expanse of water between were glowing in the rich light of the Southern sunset. One year before, Du Pont and T. W. Sherman had fastened their fleet and army here upon the Carolina coast, and our military and naval power held their grasp upon the frontiers of Rebellion. Breaking away from the interior plantations at the thunder of our guns, the blacks had thronged by thousands to the islands, and still continued to come. The question became a serious one, What shall be done with them? "Nature, a mother kind alike to all," as Goldsmith informs us, had gifted these hardy Africans with most voracious appetites, and bacon and hard bread disappeared before their onslaughts in a way that astonished the soldiers. What could they do to keep the scale of military economy nicely balanced? They could work, of course; that was a second nature to them. And so they built houses for the stores and piers for the vessels, bore the burdens of the commissariat, greatly to the relief of Private Jenkins, looking on admiringly as Scipio Africanus poised a respectable cart-load upon his cranium and walked stately up the beach with it; and finally were set to raising cotton upon the abandoned plantations in the near vicinity. And still they came by the hundred, flocking to the refuge of the flag, and trusting implicitly to its protection. They came from the mainland upon rafts, in canoes, and sometimes wading and swimming, answering the stern hail of the picket with, "Only dis niggah, sah," and crowded the camps until the traditional leaves in Vallombrosa were outnumbered by the negroes on the islands. There were more than could profitably work for either fleet or army; there was not one who could not easily eat two rations per diem; they drove generals into despair, and one or two into resignation—and still they came. It remained for General Rufus Saxton to take the initiative, and experiment upon the new idea by the organization of a negro regiment—perhaps the first during the war. It had not the countenance of the War Department, and had the vehement opposition of many officers high in rank, and did not at first challenge the sympathy of the troops. General Saxton, however, quietly persisted in his work, completed it, and soon after sent this anomaly,

a corps of Africans bearing the arms and carrying the flag of the United States, into the interior upon a foraging expedition. The result of that experiment gave the prestige of success to the undertaking, and from that day the organization of colored troops became a fixed fact, soon to be adopted by the War Department and engrafted upon the war policy. In their first fight with the Rebels up the river they behaved with extraordinary courage and coolness, and forever set at rest the objection that the negro would not fight.

Much tossed about by sea, we disembarked at Hilton Head, and strolled over the pier and up toward the village. Presently a vision dawned upon our startled senses: a lithe, straight young African, with glistening teeth and shining eyeballs, buttoned up to the chin in one of the neatest and bluest of uniforms, and a corporal's chevrons crossing his arms. Up went his right forearm as he approached, his hand touching the visor of his cap with a precision which West Point could not have excelled, while we looked at him with amazed indignation, and forgot to return his salute. We strolled on and saw with astonishment and almost with disgust the unwonted spectacle of black soldiers bearing arms, mounting guard, drilling by squads, and enjoying the military *abandon* of tobacco and euchre beneath tall and overarching trees. While we remained at Hilton Head our officers held themselves fastidiously aloof from all conviction as to the negro's capacity for a soldier, hugging their prejudice, and refusing to recognize him or his salute.

I well remember another day, early in the succeeding January, when these unreasonable prejudices began to give way to opinions founded on reason. It was in Louisiana, when my regiment was dispatched from Carrollton to relieve the First Louisiana Infantry as guards upon the railroad from New Orleans westward to Brashear City. It was the first intimation that had come to me that a whole regiment of loyal Southerners had been organized in rebellious Louisiana, and I anticipated collecting some interesting statistics from its Adjutant. We steamed down the river to Algiers, boarded the troop-train that was in waiting, and were whirled away into the depths of the swamp. Our orders were to deposit a company at each of the separate stations on the road, from which pickets were to be extended and connected in a continuous line, so that the road might be perfectly guarded against guerrillas. Having designated the particular company which was to leave the train at each station, I dozed off into a fragmentary slumber, from which I was aroused by an emphatic shaking administered by one of our captains.

"Adj., wake up!" he yelled, running over with wrath and excitement. "Here's a devilish pretty mess for us! What did you suppose we were to relieve here?"

"The First Louisiana Infantry."

"Yes, I should think so; a d—d black regiment, as I'm a sinner! Look there!"—and an expression of disgust ran all over his face as he pointed out of the window. It was early morning, and we had stopped at a lonely bayou on the road, where one or two sheds had been put up. In front of one of them, a jetty black orderly sergeant had paraded a company of negroes at support arms, and was now proceeding to call the roll in a voice which echoed among the cypresses like a thunder-clap. The years of Methuselah will, in all human probability, not be vouchsafed me; if they should be, I shall never to the last of them forget the ludicrous aspect of that scene.

"Julius Cæsar!" sang out the orderly.

"He—yah!" responded a sable son of Mars on the left flank, front; and his musket snapped briskly in his hands as he brought it down with military precision from the support to the shoulder, and then to the order.

"Pontius Pilate!"

"He—yah!"

"Prince Charles Edward!"

"He—yah!" (This latter was certainly no pretender as to race and color.)

"General Butler Jones!"

"He—yah!"

"Abraham Lincoln Smith!"

"He—yah!"

"Napoleon Bonaparte Johnsing!"

"He—yah!"

And so on, *ad libitum*, introducing to our astonished senses historical personages of every epoch. The captain went dolefully out to fall in his company and receive his instructions from the white officer of the negro company; but I think when he discovered that an excellent breakfast had been prepared for his hungry command by the Scipios he was relieving, his wrath was considerably toned down, and himself put in a frame of mind for a candid judgment.

Our regimental headquarters were to be at La Fourche Crossing, whither the several companies of the colored regiment were transported preparatory to their departure from the road. That evening we witnessed a dress-parade of these black soldiers, which, in precision, in absolute correctness in all its details, I have never seen surpassed. As I looked down the "long, dusky line" and saw the soldierly bearing of these men, their proficiency in the manual of arms, and the zeal which every unit of the mass displayed in correctly performing his part of the pageant, the barriers of prejudice which had been built up in my mind began to fall before the force of the accomplished facts before me. I asked myself why these men, so strong, so capable, and so willing, should not be allowed to act a part in the great drama, and hasten its close? And what

was to prevent them from fighting as trained soldiers always will fight?

On the 27th of May following, this same regiment answered that question to my full satisfaction, in front of Port Hudson. The report of General Banks to the War Department, that the negro troops in that desperate onslaught had more than answered every expectation that he had formed of their bravery and good conduct, triumphantly vindicated the negro from all objections that had been made against his capacity, and thereafter, in the army and out of it, we heard but little more of them. Gradually and thoroughly the conviction was forced home upon the minds of generals, soldiers, and the people at large, that the negro was to be a weapon in the hands either of Rebellion or of the Union, and that common wisdom and prudence dictated his employment. That wisdom proved itself before Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, at Olustee and around Petersburg. A very prominent example of the prejudices which at first existed in the army against the employment of the negro as a combatant, and of the conversion which followed it, is found in Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, one of the most accomplished officers of the engineers, one of the best generals in the field, and one of the few who succeeded in attaching his whole command to him by a sentiment of personal affection. When it was proposed, in 1862, in Louisiana, to add a colored regiment to Weitzel's brigade, he vehemently protested against it, intimating that his resignation would follow such an order. His protest prevailed; but in April, 1865, we find General Weitzel in command of a whole army corps composed entirely of negroes, and occupying the great citadel of Rebellion after the flight of Lee.

The commanding officer of the First Louisiana Infantry was Colonel Stafford,* somewhat noted as General Butler's Provost-Marshal and right hand man during the iron rule in New Orleans. Standing with me near one of the flanks on the parade referred to, he recited its history and gave me some of its characteristics. They were interesting to me then, and since they are perfectly truthful, should be so to the reader.

"This regiment," he said, "was organized by the Rebels. They are making a great deal of noise just now about our arming their blacks against them; but these men are a walking proof that they first began the business themselves. When Butler came to New Orleans, he found the organization of this black regiment completed. They were expected to help defend the city; but I presume General Lovell was wise enough not to put much trust in their willingness. If he did, he was badly deceived! They came *en masse* to us, and wanted to fight on our side, and I don't clearly see how we could

* Since Brigadier-General.

refuse them. Now look sharply down that line, and I'll tell you a thing that you haven't thought of. Sir, the best blood of Louisiana is in that regiment! Do you see that tall, slim fellow, third file from the right of the second company? One of the ex-governors of the State is his father. That orderly sergeant in the next company is the son of a man who has been six years in the United States Senate. Just beyond him is the grandson of Judge ——, of one of the river parishes; and all through those ranks you will find the same state of facts. Deplorable, you will say, but nevertheless true. Their fathers are disloyal; these black Ishmaels will more than compensate for their treason by fighting it in the field."

It was a startling aspect in which to view this race of men in their relations to us during the war; but it was only one of the many strange contrasts and groupings into which the war brought the people of the South. In the light of such revelations as this, we discover how utterly futile are our efforts to give direction to a great cause, or to impose barriers to its progress. While we search blindly for truth and right, our feet are lifted out of darkness and error by a hand which guides equally individuals and nations.

As a camp-follower, the grotesque and unique side of the negro character finds full scope. Our real acquaintance with the negro population of Louisiana commenced immediately following the battles of Bisland and Irish Bend, where Dick Taylor was routed and his army driven in panic up the bayou. Pressing on after the fugitives over a dusty road, in the heat of a mid-April morning, and with the pangs of hunger gnawing us, Weitzel's brigade, at the head of the column, passed a large plantation house, flanked by long rows of slave cabins. Our eyes were suddenly greeted by an irruption of negroes of all ages, complexions and sizes, men, women, boys and girls, rushing toward us, waving hats and bonnets with the most extravagant and ludicrous caperings and ejaculations of joy.

"Tank de Lord, Mass' Linkum come down heah heself."

"Golly, Massa Yanks, how you all is? Nebber specs to see you up dis way. Mortal glad you's come."

"Ole Mass' said dey hab horns and huffs, dese Yanks. I knew better all de time."

"O Lord hab mercy, how many you is! Now we's gwine wid you all."

The same scene was repeated at every plantation in Western Louisiana. The poor, delighted creatures thronged upon us, clamoring with joy at our coming, with the phrase which at last became stereotyped among the soldiers, "We'se gwine wid you all." I will not stop to analyze the sentiment which prompted them to seek the shelter of our flag, instead of following the fortunes of their rebellious masters; the sentiment was there, and I merely state it as a fact. They seemed to feel an affinity for the Union cause and its army,

and took every occasion to manifest it by their presence and adherence to our fortunes. Negro women brought to us on the march their aprons full of corn-bread, which was eagerly enough appropriated by the soldiers, and great, awkward specimens of the race, as black and uncouth as if just from Congo, ran along by the column, and asked permission to carry somebody's gun. They followed us on the march without seeming to consider what their future was to be, trusting blindly to "Massa Linkum's soldiers" for that. It was, indeed, curious to see how quickly all these waifs upon the current of war were carried into some sphere of usefulness with the army. All of them understood the management of mules, most of them, men and women, were excellent cooks, and the whole community of them seemed perfectly fascinated with camp life and the company of the soldiers, and willing to labor faithfully in any sphere in order to remain. Every officer had a negro servant; every company had two or more cooks; the quartermaster of each regiment had a whole corps of black assistants at hand; forage masters and commissaries found them indispensable; and in all these capacities they saved the detailing of soldiers, and enabled the army to maintain a better effective strength than it could possibly have done without them. There was still an overplus after all these places had been filled; but the organization of the Corps D'Afrique utilized almost every able negro in the parishes through which we passed.

The peculiarities of these creatures were constant sources of amusement to the soldier. Their love for music, singing and dancing amounts sometimes to a frenzy, and they were stimulated upon every occasion by the men to exhibit their unique talents in these directions. Their songs are singular, sometimes startling, both in melody and expression; the words being mostly without sense or connection, but introduced merely as pegs to hang the song upon. Their dancing is still more unique; it is not at all graceful, and often so fantastic as to be painful; but it seems to harmonize so aptly with the negro himself that you can discover nothing incongruous in it. The sound of a violin would instantly draw scores of them to the spot; and, forming a ring of ten feet diameter, they would disport themselves to the infinite delight of crowds of soldiers, gathered around to witness the performance. Here is a faithful reproduction of a part of one of these rehearsals:

Enter the ring a negro boy, who executes a slow shuffle to the clapping of hands, droning out the words in a monotonous voice: "Ole massa went to town—nebber work while he's gone—who pick de cotton, den?—nigger cotch it when he come—*go* way!"

Old negro, evidently priding himself on his gracefulness: "Steamboat on de Mississip—bust all her boiler up—Lord, how de massa swear—wus drown de captain's wife—*go* 'long!"

Stout and fat negro: "Tink de debbil's in de mules—kick nigger

side de head—how all de niggahs laugh—wish de debbil had de mule—*oh* my!"

Negro girl, excited and sprightly: "Down in de cotton field—pick, pick all de day—pick, pick all de week—wait for de Sunday come—den dress in yaller clothes—*go* way!"

Our best negro minstrels have succeeded in copying but not in reproducing the inimitable spirit and character of these songs and dances; in fact, I believe imitation is unequal to the task.

Quite as marked is the religious phase of the negro character; one which found full development in him as a camp-follower. If earnestness is an infallible index of religious feeling, it would be difficult to discover a more religious people than they are. Gathering in numbers at night, they would prolong their devotions till the small hours of morning, pouring forth their grotesque though fervent supplications to the throne of grace, and joining by the hundreds in singing some of the strangest specimens of devotional psalmody ever known, in or out of a printed collection. But it was all sincere, all earnest; hypocrisy is not a prominent trait of the negro character, and his worship, odd as it seemed to us, was merely the natural expression of the devotional side of his nature.

Our sketch would not be true to the history of the time did it fail in allusion to the fidelity of the negro to the cause. In my own personal experience I know of not one instance of bad faith upon his part, and could cite hundreds to prove his unswerving adherence to our armies. I have known them repeatedly to brave no ordinary dangers in bringing information of the first importance to our lines—information which, for the most part, was found perfectly correct. They have escaped from the houses of their masters at night, eluding the vigilance of guards and pickets, swum streams and waded swamps, to convey to our officers intelligence of threatened attack; and I recall one memorable instance, in the capture of Brashear City by the Rebel army in June, 1863, where the news of the advance and the plan of attack were faithfully reported by a contraband to the commanding officer two days before the disaster occurred, and where the report was disregarded as idle and fabulous, at the expense of a thousand prisoners and a full million dollars' worth of public stores and baggage. And I think the experience of every officer in the field will confirm the statement that the negro never wavered in his fidelity to the cause.

The negro is a curious and painful problem in our American body politic. Who shall solve it, and what shall eventually become of of him? I do not know nor assume to know; but it may be suggested that the work of the politician and the philanthropist are widely divergent, and not until the African in America has been given over by the one to the other may we expect a solution of the problem.

James Franklin Fitts.

FENWICK.

ALL English historians agree that the most important transaction of the year 1696, in the reign of William and Mary, was the attainder of Sir John Fenwick by the House of Commons. This gentleman, of the ancient family of that name so famous in border song and story, engaged actively in one of those ill-starred attempts by which James II. strove to recover the throne, and, upon the failure of the enterprise, was taken, tried, and condemned to execution.

His younger brother, Colonel Thomas Fenwick, an officer of great distinction, who, differing from the other in politics, had adhered to the present monarch from the beginning, and served him in all his campaigns, after having vainly made the most strenuous exertions in behalf of Sir John, at length procured an audience of the King, and pleading his many services, begged at least a commutation of the sentence. The implacable monarch, however, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and told him, in reference to the services which he advanced as his plea, that his loyalty might be better exercised than in behalf of traitor's blood, even though it flowed in the veins of a kinsman. Stung by this taunt which seemed to fix the stain of his brother's treason upon himself and all his race, and enraged at what he considered the ingratitude of the Sovereign, the colonel walked haughtily from the presence, and before he left the precincts of the court swore an oath publicly that from that time forth the soil of England should be alien to his feet. Naturally inflexible in his resolutions, and rendered especially so in this case by a sense of injury, he kept his oath with religious exactness, and his preparations were urged with such rapidity, that only a few weeks elapsed, after the unhappy end of his brother, before he set sail for the distant Province of Carolina, within the limits of which he possessed the grant of large, though wild and uncultivated estates.

The colonel was enabled the more easily to carry into effect his determination on account of the fact that he was almost entirely unfettered by personal domestic relations. Entering the army early in life, at first solely as a relief to the penniless state of a younger son, habit had so developed in him a latent taste and genius for military matters, that his love of the mere business routine of his profession, and the zeal with which he pursued its glories and rewards, were able to divert into their channel whatever little inclination his rugged nature may have originally felt for those softer and more intimate pleasures which are derived from the exercise of the emotions in domestic life. The unexpected contingency of a

large fortune, which was left him by the will of a distant relative, found him so fixed in his attachment to his profession that it could produce no change in his life.

When somewhat advanced in years, to the surprise of every one, he suddenly married the widow of a brother officer, a lady who possessed none of those charms, either of mind or person, which seemed necessary to determine to the wedded state one so notoriously disinclined to it; but the general astonishment was entirely dissipated when it became known that he had received a large fortune by the marriage. In justice to the colonel, than whom no man ever entertained a finer disdain of mercenary motives, it should be stated that the consideration which actuated him, although much further removed from those which ordinarily govern men in these matters, was yet one which was much more creditable to the instincts of his nature. This meek, gentle creature, happening under his care once in the exigencies of a military life, was fascinated by the strong, resolute features of his character into a passion which she was so little able to conceal, and which, moreover, transported her to such depths of silent suffering, that the colonel actually married her, as he would have charged in a forlorn hope, from a sense of duty, quickened by a curious trace of pity, which not infrequently displayed itself amid the harshness of his nature. He was known afterward to say to his brother that fate had thrown the woman in his way; that he could not avoid her. If she was an incumbrance, she did not remain so long, for within two short years after the marriage, unhappy years for her—not that her husband ill-treated her, for he was of too noble a strain to injure, at least, positively, any woman, but unhappy in that the wealth of affection, which she lavished upon him, received but the cold return which the demands of decency required—she languished and died, leaving to her husband a daughter, who received even less of his attention than the mother had before. Occupied continually in active military operations, the colonel placed the infant under the care of its maternal aunt, a widowed lady, who lived in a pleasant rural seclusion in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and from that time, during the ten years that had elapsed until the period at which they come under our notice, he had rarely seen her, and only at long intervals.

Evelyn—she had received as a Christian name the surname of her mother's family—had thus passed ten years of her life at the quiet fireside of her aunt, ignorant of any other home. She had only seen her father once since her mind had been sufficiently developed to comprehend the nature of the relationship between them, and her memory strong enough to retain any impression of his appearance. About four years before the times of which we are at present speaking, the colonel, happening to pass through the country with his brother on their way to the residence of the latter in the north of

England, had stopped for a day at the house of her aunt—actuated by some curiosity which it cost him but little divergence from his route to gratify—to see the child whom ordinarily he so completely ignored. The little girl preserved in her memory ever afterward a vivid recollection of the tall, gaunt, harsh-featured man who stared in her face with hard, gray eyes beneath shaggy brows, until she shrank away weeping, and hid her face on the bosom of her aunt. She remembered the quick, abrupt tones of his deep voice, and the impressive *hauteur* of his stately manners. Even the brilliance of his uniform, which had dazzled her childish eyes, tended to enhance the mysterious awe with which she regarded him; and she mused often with strange, deep pride upon the singular deference which every one, even her uncle, paid to this great man who they told her was her father.

She had never seen him since. They had heard of the unhappy fate which had befallen Sir John, and also that Colonel Fenwick was in England interceding for the life of his brother. These things had reached their ears by common report, and they were awaiting definite intelligence with the keenest expectation, when one day a coach arrived from London, bringing an agent who delivered to Mrs. Evelyn an autograph letter from Colonel Fenwick—the first she had ever received—in which he briefly gave information of the fate of Sir John, his own intention of leaving the country, and requested that Evelyn, whom he intended as the companion of his exit, should be sent to join him without delay. The agent insisted so strenuously upon haste, that, notwithstanding the delays which the little girl and her aunt interposed with amiable deception, in two days after his arrival, Evelyn was dragged away from the seclusion of the only home she had ever known, to enter upon the vicissitudes of that life beyond the great ocean, which was destined to end so tragically for her.

To these circumstances is owing the acquisition to the Province of Carolina of one of its most honored races.

It is to be regretted that we are left—in tracing the history of this family after reaching these shores—to the uncertain guidance of mere tradition, confirmed and illuminated by an occasional letter which has survived the chances of a century and a half, and a few scattered references of contemporary public history. Fortunately, on account of the wealth, fame and high social position of the persons concerned, as well as the exceedingly remarkable character of some of the incidents in their history, the local traditions are as clear, definite and reliable as it is possible for such records to be. On the other hand, inasmuch as the colonel, notwithstanding the great demand then existing in the troubled state of the Province for his talents and experience, rigidly adhered to the seclusion of the most retired life, excepting in very few instances, the historical

references which remain are of the rarest and most meagre kind. He is mentioned among the commanders of the land forces during the invasion of the Spaniards, and as fighting on that occasion with his usual gallantry and success. Beside this it is not known that he ever partook in any public business except some negotiations with the chief of the neighboring Indians; and to these he was impelled more by a spirit of curiosity to observe the manners of these savages, who always excited great interest in his mind, than by any desire, or even willingness, to enter into the affairs of the government.

He built immediately upon his arrival a large and elegant mansion on the northwestern angle of John's Island, at a short distance from the banks of the Stono River, just where that noble stream, after flowing in a direction parallel to the ocean for miles, dividing the islands from the main, bends with easy sweep, and pursues its course to the sea. The steeples of Charleston lift themselves to the eye of one gazing from the roof of this house across the intervening marshes of Wappoo Creek, which, uniting with the Stono just at its head, connects on the other side, after a course of a few miles, with the waters of the Ashley, opposite the city. The walls of this mansion were built of bricks which were imported from England. Its style of construction is that of an English manor house, with a large, open hall at the entrance, upon which the doors of the apartments of the lower floor open, and from which the great oaken stairs ascend to the rooms of the upper story. The ceilings are surrounded by heavy wooden cornices, and the wainscoted walls are panelled with durable cypress, the width of many of the single planks of which strike the beholder of the present day with astonishment. The main body of the building is square, with a large wing attached to one side, which, with semi-octagonal gables, projects beyond the front and rear of the principal structure.

This house, having escaped the chances of two great wars which have rendered the banks of the Stono historical, is standing to this day amid the few gigantic oaks that remain of all the magnificent grove, which may have in the first place attracted the notice of Colonel Fenwick, and determined his choice of the locality. In the Revolution it was the headquarters of the British General Prevost during the second attack upon Charleston. A memorial of the English occupation still remains in the shape of an old six-pounder cannon ball, half eaten by rust, which, lying now upon the lawn in company with several of the huge conical shot used in the recent war, seems to typify the difference between the two great struggles which the ancient mansion has witnessed. Enveloped in a green mantle of luxuriant ivy, curling gracefully even over the tops of the chimney stacks, and surrounded by venerable trees, indicating with

their gnarled and massive trunks the lapse of centuries, this house wears an air of antiquity entirely novel to our country, and it is undoubtedly one of the most interesting monuments of the past in the whole Union.

At this period the furthest settlements from Charleston to the southward along the mainland just reached the Edisto River, and along the coast; and John's Island—itself only thinly peopled on the banks of the Stono—was the most southern portion of that fertile, and at present densely peopled, section known as the Sea Islands which had as yet been occupied by white settlers. Beyond this point to the southward, all the coast was in a state of original wilderness, covered with the almost tropical luxuriance of the native forests, through which roamed herds of deer, and in the secure shelter of whose dense covers the wild turkey reared her young. The waters of the innumerable streams which intersect this country, now so vexed by the frequent oar of the boatman, the paddles of steamers, and the keels of sailing craft, then spread their broad expanses to the bright skies in utter loneliness, save when the occasional canoe of the Indian hunter may have been seen in the distance threading stealthily the mazes of the channels amid the low marshes which lie along these rivers; or, more rarely, the heavy yawl of the white explorer, forcing lazily its slow course over the wide bosom of the central stream.

In such a country did Colonel Fenwick hide his wounded spirit, and in the most secluded privacy nursed his sense of that injury which had embittered his life. His household consisted of his little daughter, and a governess whom he had with some difficulty found willing to accompany her, two female servants and four men. He did not encourage, and scarcely returned, the attentions which his very few neighbors paid; and they, after one or two vain attempts to excite some degree of reciprocity on his part, gradually desisted and left him to his loneliness. He found his principal amusement and occupation in hunting. Much of his time, attention and means, were also devoted to the raising of a fine stock of horses, and he is mentioned in the annals of the turf in Carolina as among the first patrons of the noble sport of racing, which still continues the favorite amusement of the gentlemen of that State. This taste he had in common with his brother, the unhappy Sir John, who is recorded by Macaulay as, with the exception of the Duke of Newcastle, the greatest authority on the subject of horse-flesh in the kingdom of England. Vulgar report, always extravagant, tells to this day of the time when the large brick stables, still standing, were adorned with stalls the posts and mangers of which were of solid and elaborately carved mahogany; and even this gross exaggeration tends to confirm what we know on better authority, that the colonel gave way to the most lavish expense in the indulgence

of this passion. The track which he laid off for the exercise of his horses, a straight stretch of three miles, is now incorporated into the system of the parish roads, and is still called by his name.

Of the particulars of the life of Evelyn Fenwick during this period, we have still less information. It is easy, however, to imagine that, deprived of all congenial companionship, indeed, almost altogether of female society, and treated with carelessness by her father, she must have pined, from the wilderness in which her lot was cast, for the happy home and kind friend she loved so dearly in England. We can easily understand, too, how the absence of the moulding influences of society and the wild circumstances of her life must have tended to produce that self-reliant, brave, yet soft and feminine disposition, and that unconscious disregard of social artifices which excited so deep an interest toward her, when in after years she entered the world of men and women.

She is first brought definitely to our knowledge by an exceedingly terrible incident which happened about four years after her arrival in America.

But we must premise so far as to introduce another member of Colonel Fenwick's household, who was destined in the end to affect, to a great degree, the fate and fortunes of this family, in which we find him a strange constituent. This was a young Indian, of eighteen years of age, named Ocketee, a son of a chief of the Yemasees. A little more than a year before this time, on the occasion of one of those councils held with the Indians, one or two of which, as we above stated, Colonel Fenwick attended, the father of this lad had expressed a desire that one of the white men should take his son into his household in order that he might learn the English language and become acquainted with the manners and habits of the English people. Sir Nathaniel Johnson, then Governor of the Province, was pleased with the idea of holding so important a hostage; and Colonel Fenwick, delighted with the opportunity which would be thus afforded of studying the character of the red race, and of amusing himself by observation of the young savage, readily consented to comply with the wish of the Indian Chief. A few weeks after he arrived, in charge of a party of savages.

He was a tall stripling, whose lithe, slender limbs, not yet developed to the full vigor of manhood, were cast in the most elegant mould of nature. Although the term handsome can scarcely be applied to any of his race, yet his countenance possessed all of that dignity and loftiness of expression which high features are so adapted to bear; and large, dark, splendid eyes, usually calm and observant, but easily kindling according to the movements of an impetuous spirit, lent a peculiar impressiveness to his face. Reticent after the usual nature of his kind, he rarely spoke; but when he

did, it was in a voice of such astonishing compass, and such sweetness and richness of tone, that the ear of the listener was charmed by its music. In after years, when this young Indian had risen to the head of his powerful tribe, using with extraordinary bitterness against the whites the intelligence he had acquired in contact with them, he became the most terrible and implacable foe they ever encountered in this State, and many a settler was doomed to hear his death knell sounded in the swelling war-whoop of that matchless voice.

Upon his first arrival at Colonel Fenwick's he seemed to regard himself in the light of a captive. Sullen and haughty, he crouched in one corner of the great hall with his arms crossed upon his knees, and regarded the novel scene before him with a calm, scrutinizing glance which betrayed nothing of timidity or even of surprise. He silently repelled all advances that were made, whether by word or sign, and with cold disdain refused the food which they persistently offered until one of the servants, more urgent than the rest, perceiving a wicked light kindling in his fierce black eyes, and an impatient contraction of the muscles of his face, shrank away alarmed, and no one ventured to solicit him further.

Suddenly the calm gaze of the young Indian became fixed and eager, and with a quick movement he lifted his hitherto apathetic form from its recumbent position against the wall. Evelyn had entered, and was standing in the middle of the floor, timidly yet curiously surveying the strange visitor. The English maiden seemed to exercise a mysterious spell over the wild son of the forest. Perhaps, unaccustomed as were his eyes to the beauty of the white race, a beauty heightened in the present case to him by the snowy garment which Evelyn wore, she may have seemed to his untutored mind a brighter realization of those lovely shapes which people that invisible world of which he had been taught in the wild superstitions of his fathers. Colonel Fenwick, perceiving the impression which the appearance of the little girl had made upon him, handed her the plate, and bade her persuade him to eat. Cautiously at first, and then more boldly as she saw his fierce glance softening before hers, the girl advanced until, kneeling immediately in his presence, she pressed upon him the food, which he took from her hand, and, as if mechanically, commenced to eat.

From this time this influence, which, once established, time only confirmed to her over his mind, was the only means by which they could control him. Haughty and intractable to others, resenting anything like undue familiarity with a fierceness which no one was willing to encounter a second time, he was yet as obedient and docile as a lamb to her, displaying in his demeanor a respect and adoration as profound as if she was a being of a higher sphere. From her lips he derived his first acquaintance with the English

tongue, with which he eventually became perfectly familiar; while she in turn gathered from the beautiful enunciation of his musical voice an intimate knowledge of his native language. In all her walks he was her invariable attendant, following respectfully after her footsteps, and submitting with grave countenance to the girlish pranks to which in frolicsome humor she would subject him. It is pleasant to follow in fancy through these wild scenes, the rambles of this strangely consorted pair; to listen to the glad laughter of the light-hearted English maiden; and to watch the softer meaning glowing on the fierce countenance of her savage companion.

A few months before this time Colonel Fenwick had purchased some negro slaves, who were now for the first time introduced into the Province. Among them was a gigantic negro, of hideously repulsive appearance, who proved so utterly intractable that no use could be made of him. The only effect of a resort to violent measures was to drive him into the woods, where he remained, committing so many depredations and acts of violence that he became a terror to the neighboring inhabitants. All efforts to capture him in the pathless coverts where he made his hiding places had hitherto proved fruitless, and had merely served to inflame still further a native wickedness of disposition, which rendered this ferocious savage capable of any act of desperate cruelty.

One lovely afternoon in that delightful season of the year known as Indian Summer, which falls in this latitude about the middle of November, Evelyn, taking a small bag of grain in order to supply a bait which they were accustomed to set for wild turkeys, sallied forth from her father's settlement along a path which use had traced into the woods. She was followed only by a large mastiff, her usual attendant, the young Indian having been absent for a couple of days on a solitary hunting expedition. The wild instincts of the Indian race, which years of contact with civilization can scarcely subdue, found a vent in his case in these lonely rambles, which he prosecuted to such a distance that the prints of his feet might often have been seen in the sands of the low and densely wooded islands which lie immediately along the sea. On the present occasion he had been gone for two days, and as he ordinarily returned about the setting of the sun, Evelyn, after depositing the bait, resumed the path, from which she had departed a little for that purpose, and walked slowly forward in the direction in which she was in the habit of going to meet him. Afraid at length to venture further, especially as the sinking sun admonished her of the approaching night, she sat down on the smooth brown carpet which the fallen straw of the pine trees afforded, and leaning against the trunk of a tree, surrendered herself to the deep charm of the quiet hour.

The serenity of nature fell gradually with subduing effect upon the spirit of Evelyn, who was peculiarly subject to such influences,

and she lapsed unconsciously into the depths of revery. Suddenly her attention was excited by the mastiff, who arose from his recumbent position at her feet, gazing eagerly, with ears erect, and a low premonitory growl, at the heavy undergrowth which lay at a little distance along the right of the path, then went bounding forward, barking savagely as the bushes parted, and the gigantic negro, issuing from the covert, advanced rapidly so as to interpose himself upon the track between her and home.

The young girl started to her feet and gazed stupefied with terror upon the dreadful apparition before her. His great black body was without any covering excepting a pair of trowsers which were secured by a belt at the waist and hung in tatters below his knees. The coarse lips of his enormous mouth were parted in a diabolical smile of triumph; and his little eyes, red and bleared, gleamed wickedly below his sunken forehead, as he drew from a leathern scabbard at his waist a large knife, and awaited the attack of the mastiff. Recovered sufficiently from her momentary stupor to realize the horrors of her situation and to calculate the chances of escape, as soon as the dog sprang upon his antagonist Evelyn rushed by them as they struggled, and sped onward, terror lending wings to her flight. Such an unequal struggle could be but of short duration, notwithstanding that the faithful brute did not release his hold until his head had been nearly severed from his body; and a few moments after the cessation of the noise had warned Evelyn of the fate of the dog, she heard behind her, as she fled wildly, the heavy tread and deep panting of her savage pursuer. The next moment, calling vainly for help, she was dashed roughly to the earth by his hand. Placing his foot upon her body, he drew some cords from his pocket, and bound her wrists and ankles so firmly as to cause her excruciating pain, although neither by vain cries, nor still vainer entreaties, did she give any sign of the agonies she was enduring, or of her sense of the awful fate which had so suddenly overtaken her. But when her captor—who displayed the utmost haste in his movements, as if he feared some interference—threw her violently upon his shoulders, and started rapidly along the path, her despair burst forth in one wild scream, and then, overcome by terror, she sank into a state of insensibility.

That last cry had reached a faithful ear. The negro had advanced but a few yards when the young Indian came in sight, running rapidly from the opposite direction. Immediately dropping his captive, the black sought safety in flight, but that fleet foot from which a deer could scarce escape soon brought his pursuer upon him, and turning with dogged ferocity, he prepared for the conflict which he now saw was inevitable. A rare study would it have been for a painter, those two representatives of two savage races confronting

each other in the narrow glade of that ancient forest, while the yellow ray of the sun, just sinking, brought into full distinctness their forms and faces, so widely different, yet informed and animated by the spirit of one and the same terrible impulse. Even now the negro seemed anxious to avoid the conflict. He glanced uneasily from time to time behind him, and, although still facing his opponent with drawn knife, kept moving backward slowly with uncertain step. The eyes of the other were blazing with preternatural light; his lithe, supple form quivering from head to foot with the passion that shook it; his tomahawk grasped firmly at the extremity of the handle with both hands, vibrating from side to side in measure to his feet, as he advanced with quick, steady tread upon his antagonist; the swell of his powerful voice, tremulous with excitement, waking the while the silence of the woods. Suddenly the negro rushed forward, evidently hoping by the rapidity of his motion to get inside of the reach of the long weapon of the other. But the keen eye of the Indian had marked the movement; with a quick spring he eluded the grasp of the other, and at the same time dealt him a blow with his tomahawk which brought him to his knees. In a moment the brief combat was ended. A succession of blows, in pursuance of the advantage thus obtained, laid the huge form of the negro quivering in the agonies of death at the feet of his conqueror.

A little while later when Evelyn, roused by the motion, recovered her senses, she found herself borne rapidly homeward in the arms of her protector, whose face had already returned to its usual stoical gravity of expression.

The narrow escape of his daughter from a fate of untold horror seemed to awaken Colonel Fenwick to a sense of his injustice in hiding her in a wilderness, and depriving her early years of those advantages of society and education which were befitting her station in life. He immediately determined upon sending her to England, and acted in the matter with so much of his usual quickness in executing a resolve that only a few weeks elapsed before she was once more on the ocean on her way to those friends who had been only the more endeared to her by absence.

When she embarked for Charleston, the whole household, full of sorrow at parting from the young mistress whom they all loved, attended her to the landing place at the river. Apart from the rest, silent and haughty, stood the Indian. Evelyn, after bidding adieu to the others, stepped up to him, her face soft with the regret she felt at parting from her constant, faithful companion, her brave, loyal protector. She laid her light hand on his shoulder.

"Kneel down, Ocketee."

Many a time had she bidden him kneel when in girlish frolic she would deck with garlands or with feathers the head of the stately

young chief. He knelt promptly in obedience to her request; and her golden curls waved for a moment over his bronze, impassive features, as she touched his brow lightly with her lips.

He remained upon the spot after all the rest had left, following with steady glance the departing boat; and when, as they were entering the mouth of the Wappoo, whose banks in another moment would hide them from sight, Evelyn turned to take a last look at the wild home she might never view again, she saw far over the waters the form of the young Indian, erect, immovable, against the brightness of the western sky.

Very scanty memorials remain to us of the events of the next four years, and we must therefore be pardoned so much self-complaisance as to say that nothing occurred worthy of mention in our record.

The colonel, growing continually more austere in his manners, spent his days in a closer devotion to the chase, and sat at night in grim loneliness before the blazing logs upon the great hearth of the hall.

Shortly after Evelyn's departure Ocketee returned to his people. He did not communicate his intention to any one, but went away quietly, as if for one of his customary rambles, and never returned until several months afterward, when he one day made his appearance, bringing for the colonel a number of presents, after the fashion of the rude civility of his race. After this from time to time, sometimes at shorter, sometimes at longer intervals, he paid brief visits, just as unexpectedly appearing, and then disappearing. He was already risen to great importance in his tribe, and his manners had acquired a trace of authority, which, while it increased his communicativeness, added also to his excessive *hauteur*.

At length, after four years absence, Evelyn returned. In fact, latterly many hints, timidly ventured in her letters to her father, had betrayed to that sagacious old observer that his daughter had learnt to feel that sort of interest in one of the other sex which, in accordance with his severe philosophy, he was accustomed to regard as not only a very foolish, but as a very criminal thing. He merely growled, however, to himself over these faint suggestions, without taking any such notice of them as might lead to a full explanation, a course, indeed, which that faint-hearted young female diplomat was very much in hope he would adopt. But at length there arrived a very penitent letter from the aunt of Evelyn, in which the whole story came out—told very timorously by this lady, who had a great dread of the colonel's anger—that the young girl had betrothed herself to one Captain Gillis of the army; and, added the writer, venturing an indirect plea in behalf of an arrangement, which, to tell the truth, she had furthered with much innocent artifice: "If the poor thing hath not her way in this, it will be cause

of great grief to her, I think, as she is affected with much regard to the young man, who, in truth, is as pleasing in spirit as he is comely in body."

Of this information the colonel took no further notice in the answer which he immediately dispatched than to order peremptorily Evelyn's return.

Colonel Fenwick seemed won by the beauty, gentleness, and intelligence of his daughter, now grown to womanhood. It may be that as age came creeping on he felt the want of some companionship; it may be that the exceeding attractiveness of the young girl, and the quiet, unobtrusive affection which she displayed toward him, awakened at last in his breast the parental instinct which had so long lain dormant there; certain it is, his manner toward her underwent a great change after her return from England, and week after week, as their intercourse extended, his regard seemed to grow greater and greater. In long walks and rides which they took together every day, and in conversations extended far into the night as they sat by the great fireside in the lonely hall, this father broke the seal of silence which had so long rested upon his lips, and narrated to his daughter in a grave, tender way the history of all the circumstances, and even of the secret thoughts and desires, of his entire life. He spoke to her for the first time of her mother, very briefly, however—for, indeed, he knew but little to say—and answered with commendable patience the numberless inquiries of the eager girl, who during her entire childhood had pondered deeply on the subject of this unknown parent.

Yet in none of these confidential communications did he ever once allude to her engagement, and although often, when he seemed particularly kind in his manner, she had determined to unburden her heart to him, and to beg his favor upon a matter which so deeply concerned her happiness, somehow she had never been able to overcome a dread of venturing upon the subject, and it still remained unspoken between them. It was not destined to remain so long.

From the knowledge of the facts which we now possess it is certain that Captain Gillis must have made his appearance in America about this time. It is rational to suppose that at parting with Evelyn he may have promised to follow her in order to beg her father's consent to their union. And although we may regret our ignorance of the particular events in the captain's wooing, which compels us to forego the pleasure of recounting those crosses, on account of which immemorially, as the poet sings, the course of true love never did run smooth, we are, nevertheless, somewhat compensated by the positive certainty that persistence, as usual, had its reward in a favorable result, and that, not many months after Evelyn's return, the young couple were united in the bonds of matrimony.

Some time before the marriage, Ocketee, arrayed in all the barbaric splendor of a chief of his race, made his appearance at the house. Evelyn, at first truly glad to see him again, soon felt a deep and constantly increasing annoyance at the manifest intensity of regard which he displayed toward her. She was, moreover, much alarmed at the fierce, inveterate hatred that he almost immediately conceived to Captain Gillis, a hatred which his wild, intractable nature sought so eagerly to gratify by wreaking vengeance on its object, whose high spirit in turn was so far from being loth to afford an opportunity, that it required an exertion of all her influence over the young savage to keep the two from an encounter, which would have certainly had a fatal result. At length, after remaining about two weeks, to her great relief he went away, and never returned until some days after the marriage had taken place, when one of the servants reported having met him attended by several warriors in the woods in the vicinity. The servant reported having told him of the wedding, and of a great entertainment which the colonel intended giving on a certain day within a few weeks in honor of the event. He added that, after questioning him with regard to these matters, the Indian had gone away in another direction, followed by his band; and as he did not come to the house that evening or the next day, they all concluded that he had returned to his tribe.

The grand entertainment which Colonel Fenwick gave in celebration of the nuptials of his daughter created much excitement in the Province, and was the universal theme of conversation for weeks before its occurrence, not only on account of its novelty, inasmuch as this was the first occasion on which that wealthy and distinguished gentleman had made a display of public hospitality, but also on account of the grandeur of the scale on which the preparations were conducted. Invitations were dispatched in every direction, and on the appointed day nearly all of the notabilities of the time, official and otherwise, with the Governor, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, at their head, many of the principal gentlemen from every portion of the Province, and the chief part of its beauty and fashion, assembled around the splendid table at the head of which sat the graceful daughter of Colonel Fenwick.

It matters not to attempt any picture of the brilliant scene which still lives, after the lapse of generations, in the traditions of men. The great hall, decorated with a profusion of the beautiful flowers which this happy clime affords, blazing with light, and resounding to delightful music, must have justified the many contemporary encomiums which are not yet forgotten. We can dwell but a moment with the eye of the fancy upon the loveliness, the gallantry, and the stately courtesy of that olden time, only a little less ephemeral than the colors which garnished or the strains which

lent delight to the scene, all long since passed away together, the men and the women, the flowers, and the music, into silence and darkness forever.

Late at night, one of those thunder showers, so frequent in this latitude, arose, attended by a gale which blew for a while with considerable severity; but the dance was at its height, and the giddy throng scarcely heeded the wildness and inclemency of nature without.

An hour later, after the storm had subsided, one of the servants, happening to pass from the stables to the offices through the path which lies along the front of the house, came suddenly upon Ockettee, standing immovable as a statue behind an ornamental shrub near the building, and gazing intently into that window of the drawing-room, which, situated in the semi-octagonal gable of the wing, looks along the face of the main structure. He made a few remarks, to which the Indian only responded by waving him away with a haughty, impatient gesture; and on reaching the servants' hall, the presence of one to whose sudden comings and goings they were all accustomed had excited so little surprise in his mind that he did not think it worthy of mention.

Within the window upon which the gaze of the Indian was rivetted stood Evelyn Fenwick, talking gayly, with a bridal vail twined amid her golden hair and flowing over her shoulders, flushed with happiness, radiant, beautiful. Captain Gillis was lingering near her, dressed in a brilliant uniform. Just then a servant approached him to say that his presence was requested in the dining-room at the other extremity of the house, in which, even at this late hour, some of the guests were loitering over the wine. He went out of the drawing-room, wended his way amid the dancers in the hall, and reached the dining-room, where, in response to the invitation of those who had sent for him, he filled a glass of wine, and, while sipping it, stood upon the hearth with his back to the fire-place, and with a window looking out upon the front lawn upon his left hand. The revel was at its height, when suddenly a loud report of a gun in front of the building, followed by a wild, triumphant shout which rang through the halls, struck upon the startled ears of the company; a pane in the window on the left of Captain Gillis came rattling in fragments to the floor; the wine glass fell from his hand, and he sank prostrate on the hearth with the blood gushing in a stream from his mouth.

A fearful scene of confusion ensued, every one supposing they were attacked by the Indians. The ladies ran screaming up stairs to the second story; the gentlemen rushed in every direction for their arms; while loud above the din was heard the voice of Colonel Fenwick giving the word of command in calm, clear tones. In a few moments this apprehension was dispelled, and they turned

their attention to Captain Gillis, whom, amid the general alarm, no one had as yet approached. His features were found to be stark in death. He had been killed almost instantaneously by a bullet which, aimed with fatal accuracy, had struck him full in the heart.

The rumor of his death, as soon as the panic had subsided, passed through the house, and crept up stairs where the ladies were still crouching in an agony of terror. All the gentlemen, excepting those who had gone out to reconnoitre the woods, had gathered about the body of the murdered man. Suddenly the door opened, and Evelyn stood upon the threshold, pale, trembling, gazing with eager, inquiring look. As the awful scene met her gaze, she sank to her knees upon the floor; her eyes, turned to heaven as if mutely imploring in her agony, suddenly set, and lost their meaning, and with a low moan she fell forward, the heart's blood of her husband actually bedabbling in hideous mockery her white garments, the emblems of her nuptial happiness.

The mind of Evelyn never recovered from the tension of that awful shock. She sunk into gentle, silent idiocy, scanning with a pitiful, eager glance, the face of every new comer, and looking, for hours together, down the road in the direction of the river. The rest of her sad pilgrimage was not measured by many months. The visitor to this interesting spot can easily call up to his imagination that pale face, peering from the clustering ivy which surrounds the casements, for the coming of that form which, amid the wreck of her intellect, the faithful heart never forgot.

Colonel Fenwick did not live many years after this event. Although he said nothing, it was evident that the blow had broken his iron nature; and when he eventually lay dying, as long as his voice could articulate, he kept calling in low, sad tones upon the name of the daughter he had learned to love too late.

Ocketee, as we have above stated, became famous for his implacable hatred to the whites. It is probable that this defeated passion, which had prompted him to such fearful vengeance, may have embittered his mind forever. A river in the lower part of Beaufort District, upon which his wigwam is said to have stood, is still known locally by his name. The stream is entitled the Colleton on the maps, in honor of Sir John Colleton; but the popular voice, true to tradition, has left it associated from age to age with the terrible foe who once dwelt upon its banks; and thus it has happened that the fame of the Indian chief has outlived the memory of the lordly proprietor.

E. B. Seabrook.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

THE experienced reader is well acquainted with the invariable introduction to an article upon the drama or the stage. There is first of all the Thespian cart, and the Bacchanalians, their faces besmeared with wine lees; a description of the Greek stage with its orchestra, proscenium, logeum, and so on; something about the salary of Roscius, and Cicero's *éloge* of that celebrated actor, given always in the original, that the writer may appear a man of erudition; next, a longish account of the mysteries and moralities of the middle ages, with the Antos Sacramentales of Spain, and the Latin plays of Mussato and Cararo; then the author ingeniously shows that the Harlequin and Pantaloon of the modern pantomime originated in the Italian mimi; commences the history of the British stage with an account of the mummers who perform in barns and kitchens at Christmas time; explains that "Ferrex and Porrex" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle," were the earliest written plays in our language; bursts into a page of wild enthusiasm about the "Swan of Avon;" entitles him the creator of the British drama, as were Æschylus of the Greek, Lope de Vega of the Spanish, Corneille of the French; and, finally, having given a brief summary of the merits of Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Master Betty, Kemble and Kean, concludes with a lamentation upon the decline of the drama in our own degenerate times.

In reviewing the British stage, as it now exists, one is certainly compelled to adopt an elegiac tone. I am aware that the decline of the drama is a cry which has been raised at almost every period of stage history, and that we are ever ready to disparage the present at the expense of the past. But let us look at the condition of the sister arts, and we shall find that none have fallen into such complete decrepitude as the British drama. We have never had an English opera, properly so called, and therefore, although that institution scarcely contrives to live, it cannot be said to have declined. The Italian opera does not boast just at present of a Rubini, a Lablache, an Alboni or a Catalani; Meyerbeer is dead, and Rossini no longer writes; yet no one can assert that the Italian opera is in a state of positive decline. In some departments of English literature, for example, in that of the novel or romance, the present generation can boast of more living genius than any previous period could display; and in painting, the modern artists have shaken themselves free from the tyranny of the old masters, whom, in the opinion of Ruskin and some other critics, they have surpassed. But when we turn our eyes to the British stage we can find neither a

player nor a dramatist who will be spoken of by posterity. I exclude the author of the "Lady of Lyons," because, although living, he has long been dead to the stage. Mr. Phelps and Mr. Charles Kean have drawn large audiences all their lives, but Phelps has never done justice to any great character, and Kean is perfect only in "Louis Onze," a part in which he is assisted to success by the defects of his person and his voice. These gentlemen have their admirers, it is true; for my part, I must confess that the Shakespearian performances which have given me most pleasure were those of Fechter in "Hamlet" and of Stella Colas in "Juliet." Now, on the French stage Fechter was considered a good *jeune premier;* Madamoiselle Colas an indifferent *ingénue.* As for our dramatists, it will be unnecessary, I presume, to spend much space in considering their claims to distinction. Upon that point, at all events, there cannot be a wide difference of opinion. Tom Taylor and Bourcicault stand at the head of the list. Mr. Taylor's best comedy is the "Unequal Match." Like the comedies of Jerrold, it is without a plot, and is inferior to those comedies in character and dialogue. Mr. Bourcicault's *chef d'œuvre* is "Arrah-na-Pogue," which is cleverly constructed, and combines much wit and pathos with good physical situations. But one play does not make a drama, and at the present time there is an absolute dearth of genius in all that relates to the British stage.

There can be no doubt that the development of the book market has decoyed many writers from the drama. If Dickens had lived in the Elizabethan period, he would have been a dramatist, for at that time the people could be reached only by the stage; the reading public was confined to a small coterie of learned men and women about the court. After the Restoration it was no longer the court, but the *town*, which decided an author's reputation; the circle was larger, but it was still small; all literary culture was centralized in London, and outside was the wilderness. But now everything is changed. The dramatist can address only a certain portion of the public by means of the stage. Many fashionable people who go up to London for the season have no time to go to the theatre; their evenings are completely filled with dinner parties (which commence at the same hour when the curtain rises, and which are often not finished till the curtain drops), balls, *conversazione* and the Italian opera. In the provinces the theatres are seldom frequented by the better classes, except in such towns as Manchester and Liverpool; and there are thousands of intelligent and cultivated persons in England who have scarcely ever been to a theatre at all, though they may be well acquainted with all the works of our great dramatists, and are perfectly *au courant* with the literature of the day.

On the other hand, the Book travels everywhere. In London there are enormous circulating libraries which supply the book

societies of the small provincial towns with volumes by the mass. The farmer who drives into market on Saturday, exchanges at the library a parcel of books for the benefit of his wife, his children and himself; and it is thus in the power of a single family to have in their hands some hundreds of books in the course of the year by paying a sum of money which, in the days of their forefathers, would not have purchased a single copy of "Clarissa Harlowe" or "Tom Jones." Thus in solitary farm-houses, and in artisans' garrets, the names of our book writers, even of the second-rate ones, are perfectly familiar to those who have never heard of Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Bourcicault, or even of Sheridan Knowles. The book market is not only wide in its diffusion; it is also unlimited in its demand. Sometimes the traders say that it is "gorged" with novels, or with poetry, or with books of travel; but this applies only to the supply of mediocrity. The great public seizes upon anything that is really good. For instance, the market was "gorged with Africa" when Baker's "Albert Nyanza" came out, which did not prevent it from being a very great success. There is always room for a good book; and it is very seldom indeed that a really good book remains long concealed from the world in manuscript. "Pelham," "Pickwick," "Vanity Fair," and many other master-pieces were refused by certain firms, but they found their way to the public at last. For the book-writer there are a hundred roads to publicity, which are open all the year round; for the playwright there are not more than half a dozen, and those are almost always closed.

This is easily explained. A publisher can bring out as many books as he pleases, and in fact he must bring out a certain number to fill his list. The manager, on the other hand, can only bring out one play of any importance at a time, and if it happens to be successful, authorship is shut out from his theatre for several months. But in most cases he is altogether independent of native authorship; for as there is no international copyright between Great Britain and France, as far as plays are concerned, he usually prefers stealing a foreign play which has proved a success in Paris, to buying an English play which may not prove a success at all. In the former instance, if a man of ordinary judgment (which is not invariably the case), he is sure of escaping a consummate failure; and he has to pay but a small sum for the translating or adapting of the original, which noble office is usually discharged by some newspaper critic, who in return for the job writes favorable criticisms, not only of his own piece (that is a matter of course), but of the other entertainments which the manager may provide for some time to come. Even if all the French plays of the season should be snatched up by other houses, the manager is not driven to seek for an original play; he can always revive the old comedies, till something worth plundering appears on the Parisian boards.

Thus it is not difficult to understand why there should be no dramatists in England at a time when invention flourishes in all the other provinces of literary art. There is no demand for original production, accordingly there is no supply.

In France the book trade has been developed to almost as great an extent as in Great Britain; but in that country the poet and novelist, with very few exceptions, write for the play-going as well as for the book-reading public. There have, it is true, been lately loud complaints that the French drama is in a bad way; and certainly the success of "Nos Bons Villageois" does not reflect much credit on the public taste. M. Sardou, having exposed the follies and vices of the Parisian world in his "Famille Benoiton" (the sole moral effect of which was to bring certain hideous necklaces into fashion), has in this play assaulted some popular fallacies respecting the Arcadian character of the French peasant, and the pleasures of country life. The first two acts of the comedy are filled with pictures of rustic jealousy and other meannesses, and with prolix dissertations, which do as much injury to the reputation of the author as to that of the peasant, and it is not till the beginning of the second act that the plot begins to be developed. To be as brief as possible, it is this: The lover of the piece is the son of a virtuous bourgeois who has retired from business, and has taken up his residence in the country. Near his cottage is a chateau which belongs to the mayor of the district. It is inhabited by the mayor, his wife and her sister. The son of the bourgeois had previously met these ladies in the Pyrenees, and had made love to them both; he is now presented to the audience, apparently wavering as to whether he shall marry the one or elope with the other. In the mean time he continues his impartial attentions; and it is somewhat remarkable that the young spinster, although she supposes that he intends to marry her, has never relieved the monotony of travel or of country life, or the pressure on her innocent heart, by breathing a word to her sister about the matter. She is the *ingénue* of the comedy, and is supposed to be charmingly ignorant of everything, even of the fact that men have passions, and that the world has *convenances*. It is possibly for this reason that she gives her lover the key of the park gate that he may come and see her whenever he chooses—although she knows that he is not acquainted with the master of the house, and although in France young unmarried people of opposite sexes are not left much together, even when they happen to be formally engaged. The young Henri uses this key to enter the park, from which he finds his way into the chamber of the wife. There he meets, not the wife, but the unmarried sister, makes love to her with a little too much *empressement*, is moved by her tears to remorse, and leaves the room (by the window), declaring that when he comes to see her again it will be by the front door and with the

intention of asking her hand in marriage. But he is seen as he is going through the park, is chased by the peasants, takes refuge in the chamber which he has just left, and where he now finds its rightful occupant. She reproaches him justly enough with having selected that particular place to hide himself in; the cries approach the window, he carries her into the dressing-room, snatches a necklace from her, and when the peasants enter with the mayor at their head, he shows the necklace, and pretends to confess that he has stolen it. This would make a powerful situation, had it not been so often done before, and had there been the least reason for his hiding himself in the lady's chamber at all.

The police magistrate is sent for; and in the mean time the bourgeois pays a visit to the mayor. In this manner he discovers his son; but fearing that the mayor will kill him in a duel, he consents to keep silence, preferring that his son should live as a felon than that he should die in the noble cause of gallantry; but by an accident his paternity is betrayed; the suspicions of the husband are excited; the police magistrate arrives, and by a series of ingenious questions the truth appears. The two scenes which follow are imitated from "Gerfaut." The wife protests her innocence in vain. An interview takes place between the two men just as day is breaking. The husband offers his rival the choice of two pistols; they are to meet at a certain spot, and the first who sees the other is to fire. The lover also protests the innocence of the lady, and also in vain. He goes out, therefore, agreeing to meet him at the appointed spot in ten minutes' time, and to all appearances nothing can possibly occur to prevent, as in "Gerfaut," a tragic termination.

But the window opens, and in trips the young *fiancée* from the ball. This entertainment must have been given at a very short distance from the house, as young ladies are not in the habit of taking long walks at daybreak in low dresses and thin satin slippers. It is, therefore, somewhat remarkable, to say the least of it, that she should have remained in such complete ignorance of all that had been going on at the chateau. A man had been hunted through the park like a hare; he had been caught in her sister's bed-room; a police magistrate had been sent for, and had arrived amid the huzzas of the whole neighborhood; there had been a regular *procès verbal* in the chateau; and all the villagers had left the house, perplexed by the sudden manner in which the charge had been withdrawn, and yet not a word of this reaches the ball, which is, moreover, a ball of these same villagers; the young lady dances on in blissful ignorance of the domestic tragedy which is taking place at home, and finally walks into the house at daybreak through a window with that delicious defiance of everthing that is usual which characterizes her throughout the piece.

At first she is somewhat astonished at seeing her brother-in-law

leaving the room with a pistol in his hand, but her apprehensions are quieted when he informs her that he is going to shoot a hare. And now this good angel changes the whole state of things, smooths all the troubled waters, and fills him with anger against himself, with tenderness for his wife, and with esteem for the young gentleman whom he has so deeply wronged. How does she do this, in heaven's name? She tells him first of all that her lover, Henri Morrison, has proposed to her, which makes him doubly furious, and asks him to plead her cause with her sister because she has a prejudice against him. This simple request perplexes him and he asks her to explain her meaning. She informs him that his wife was once very fond of Henri, when they were in the Pyrenees, but that afterward she took a dislike to him, avoided him as much as possible, and finally left the hotel at an hour's notice, and changed her destination *en route*, so that he, who followed them everywhere, was unable to find them again. She then related the interviews which she had had with him in his wife's bed-room, and his proposal of marriage, and his announcement that he would visit her in the future by the front door. This adds the climax to the husband's delight and relief; he seems to regard it as a matter of congratulation that his wife's lover should have made up his mind to honor his house with a visit in the regular manner, and that he had intended for the future to concentrate his attentions upon his sister-in-law. Some persons, perhaps, might consider that the affair in the Pyrenees was not altogether cleared up; and it certainly is not made known at what stage of the proceedings the wife was induced to take a step which might fairly be ascribed to repentance and remorse; and altogether one might doubt whether the virtuous Henri would be precisely the person that one would select as the husband for a near relation. Still, one is less surprised that this *éclaircissement* should satisfy a Parisian husband, who is not the most *exigeant* of mortals, than that such a poor piece should satisfy a Parisian public. And its success is due exclusively to the wonderful talents of the artists who, by their admirable acting, adorn all they touch, and animate the dry and atrophied bones of this wretched play with the brilliance and beauty of perfect life. Had we such acting on our stage it might be saved from its present degradation, in spite of our home-varnished French plots, or our British plays which have no plots at all. But we have them not.

It may fairly be conceded that the French language affords special facilities for dialogue, wit, and repartee; that the French writers possess the organ of literary constructiveness or plot-building more highly developed than ourselves; and also that the French are naturally more histrionic than we even pretend to be; their amateur theatricals are far superior to our own. But it will not be difficult to show that there are certain positive abuses in the

present machinery of the British stage, which account in great measure for its sterility of talent. In the first place, we have no system of histrionic education; in the second place, the manager of a theatre is almost invariably a leading actor; his own abilities were probably smothered and concealed by professional ignorance or jealousy, during the greater portion of his life, and burst into publicity by some lucky accident. As soon, therefore, as he can afford it, he takes a theatre himself, and treats his subordinates as he was treated himself; instead of developing their talents, he labors rather to suppress them. Such is the jealousy of a player that he prefers success as an individual to success as a lessee. He would rather perish a bankrupt on his managerial throne than be enriched by a rival who fills his purse but robs him of his reputation. He refuses a good play, in which the parts are equally balanced, for one which is badly written, but which gives him a leading part. He is even capable of mutilating a manuscript, of destroying the harmony of a composition that he may plunder the other parts, and pile everything that is good into his own. He secretly prefers to be badly supported (like Ristori with her present company) so that all shall be blank and lifeless when he is off the stage; and when the public, weary of hearing monologues, withdraws its support, he retires with empty pockets into private life, and declares that the public have no taste, the legitimate drama no home.

Who would wonder that a magazine or a journal should fail, if the editor purchased only dull articles that his own might appear more brilliant by force of contrast. It may appear incredible to snrewd commercial minds that any man should ruin himself to gratify his vanity; but the actor is a human being by himself. It is well known that Charles Kean, during his long period of management at the Princess', did not develop a single reputation; while Miss Kate Terry, since escaping from that theatre, has shown that she possesses talents of a high order. It is notorious that Harrison and Miss Pyne *shelved* a voice as soon as it appeared in their company, and their company died in consequence. The Wigans, when they took the St. James' Theatre, monopolized everything, lost their money, and have scarcely been heard of since. While, on the other hand, when, after Robson's death, the Olympic company was left without a chief, Mr. Tom Taylor was able to sell the "Ticket of Leave Man," a piece in which every player has a part, and in which every one of the players made a reputation; for scarcely one of them had ever been heard of before. The success of the Prince of Wales' Theatre is due to the same cause. Mr. Robertson has written his comedies not for Miss Wilton but for the company, and though his plays have not the highest kind of merit, they have at least developed talent, and accordingly filled the house.

I suppose that in course of time all the theatres will be worked

by joint-stock companies. That appears to be the tendency of the age. When that happy day arrives managers will be men of business, and entertainments will be provided, not for the managers, but for the public. As for the unholy alliance which at present exists between the managers and the dramatic critics, that can only be dissolved by an international copy-right law protecting the inventions of French dramatists. At present, with the exception of Mr. Lewes and one or two others, every theatrical critic is a playwright. Their translations from French pieces, entitled in the playbills new and original comedies, are purchased by the managers on the understanding, as I before observed, that their theatres shall be puffed in the daily journals, and on the mutual admiration system so brilliantly portrayed by Scribe in "La Courte Échelle," they praise one another's productions turn by turn. To give an example of this pleasant system: An English play was brought out by a novice who, although not a dramatic critic himself, was in the *set*. One of the critics was mortally offended by one of the characters in the piece (I believe it caricatured himself), and was observed grinding his teeth and making notes with great rapidity in the stalls. A gentleman on the press stepped down to him and said, "If you cut up this play there are plenty of us here who will do the same to you when *your* piece comes out." This had the desired result. On the other hand, when anybody outside the ring (Mr. Bourcicault for instance) produces a play, they join together in biting at his heels and in attempting to break down his success. Sometimes they do not content themselves with attacking by the pen. I was present at the first night of a play which was written by one of the unprotected, and which was not a translation from the French. The critics and rival playwrights objected to the sensational character of a certain scene. That of course they had a right to do, and to criticise it in their papers as severely as they chose. But they endeavored to lead public opinion on the spot, interrupted the play, rose from their seats and shouted to the manager for an apology. The manager called upon the public to decide; and the pit and gallery, which in London theatres express the opinions of the house, decided in favor of the objectionable scene, which, as it afterward proved, made the piece a success, in spite of the rowdy behavior of the critics in the theatre and their abusive articles in the morning journals. It is, indeed, some consolation to know that these persons cannot permanently influence the fortune of a play. Possibly the public has by this time discovered that a theatrical criticism is a lie. But after the first performance of any play some hundreds of people go away from the theatres and speak of it in taverns and clubs and coffee-houses and omnibuses, and in all places of resort; so that in a few days the genuine verdict of the public floats upon the surface of society, and the fate of the play is known.

There is one other abuse which ought to be published, though happily it does not prevail in every theatre. This is the engagement of amateurs (usually of women who do not bear the best character) for leading characters by managers who receive a salary for the transaction instead of paying one. But to leave this unclean ground, there is one circumstance which proves more clearly than any other the present debasement of the British stage. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the bear-ward lodged a complaint at the feet of Her Majesty to the effect that the play-houses prevented people from patronizing bear-baitings. Now-a-days managers complain that music halls prevent people from patronizing the stage. I must reserve for another occasion a description of these music halls, and of other places of popular amusement. I will simply observe that the result of the late Parliamentary Commission, which was appointed to inquire into the matter, will not in all probability prove favorable to managerial monopoly. It may safely be asserted that free trade in theatres, and the severe competition which it will provoke, will benefit actors, the public generally, all classes, in fact, except the present theatrical lessees who do not supply the wants of the public.

If the stage has degenerated it has not been from lack of support. Although the play-goers of the present bear such a small proportion to the readers of the present day, they prodigiously outnumber the play-goers of the past. This is owing to the increase of population and of wealth, and to the railroads which bring the suburbs close to London, and which fill the town with thousands of country visitors. A second-rate play now *runs* for a much longer period than would have been possible for a master-piece twenty years ago; and a first-rate play can realize a fortune.

The success of Dundreary, of Miss Menken, and of certain spectacles or ballet plays does not prove that the taste of the public has degenerated; it only proves that the public desires to be entertained; that if it is refused entertainment of a high order, it will content itself with something of a lower order, but which is good of its kind. Let a Kemble or a Macready appear and they will excite enthusiasm among the same people who lately flocked to stare at a beautiful woman, or to laugh at an amusing buffoon.

W. Winwood Reade.

HORSEFLESH AS FOOD.

OPINIONS differ. In the Western United States they say this as follows: "A difference of opinions makes horse-races." The present discussion admits of a third form for this axiom: "A difference of opinion makes horse feasts."

There is apparently no reason in the nature of the case, why we should not eat the meat of horses as well as that of oxen. Whole nations have habitually eaten the former and disliked the latter, exactly to the opposite of our present habits, and whole nations do so still. Gibbon, in describing the ancient Scythians, says: "Horse-flesh they devour with peculiar greediness." The late T. W. Atkinson, the Siberian traveller, gives a like account of the habits of the Kirghis and their neighbors, who are of the same blood with those Scythians who ate horse eighteen centuries ago. "The Kirghis," he says, "consider the flesh of the wild horse the greatest delicacy the steppe affords." And in another place he observes: "The flesh of the horse served up boiled, broiled, and smoked, forms to Tartar, Kirghis, or Kalmuck gourmands, the most delicate dishes that could be placed before them. Mutton is also produced at every dinner, but beef is rarely eaten by the Kirghis; hunger only could induce them to partake of it."

Some of these horse-eating gentry cook their horsesteaks as the ancient Huns did their beefsteaks, by riding on them. They put the steak of the defunct horse under the saddle on his living brother, and ride about their business until their odd saddle-cloth is a little spoiled, and then eat it, relishing highly the game flavor. They ordinarily, moreover, drink mare's milk; and by fermenting the same they brew an intoxicating drink.

Some accounts state that horseflesh is regularly on sale in the markets of Denmark and Sweden, and a good while ago Du-châtelet asserted that a great deal of it was eaten in Paris. He also added that the families of the knackers, or horse butchers, who live on this meat, "have a remarkably robust and healthy appearance."

The Anglo-Saxon mind seems to have been naturally opposed to horse meat. When a sailor wants to designate a particularly tough piece of salt beef, he calls it "old horse." Mr. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," has put on record a kind of solemn imprecatory hymn, which he says was sometimes recited in great form over one of these unwelcome blocks of sinew. The oldest seaman of the mess, according to this account, raised the piece of "salt junk" on his knife, and holding it up, recited as follows:

"Old horse, old horse! what brought you here?"
"From Saccarap to Portland pier,
I've carted stone this many a year,
Till, killed by blows and sore abuse,
They salted me down for sailors' use.
The sailors they do me despise;
They turn me over and d—— my eyes—
Cut off my meat, and pick my bones,
And pitch the rest to Davy Jones."

Which they immediately proceed to do.

Horse meat has often been sold by fraud instead of more received viands. An English editor, some time ago (perhaps out of revenge for having been refused credit at his sausage maker's), printed a statement that Bologna sausages had better be let alone, since a certain ham-and-beef shop, it had been discovered, had been buying great quantities of horse meat for a number of months, on pretence of making lampblack. A tourist in France (this was about twenty years ago) printed a gloomy caution to his readers to avoid the cheap restaurants. "Horseflesh," he says, "and cat's flesh are reported to be employed as substitutes for beef, and rabbit's or hare's flesh, and not long ago the police took the liberty of prying into these doubtful points. The result of their inquisition has had the sad effect of shaking the faith of the Parisians in the identity of the dishes with those described in the *cartes;* a faith which a seizure of 2,000 kilogrammes of horseflesh by the octroi officers at the Barrière du Combat last week will not, I fear, tend to reëstablish. This cargo of carrion was on its road to one of the great dining houses."

It is, perhaps, not safe to say whether those who pay for beefsteaks in any of our New York restaurants, eat horse. It is, however, safe to advise any one who finds a horse-shoe in his hash, to change his boarding place.

The taste of good horse meat is said, by those who have eaten it, to resemble pretty good beef, with the addition of a sort of sweetish flavor. Accordingly, any one anxious to know for himself, can probably find out near enough how horse tastes, by having his next beefsteak cooked with some brown sugar on it.

But the chief object of this paper is, to refer briefly to the recent effort by a society (called, I believe, *Société Hippophage*—the Horse-Eating Society) composed of a number of eminent and strong-stomached gentlemen of Paris, to introduce the regular use of horseflesh among all classes of French and European society.

Occasionally, in the army, when an accident rendered useless a young and fat horse, soldiers are known to have cooked and eaten the best parts; such as the tenderloin and rump. Lately some butchers in Prussia have sold horseflesh, but sell less and less every day.

There is no country where so many hippophagous banquets have

been given as in France; but in spite of all these banquets, and the speeches made at them and about them, people do not buy horseflesh. Whatever use of it may be made dishonestly, it cannot, so far, be forced into avowed use.

We hear, now and then, of a restaurant in Paris that cooks nothing but horseflesh, or some such story; but there is more horseflesh on the brain of the author of the story than in the kitchen of that restaurant. The writer of these lines has been present at many of these banquets, but has never heard of a single pound being bought, either by private parties or by restaurateurs.

There was, some years ago, a restaurant in the neighborhood of Alfort, which tried to sell horseflesh, given free of charge by the Alfort Veterinary School, but gave it up for want of customers.

The object of all the eminent men who give hippophagous banquets in France, is to try to induce the working classes to buy horseflesh, not because it is better than beef, but because they think it could be furnished cheaper. It is very well known that the majority of the working classes in France do not consume enough animal food for health, their wages being too low to enable them to buy beef.

These good men, the philhorsophers (if we may be allowed a bad pun), have calculated, in order to show how economical horse meat would be, that every year, about 600,000 horses, from seven to ten years of age, are worn out in cities, and then sold very cheap all over the country, where they do very little work; and that, instead of this, they might economically be fattened and sold for food.

Banquets, as our French hippophagists give them, are not a good test for comparing horseflesh with beef. All the dishes are prepared with the greatest care and by the best cooks that can be found; whereas, if horseflesh has disagreeable properties, the proper mode of finding it out would be to prepare it as plainly as beef is prepared, and then compare the two meats, with similar treatment.

Not having eaten horseflesh ourselves, and not knowing any one who has done so for any length of time, we will not speak of its disagreeable properties as facts, but as so reported.

It is said that those tribes and persons in South America, or elsewhere, that feed on horseflesh, emit a very repulsive odor, so that nobody can stay near them. We all know that the horse has a very distinct smell, but if he is kept very clean, it is not disagreeable and even not unhealthy; for men are known to sleep in stables a life time.

We all know, also, that a hostler smells of horse stronger than the horse itself; this may have started the report that persons feeding on horseflesh smell stronger than the horse itself, also. And it may be hinted that those savage gentlemen who do not eat horse

are not described by travellers as possessed of any remarkably attractive personal odors.

To show that the banquets, as actually given, are not a good test for comparing horseflesh with beef, we will give an idea of what they are, by appending two bills of fare from these dinners, with a few hints as to their preparation; together with the wines, *hors d'œuvres*, dessert, etc., served at the same time:

POTAGE.

Vermicelli with consommé of horse.

HORS D'ŒUVRES (no pun here).

Sardines, anchovies, olives.
Fresh butter and red radishes.
Tunny from Holland.
Saucisson de Lyons.

RELEVÉS.

Fresh salmon, sauce hollandaise.
Rump piece (horse) garnished with Brussels cabbages.
Horse à la mode.

ENTRÉES.

Hash of horse à la ménagère.
Chicken, sauce suprême.
Sorbets mousseux au Kirschwasser.

RÔTS.

Tenderloin of horse served with a sherry wine sauce.
Salad of Cos lettuce, ornamented.
Pâte of horse liver and truffles.

ENTREMETS.

Green peas à la Française.
Apricots à la Portugaise.
Glace au café.

DESSERT.

Small cakes and fruit of the season.

WINES.

Madeira, Bordeaux, Sauterne, Beaune, Champagne.
Black coffee and Cognac.

The *consommé* of horse was made like a *consommé* of beef. The rump piece was wrapped up in a coarse towel and boiled gently till cooked, then served with Brussels sprouts, after being boiled, drained, and then fried with butter and gravy.

The horse *à la mode* was prepared like beef; that is, larded with salt pork, browned and then stewed.

The hash was prepared like a hash of beef, and then served *à la ménagère*. The fillet was larded, roasted and served with the gravy in which some sherry wine had been mixed. The *pâte* was made of horse liver, lard, truffles and spices.

At the above were present Messrs. Quatrefages, Baube, Lecoq, Ducoux, Manaret, Dr. Blatrin, de Choiseul, Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, de Launay, de Montalembert, Dr. Orfila, Baron Poisson, de Vitry, Valserre, Thomond, Sanson, Bell, Sauvestre, Barral, Latour, Decroix and a hundred others.

All these names are familiar to scientific men here as well as in Europe.

At another banquet the bill of fare was:

POTAGE.

Julienne with consommé of horse.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

About the same as in the above.

RELEVÉS.

Turbot, sauce hollandaise.
Croquettes of horse.

ENTRÉES.

Horse à la mode.
Horse tongue à l'écarlate.
Horse liver à l'Italienne.
Horse brain fried in batter and lard.
Cervelas of horseflesh and truffles.
Sorbets au rum.

RÔTS.

Fillet of horse, Madeira sauce.
Partridges.

ENTREMETS.

Croûte with mushrooms.
Green peas with ham.
Pâté cold.
Geneva trout.
Buisson of craw fish (écrevisses).

DESSERT.

The dessert and wines were about the same as in the preceding one.

PIERRE BLOT.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By Anthony Trollope.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. SAUL'S ABODE.

WHEN Harry Clavering left London he was not well, though he did not care to tell himself that he was ill. But he had been so harassed by his position, was so ashamed of himself, and as yet so unable to see any escape from his misery, that he was sore with fatigue and almost worn out with trouble. On his arrival at the parsonage, his mother at once asked him if he was ill, and received his petulant denial with an ill-satisfied countenance. That there was something wrong between him and Florence she suspected, but at the present moment she was not disposed to inquire into that matter. Harry's love affairs had for her a great interest, but Fanny's love affairs at the present moment were paramount in her bosom. Fanny, indeed, had become very troublesome since Mr. Saul's visit to her father. On the evening of her conversation with her mother, and on the following morning, Fanny had carried herself with bravery, and Mrs. Clavering had been disposed to think that her daughter's heart was not wounded deeply. She had admitted the impossibility of her marriage with Mr. Saul, and had never insisted on the strength of her attachment. But no sooner was she told that Mr. Saul had been banished from the house, than she took upon herself to mope in the most love-lorn fashion, and behaved herself as though she were the victim of an all-absorbing passion. Between her and her father no word on the subject had been spoken, and even to her mother she was silent, respectful and

subdued, as it becomes daughters to be who are hardly used when they are in love. Now, Mrs. Clavering felt that in this her daughter was not treating her well.

"But you don't mean to say that she cares for him?" Harry said to his mother, when they were alone on the evening of his arrival.

"Yes, she cares for him, certainly. As far as I can tell, she cares for him very much."

"It is the oddest thing I ever knew in my life. I should have said he was the last man in the world for success of that kind."

"One never can tell, Harry. You see he is a very good young man."

"But girls don't fall in love with men because they're good, mother."

"I hope they do—for that and other things together."

"But he has got none of the other things. What a pity it was that he was let to stay here after he first made a fool of himself."

"It's too late to think of that now, Harry. Of course she can't marry him. They would have nothing to live on. I should say that he has no prospect of a living."

"I can't conceive how a man can do such a wicked thing," said Harry, moralizing, and forgetting for a moment his own sins. "Coming into a house like this, and in such a position, and then undermining a girl's affections, when he must know that it is quite out of the question that he should marry her! I call it downright wicked. It is treachery of the worst sort, and coming from a clergyman is, of course, the more to be condemned. I shan't be slow to tell him my mind."

"You will gain nothing by quarrelling with him."

"But how can I help it, if I am to see him at all?"

"I mean that I would not be rough with him. The great thing is to make him feel that he should go away as soon as possible, and renounce all idea of seeing Fanny again. You see, your father will have no conversation with him at all, and it is so disagreeable about the services. They'll have to meet in the vestry-room on Sunday, and they won't speak. Will not that be terrible? Anything will be better than that he should remain here."

"And what will my father do for a curate?"

"He can't do anything till he knows when Mr. Saul will go. He talks of taking all the services himself."

"He couldn't do it, mother. He must not think of it. However, I'll see Saul the first thing to-morrow."

The next day was Tuesday, and Harry proposed to leave the rectory at ten o'clock for Mr. Saul's lodgings. Before he did so, he had a few words with his father who professed even deeper animosity against Mr. Saul than his son. "After that," he said, "I'll believe that a girl may fall in love with any man! People say all manner

of things about the folly of girls; but nothing but this—nothing short of this—would have convinced me that it was possible that Fanny should have been such a fool. An ape of a fellow—not made like a man—with a thin hatchet face, and unwholesome stubbly chin. Good heavens!"

"He has talked her into it."

"But he is such an ass. As far as I know him, he can't say Bo! to a goose."

"There I think you are perhaps wrong."

"Upon my word I've never been able to get a word from him except about the parish. He is the most uncompanionable fellow. There's Edward Fielding is as active a clergyman as Saul; but Edward Fielding has something to say for himself."

"Saul is a cleverer man than Edward is; but his cleverness is of a different sort."

"It is of a sort that is very invisible to me. But what does all that matter? He hasn't got a shilling. When I was a curate, we didn't think of doing such things as that." Mr. Clavering had only been a curate for twelve months, and during that time had become engaged to his present wife with the consent of every one concerned. "But clergymen were gentlemen then. I don't know what the Church will come to; I don't indeed."

After this Harry went away upon his mission. What a farce it was that he should be engaged to make straight the affairs of other people, when his own affairs were so very crooked! As he walked up to the old farm-house in which Mr. Saul was living, he thought of this, and acknowledged to himself that he could hardly make himself in earnest about his sister's affairs, because of his own troubles. He tried to fill himself with a proper feeling of dignified wrath and high paternal indignation against the poor curate; but under it all, and at the back of it all, and in front of it all, there was ever present to him his own position. Did he wish to escape from Lady Ongar; and if so, how was he to do it? And if he did not escape from Lady Ongar, how was he ever to hold up his head again?

He had sent a note to Mr. Saul on the previous evening giving notice of his intended visit, and had received an answer, in which the curate had promised that he would be at home. He had never been in Mr. Saul's room, and as he entered it, felt more strongly than ever how incongruous was the idea of Mr. Saul as a suitor to his sister. The Claverings had always had things comfortable around them. They were a people who had ever lived on Brussels carpets, and had seated themselves in capacious chairs. Ormolu, damask hangings, and Sévres china were not familiar to them; but they had never lacked anything that is needed for the comfort of the first-class clerical world. Mr. Saul in his abode boasted but few

comforts. He inhabited a big bed-room, in which there was a vast fireplace and a very small grate—the grate being very much more modern than the fireplace. There was a small rag of a carpet near the hearth, and on this stood a large deal table—a table made of unalloyed deal, without any mendacious paint, putting forward a pretence in the direction of mahogany. One wooden Windsor arm-chair—very comfortable in its way—was appropriated to the use of Mr. Saul himself, and two other small wooden chairs flanked the other side of the fireplace. In one distant corner stood Mr. Saul's small bed, and in another distant corner stood his small dressing-table. Against the wall stood a ricketty deal press in which he kept his clothes. Other furniture there was none. One of the large windows facing toward the farmyard had been permanently closed, and in the wide embrasure was placed a portion of Mr. Saul's library—books which he had brought with him from college; and on the ground under this closed window were arranged the others, making a long row, which stretched from the bed to the dressing-table, very pervious, I fear, to the attacks of mice. The big table near the fireplace was covered with books and papers—and, alas, with dust; for he had fallen into that terrible habit which prevails among bachelors, of allowing his work to remain ever open, never finished, always confused—with papers above books, and books above papers—looking as though no useful product could ever be made to come forth from such chaotic elements. But there Mr. Saul composed his sermons, and studied his Bible, and followed up, no doubt, some special darling pursuit, which his ambition dictated. But there he did not eat his meals; that had been made impossible by the pile of papers and dust; and his chop, therefore, or his broiled rasher, or bit of pig's fry was deposited for him on the little dressing-table, and there consumed.

Such was the solitary apartment of the gentleman who now aspired to the hand of Miss Clavering; and for this accommodation, including attendance, he paid the reasonable sum of £10 per annum. He then had £60 left, with which to feed himself, clothe himself like a gentleman—a duty somewhat neglected—and perform his charities!

Harry Clavering, as he looked around him, felt almost ashamed of his sister. The walls were whitewashed, and stained in many places; and the floor in the middle of the room seemed to be very rotten. What young man who has himself dwelt ever in comfort would like such a house for his sister? Mr. Saul, however, came forward with no marks of visible shame on his face, and greeted his visitor frankly with an open hand. "You came down from London yesterday, I suppose?" said Mr. Saul.

"Just so," said Harry.

"Take a seat;" and Mr. Saul suggested the arm-chair, but Harry

contented himself with one of the others. "I hope Mrs. Clavering is well?" "Quite well," said Harry, cheerfully. "And your father —and sister?" "Quite well, thank you," said Harry, very stiffly. "I would have come down to you at the rectory," said Mr. Saul, instead of bringing you up here; only, as you have heard, no doubt, I and your father have unfortunately had a difference." This Mr. Saul said without any apparent effort, and then left Harry to commence the further conversation.

"Of course, you know what I'm come here about?" said Harry.

"Not exactly; at any rate not so clearly but what I would wish you to tell me."

"You have gone to my father as a suitor for my sister's hand."

"Yes, I have."

"Now you must know that that is altogether impossible—a thing not to be even talked of."

"So your father says. I need not tell you that I was very sorry to hear him speak in that way."

"But, my dear fellow, you can't really be in earnest? You can't suppose it possible that he would allow such an engagement?"

"As to the latter question, I have no answer to give; but I certainly was, and certainly am in earnest."

"Then I must say that I think you have a very erroneous idea of what the conduct of a gentleman should be."

"Stop a moment, Clavering," said Mr. Saul, rising, and standing with his back to the big fireplace. "Don't allow yourself to say in a hurry words which you will afterward regret. I do not think you can have intended to come here and tell me that I am not a gentleman."

"I don't want to have an argument with you; but you must give it up; that's all."

"Give what up? If you mean give up your sister, I certainly shall never do that. She may give me up, and if you have anything to say on that head, you had better say it to her."

"What right can you have—without a shilling in the world?"—

"I should have no right to marry her in such a condition—with your father's consent or without it. It is a thing which I have never proposed to myself for a moment—or to her."

"And what have you proposed to yourself?"

Mr. Saul paused a moment before he spoke, looking down at the dusty heaps upon his table, as though hoping that inspiration might come to him from them. "I will tell you what I have proposed," said he at last, "as nearly as I can put it into words. I propose to myself to have the image in my heart of one human being whom I can love above all the world beside; I propose to hope that I, as others, may some day marry, and that she whom I so love may become my wife; I propose to bear with such courage as I can much

certain delay, and probable absolute failure in all this; and I propose also to expect—no, hardly to expect—that that which I will do for her, she will do for me. Now you know all my mind, and you may be sure of this, that I will instigate your sister to no disobedience."

"Of course she will not see you again."

"I shall think that hard after what has passed between us; but I certainly shall not endeavor to see her clandestinely."

"And under these circumstances, Mr. Saul, of course you must leave us."

"So your father says."

"But leave us at once, I mean. It cannot be comfortable that you and my father should go on in the parish together in this way."

"What does your father mean by 'at once?'"

"The sooner the better; say in two months' time at furthest."

"Very well. I will go in two months' time. I have no other home to go to, and no other means of livelihood; but as your father wishes it, I will go at the end of two months. As I comply with this, I hope my request to see your sister once before I go will not be refused."

"It could do no good, Mr. Saul."

"To me it would do great good, and, as I think, no harm to her."

"My father, I am sure, will not allow it. Indeed, why should he? Nor, as I understand, would my sister wish it."

"Has she said so?"

"Not to me; but she has acknowledged that any idea of a marriage between herself and you is quite impossible, and after that I'm sure she'll have too much sense to wish for an interview. If there is anything further that I can do for you, I shall be most happy." Mr. Saul did not see that Harry Clavering could do anything for him, and then Harry took his leave. The rector, when he heard of the arrangement, expressed himself as in some sort satisfied. One month would have been better than two, but then it could hardly be expected that Mr. Saul could take himself away instantly, without looking for a hole in which to lay his head. "Of course it is understood that he is not to see her?" the rector said. In answer to this, Harry explained what had taken place, expressing his opinion that Mr. Saul would, at any rate, keep his word. "Interview, indeed!" said the rector. "It is the man's audacity that most astonishes me. It passes me to think how such a fellow can dare to propose such a thing. What is it that he expects as the end of it?" Then Harry endeavored to repeat what Mr. Saul had said as to his own expectations, but he was quite aware that he failed to make his father understand those expectations as he had understood them when the words came from Mr. Saul's own mouth. Harry Claver-

ing had acknowledged to himself that it was impossible not to respect the poor curate.

To Mrs. Clavering, of course, fell the task of explaining to Fanny what had been done, and what was going to be done. "He is to go away, my dear, at the end of two months."

"Very well, mamma."

"And, of course, you and he are not to meet before that."

"Of course not, if you and papa say so."

"I have told your papa that it will only be necessary to tell you this, and that then you can go to your school just as usual, if you please. Neither papa nor I would doubt your word for a moment."

"But what can I do if he comes to me?" asked Fanny, almost whimpering.

"He has said that he will not, and we do not doubt his word either."

"That I am sure you need not. Whatever anybody may say, Mr. Saul is as much a gentleman as though he had the best living in the diocese. No one ever knew him break his word—not a hair's breadth—or do—anything else—that he ought—not to do." And Fanny, as she pronounced this rather strong eulogium, began to sob. Mrs. Clavering felt that Fanny was headstrong, and almost ill-natured, in speaking in this tone of her lover, after the manner in which she had been treated; but there could be no use in discussing Mr. Saul's virtues, and therefore she let the matter drop. "If you will take my advice," she said, "you will go about your occupations just as usual. You'll soon recover your spirits in that way."

"I don't want to recover my spirits," said Fanny; "but if you wish it, I'll go on with the schools."

It was quite manifest now that Fanny intended to play the rôle of a broken-hearted young lady, and to regard the absent Mr. Saul with passionate devotion. That this should be so Mrs. Clavering felt to be the more cruel, because no such tendencies had been shown before the paternal sentence against Mr. Saul had been passed. Fanny, in telling her own tale, had begun by declaring that any such an engagement was an impossibility. She had not asked permission to have Mr. Saul for a lover. She had given no hint that she even hoped for such permission. But now when that was done which she herself had almost dictated, she took upon herself to live as though she were ill-used as badly as a heroine in a castle among the Apennines! And in this way she would really become deeply in love with Mr. Saul—thinking of all which Mrs. Clavering almost regretted that the edict of banishment had gone forth. It would, perhaps, have been better to have left Mr. Saul to go about the parish, and to have laughed Fanny out of her fancy.

But it was too late now for that, and Mrs. Clavering said nothing further on the subject to any one.

On the day following his visit to the farm-house, Harry Clavering was unwell—too unwell to go back to London; and on the next day he was ill in bed. Then it was that he got his mother to write to Mrs. Burton; and then also he told his mother a part of his troubles. When the letter was written he was very anxious to see it, and was desirous that it should be specially worded, and so written as to make Mrs. Burton certain that he was in truth too ill to come to London, though not ill enough to create alarm. "Why not simply let me say that you are kept here for a day or two?" asked Mrs. Clavering.

"Because I promised that I would be in Onslow Terrace to-morrow, and she must not think that I would stay away if I could avoid it."

Then Mrs. Clavering closed the letter and directed it. When she had done that, and put on it the postage-stamp, she asked in a voice that was intended to be indifferent, whether Florence was in London; and, hearing that she was so, expressed her surprise that the letter should not be written to Florence.

"My engagement was with Mrs. Burton," said Harry.

"I hope there is nothing wrong between you and Florence?" said his mother. To this question Harry made no immediate answer, and Mrs. Clavering was afraid to press it. But after a while he recurred to the subject himself. "Mother," he said, "things are wrong between Florence and me."

"Oh, Harry; what has she done?"

"It is rather what have I done? As for her, she has simply trusted herself to a man who has been false to her."

"Dear Harry, do not say that. What is it that you mean? It is not true about Lady Ongar?"

"Then you have heard, mother. Of course I do not know what you have heard, but it can be hardly worse than the truth. But you must not blame her. Whatever fault there may be, is all mine." Then he told her much of what had occurred in Bolton Street. We may suppose that he said nothing of that mad caress—nothing, perhaps, of the final promise which he made to Julia as he last passed out of her presence; but he did give her to understand that he had in some way returned to his old passion for the woman whom he had first loved.

I should describe Mrs. Clavering in language too highly eulogistic were I to lead the reader to believe that she was altogether averse to such advantages as would accrue to her son from a marriage so brilliant as that which he might now make with the grandly dowered widow of the late earl. Mrs. Clavering by no means despised worldly goods; and she had, moreover, an idea that her highly

gifted son was better adapted to the spending than to the making of money. It had come to be believed at the rectory that though Harry had worked very hard at college—as is the case with many highly born young gentlemen—and though he would, undoubtedly, continue to work hard if he were thrown among congenial occupations—such as politics and the like—nevertheless, he would never excel greatly in any drudgery that would be necessary for the making of money. There had been something to be proud of in this, but there had, of course, been more to regret. But now if Harry were to marry Lady Ongar, all trouble on that score would be over. But poor Florence! When Mrs. Clavering allowed herself to think of the matter, she knew that Florence's claims should be held as paramount. And when she thought further and thought seriously, she knew also that Harry's honor and Harry's happiness demanded that he should be true to the girl to whom his hand had been promised. And, then, was not Lady Ongar's name tainted? It might be that she had suffered cruel ill-usage in this. It might be that no such taint had been deserved. Mrs. Clavering could plead the injured woman's cause when speaking of it without any close reference to her own belongings; but it would have been very grievous to her, even had there been no Florence Burton in the case, that her son should make his fortune by marrying a woman as to whose character the world was in doubt.

She came to him late in the evening when his sister and father had just left him, and sitting with her hand upon his, spoke one word, which perhaps had more weight with Harry than any word that had yet been spoken. "Have you slept, dear?" she said.

"A little before my father came in."

"My darling," she said, "you will be true to Florence; will you not?" Then there was a pause. "My own Harry, tell me that you will be true when your truth is due."

"I will, mother," he said.

"My own boy; my darling boy; my own true gentleman!" Harry felt that he did not deserve the praise; but praise undeserved, though it may be satire in disguise, is often very useful.

CHAPTER XLI.

GOING TO NORWAY.

On the next day Harry was not better, but the doctor said that there was no cause for alarm. He was suffering from a low fever, and his sister had better be kept out of his room. He would not sleep, and was restless, and it might be some time before he could return to London.

Early in the day the rector came into his son's bedroom, and told

him and his mother, who was there, the news which he had just heard from the great house. "Hugh has come home," he said, "and is going out yachting for the rest of the Summer. They are going to Norway in Jack Stuart's yacht. Archie is going with them." Now Archie was known to be a great man in a yacht, cognizant of ropes, well up in booms and spars, very intimate with bolts, and one to whose hands a tiller came as naturally as did the saddle of a steeple-chase horse to the legs of his friend Doodles. "They are going to fish," said the rector.

But Jack Stuart's yacht is only a river boat—or just big enough for Cowes harbor, but nothing more," said Harry, roused in his bed to some excitement by the news.

"I know nothing about Jack Stuart or his boat either," said the rector; "but that's what they told me. He's down here, at any rate, for I saw the servant that came with him."

"What a shame it is," said Mrs. Clavering—"a scandalous shame."

"You mean his going away?" said the rector.

"Of course I do; his leaving her here by herself, all alone. He can have no heart; after losing her child and suffering as she has done. It makes me ashamed of my own name."

"You can't alter him, my dear. He has his good qualities and his bad—and the bad ones are by far the more conspicuous."

"I don't know any good qualities he has."

"He does not get into debt. He will not destroy the property. He will leave the family after him as well off as it was before him—and though he is a hard man, he does nothing actively cruel. Think of Lord Ongar, and then you'll remember that there are worse men than Hugh. Not that I like him. I am never comfortable for a moment in his presence. I always feel that he wants to quarrel with me, and that I almost want to quarrel with him."

"I detest him," said Harry, from beneath the bedclothes.

"You won't be troubled with him any more this Summer, for he means to be off in less than a week."

"And what is she to do?" asked Mrs. Clavering.

"Live here as she has done ever since Julia married. I don't see that it will make much difference to her. He's never with her when he's in England, and I should think she must be more comfortable without him than with him."

"It's a great catch for Archie," said Harry.

"Archie Clavering is a fool," said Mrs. Clavering.

"They say he understands a yacht," said the rector, who then left the room.

The rector's news was all true. Sir Hugh Clavering had come down to the Park, and had announced his intention of going to Norway in Jack Stuart's yacht. Archie also had been invited to

join the party. Sir Hugh intended to leave the Thames in about a week, and had not thought it necessary to give his wife any intimation of the fact, till he told her himself of his intention. He took, I think, a delight in being thus overharsh in his harshness to her. He proved to himself thus not only that he was master, but that he would be master without any let or drawback, without compunctions, and even without excuses for his ill-conduct. There should be no plea put in by him in his absences, that he had only gone to catch a few fish, when his intentions had been other than piscatorial. He intended to do as he liked now and always—and he intended that his wife should know that such was his intention. She was now childless, and, therefore, he had no other terms to keep with her than those which appertained to her necessities for bed and board. There was the house, and she might live in it; and there were the butchers and the bakers, and other tradesmen to supply her wants. Nay; there were the old carriage and the old horses at her disposal, if they could be of any service to her. Such were Sir Hugh Clavering's ideas as to the bonds inflicted upon him by his marriage vows.

"I'm going to Norway next week." It was thus Sir Hugh communicated his intention to his wife within five minutes of their first greeting.

"To Norway, Hugh?"

"Yes; why not to Norway? I and one or two others have got some fishing there. Archie is going, too. It will keep him from spending his money; or rather from spending money which isn't his."

"And for how long will you be gone?"

It was part of Sir Hugh Clavering's theory as to these matters that there should be no lying in the conduct of them. He would not condescend to screen any part of his doings by a falsehood—so he answered this question with exact truth.

"I don't suppose we shall be back before October."

"Not before October?"

"No. We are talking of putting in on the coast of Normandy somewhere; and probably may run down to Brittany. I shall be back, at any rate, for the hunting. As for the partridges, the game has gone so much to the devil here that they are not worth coming for."

"You'll be away four months?"

"I suppose I shall if I don't come back till October." Then he left her, calculating that she would have considered the matter before he returned, and have decided that no good could come to her from complaint. She knew his purpose now, and would no doubt reconcile herself to it quickly—perhaps with a few tears, which would not hurt him if he did not see them.

But this blow was almost more than Lady Clavering could bear —was more than she could bear in silence. Why she should have grudged her husband his trip abroad, seeing that his presence in England could hardly have been a solace to her, it is hard to understand. Had he remained in England, he would rarely have been at Clavering Park; and when he was at the Park he would rarely have given her the benefit of his society. When they were together, he was usually scolding her, or else sitting in gloomy silence, as though that phase of his life was almost insupportable to him. He was so unusually disagreeable in his intercourse with her, that his absence, one would think, must be preferable to his presence. But women can bear anything better than desertion. Cruelty is bad, but neglect is worse than cruelty, and desertion worse even than neglect. To be treated as though she were not in existence, or as though her existence were a nuisance simply to be endured, and, as far as possible, to be forgotten, was more than even Lady Clavering could bear without complaint. When her husband left her, she sat meditating how she might turn against her oppressor. She was a woman not apt for fighting—unlike her sister, who knew well how to use the cudgels in her own behalf; she was timid, not gifted with a full flow of words, prone to sink and become dependent; but she—even she—with all these deficiencies—felt that she must make some stand against the outrage to which she was now to be subjected.

"Hugh," she said, when she next saw him, "you can't really mean that you are going to leave me from this time till the Winter?"

"I said nothing about the Winter."

"Well—till October?"

"I said that I was going, and I usually mean what I say."

"I cannot believe it, Hugh; I cannot bring myself to think that you will be so cruel."

"Look here, Hermy, if you take to calling names, I won't stand it."

"And I won't stand it, either. What am I to do? Am I to be here in this dreadful barrack of a house all alone? How would you like it? Would you bear it for one month, let alone four or five? I won't remain here; I tell you that fairly."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I don't wan't to go anywhere, but I'll go away somewhere and die; I will indeed. I'll destroy myself, or something."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes; of course it's a joke to you. What have I done to deserve this? Have I ever done anything that you told me not? It's all because of Hughy—my darling—so it is; and it's cruel of you, and not like a husband; and it's not manly. It's very cruel. I didn't think anybody would have been so cruel as you are to me." Then she broke down and burst into tears.

"Have you done, Hermy?" said her husband.

"No; I've not done."

"Then go on again," said he.

But in truth she had done, and could only repeat her last accusation. "You're very, very cruel."

"You said that before."

"And I'll say it again. I'll tell everybody; so I will. I'll tell your uncle at the rectory, and he shall speak to you."

"Look here, Hermy, I can bear a deal of nonsense from you because some women are given to talk nonsense; but if I find you telling tales about me out of this house, and especially to my uncle, or indeed, to anybody I'll let you know what it is to be cruel."

"You can't be worse than you are."

"Don't try me; that's all. And as I suppose you have now said all that you've got to say, if you please we will regard that subject as finished." The poor woman had said all that she could say, and had no further means of carrying on the war. In her thoughts she could do so; in her thoughts she could wander forth out of the gloomy house in the night, and perish in the damp and cold, leaving a paper behind her to tell the world that her husband's cruelty had brought her to that pass. Or she would go to Julia and leave him forever. Julia, she thought, would still receive her. But as to one thing she had certainly made up her mind; she would go with her complaint to Mrs. Clavering at the rectory, let her lord and master show his anger in whatever form he might please.

The next day Sir Hugh himself made her a proposition which somewhat softened the aspect of affairs. This he did in his usual voice, with something of a smile on his face, and speaking as though he were altogether oblivious of the scenes of yesterday. "I was thinking, Hermy," he said, "that you might have Julia down here while I am away."

"Have Julia here?"

"Yes; why not? She'll come, I'm sure, when she knows that my back is turned."

"I've never thought about asking her—at least not lately."

"No; of course. But you might as well do so now. It seems that she never goes to Ongar Park, and, as far as I can learn, never will. I'm going to see her myself."

"You going to see her?"

"Yes; Lord Ongar's people want to know whether she can be induced to give up the place; that is, to sell her interest in it. I have promised to see her. Do you write her a letter first, and tell her that I want to see her; and ask her also to come here as soon as she can leave London."

"But wouldn't the lawyers do it better than you?"

"Well; one would think so; but I am commissioned to make

her a kind of apology from the whole Courton family. They fancy they've been hard upon her; and, by George, I believe they have. I may be able to say a word for myself too. If she isn't a fool she'll put her anger in her pocket, and come down to you."

Lady Clavering liked the idea of having her sister with her, but she was not quite meek enough to receive the permission now given her as full compensation for the injury done. She said that she would do as he had bidden her, and then went back to her own grievances. "I don't suppose Julia, even if she would come for a little time, would find it very pleasant to live in such a place as this, all alone."

"She wouldn't be all alone when you are with her," said Hugh, gruffly, and then again went out, leaving his wife to become used to her misfortune by degrees.

ON THE STAIRS.

SWIFT though the footstep of midnight advances,
Let us linger a while on the stairs—
Nothing to witness our words and our glances
But the astral that over us flares.
Ah, how in contrast with gloomy November
The gleam of their brilliance appears!
You may forget them, but I shall remember—
Remember these glances for years.

Press but the fingers for needless assurance,
Touch the lips for a token of truth—
Ah, how it girds for heroic endurance
The pitiful weakness of youth!
So rises purpose that never shall slumber,
So rings its brave song in my ears;
You may forget them, but I must remember—
Remember these moments for years.

Even as now I pass out of the portal,
To the slumberous silence of night,
So if Remembrance, immured but immortal,
From the dwelling of earth take her flight,
Then, when the ashes of life's falling ember
Grow ghastly with flickering fears,
You may forget them when I shall remember
These moments surviving the years.

EDWIN ROSSITER JOHNSON.

OUR TAXES.

PROBABLY no nation ever framed its commercial and monetary regulations so wholly in disregard, contempt, and violation of the laws of political economy, as the United States has done hitherto. That this was partly owing to the prodigality of its natural resources, its form of government, and to the circumstance that it was free from the incubus of a national debt, is no doubt true. But we believe it was much more due to the fact that in consequence of the long-protracted slavery contest the legislative halls of the nation became an arena for fierce political conflicts rather than a grand parliament of the people, whence should issue wise laws looking to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the state. Among the first objects of Calhoun, and his co-conspirators, were the sedulous cultivation and dissemination of anti-national sentiments, and the fomenting of sectional animosities, for the purpose of undermining our political edifice, under the specious pretence of "State Rights." Of the results of these acts, none were more prolific of mischief and disaster to the country than the abdication by the Federal Government of its high and exclusive function of furnishing a national currency of uniform value and equal credit, and the abandonment of all national restraint upon excessive issues of paper. The hostility to the Federal Government, by denying its rightful control of the currency, took the form of war upon the United States Bank. The notes of this bank were of equal value and credit all over the country, and were at all times convertible into specie at the will and pleasure of the holder, but there was something about them—there was an odor of nationality about them—inconsistent with the ends and aims of Calhoun and his revolutionary adherents.

The first act of hostility to the United States Bank was the unconstitutional removal of the specie deposits by President Jackson, the inevitable and logical consequence of which was the disastrous financial crisis of 1837. And notwithstanding the great production of the precious metals since 1847, a feeble and rotten currency was imposed upon the people, which not only produced periodical monetary crises during peace, but utterly and hopelessly broke down under the first strain brought upon it by war.

In consequence of the combined causes of unsound currency and hostile tariff legislation, therefore, the nation became an exporter of raw materials and precious metals (thus prematurely exhausting our soil and our mines), and an importer of products of foreign labor.

The final result of all has been, as the Honorable Secretary of the

Treasury stated in his report, that we have exported all the precious metals we have mined in the country since 1848, leaving nothing for ourselves wherewith to establish a sound currency, and piling up a foreign indebtedness for which there are outstanding mortgages to the extent of six hundred millions of dollars; so that when we speak of *our* inexhaustible resources, and *our* vast mineral wealth, it has come to be merely a figure of speech with which we are deluding ourselves, and, if we may use the inelegant expression, humbugging the world. We have no resources. They are all mortgaged to an extent which, under our present necessary taxation, will require several years to release, and if the mortgagees were strong enough they would foreclose and enter into possession. Not being sufficiently strong, they are content to keep us their commercial slaves so long as we owe them a dollar.

For this melancholy and dangerous condition of national affairs there are two, and only two, remedies. The first, most important and indispensable, and without which the second will be of no avail, is the contraction of the currency. The *value* of the currency must be contracted. It cannot be contracted by retiring or cancelling legal tenders, for various reasons, the most conclusive of which is that the revenue has become so diminished that it is barely sufficient to pay the interest on the public debt and the current expenses of the Government, and the revenue, so far from increasing, will continue to fall off until the Secretary of the Treasury will be obliged to issue more legal tenders to meet the demands of national creditors. Secondly, the currency cannot be withdrawn, because the withdrawal will be fatal to the funding of the maturing indebtedness, more than eight hundred millions of which is to be provided for during the next eighteen months. The funding has been going on at the rate of only twenty-four millions per month, and unless there is some change in the condition of things, even this dangerously slow rate will be retarded. The value of the currency, then, must be contracted without delay by a rise in the premium on gold, and if this cannot be effected in any other way, it should be effected by purchases of gold by the Government. We will remark here that the gold bill now pending in the House of Representatives, and introduced by Mr. Boutwell, is in its conception little less than madness. We do not question either the motives or the general intelligence of its author, but we take leave to say that he is ignorant of the pathology of the disease from which the nation is suffering, and the remedy he prescribes is but the nostrum of an empiric which cannot cure and will surely kill. If the bill had an honest title, it would read, A bill for the purpose of hastening the bankruptcy of the Government and bringing about a disastrous financial crisis, world-wide in its effects, involving our foreign creditors as well as ourselves; to increase the burden of taxation laid on a

people already taxed beyond endurance; to promote idleness, poverty and crime; to divorce capital from labor, and cause one to be hoarded and the other starved; to destroy the generous confidence reposed in Congress by the people for the judicious and careful management of the fiscal affairs of the nation, and for other purposes, the end of which no man can foresee. Sell gold! For what purpose? The people do not need low gold; they need, and must have, constant, active and remunerative employment; they cannot have both with our present currency. If industry is prosperous, all will go well, no matter how high gold may be; if industry is prostrated, wide-spread ruin will follow, no matter how low gold may be.

The second remedy, though subsidiary to the first, is essential and important, viz.: the reduction of the terribly oppressive internal taxation, and the enactment of a tariff framed entirely upon principles of political economy, thus increasing the productive industry of the people. Labor is the only source of wealth, and it is being crushed out of existence. It is not enough that we remove the burden under which it broke down. We must lift it up and place it on its feet.

In this connection we notice with pleasure the report of the Special Commissioner of the Revenue. It seems to us an exceedingly able document, evidencing laborious and searching investigation, and giving a clear and graphic description of the fatal process by which our industry, one branch after another, is being gradually prostrated under burdens that have become no longer endurable. The sympathies of Mr. Wells are evidently with the producing classes of the country. He is a friend to labor, and by consequence a friend to capital also, for capital is itself the product of labor, and is most productive when it and labor join forces. When capital and labor are joined together they are sworn friends; when divorced from each other they are sworn enemies. Capital does not suffer; it can live by usury and prey on needy borrowers. Labor cannot but suffer, for "preying on nobody, it becomes the prey of all." We therefore thank the Commissioner for recognizing and building on the fundamental principle that labor is the only source of wealth, that it is not only the sole source of wealth, but that it is and has been the inevitable destiny of man since the primal curse, and that we cannot escape it. It is from the products of labor that we derive the fund and the only fund out of which the national debt and taxation can be paid.

The report of the Commissioner takes, at the outset, a brief but interesting notice of some of the sources of internal revenue, among which that of distilled spirits is the most important, and it is hoped that Congress will reduce the excise to one dollar per gallon, for, as the Commissioner justly observes, the tax of two dollars per gallon "contains within itself the elements of its own annulment."

There are also some judicious and opportune remarks concerning the tenure of office, for it is high time that official proscriptions for opinion's sake should cease.

The Commissioner attributes the present condition of our industrial interests to three different causes. First, the scarcity of skilled labor. Second, the irredeemable paper currency. Third, excessive taxation. For the first cause he evidently thinks there is no other than the natural remedy arising from an improved condition in other respects; that legislation is ineffective and, therefore, unnecessary, and that the law of supply and demand will soon equalize the disproportion. We think the Commissioner is decidedly right on this point.

The remedy for the second cause, he says, is to be found in a return to specie payments and a contraction of the currency, and thinks every hour's unnecessary delay is highly prejudicial to the interests of the country.

We do not quite agree with the Commissioner on this point. There are insuperable obstacles to the resumption of specie payments for several years to come, for reasons elsewhere stated. Relief must come in some other way, therefore, than the resumption of specie payments; that is out of the question. Yet, we heartily agree with the Commissioner that the currency must be contracted, and, since it cannot be contracted in volume, it must be contracted in value by further depreciation, and this is the only possible solution of the problem. With the unsound condition of the currency when the war broke out, the proportion of circulation and deposits to specie was as five to one. Now, the proportion of circulation and deposits to specie in the banks and treasury, must be at least fifteen to one. The eternal, immutable law of supply and demand underlies the whole question of our currency. A commercial community will take so much circulating medium as will be sufficient to effect its domestic commercial exchanges, and since a circulating medium is useful for no other purpose, it will take no more. The community regulate this supply by their demands, and it is not in the power of Government or banks to permanently increase it. Let us then suppose our circulating medium to be entirely of specie, and suppose further that three hundred millions of dollars are needed by the community for the purpose indicated. Now, if it were attempted to put four hundred millions of specie dollars in circulation, one hundred millions would go out of the country or into hoards or be melted up into jewelry and plate, and otherwise consumed in the arts. But if the circulating medium be of irredeemable paper, and there still being but three hundred millions needed, it is attempted to put four hundred millions in circulation, it must, since it cannot go abroad nor be melted up into jewelry and otherwise consumed in the arts nor go into hoards, inevitably depreciate to about seventy-

five cents on the dollar. And if it be attempted, by the use of such expedients as the export of bonds or the sale of gold, to impart a value to an irredeemable paper currency beyond that belonging to it by virtue of the law of supply and demand, it is scarcely metaphor to say that the using of such expedients is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. We therefore dissent from the Commissioner in his remedy for the second cause so far as he prescribes the resumption of specie payments. Congress seems to be at its wits' end on this subject of the currency, but if it does not take hold of the matter properly and speedily, it will regulate itself in a way that will sweep everything before it.

The remedy for the third cause is in the reduction of taxation, which is, of course, self-evident. It is only in the means employed about which there can be any controversy. The great object is, of course, to increase production, and we can only cursorily notice the means suggested by the Commissioner. Among the most important recommendations is the reduction of the tax on sales of the products of manufacturing industry from five to three per cent. It is not without great deference to the Commissioner that we express the opinion that this tax, unparalleled, we believe, among civilized nations at the present day, should be entirely abolished. The condition of the country is such, financially and industrially, that it is no time to indulge in half-way measures. The second, fourth and fifth recommendations are excellent, and so is the third, except that it does not go far enough. The tax on gross sales of sugar refiners should, we think, be entirely abolished.

In the department of external taxation or customs duties, the Commissioner argues at great length and with great ability in favor of an abatement in the duties on raw materials that enter into reproductive consumption, and we emphatically endorse his views.

We can only discuss the matter on general principles, and will remark, that the consumption of whatever is productively consumed, such as the alimentary substances that sustain the physical power of man, and, *à fortiori*, the consumption of whatever is reproductively consumed, such as wool or the constituents of paper, whether of foreign or domestic production, necessarily increases national wealth. In this view, then, how absurd the increase of duty on foreign wool provided by the House bill of last session. We assent to the principle of protection, nay, we stoutly contend for it. But we deny that any increase of the duty on foreign wool will protect the domestic grower, for it may be regarded as an axiom in political economy, that no amount of duty on any foreign product can permanently enhance, above the cost of production, the price of the domestic product so long as it can be produced to an unlimited extent; and this principle applies to manufactured products as well as to raw materials. The law of supply and demand regulates

price. Of what avail to the domestic wool grower, then, would be a duty of one dollar per pound on foreign wool so long as the woolen mills were shut up? If the domestic wool grower can create an unlimited demand for his product, he can obtain an unlimited price. But let us suppose that all foreign wool were barred out by prohibitory duties, and that our manufactures were in a flourishing condition, and the price of wool, by reason thereof, were forced up largely above its cost of production. Is it not obvious that every farmer would become a wool grower, thus increasing the supply so that the price would soon fall below the cost of production? We do not deny that the wool grower is distressed, but it is because of the universal prostration of the woolen manufacturing interest and the wretched condition of the currency. We have no space to devote to the further discussion of this point, and will content ourselves with saying that inasmuch as productive or reproductive consumption creates national wealth, it should be encouraged by the Government, and the duties on all products that are so consumed should be adjusted in proportion to the productiveness of their consumption. That they should be levied on for purposes of revenue only, and especially the products that are reproductively consumed should be touched as lightly as possible.

The Commissioner justly protests against the reduction of duties of tea and coffee made by the House bill, and sustains his position by sound and irrefragable argument. The people did not ask for the reduction, and do not desire it at the expense of more onerous taxation in other forms. The duty on sugar should be increased so as to provide more gold revenue and relieve the important branch of industry engaged in sugar refining. We do not assent to the reduction proposed in the duties on brandies and spirituous liquors, inasmuch as they are to a very great extent luxuriously and unproductively consumed. The duties, we think, should be put at the maximum revenue point, and, if anything, should favor prohibition. It should not be forgotten that for every dollar of duty on brandy paid into the Custom House, another dollar goes out of the country, and this procedure should not be allowed to go on to any extent, except for merchandise that is productively or reproductively consumed. With regard to increased revenue derived from the duties on spirits, the reasoning is, we think, inconclusive. The increased importations were mainly owing to the condition of the currency, without doubt; and partly owing, perhaps, to apprehensions of increased duties. The abandonment of the *ad valorem* principle in the duties on wines is excellent, for the specific duty is always preferable when applicable. We are nevertheless of opinion that the duties should be put at the maximum revenue point, and without regard to the circumstance of their being higher or lower than those now existing.

With regard to manufactured textiles, we think the Commissioner is entirely too conservative in his views, and we base our opinions upon general principles that no amount of superficial reasoning can upset. We again revert to the foundation principle, that labor is the only source of wealth. Now, inasmuch as a finished silk, cotton or woolen fabric is not susceptible of additional labor, it is unproductively consumed, and though unproductive consumption of *domestic* products is negative in its effect on national wealth, yet unproductive consumption of *foreign* products is wasteful consumption, and a direct, absolute diminution of national wealth to the extent of their cost. So that as far as the wealth of the nation is concerned, the money, or its equivalent, sent out of the country in payment for finished silk, cotton or woolen fabrics, might as well have been thrown into the sea. There is, of course, a certain amount of labor bestowed in making up such materials, but labor thus employed is only that which is diverted from domestic materials. The very serious condition of the country, therefore, imperiously requires that prohibitory duties should be levied on all textile fabrics, not so much for the sake of protecting manufactures, but for the purpose of protecting the national credit, which is in great danger, and in view of the alarming amount of our foreign indebtedness outstanding.

Every sound principle of political economy requires the free admission of coal and unmanufactured lumber. Moderate duties on crude metals and raw products of all kinds are justified and demanded by sound considerations, the reformation of the currency being the all-important corrective of any evils that cannot be reached by judicious tariff legislation.

The Commissioner judiciously refrains from recommending a reduction of duties on cigars, notwithstanding that they are prohibitory. They ought to be prohibitory, for cigars are wastefully consumed, though not more so than are finished textiles. The principle which justifies prohibitory duties on cigars will apply with equal force to a French silk; both being articles of luxurious and unproductive or wasteful consumption.

We have said that we thought the Commissioner altogether too conservative in his views regarding the duties on manufactured and finished textiles. And it is here where he takes leave of his own sympathies, as he does also of sound principle. He proposes, we understand, to maintain duties on such imports at a revenue standard, to admit that which is unproductively consumed *for the sake of the duty*, to "take in at the spigot and let out at the bung." We are constrained to say that his policy, if we understand it correctly, merits the unqualified condemnation of Congress and the country.

Labor is the only source of wealth. "Sir," said Mr. Webster, "the great interest of this country, the producing cause of all its prosperity, is labor! labor! labor! We are a laboring community.

A vast majority of us all live by industry and actual employment in some of their forms. The Constitution was made to protect this industry, to give it both encouragement and security, but above all, security." And the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury takes up the cry in a recent letter to Mr. Spalding, and says, "What we need is an increase of labor." And the echo comes back from the manufacturing districts where the stillness of death prevails, "What we need is an increase of labor."

We have said that we contend for the principle of protection. Protection runs through the whole course of legislation, it is the foundation principle of common and statute law, it is the very end of government itself. The war for the preservation of the Union was waged upon this principle, to the great indignation of the Rebels, who only desired to be let alone. The July riots were suppressed upon this principle, to the intense disgust of the rioters, who were stout advocates of the *laissez-faire* doctrine. The principle of protection is instinct in human nature as well as in the brute creation, implanted there by God himself. And a parental government that withholds its protecting arm from any and every laudable enterprise of its children, will surely and deservedly perish. But at this point pro-English sophistry steps in and says, "Some nations can produce certain commodities cheaper than others, and it is the true principle of political economy for nations to exchange with each other such products of labor as they can respectively produce at the cheapest price. Everything will regulate itself without governmental interference. *Laissez-faire.*" Let us examine this principle, conceding for the moment, and for the sake of argument, which is not true, that political economy teaches no higher nor nobler purpose than the continual swapping of commodities with other nations, the driving of sharp bargains, and so far as possible getting something for nothing, and reducing ourselves to what the French somewhat contemptuously and not altogether unjustly styled the English, "a nation of shopkeepers." Conceding all this, we say, the question arises, what are the products of labor, the exchanging of which with other nations constitutes the *summum bonum* of our existence? We have said elsewhere, that the nation became an exporter of raw materials and precious metals. Are any or all of these commodities products of labor? Take cotton, for instance. Is cotton a product of labor? Cotton is a product of the soil, the creation of Omnipotence. Labor cannot produce it. "Paul may plant, Apollos may water, but God giveth the increase." There is a certain amount of manual labor bestowed upon it in digging the soil, picking and preparing it for the market, but this is manual labor, the labor of the muscles, sweat labor, and the value of this, while it costs more, is infinitesimally small, compared with the machine-labor to which it is afterward

subjected. Let us follow a bale of cotton sold to England. It goes there into a mill and out again, and with a trifling amount of manual labor, it is landed in America again and sold for the price of three bales of cotton. Now, what was added to the bale of cotton during its absence from the country that caused it to command the price of three bales of cotton? It was not substance. It was "the unsubstantial, intangible, abstract commodity, composed of time, intellect, and exertion." It was labor—machine-labor. This is the sort of traffic to which British free trade invites us. And if this be the chief end of our existence, we need not confine ourselves to the raising of cotton; we need not confine ourselves to the raising of cereals; we may go through the whole range of esculents; we may devote ourselves as well to the ennobling purpose of raising their potatoes and parsnips. Is it possible that, in the Divine economy, this continent was set apart as a vegetable garden for Europe?

But the science of political economy in its beneficent ends and aims, is not confined within the ignoble and contemptible limits of mere buying and selling, trading and swapping, and the everlasting jingling of money. It does not teach merely how to acquire wealth, it rather inculcates on nations the necessity of cultivating habits of industry, self-reliance, morality, education, economy, and contentment, that are better than wealth—that are indeed the constituents of true wealth. Political economy is intimately associated with political philosophy, which teaches that the encouragement of arts and manufactures, and the diversification of industry, are as vitally essential to the strength and durability of a republican form of government, as is the exercise of the elective franchise.

It is then the multiplication of steam machinery, the consumption of our own and foreign raw materials, and the preservation of our home market in which to sell our industrial products, to which we must look for the means of paying our national debt and supporting the burden of taxation; and we protest against any policy that will deprive us of our home market, because we have, and can have, none other of any consequence. If we are driven from off the face of the ocean by British pirates, and out of every foreign market in the civilized world by British cotton-spinners, then we demand that Congress shall give us our own home market, and free it at once and forever from the unequal competition of foreign capital and labor.

GEORGE A. POTTER.

THE PARABLE OF HASSAN.

HASSAN the holy journeyed, and the Lord
Gave charge concerning him: in sweet accord,
The angels of the night, and of the day,
Kept watch from sun to sun, o'er Hassan's way.
At noon he thirsted, and with grateful eyes,
Saw, o'er the low red sands, the soft cloud rise,
Which promised water. Eager on the brink
He knelt, but swooping down ere he could drink,
A hateful bird of prey the shallow pool
Disturbed, and dipped its reeking wings to cool
Their heat, leaving no drop of water pure.
Then Hassan meekly said, "Father, how sure
I am. Thou guidest me! I thank thee still!
Hunger and thirst are thine, and work thy will!"

At sunset, murky shadows stretched like clouds
Across the sands, and in the west, in crowds,
Of phantom shapes, red vapors rose, till heat
Seemed hotter for the shade in which no sweet
Winds stirred: the distant city's line grew gray,
And low, and dim, as if long leagues away.
Then weary Hassan, in a grove of palms,
Lay down, and chanting grateful prayers and psalms,
Asked God for sleep. A sudden rushing sound
Roused him. He saw along the desert ground
A whirling cloud of sand uprear its head,
And grow to be a giant. Hassan fled
'Neath the simoom, yet prayed, "I thank thee still,
Dear Lord! All pains are thine, and work thy will!"

At midnight, angels smiled round Hassan's bed,
And sealing in deep sleep his eyelids, said,
"Hassan, beloved of God, look up, and see
The pool from which the foul bird hindered thee!"
He looked, and in the slimy bottom lay
A reptile dead, whose poisonous decay
Filled all the water. "And the palm tree's shade,
Where thou wouldst rest." Even in sleep afraid,
Hassan beheld the deadliest beast of all
Which throng the desert wilds, hid in the tall
Green reeds, which round the grove, like spears, were set.
At sunrise, Hassan prayed, "Oh, this day, let
All goodly pains of thirst and hunger still,
And weariness, dear Father, work thy will!"

H. H.

A DAY WITH THE PAINTERS.

YOU are a new comer in Rome. For years you have dreamed of the day when your artist-life should take new strength and fairer hues within the gray old walls of Rome. So, as we climb together the broad stairs of the Trinità de Monti, on our way to take possession of your new studio, your heart beats quicker than its wont, for you are treading the very stones that have echoed to the footsteps of the master painters whose worthy pupil you are aiming to become. If you dwell for many months in Rome and then return to the cold, sharp air of the cities of our Western world, you will wonder why Dante found wearisome the climbing of alien stairs; for in your memory will be found no fairer, more regretted stairway than this curving, climbing flight, in whose building the architect atoned for his hundred sins of frightful architecture.

The one hundred and thirty-five steps are sure to shorten somewhat your breath, so we pause at the top, and, leaning on the coping that skirts the brow of the Pincian hill, look west, south and east over the worn, yet beautiful features of the world's discarded mistress. I have no need to tell you that yonder soaring, buoyant dome is Buonarotti's masterpiece; but look beyond and to the right of St. Peter's, and your eye will rest on the blue hill of Monte Mario, flecked with gray patches of olive trees, and crowned by the tall, solitary pine tree at whose foot Shelley has often lain and watched the sailing clouds. You do not find Shelley's Pine mentioned in "Murray's Hand-Book," but every artist knows it as the changeless friend of generations of his predecessors. From the windows of the house close by our left, Claude watched the sun setting behind Monte Mario, and caught thence the golden tints that warm our hearts to admiration of his conventional, utterly wrong and strangely beautiful landscapes. Beneath our feet domes and bell-towers, brown, mossy tiles and quaint, excrescent, unexpected, dormer windows tell us that we are looking down upon the roofs of Roman churches, convents and palaces. Away to the eastward stretches the cemetery where lies buried the ancient city of the Cæsars. Everywhere ruined arches and broken columns mark the grave of the glories of the marble city. With clinging ivy and strange vines, Nature tenderly strives to hold together the crumbling walls of the temples where she was once worshipped by those who called her Ceres or Bacchus or Diana. Still further on you can follow the sinuous aqueducts winding away out of sight over the Campagna, whose undulating green and brown surface breaks here

and there into spray of shining, marble mausoleums, or convents brave with painted stucco. The Alban and the Sabine hills, dotted with white, nestling villages, lift their ancient heads against the clear blue of the eastern sky.

You will watch this matchless panorama so often, as the ceaseless days roll on, that we will linger no longer, but hasten to your future studio, which is close at hand, in the Via Sistina. Notice the French sentinel close by your door, and remember, if you are attacked by midnight robbers in this street, never fly to him for protection. A frightened German once tried that plan, and thereby became a victim to misplaced confidence, as well as to Roman robbers, for the Frenchman received him on the point of his bayonet, which struck the unfortunate man directly in the mouth, greatly to the injury of his favorite set of teeth, which, as he pathetically represented, were quite new and enormously expensive.

We enter the open doorway of number twelve. It was in this very building that Salvator once lived and painted. I will show you his studio some day. Remember to carry with you, wherever you go, a small roll of wax candles—a *cerino*, we call it—and always light it before entering a house at night. For in the depths of the unlit hall is a favorite lurking place for the robbers who infest every street and by-way of the Roman night.

We toil up the interminable flight of unswept, unwashed, and unsavory stairs. You perceive, roughly painted on the wall, the names of Smith and Jones, and countless English, French, and German artists. These are the records of the hundred years of painters who have lived in this building, and have, from time to time, made this extempore directory for the enlightenment of their visitors.

This is to be your studio. Don't be disheartened at the bleak and bare appearance of the place. Do you say that three rush-bottomed chairs and a rusty stove are not sufficient furniture for the room? Nonsense! Wait till you get your easel up, and your canvases leaning against the wall; your firewood piled in the corner, and your painting materials lying everywhere about, and you will not consider the room bare or cheerless. Don't overlook the pictures on the walls. True, they are painted on the bare plaster in the idle moments of some former occupant, but they are by no means devoid of interest. That hat which is cleverly painted as though it were hanging on the wall is the work of a brother of Sergeant Talfourd, the author of "Ion." The portrait of a woman which decorates the panel of the door is a fair likeness of Stella, a model whose acquaintance you must sooner or later make, and was painted, frame and all, by young Watts, a poor young Englishman who died here of consumption a few years ago, and now lies buried not many paces from the stone that marks the resting place of Shelley's "heart of hearts."

What makes the woodwork about the room so full of triangular holes? That is the result of injudicious spear-throwing. You have noticed the sketching umbrellas for sale in the shops, with long, spear-headed handles which can be attached in order to plant them firmly in the ground. Well, the fellows will practice with these javelins in their studios, throwing them at a mark, you understand, and the consequence is a general pitted, small-pox sort of look about the woodwork.

You don't quite fancy the chimney that you perceive just outside of the window? My dear fellow, that chimney is one of the attractions of the place. Last Winter there lived an English family on the floor below, with whose fireplace that chimney communicated, and you can form no idea of the immense amount of bits of tile and plaster that were pitched down that chimney by the friends of the painter who then occupied your studio. The mouth of the flue could not be hit once in ten times, so you perceive that to hit it was a test of skill, as well as an endless joy.

Where are you to sleep? O! I forgot to show you your bedroom. Here it is, opening directly out of your studio, and quite full enough of furniture to satisfy even your querulous demands. It is very snug and cosey, you admit, although perhaps four bureaus and three tables are a little superfluous. At your request I have hired these rooms for you at twelve dollars per month. Your firewood will cost you, say, fifteen dollars during the Winter, and your oil not more than two. Your washing bill will average about thirty cents per week, and the attendance—making beds, fires, etc., which Antonio will do for you—will cost but one dollar per month. So you will observe that your expenses need not be very large, and, indeed, if your breakfast and dinner are not too luxurious, you will find that four hundred dollars can easily be made to cover your yearly expenses.

I will leave you now, to arrange your studio to your own satisfaction. I place in your hands, at parting, this heavy mass of iron. It is a key, or rather two keys, though you may possibly mistake it for the shaft of a small steamboat. At one end is the key of your studio door, and at the other, the key of the great street door. It shuts up with a hinge in the middle of the handle, and in spite of its apparent size, I assure you that it does not weigh more than two pounds and a half. . . . . .

When I meet you again at six o'clock the next morning, I find you already up and at work. No matter how lazy you may hitherto have been, you do not care to sleep late in Rome. Life is short, and the Roman days are too lovely to be wasted in bed. Your tubes are already in service and your palette prepared for the day's work. How sweet is the odor of the paint! As you grow older you will learn that there is no scent bottle half so fragrant as the

clean, soft, tubes of color, and no ottar of roses half so dreamily delicious as the odor of your freshly-set palette.

Come away to breakfast. Pure and bright and fresh is the morning air of the Pincian. Ah, there is no air so sweet and clear, no sun so bright and warm, no clouds so fleecy and delicate in texture and in color, as are the air and sun and clouds of Rome!

We descend again the great stairway, into the Piazza di Spagna, and in another moment we enter the Caffe Greco. The rooms are small and dark and cavernous. The particular room affected by English and American artists has no windows, and receives its light only from the next room, which is long and narrow, with seats running along each wall, and is lighted by a skylight in the roof. This latter room, the Omnibus, as we call it, is principally given over to Spaniards and Frenchmen in the evening (for at the Greco, each nation has its accustomed room), but now, in the morning, we sit wherever we choose, and hence select a table in the lighter, pleasanter Omnibus.

These little marble-topped tables have been used as drawing boards by countless artists while sitting here with their post-prandial pipes, and hence bear numberless scratches on their surface. The figured pattern of the wall paper has, in many places, been warped and twisted by ingenious pencils into outlandish likenesses of unheard-of beasts and reptiles. It is gray, too, and stained with much and perpetual smoke, for the smoke of tobacco peace offerings never ceases to rise and linger about the vaulted roof. It is not a clean nor an intrinsically attractive place, but it will be the "exchange" where you will meet your fellow artists, where you will make appointments with other men, and whither your letters from home will be directed. You will grow to have a fondness for the grimy, gloomy spot, and the future will often bring its memory, fragrant and longed for, to you in distant lands.

Cecco, the best of waiters, brings us on two small silver trays, two tumblers of coffee, four rolls and two little dishes of powdered sugar. This is to be our breakfast, and it will cost us four cents each. The individual opposite to us, who is breakfasting upon eggs, and rolls, and butter, has his coffee in a china cup, and luxuriates in lump sugar and a small, private coffee-pot. He is a new comer, and not having a gray and venerable Roman, like myself, to guide his inexperienced footsteps, falls an easy prey to the arts of Cecco, who supplies him with his coffee-pot and lump sugar, and charges him roundly for his useless luxuries.

Perhaps you deem two butterless rolls and a tumbler of coffee a frugal breakfast. If you are wise you will never increase this limited bill of fare, and will adopt the same articles as your usual lunch. Much eating does not agree with the Roman climate. If you were to eat here as much as you are accustomed to do in a

colder climate, you would soon fall ill, and ignorantly blame the air of Rome for the consequences of your own imprudence, as many an indiscreet and unthinking northman has done before you.

Breakfast over, you return to your studio and work until noon. At twelve o'clock we meet again at the Greco, and again discuss our coffee and rolls. The Caffe is now quite crowded, and you may see most of the unmarried artists eating their lunch or waiting impatiently for the "Galignani's Messenger," which is usually engaged five or six deep. Two years ago you might have seen the kind, gray head of Gibson, now laid at rest forever, and listened to his self-complacent, but always genial and kindly talk.

If you are not an unwisely persistent worker, you will not immediately return to your studio. Five hours of careful indoor labor are quite as much as any man can profitably perform. You must have exercise and recreation, and there is no wiser or better plan for you to follow than to spend the afternoon in the open air with your sketch book, and with a pleasant and profitable friend—one who is intimate with Nature, and knows the meaning of her forms and tints of beauty; one who is, first of all, an artist; not a mere merchant of his wares. For there are men in Rome, as elsewhere, who know but one great law in painting, and that is—paint what will sell. Such men demoralize the young art student, and dull his reverence for and faith in art.

Rainy afternoons you will devote to the grand art galleries, which are among the chiefest treasures of Rome. Whether by careful copying or steadfast gazing, you study the mind and method of the masters whose works hang before you, the hours spent in the Borghese or the Doria will never be without their useful lesson.

Or, instead of either of these ways of spending the afternoon, you will often visit the studios of your fellow artists. Aside from the pleasure of social intercourse, you will thus encourage and aid one another. "Two heads," so runs the old proverb, "are better than one, even if one is a cabbage-head." And so the crude criticisms and suggestions of a beginner like yourself may often aid an older worker, while his counsel and advice will always be of use to supplement your inexperience.

At five o'clock you will dine, either at the Lepri, or, if that restaurant is too dear for you, who as yet have sold no pictures, at the cheapest (and dirtiest) of restaurants, the Trattoria dei Quattro Nazioni. It might properly be called the restaurant of all, instead of four nations, for there is a polyglot of languages spoken at the crowded tables. Here you can get a fair dinner for twenty-five cents. The same dishes, though better cooked and served, would cost you thirty-five cents at the Lepri.

Never dine alone. A strong distinction between man and the brutes is found in the fact that men take pleasure in dining together,

while brutes slink away to growl in solitude over their private bones. Dine persistently alone, and you will become bear-like, a contemner of men and of social pleasures, a dyspeptic, and a burden and grief to the minds of inattentive waiters, at whom you will surely growl in the veriest dog-fashion.

After dinner we go to the Greco once more for a cup of black coffee and a pipe. The Caffe is noisy, and crowded, and stifling with smoke. There is a vast deal of argument and discussion going on between men of a dozen different nationalities, and you observe that Italian forms the usual means of conversation between Englishman and German, Russian and American. Remain here half an hour, and you will hear the wildest art-heresies promulgated. As a general rule, no two of the younger men entertain the same views, while each one is sublimely confident and peremptorily positive in the enunciation of his beliefs. The older men eat and smoke in comparative quiet, and smile to think how this effervescence of youthful intensity will soon vanish under the influence of hard and earnest labor. But pleasant as you may find the Caffe in the evening, you will not remain long if you wish to do much in the profession you have chosen, but will leave the Greco at seven o'clock and come with me to the Life School.

The liberality of the English Government supports here a room, or rather two rooms, where English and American artists have the opportunity of drawing from the nude, free of expense. The Life School boasts also a small and cosey library, with the germ of a good collection of books, and enlivened by a bright, cheerful, grate fire. You will find no cosier nook in Rome on a cold Winter's night than this Life School library.

We seat ourselves at the plain wooden desks, and draw patiently and silently in company with ten or a dozen companions. The models are all of the male sex, inasmuch as the exceeding modesty of the Papal Government does not permit the artist to employ nude female models, except in the privacy of his studio. The men whom you meet at the Life School are the most promising of the younger artists. You may judge somewhat of a man's future by the extent of his attendance here. If he is to be met at the Life School four evenings in a week, you may safely conclude that if he fails, it will not be for want of earnest effort and patient labor. If, on the contrary, he passes his evenings habitually at the Greco, the theatre, or the billiard table, it is not probable that he will attain much deserved eminence as an artist.

After two hours' work we leave the Life School, and our day's work is over. We will stop again at the Greco for a few moments, and then walk homeward together. It will not hurt you to read for an hour or two in your room, but you will find that the next morning's work will be all the easier, if you are soon in bed and asleep.

Of course, you will not devote every night to the Life School. The theatres and the opera in Rome are excellent and inexpensive, and are wholly free from the grosser temptations that lurk near the American and the English theatres. And there, too, as a light-hearted friend of mine was wont to remark, you can study the nude to considerable advantage while watching swift-footed damsels of the ballet, thus combining business with pleasure.

And now that your first day of Roman artist-life is over, I leave you at your door, and say good-night, as you stop to light your *cerino* and to bring up your ponderous key from the deep recesses of your pocket. This day has been a fair sample of the days you will live while the permit of the Papal police gives you the right to make your *habitat* in Rome. Is it a life that pleases you?

When you leave Rome and return—gladly, as you think at the time—to your native land, you will soon find that you are restless and uneasy. When once the mighty "city of the soul" has cast her glamour over you, thenceforth you will never again be free. No mistress ever charmed her lovers with a fascination so strong and lasting as that which ever draws the artist back to Rome. Go where you will, you still fail to find a home. All the rest of the world will seem but a vast hotel, where you are stopping for a brief time, and whence you long to return to the dearest home you have ever known. You will find that Tenth Street has no studio half so pleasant as the room in the Sistina, which you once thought bare and unattractive; and that the "Century" is cold and desolate in comparison with the smoky, noisy Greco. And so, sooner or later, you yield to the constant drawing of your heart strings, and you once more climb the stairs of the Trinità. Whatever may be your hopes and wishes now, believe me, the future years can bring you no keener pleasure than will be yours when, for the second time, you enter Rome and feel that at last you are at home again.

W. L. Alden.

ANOTHER "PRETTY BOW OF RIBBON."

HANNAH JONES sat on her door-step watching, with speculation in her eyes, two distracted hens that were led about by their young families of ducklings through the little pools of water formed at the end of the shed by a recent heavy rain. It was evident to her, as she gazed, that the brown hen and the black hen were at their wits' end. They and their respective broods understood each other less and less as days went on, and a growing alienation made it evident that ere long there would be a final separation between the parties—an absolute withdrawal, on the part of the hens, of all claims of parentage. As Hannah watched she smiled, but presently a shiver passed over her, and she turned away from the serio-comedy and said, as if commiserating both parties, "That must be dreadful."

She was the wife of Matthew Jones, who was a minister and foundry-man, uniting in his godly self two vocations, the duties of which he zealously fulfilled. Matthew was a minister in Bradshaw, where she married him fifteen years ago, and came to live in this little brown house by the road-side, shaded from the road by elm and apple trees. He was a minister, and poor, and it was thought a hazardous thing to do, by those who looked to see their daughters well settled in life, when the handsome young girl, in a fit of religious enthusiasm married, the staid, hard-working man, who was so manifestly destitute of the spirit of accumulation.

Hannah had never repented of that step, though it was very evident that she might have "done better by herself" in a worldly way. She might have married Richard Fenn, for instance, in whose foundry her husband now worked six days of the week—head workman to be sure, but not the master of the works. Her friend Margaret Ware married Richard instead, and had her fine country house, and her handsome town house, and was a lady of fashion; but Hannah, sitting on her door-step and looking like a Quaker who has in very truth renounced the world without a single compromise, does not envy her; no, nor any other mortal on this earth. She looks to me, as she sits there under the shade of the elms which, with the old apple trees, make an arbor of the yard, like an entertainer of angels. In part nature, and in part Matthew Jones, are responsible for this result. Delightful I call it—though pomp and circumstance would vanish out of the world were all women to become like Hannah; society would languish, and scandal-mongers be at their wits' end.

It was Hannah's son Edward who laughed so loud when the hens,

black and brown, began to scold the ducks, and then looked at each other so desperately while they took up their line of march in the rear of the long procession of twenty-nine, through the pond for the fiftieth time.

He came running across the grass barefoot and sat down on the steps beside his mother, and said "guess." She guessed "eleven," whereat he, mightily pleased, and yet somewhat doubtful about her sincerity, answered, "You forget yesterday—there are twelve."

"Yesterday was Sunday. Oh, yes, the black Spaniard is a heathen, and don't mind Sunday."

"Laid her egg just the same," said the boy, laughing. "How soon do you think she will settle down?"

"Never. She is too restless. She will persuade old Mistress White into her nest, I think, when she is ready to leave it."

"That would be like papa writing a sermon, and getting you to preach it. Mamma! there is Mrs. Fenn!"

"Well, child."

The mother sat still, but the boy got up and ran into the hall. He had spied the tip of a waving plume in the road below the stone wall.

When the lady began to ascend the steps which led from the road-side to the parsonage, Hannah still retained her seat. The minute after out came Edward again, with shoes on his feet, and running across the grass, he escorted Mrs. Fenn to his mother, pleased and bright.

Mrs. Fenn was, like Hannah, a Bradshaw native. How two flowers so unlike could have sprung from the same soil, was one of the common wonders always so wonderful. When she and Hannah were girls, the young men, Jones and Fenn, were fellow workmen in a machine-shop which an enterprising speculator had erected as a connecting link between the iron mines of the neighborhood and the new railroad. Fenn wanted to marry Hannah, but she was already the betrothed of Matthew Jones, and so he married her most intimate friend.

The two young men were not more unlike than the two girls. Jones was an unobtrusive, thoughtful youth, full of enthusiasm, but a plodder at handicraft. Yet even in that he was successful, though not to his own profit.

He made experiments when he was not working—busying himself with his fingers while thinking of the next sermon he would preach in some village of his circuit. His experiments in lock-making had most unexpected results. He produced a lock which was worth all that had gone before it, and he showed it to Fenn. Fenn seized it, as electricity takes up a thought and carries it off through subterranean regions from one continent to another.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked Jones.

"I don't know—something, I suppose. It's worth doing something with."

"Well—when?"

"Oh, I don't know—sometime—no hurry."

"Let me take it, and I'll see about the hurry," said Fenn.

"What will you do with it, Richard?"

"I don't know—something, as you say."

"Make me an offer," said Matthew, laughing.

Fenn considered a moment—"I will try to get a patent. If I succeed," said he, cautiously, "I will make some of the locks and push them into the market. When it's in paying order, I'll pay you handsome. You see, I take all the risks. What do you make out of Driscol?"

"He pays me three hundred dollars."

"And that's what you live on! I'll give you as much as that a year as soon as it begins to pay."

"Take it," said Matthew Jones. "You'll push it, if anybody can."

So Fenn had taken it, and "pushed it," and the lock was now yielding him an income of twenty thousand dollars—and he paid his friend Jones double what he used to receive from their old employer. Double and more—in short, a thousand dollars a year, and Matthew had the freedom of the works. Much more than he had bargained for, you see. And while he wondered at Fenn's success, he rejoiced over it.

Mrs. Fenn was a handsome flower, in full bloom. She had appropriated everything that came in her way—everything but content. Splendid she looked as she came, in white morning dress and crimson shawl, across the yard, leading Edward by the hand.

She was talking busily with the boy. As they approached the steps he dropped her hand and darted away. She sat down and said,

"I want to tell you something, Hannah, while that child is off. Oh, what a beautiful sunset! It almost equals my Gifford. Has he ever been here? He has'nt, I know. If I lived here I'd invite him. Mr. Fenn and I have had a quarrel."

"That is new. On the old subject, I suppose?"

"No. I gave that up long ago. The fact is, Hannah, I see it is impossible. We can't, living as we do, keep a temperance house. If he was like Matthew, I shouldn't worry about that. No, he wants, he has taken it into his head, that you should go with us to the mountains. I said you wouldn't, so he made me refer it to you. Mr. Jones, Eddy, and all. We want every one of you. You can shut up the house."

"When are you going?"

"Monday or Tuesday—I don't know—any day."

"You may have Ned and Matthew any day you can get them."

"Yes; and Mr. Fenn in the sulks all the way out there and back. Neither of them shall go without you; so settle it to suit yourself. My mind is made up. You will have a travelling suit all around—no bother to you; I'll have them made. Nothing to do but shut up the house, as I said, and give yourselves over to us for a fortnight. Just one fortnight—Richard can't afford any more time. Are you afraid to do it? We are not as bad as we seem."

"I really do not think that it can be done, Margaret. Matthew is so much absorbed in the business he has up at Belmot—all the people there are going into the church. Take Ned, if you want him; but let us alone, and I'll thank you."

"Hannah, don't you want ever to go anywhere or see anybody but Matthew Jones, or Ed? I should be tired to death of Mr. Fenn if I were shut up with him as you are with your family."

"In the first place," said Hannah, "I don't see much more of my husband than the people of Belmot, and Chester, and Greene do. How can I get tired, then?"

"I always think of you as in close communion, you three, from one week's end to another. I wonder if you had been in my place you would have been me. I never could have been you. If I had married Matthew Jones I should have had all the congregation at swords' points; but you are so cool. You don't seem to want anything either, and I want everything. Nothing I get satisfies me. Sometimes I walk about the house and have a feeling that I must break and destroy everything I see; for it all fails—everything fails. I wish that boy of yours belonged to me; something living and near. He is the most beautiful thing I ever laid my eyes on."

"You would have made a fool of him. Perhaps I shall. Be thankful he isn't yours."

"You think I am like sister Patience, who has made such fools of her children. Her Margaret is an ungovernable girl, and the boys perfect wild animals. Would you have supposed they could turn out that way—they were so bright and pleasant—such fine-looking fellows?"

"Matthew says that they have kind hearts and could be very easily managed. Their father was dreadfully severe."

"A perfect tyrant—cramping them all the time; of course they would take advantage and get what they wanted, one way or another; lie and steal to get it, if there was no other way. I end where I began. I wish I had Ned; he is a born gentleman, and, like good crystal, he hasn't a flaw."

"He has flaws enough. Nobody knows that better than I. I am his mother. He has his own devil, and a strong enough one, though it doesn't take to swine. He is a gentleman, as you say,

but he has his battle to fight. You may be glad you haven't him, since you would begin operations on the supposition that he was perfect."

"What fault has he?"

But here Hannah rose up from the door-step and looked toward the sunset. "Yes," said she, "the sun sets every night up here. How glorious it is! What will you have finer among the mountains? You may see further, but thirty miles of gold mist—what more would you ask?"

"We do not expect anything finer," said Mrs. Fenn, scanning her old friend's face well as she spoke, as if she would fain get at the secret of her peace. "But a change is good. That is why the angels are sent out on their errands, I suppose. Change of air and scene is good for them, too. Mr. Fenn gets as tired of everything as I do. If he should give up the works, as he threatens to do sometimes, I don't know what would become of him. That is one reason why I was so in hopes that Mr. Jones would go with him on this trip."

The silence that followed these words was getting embarrassing when Edward came running down the bank from the garden with a bouquet of hermosa and sweet peas in his hand—the rose was the wonder he had told Mrs. Fenn about on her arrival. She received the gift as if her own garden had not borne her a blossom that Summer, and the boy was delighted that he had robbed his of all its bloom for her.

The mother stood apart and surveyed the two in the light of her friend's talk, and she thought, "They look more alike than he and I do. If he were hers, and not mine, I should have one thing less, and she one thing more. But then it would be everything—that one thing. Everything gained, and everything lost. How beautiful Margaret is—how beautiful she looks to him. I wonder if the boy sees my old friend through his mother's eyes."

Edward walked home with Mrs. Fenn to the stone house on the eminence which overlooked the river. On his way back he stopped at the foundry. He had gone as far as the shed when he remembered that his father was on circuit duty. That recollection did not hinder his going in when he saw old Prince Holly at his forge.

There was nothing the boy liked so much as to watch Prince Holly at his work. He went in and stood by the forge for a while, quietly. At last the old man looked over his spectacles at him, and said,

"You're a chip of the old block. When are you going to begin?"

Edward's face flushed. "Begin what?" said he.

"Preaching, I guess," was the reply.

"I guess not, then."

"How! driving the bellows? Standing up afore the forge here, as I've stood forty year?"

"When are you going to sit down?" asked Edward. "You must be tired by this time."

"I'll stop when Mr. Ed invents something that'll do the work for us 'stead of a man. What are you going to make, eh?"

"Something!" said Edward suddenly, and he looked under the bench as if he were hunting for material to begin with. But that was only a pretence, for his face was ablaze. He had never owned as much as this, that he would make "something," to any one, and Prince Holly was the man to get the confession from him.

"I hope you'll look after your business better than your father did afore you, then," said Prince. And he knew what he was saying. He had for a long while been threatening (to himself) that he would say it to Matthew's son if ever he found occasion. Edward flared up.

"What do you mean by that, Prince? My father can manage his own business, I reckon."

"Nothing like Mr. Fenn, he can't. Mr. Fenn is powerful for looking after business. You get your eye teeth cut, sonny, afore you begin. All this here big business has growed out of that lock—and your father made it."

"Well—I know that," said Edward, looking at the old man with an uneasy, doubting glance. He did not quite understand what Holly's purpose might be, yet already he comprehended too much for his own comfort.

"Don't you go an' make such a bargain when you've invented that ere contrivance of yourn. That's all," said Prince, with a significant nod. "Give a man a fortin out an' out, and keep like a beggar yourself."

"Who's a beggar?" exclaimed Edward.

Prince Holly had a dogged way of standing his ground. He had made up his mind as to the right and the wrong of all this business long ago; he hammered away, but the hot iron under his blows was not more his subject at that moment than the young heart his words were belaboring.

"I say, don't you do the same thing over again, that's all;" he repeated, in answer to Edward's question.

"You don't talk right," said the boy, after a thoughtful silence.

"I ain't beholden to any of 'm," answered the old man, throwing down his hammer and nodding significantly at Edward. "I think what I thinks, and I says it if I like. I earns my bread here at this forge. No man gits more out of me than I gives. You like your book like a scholar. I ain't no teacher, but I'll give you this here to spell out: Let him that has a mouth do his own blowing. Mr. Fenn, he blowed for your father about that lock. Where would his fine, handsome house be if it was'nt for that lock? And Miss Fenn, with all her glory, where'd she be if it was'nt for that lock?

Washing clothes, may be, down there to the brook, as I've seed her, many's the time. 'Taint right. Don't you do that ere thing over again."

Edward answered, "I don't know anything about it, Prince. Do you mean Mr. Fenn didn't act right about the lock with father? I think you must be wrong. I never heard such a thing as that before. And we—we are good friends."

"Do you think Matthew Jones is a fellow to pinch a sixpence?" asked Prince, almost angrily, looking at the lad who stood before him gazing at him as he had never before gazed at mortal man. "It was a bargain, I expect. Fenn said, 'let me succeed at that ere lock and I'll pay you double what you're getting now,' and he did that and more. But why didn't he go shares, counting out the expense he'd been at? Your father didn't sell that lock, as I understand. By thunder! I don't like to see things done like that. When you make that ere machine don't you let him go to Fenning it over you."

Edward turned about and walked out of the shed, without answering the old man. He went home by the short cut, taking the foot-path up the hill, by which his father always returned, but his steps were slower and slower as he ascended. His thought when he turned from the mill was to go home, and ask his mother about all this, but the nearer he approached the less likely it seemed that the question would be asked.

Nevertheless, when he sat at the table and broke a crust of bread into a bowl of milk, and balanced the spoon on the edge of the bowl, looking so abstracted and dark, his mother, whose eyes were observing him, but without discerning, it seemed, said, "Well, Ned, you have told me nothing about your walk. Did you see Mrs. Fenn to the door?"

"Only to the gate; the carriage was coming out. She asked me to go with her to the dépôt."

"Did you go?"

"I did not. I went to the forge. Mother, what was it about that lock? Did Mr. Fenn cheat father out of it?"

"My son! where did you get such an idea?"

"They say it wasn't fair. Did father *sell* the patent?"

"He made his arrangements with Mr. Fenn. Whatever they were, they satisfied him. Some one has given you a dose of poison, Edward."

"It won't kill me," he said, looking at his mother, fixing his gaze upon her as if endeavoring to read her secret mind; at the same time she found herself undertaking a like investigation, and unable to determine what course his thoughts were taking. "I don't believe Mr. Fenn was fair."

There was nothing now to do but to probe this wound and dress

it. Hannah undertook the operation; but after all was over she saw that there would be a scar.

Later in the evening she remembered the errand on which Mrs. Fenn had come to the house. She had not intended to speak of it to the boy, until his father had decided the question; but now she said, to turn his thoughts in a new direction,

"Mrs. Fenn has invited us all to go to the mountains with them next week. If your father cannot go, I think he will like to have you go, Ned."

"I will not," said he, fiercely.

"Silly child—you are right," she answered. "You *shall* not. I would not wish my friends to be so much burdened, neither would your father."

"I have not the time to spare," said he, more gently. "Father said I was not getting on with my lessons as he expected. It is because of those ducks and hens. I am going to work, mother. I ought to be getting ready to do something. I am twelve years old."

"I am thirty-six, and all that I have done may be seen in this room," was his mother's answer. "I hope my son will work to a better purpose."

The sad tone in her voice seemed to be the magic that unlocked the boy's soul. His features relaxed, the resolute pride that glittered in his eyes disappeared, a softer light filled its place. He went and sat down close beside his mother, held her hand, kissed it. "Father knows what you have done, and so do I; so do all the people round," said he.

None of the family went with the Fenns on their journey. They all thought they could not, so of course they could not. The people needed the minister, the house had need of the minister's wife, the books wanted Edward. When Matthew came home, Hannah said to him,

"You must look after that boy. Somebody has done him a great injury talking about Mr. Fenn and the lock. I cannot get him to go over there, he has taken such a dislike."

Matthew in his way did his best, but the boy in the mean while was surveying his father as he had never done before, investigating the man who had not proved capable of managing his own affairs with discretion, allowing another to control them, to his harm. His mother looked on with anxiety and thought of those words she had spoken with a shudder to Margaret Fenn; indeed she had never forgotten them since they were spoken. The boy had his own devil.

At fifteen Edward began to teach. He collected his scholars from the neighborhood, though in the Summer some of them came from Belmot, and some from Chester, and some even from Greene, because he was the son of his father. Beside these children of residents, there were others whose parents spent the season on the

river-side and were glad to put their boys and girls into the hands of one who was so fortunate as to bear the name of Jones. Edward not only taught in these days, he studied; the best hours were those he spent in his father's workshop.

"I do not like the way the boy works," said his father to Hannah. "One would think he was possessed with the notion that the world would stop going, if he did."

"It cannot be helped," said the mother. "He must see with his own eyes how useless it is. We cannot convince him. His pride has made him ambitious. He must have successes or failures, Matthew, can you tell which would be best for him? I cannot. Success might encourage him, but would not failure? Would he not thrive on any kind of food?"

"My father did," said Matthew. "He succeeded at last splendidly!"

Hannah looked at her husband with wonder—only for a second—then she caught his meaning. "Yes! but Edward would not call such failures success. They made of your father a servant of the Lord; I believe nothing but the greatest success out of which he should discover the failure lurking in it, would satisfy Edward."

"God knows," said the good man. "Hannah, you are troubled. You are in the way of duty. Leave the child, as everything else, with the Lord."

She tried to do that. When she that evening saw Edward walking home with Margaret Crosby to her uncle's house, for Margaret's mother, Patience, had died, and Mrs. Fenn had adopted her sister's child, she felt easier in her mind. It was not lost upon her, that which Mrs. Fenn had said in her boy's praise the morning after the great party at her house.

"Ed was the finest fellow in the room, and there were twenty from town. Only there is too much of it—whatever *it* is. It goes too far. I wish I could see him dressing up the ducks in caps and frills again, but he seems older this minute than my husband."

Edward was "on terms" with the Fenns again it seemed—yes, on consideration, he had concluded it would be to his advantage to continue the acquaintance, so he continued it; but the charm had passed from the name and the house of Fenn—the glory had departed.

Matthew Jones died—as suddenly as we sometimes see the strong trees in their prime.

The death of such a man was a shock to the community. Belmot, Chester and Greene shared in the grief of Bradshaw, and flocked to the little brown house on the hill-side tearful and lamenting. The newspaper paragraph which announced the death of the inventor of the famous Bradshaw lock was nothing to the testimonial here offered to this good man's life. He had given the world

an invention, and, as happens not rarely, another man had reaped the harvest of the world's appreciation into his garner. But those who had caught the manna of his words, for whom he had prayed, whom he had counselled in difficulty, warned in danger, enlightened in darkness, all such revered him while living, and honored him when dead. This reward was with him.

"He shall have a noble monument," said Mr. Fenn, sitting by the coffin of his old workfellow. "I shall consider it a privilege to erect one to my friend."

Edward, standing at the foot of the coffin, looked around the room and saw that his mother was not within hearing.

"He would not like it," said he. "Besides, I am his son. I will erect such a tombstone as befits our means and his modesty."

No thanks even.

After the funeral, he said to his mother,

"Mr. Fenn wishes to continue father's salary. I might do the work that father did—superintend the machinery—but I shall not do it. Will you take that money? That invention was father's. Fenn was dishonest. When was such a thing ever heard of between friends?"

"It was the contract your father made, my son."

"Yes, but it was dishonorable in Fenn to keep to that agreement —*he* was the one to break it."

"Your father was content."

"He is gone. I am in his place. I am not content."

"Edward! I am. I will accept Mr. Fenn's offer in the spirit in which he makes it."

Why did Hannah say this? For the salvation of her son.

"You must tell him so, then, for I will not," said Edward. "Mother, can you not trust to your son for a support?"

"I can, but if I do that I must go to Margaret Fenn and teli her the meaning of all this. She and I have been friends since we were children—I owe it to her. I must wound her for my son's sake!"

"Do you think she would not understand without your telling?" he asked, for there was something he did not like in that thought which his mother had suggested.

"She might understand, but not as you do. Not as I do. My son, are you less noble than your father! Then the fault is in me. There was nothing like this in him. Resentment! Envy! This shame is mine!"

"A sense of right—a love of justice you may call it, not resentment or envy," said the lad. "If you take the money, mother, you must let them know my protest."

She hesitated, looking at the lad.

"I will let them know," she said, finally, "that my boy prefers to support his mother—and his mother consents to it."

He looked like a young god when she said that. He lifted his load as if it had been a straw's weight. "Hunger is better than those wages Fenn would pay," he said to himself. But when he looked again on his mother he trembled. He seemed to see her widowed state as he had not before seen it. He had felt himself so near to her, had been so much occupied with the part he must act, the place he must fill, that he had failed to apprehend the great sorrow of her desolate state. And now when he beheld it he was appalled, was as a reed shaken in the wind. And what if he should fail in his great projects—as his father had never failed?—and beside this, come between her and her friend?

While thinking these thoughts he saw Mrs. Fenn approaching the house, and he walked hastily away to the little garden in the rear. It was hardly a moment after that Margaret Crosby joined him there. Her aunt and she had seen him as they crossed the yard together coming toward the house.

"I have something to say to Ned," said wild Margaret, and while one entered the house, the other followed him.

It was during that visit of condolence that Hannah said to Mrs. Fenn,

"Margaret, Matthew's salary must be stopped. I told you long ago that Edward had a devil in him. It is pride. The boy wishes to support his mother. I have decided that he *must* do it. Tell your husband."

"I will tell him nothing of the kind," was the answer. "Fenn will be furious. He will hate Edward for this. I do, almost."

"What shall we do, then, you and I, for we are friends—we understand each other," said Hannah, her eyes, with the tremble of grief in them, seeking Margaret Fenn's.

"You must— just go on as before."

"I have given the boy my word."

"Hannah, was that wise?"

"He is far off. I must bring him back. I do not wish him to dash his head against a wall. You wished for a child, Margaret. There's a descent into hell for every soul that's saved alive. *I* have descended. I am in the abyss now. I must go on in the help of the Lord. Think whether it is easy to say this to you. The boy is bitter against your husband; forgive him. We are older and wiser. We know how all these resentments must end."

"Hannah," said Mrs. Fenn, with an expression on her face, and a tone in her voice new to Hannah's eyes and ears, "Hannah, do you share them?"

"Margaret, what do you think?"

"I think you are a better woman than I am."

Margaret did not add, "I agree with Ned. I understand *him* better than I do you. I have always felt as he does. Fenn became

jealous about it; he thought it was on poor Matthew's account, and not for justice." All this was truth, but she said instead, "Fenn shall be pacified if I can manage it. You think I can do it easily enough. Perhaps I could if— I were a wiser woman."

"Margaret, have you lost your husband, too—you, as well as I?" said Hannah.

Margaret looked at her.

"Is that a question to ask a wife?" said she.

"It is not. Forgive it. God alone can come into the silent heart without intruding."

"I have not lost him, Hannah, nor he me; yet there is a loss. I can go down—into the abyss, as you said. I stand on its edge. Yet what salvation is in me?"

"None in any arm created. Yet—there is the abyss; what can we do but follow?" said Hannah.

In the garden Edward stood looking about among the roses—those rare bushes which Mrs. Fenn had brought him years ago, and which year by year he had tended with such care. There were none now in bloom.

Margaret Crosby walked up the path behind him, and said,

"We shall have no grand sunset to-night, but how glorious it always is up here! Even those gray clouds, how soft they are! how lovely!"

He turned about, not half pleased at the sound of the voice, but his eyes were constrained to follow in the direction of hers.

"Not bright. That could not be borne. There is every soft shade of gray. It is a pity that you do not have the sunset from the river."

"I think so. Edward, I have been reading to my aunt about Homer, and I wish I knew his language."

He looked at her with so grave and undisguised an astonishment, that Margaret's brown cheek shone with a glow brighter even than usual.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," said she, with spirit. "That is my best reason. I don't know any other."

"I thought so"—he turned away to look at the gray sky again—it charmed him—and she did not. She belonged to Fenn's family—the idea in the abstract was hateful to him.

"I *can* tell you, if you wish to know," said she; "I think that one should know everything. Why shouldn't I learn Greek? Perhaps I shall translate Homer some day."

"Perhaps you will."

"I want to be able to take care of myself," she said, impetuously; but as she spoke thus strongly, Margaret leaned against a tree. She had never, that he had seen, other beauty than that of health

and of youth. But the soul that was bestirring itself seemed to add something just now to these wholesome charms.

"Must one learn Greek first, for that?" answered he—and there was no little cruelty in the indifference with which his spirit listened to the expression hers was seeking.

"It is necessary to know something, to begin somewhere. Do you know Greek?"

"Yes, a little."

"Will you teach me?" It seemed to him that this question was likely to follow. He thought that to ask it she had gone thus far. But, in fact, she was surprised herself when she found that she was on the brink of the question, and instead of asking it she walked down the path to the end of it. When she came back she said,

"Everything looks so uncertain. I had a letter this morning from a friend. She is going to teach. We were at school together. We studied Latin together."

"Do you read Latin?" he asked, surprised.

"A little. I might have known a great deal more, but I shall go back to it now. Her father died last year. There are a good many younger children she has concluded to teach. As I said before, nobody knows what will happen. I mean to get ready. Everything changes."

Edward turned toward her with a smile. "Mr. Fenn is not likely to die a poor man."

"He has had some great losses lately. And he has had a good deal of trouble with some of his agents. I do not think there is any danger that he will die poor, as you say. If there were, I am not one of his dependents. But I want to be altogether independent."

Edward nodded his hearty approval of that sentiment, but his thoughts were absorbed in what she had said before, about those losses which her uncle had met. He was glad to hear her say that she was not dependent on him, for somehow it seemed to him, just then, as if Mr. Fenn were doomed, and he did not like to think that any one like Margaret must share in the evil of his ruin.

"Have you any books?" said he—"real books, I mean, not picture books like those Mr. Fenn's library is filled with. I have a grammar and a dictionary. They were my father's, too. He learned Greek after he was forty—as an amusement. He was not married then."

"Do you mean to offer me those precious books?" said Margaret, eagerly.

"If you will take them. Will your uncle help you?"

"He knows nothing about Greek."

"I would advise you to let the Greek alone, and go on with the Latin. Perhaps by that time help will offer worth the having."

"But, then"— hesitated Miss Margaret. "You know if it would be best," she concluded. "I shall do something."

"Every girl should," he said, dryly. "No sensible captain goes to sea without life-boats."

"That is it," she answered, with spirit, quite satisfied since he understood her. "Do you not think my aunt a most beautiful woman?"

"I've always thought so," he said, with sincerity.

"It is certainly glorious."

"What is?"

"To be like her."

"She does not know Greek, though, I dare say."

"No, nor Latin either, but she contrives to get on." Margaret laughed merrily as she said this, but checked herself, remembering that she had come with her aunt to a house of mourning. "If anything ever should happen that she should need any help, how splendid it would be if I could give it! I heard the men talking about your father, and they said there was no danger that your mother would ever want for anything with you to take care of her. I thought how great it was to have that said about one."

Why did the girl say that? To pacify any contrarious spirit she may have seen in him? No—but out of the abundance of her own awakened heart, which was finally assuring itself that there was in life a sphere for all the power it held, and knew not how to use. Edward had found his place—men said that of him—by that token she knew she should find hers. It is a great moment when boy or girl makes such discovery, or comes to such conviction.

"It is because you are yourself so proud," said Edward in reply, "that you think that."

"Did you ever notice that I had any pride before? Nobody ever said I had. I had just as soon ride in a cart as in aunty's phaëton. Is that because I have no pride? There is one thing, I do not like to see uncle drinking so much wine—it looks as if he liked it."

"That is pride. Human nature's. It don't like to see the beast in its kind."

"Yes," said she; "you have hit it. I am proud that way." But now there came a call "Margaret!"

"That is my aunt. I am going. I came to see your mother, and have only seen you."

"She has seen Mrs. Fenn, though. If you ever want those books, Miss Margaret, you can have them any time."

"Oh, thank you. Good-by. Are you coming?"

"No; good night," he said, and went back to the garden. Something had happened to him. He was a little softened. Indignation and anguish had not since his father's death known the least miti-

gation until now. Was it that he seemed to see a red flag flying from the mill gate, and from the windows of Fenn Hall? He took these two thoughts, among others, back with him into the garden. Mr. Fenn was meeting with heavy losses. Mr. Fenn was drinking a good deal. He had suspected the former fact, the latter was now united to it—the two seemed to bear the man forward like fate to destruction.

Edward toiled away in his workshop harder than ever. Mr. Fenn spoke to him about the salary he had paid his father, and wished to continue to him. When it was declined he appeared to be enraged, and he was, in fact, but it was because Edward had chosen to decline it, for, as Margaret had said, there seemed to be no end to his losses that year; it was not desirable that he should get rid of his income by paying the salary of workmen who were dead, but the fact that Edward declined the money because he entertained his own ideas in regard to business transactions with his father galled him.

The boy was inflexible, however; he made no boast of inflexibility, but kept at work like a man who had obligations to meet. Least of all to his mother could he boast. He was fighting a fight every stage of which was obvious to her. As from time to time the struggle was renewed, she saw how his reverence for the life-long friendship of which she had spoken once to him never lessened, and she said, "If I have inspired in him a love for his mother worthy of the name, he will conquer this hatred and malice; if not, I must reap what is planted. Oh, my God!"

Three years after the death of Matthew Jones, the Fenns were spending the Winter in their country house. The town house had been sold. Mr. Fenn, it was reported, was drinking himself to death; the iron mills, it was said, might as well be closed, so great was the disadvantage under which they were working.

Events like these could not happen in the neighborhood without producing an effect. There was much talk—little sympathy—no tears fell.

"What are you going to do when these works come under the hammer?" asked Prince Holly of Edward.

"It will be time enough to think about that when they *do*," was the answer.

"I don't think so. Best to be ready," the old man rejoined.

Edward's mother might have told you what temptations beset her son in those days, but never how she watched and prayed, and waited, till he should have passed through the fiery furnace.

One night this young man came back after a mysterious absence. He had been away for a fortnight, and when he went had not taken his mother even into his confidence; but now that he was back again, and sat with her in the front room of the little brown house,

he told her of his journey, and showed her its results—patents obtained for improved locks, which he had made.

How proud and happy she was in his happy pride—and most of all that in his secret was no sin. She asked no questions, for it was his hour to tell her all.

"I had an ugly dream in the cars last night," he said. "I thought that Margaret was working to support Fenn—and Mrs. Fenn was somewhere about, looking so wretchedly. Have you seen them since I went away? What are they doing?"

"You have only been away a fortnight, Edward, though it seems so long to us. They are in great trouble over there—but not in greater trouble than when you went. Margaret is determined to go to work. And if it were only for her own sake, she could do no better. She will work her way out into a noble place."

"Margaret is wise. They thought her so wild—it was only because she felt herself so capable. Mother, you never had a friend you cared for quite as much as you do for Mrs. Fenn." Still the lad's heart brooded over that thought.

"She is associated with every event of my life," answered Hannah Jones.

"There seems to be something sacred in it," mused her son.

"If you mean in friendship, there is."

"I have you for my friend. Thinking of your friendship for her has made me—not quite hate Fenn for being so poor a friend to father."

"Edward, you must prove that."

That was her way. Let the lad now show what had been slain in this long war.

"Did you guess it was what I meant to do? For your sake, and father's and mine. And for hers and for *his*," said he in a low voice.

"My son!" said Hannah, "do you know what it is to hear you say such words?"

"They surprise you, and that is a pain to me," he answered. "I do not know what is worth transmitting if not the best of us. We read of enmities that were heirlooms. Why shouldn't friendships be? Do you think, mother, it adds to her grief to see Fenn in the plight he is in?"

"Could I have borne to see your father so?"

"Oh, mother!"

"She loves him as I loved your father."

"And he's going down every way."

"Edward, I fear it is true."

"Ruined. Yes. I know it. If there was ever a time when I would not have cared for that, mother—"

"It has passed!" said she. "The son of Matthew Jones *could* not commit a murder in his heart."

So they walked together out of the valley of death, with a solemn gladness, knowing well from what they had been delivered—from a triumph, a victory, such as devils alone might rejoice in.

It was early the next morning that Edward Jones went along the carriage road that led through Fenn's grounds to his house.

It was early in the morning and early in the Spring, yet everywhere was a promise, on the earth, and in the sky; the heart of the young man received it, and he went lightly on.

But when he came within sight of the stone mansion, his pace slackened. He felt that sickness of the heart which a young man, strong in hope, exultant with success, feels in the presence of ruin where he once beheld prosperity.

He went on to the house more slowly than he had crossed the lawn. Margaret came to meet him; she saw him from a window, and she smiled to see him, he was a welcome guest whenever he came. But he came seldom, and generally, as it was evident he came now, on some errand.

He asked for Mrs. Fenn and was shown into the breakfast room —and there was Mr. Fenn.

He resolved when he saw them all together that he would make brief and open work of it. Beyond concealment, it was a miserable circle into which he had introduced himself, and yet when he looked at Mrs. Fenn he saw how brave a stand his mother's friend had made against the enemies by whom she was beleaguered.

What if she was fond of display, fond of ease, of luxury, extravagant, proud, vain, selfish—she was characterized thus by some —who ever said she was perfect? but she was the friend of his mother!—alas for humanity if perfection alone is to be loved—alas for it, if the imperfect is only to be loved with a reference to time, and not to eternity.

The heart of the young man glowed as his eyes took in the contents of the room, and then fixed upon Mrs. Fenn, as the reverent spirit of the adoring young heathen throbs, while he bows down before some perishable toy of idolatry. Is not the emotion divine, however unworthy the excitant?

"I am early," he said, "but I was afraid I should miss you if I came late."

"You are never early, Ned—you're always late," said Mrs. Fenn.

"I have been at work," said Edward, "and I want to show you what about. I have been to Washington, Mr. Fenn—came back only last night."

"Ah!" Mr. Fenn nodded, and looked interested, but between his efforts to preserve his dignity, and not treat Edward in a way that would offend everybody, he kept at a distance.

With such encouragement as this Edward produced his papers, and explained his lock. Fenn looked at it—it was no infringement

on his father's lock, Edward explained—and was an improvement. Fenn saw that at a glance.

"The coast is clear for you, sail away!" said he. "I dare say you'll make a prosperous voyage. All you have to do is to get the thing to working."

"That is it," said Edward; "there are two parts to such a business. I shall make a voyage, but I'm not such a fool as not to know that there must be an experienced captain on board. If my father's friend"(Mrs. Fenn, if no other, heard forgiveness in those words) "will take charge of the ship the ship shall be forthcoming, I promise. This lock will supersede the other. I think it but fair that we should try our fortune with it together. I can't undertake competition with you, sir."

"Competition with the devil! didn't you know the old business had gone to smash? I've been knocked on the head till I'm down, sir, and I swear I stood as long as any other man could have stood."

"Well, get up now, sir, if you please," said Edward, "for I want you."

"Oh, you do; the deuce! You must be badly off," said Fenn, and he shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and looked in a perplexed, embarrassed way at his wife. But she stood looking at Edward as if she had been transfixed. She remembered what Hannah had said about going down into the abyss. She threw her arms around the lad and kissed him. "You boy! I know the meaning of all this!" she said, and burst into tears.

"Between my father's friend and my mother's friend we shall make a prosperous voyage, I know," said he. "Nobody else shall come along with a new-fangled lock to supersede father's—we'll supersede it ourselves. You and I, Mr. Fenn."

"Ed, we will!" said Fenn, and he threw his pipe into the fire. "Come, let us see; we must get ready. There's a monstrous deal to do, and it's Spring already."

CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

NEBULÆ.

—— George Sand is the subject of an article in the present number of The Galaxy which cannot be read without pleasure even by those who will not read it with approval. It has all the liveliness, the grace, and the air of unreserve which give a charm of utterance to whatever Mr. Eugene Benson writes. It has, however, one fault as an article intended as an appreciation of its subject: it is a eulogy, not a criticism. It falls short of the highest object of a literary article, which is, not to praise or to blame, but to say of its subject simply what it is. Perhaps the author did not propose such a task to himself, and therefore cannot be held to have failed in accomplishing what he did not undertake. But none the less, his subject being of such a nature, is it desirable that we should point out this deficiency; and all the more, that his eulogy is presented in such an attractive form. The secret of George Sand's success is her union of style and subject. She has devoted herself exclusively to the closest examination and most analytic treatment of the most interesting of all subjects to the world of reading men and women—the relations of woman to man. Other female novelists have written with greater narrative power, with finer imagination, truer sentiment and more thorough knowledge, not only of human nature, but of the sexual side of man's and woman's nature; but no one of them has written so constantly and with so little reserve upon the last topic; and no one of them has written in such a style. Madame George Sand simply writes the best French that has been written in this generation. But her works, from their very nature, will not win her an enduring place in the highest ranks of imaginative writers. The reason of this her eulogist himself unconsciously sets forth. It is that her novels are essentially autobiographical. Not that they tell the story of her life; although if they did tell that story as she could tell it, they would be even more popular than they are now, and live longer than they will live in the world's memory. For truth endures; the truth of fact, or the truth of imagination. But George Sand's novels are the mere reflex of her moods of mind at various stages of her checkered and exceptional life. They are thus not imaginative in the highest sense, and are thus autobiographical. This is true, in a great measure at least, of the works of almost every female writer of fiction, who is more than a mere pleasant story-teller. Women, although they speak through the lips of others, express their own feelings and record their own experience. This was notably the case with Charlotte Brontë; and is no less so, we believe, with Miss Evans (George Eliot). Moreover, George Sand's novels are eminently French in style and spirit. The sentiment of which they are full is French sentiment: that is to say, it is artificial and corrupt. The French are in their daily lives the most prosaic and material of all peoples: in philosophy and science the most logical. They are the most precise of business men, and their women in business are no less precise. In their households and their personal expenditure they are given up, as a nation, to the practice of small economy and to the patient attainment of solid advantages. But to make up for all this, upon *la gloire* for the nation and *le sentiment* for the individual, they run stark, staring mad. And the

individual indulges his taste for *le sentiment*, not in his daily life, which he works by the rule of three, but in books and at the theatre. It is upon these points only that Frenchmen justify the saying that they have every gift but common sense; for upon all others they are the most common-sensible of human creatures. The man who would as soon think of marrying a female megatherium as a woman without a *dot*, the woman who would doubt if she were really married if there were not diamonds in her *trousseau*, will melt into tears or rise into ecstasy over *le sentiment* of a book that is fit only to move reasonable human beings to laughter. The continued favor in France of "Paul et Virginie"—that spooniest of all books ever written (only slang will give utterance to the mental nausea of our memory)—and the high appreciation there of Lamartine, are examples of the taste of Frenchmen in this respect. From this French peculiarity, George Sand is not at all free, even in her soberest book, "Consuelo." She has uttered herself superbly; but her self is not the self of a simple, natural woman, but the self of a French woman, artificial yet rebelling against conventions, and bearing upon her soul and transferring to her books the impress of a life so exceptional, that if it were to become common, civilized society would not endure for one generation.

—— "The Tribune," in a notice of Mr. Grant White's article entitled "The Quest for English," which appeared in a recent number of The Galaxy, remarked that to point out defects in Addison's style was "a task by no means difficult," and that it was one "in which he—Mr. White—had been anticipated by Cobbett in his racy treatise on English Grammar." That the task in question was not difficult is now as manifest as it was that an egg might be made to stand upon one end after Columbus had left one so standing. But "The Tribune" in citing a precedent has, by a trifling slip of memory, not shown its usual accuracy. Cobbett, in his Grammar of the English language—which is written in a series of letters to his son, and which "The Tribune" happily characterizes by the epithet "racy"—deals sharply with the English of many eminent persons, among whom are included statesmen, noblemen, generals and professed rhetoricians; but his specimens of false grammar from the writings of eminent authors, which are given in the twenty-first letter of his treatise, are not taken from the works of Addison, but from those of Dr. Johnson, and also from Dr. Watts' work on logic; chiefly, however, from the former. He gives in the long letter or chapter upon false grammar a multitude of examples, from "The Rambler," of what he insists upon as errors in the use of articles, nouns, pronouns, verbs, participles, adverbs and prepositions. It is worthy of remark that in very few of the many passages which Cobbett cites as evidence of Dr. Johnson's inaccuracy, is the construction either irregular according to the best established usage of the language, or obscure in relation to the logical continuity of thought. Cobbett, master of a clear and nervous style, was often crotchety and hypercritical in his censure, and was especially apt to be so in his treatment of learned authors like Dr. Johnson. But a close examination of his grammar has resulted in the discovery of only a single instance in which he points out an error in the English of Addison; and it is remarkable that that instance is noticed by him quite incidentally, and rather as an occasion of an attack upon the rhetorician Blair, than as an evidence of Addison's weakness in point of style. The single sentence in question is one of the many brought forward as illustrations in "The Quest for English," and although it is one of the most faulty in that

damaging array, it is one upon which Blair lavishes critical praise. The reputation of both the essayist and the rhetorician make it worth while to repeat here the medley of the one, and to add to it the eulogy of the other. Addison says ("Spectator," No. 411):

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have any relish of pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or other, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly.

Upon this specimen of huggermugger in language, for an analysis of which we refer to p. 67 of THE GALAXY for January 1st, Dr. Blair makes the following astonishing comment:

Nothing can be more elegant or more finely turned than this sentence. It is neat, clear and musical. We could hardly alter one word, or displace one member without spoiling it.—*Rhetoric, Lecture* XX.

A judgment more injurious to the reputation of a critic could hardly have been uttered. But that the great authority of the last century, and even of this, upon rhetoric and *belles-lettres*, was subject to strange hallucinations in regard to the proper use of language, is shown by the following sentence of his own writing, which is from his criticism of "Spectator," No. 412:

— it may safely be pronounced that the two paragraphs which we have now considered in this paper, the one concerning greatness, and the other concerning novelty, are extremely worthy of Mr. Addison, and exhibit a style which they who imitate may esteem themselves happy.—*Lecture* XXI.

Which they may, if they are some people, as Sairey Gamp would say, but as she once remarked, with better grammatical construction, although not with greater elegance, "them as is of other natures thinks different." Now it is particularly worthy of notice that Cobbett, citing this passage from Blair as an example of bad English, finds fault with the rhetorician for saying "extremely worthy" instead of quite worthy, and "they who can successfully imitate" for *those* who, etc., but passes over the great error of the sentence, the enormity of the construction, "which they may esteem themselves happy," without the slightest notice. This is remarkable in Cobbett, whose own style is admirable for its clear construction and simple strength. As to Blair, judging his lectures by the parts of them which we have read, his work on rhetoric is about as well adapted to form a good English style as an essay on optics by a learned Chinaman would be to teach a painter to draw in good perspective. Cobbett was born and bred in the humblest condition of life, and at manhood enlisted as a foot-soldier in a British marching regiment, which he left with the rank of sergeant at twenty-six years of age, and Blair was the son of a rich merchant, and was university bred; yet the grammar of the former, although it is a little duodecimo volume of less than one hundred pages, is very much superior, both in precept and example, as a text book for the study of the English language, to the voluminous and pretentious lectures of the latter. Inborn ability and self-education have rarely, in modern days, done more to raise a man from his original position than they did for Cobbett. They won him competence and took him into Parliament. He was a man of great tenacity of purpose and of irreproachable private life; but he had not the higher qualities of faithfulness to his intellectual convictions and devotion to principle at the sacrifice of interest. The strength of his character was shown in his choice of his wife, and his devotion to her through life; its weakness in his sudden and shameless abandonment of his party and his principles because he found them unprofitable, and his violent abuse not only

of the measures, but of the men, which before he had with equal violence defended. Having met the girl he married, who was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, at a little party in New Brunswick, where his regiment was stationed, he saw her soon afterward scrubbing a wash-tub at daybreak in the dead of Winter. He was hardly out of hearing when he exclaimed, "That's the girl for me;" and to that conviction he was soon able to bring the girl herself. Soon after, her father's regiment was ordered home, to Cobbett's chagrin and alarm. He had by this time saved one hundred and fifty guineas, the product of extra work. This sum he placed without reserve in her hands upon her departure, begging her to use it to secure herself comfort, immunity from hard labor, and good clothes. Four years afterward he got his discharge; and when he reached England he found her a maid-of-all-work at five pounds a year. When they met she quietly placed in his hands his original hundred and fifty guineas. Such a girl, who was a beauty, to boot, was indeed worthy of any man's devoted love. She made him an admirable wife, and all his life he sang her praises.* Mrs. Cobbett must have been as forbearing as she was beautiful, brave and thrifty; for Cobbett was one of the most conceited and dogmatic of human creatures, as self-made men are apt to be. With the copy of his grammar which we have consulted, are bound up twelve pages of advertisements of his own works, which advertisements were written by Cobbett himself. The pamphlet—for such it is—is headed "The Cobbett Library;" and it opens thus: "When I am asked what books a young man or young woman ought to read, I always answer—Let him or her read all the works that I have written." Of the grammar he says: "There are at the end of this grammar 'six lessons, intended to prevent statesmen from using false grammar;' and I really wish that our statesmen would attend to the instructions of the whole book." He also wrote a French grammar, of which he says: "This grammar, as well as the former, is kept out of schools, owing to the fear that masters and mistresses have of being looked upon as Cobbettites. So much the worse for the children of the stupid brutes who are the cause of the fear, which sensible people laugh at, and avail themselves of the advantages tendered them in the books." Among his works were a "Gardener" and a little book advocating the cultivation and use in England of Indian corn. In the course of his praises of the former he says: "I wrote a Gardener for America, and the vile wretch who pirated it there had the baseness to leave out the dedication." In his advertisement of the "Corn-book," as he called it, he thus vents his spleen against those who opposed it, and his detestation of potatoes, which he thought hardly fit food for swine: "I undertake to pledge myself that this corn will be in general cultivation in England in two or three years from this time, in spite of all that fools and malignant asses can say about it. . . I promise myself the pleasure of seeing this beautiful crop growing in all their gardens, and to see [a slip here in the grammarian's English] every man of them once more with a bit of meat on his table, and in his satchell, instead of the infamous potatoes." But, in spite of his pledges and his promises, the corn came not into favor, nor did the meat appear upon the tables. The capsheaf of his self-laudation appears in the advertisement of a really very useful little book called "Cottage Economy." Of this he says: "It must be a real devil in human shape who does not applaud the man who could sit down to

* See this story with many others equally interesting in "The Book of Humor, Wit and Wisdom," published by Routledge & Son.

write this book, a copy of which every parson ought, upon pain of loss of ears, to present to every girl that he marries, rich or poor." A self-willed man, always in earnest (which Cobbett was), who could not only think but write thus about himself, must have been a very difficult person to get on with.

—— THERE is no point upon which public bodies and public men in this country more need enlightenment than that of their relations with professional men, and especially with architects and painters. In this matter our legislators, municipal and national, act not only without any respect for professional courtesy, but without tact, and even in direct violation of the dictates of common sense. Two striking examples of such action by the representatives of two of the highest public bodies in the land have recently been given. The War Department has advertised for designs for its proposed building at Washington, and the New Capitol Commission has also called upon architects to send in plans for the new State Capitol at Albany. Here are two buildings of the first importance to be erected at the cost each of them of some millions of dollars. They ought to be the best in every respect that the money to be spent upon them will obtain. They should be imposing, in good taste, and a fair example of the finest architectural work that can be done at this time in the country. They can easily be made so. There is not an architect in the land who, aside from the profit that would accrue to him from superintending the construction of either one of them, would not take pride in having it built after his design, and give to the production of such a design his best efforts. Now, when men of sense wish to build private houses, or churches, libraries or galleries, what is their course? They inform themselves as to the qualifications of architects, and after consulting with some of them, they employ them to make designs, and selecting from these designs the one best suited to their purposes and their taste, they engage the architect to superintend the erection of the building. He thus carries out his own designs; and in this way, and in this way only, is truly the architect of the building its creator. Common sense and experience both teach us that there is no other way than this to obtain—we will not say perfectly beautiful buildings, but—buildings as beautiful as the architects within our reach can produce. But what is the course taken by those who have in charge the building for the War Department and the New York State Capitol? They advertise for designs, with plans and specifications; and each body offers, as an inducement to architects to send in designs, a prize for the one which it shall adopt; in the one case twenty-five hundred, in the other three thousand dollars. When these proposals were made no one who was at all acquainted with our architects of repute supposed for a moment that they would make designs and plans for such buildings as those in question on such terms. Consequently nobody except those who are entirely unacquainted with architects and the manner in which they work—among whom, it would seem, must be reckoned those who have the direction of these important buildings—was in the least surprised at the protest against the terms of competition in the case of the New York State Capitol which was addressed in September to the New Capitol Commission, and which has recently been published. It was signed by most if not all of the superior architects of the country. After stating the terms upon which professional architects undertake the preparation of designs for important buildings and contrasting with these those offered by the commission, among which the lack of the assurance that the designer of the accepted plan will be employed to exe-

cute his own designs is particularly and most justly objected to, the architects say that no one in their profession whose time is profitably employed, or whose work has any value when it is done, will undertake a mere risk with the inducement of receiving only one-twelfth the compensation received in legitimate business. This is a consideration which most particularly concerns the architects themselves; but it is, therefore, none the less weighty. An architect who can design such a building as the State Capitol of New York or the War Department should be, ought to be very handsomely paid, and the people would not grudge a dollar of such payment. But the objection to the course of the commission with which the public is most concerned is, that the proposals in question will not induce architects of ability to enter the lists, and that the best plan among those which are sent in, being only the best of many inferior designs, will necessarily be unworthy of the community by and for whom the proposed building is to be erected, and will not properly represent what it should represent, the highest cultivation and the best architectural ability at command in this country. It will not be that of a building to which after generations can point with pride as the work of their forefathers. If, in this respect, we may judge the future by the past, this objection is well taken. For most of our public buildings were planned by inferior architects whose designs were in some cases obtained by such proposals as those against which the architects have protested; and the result is most deplorable. The public buildings of this country, with very few exceptions, are a disgrace to the nation; and the works of art with which they are decorated are, with no wider exception, just fit to be laughed at. In the Capitol at Washington Trumbull's paintings are not only respectable for their origin, their subjects and the portraits they contain, but they have a certain plain and homespun merit. As to the others in the rotunda and the works of sculpture around the building, they are worse than worthless. They misrepresent the cultivated taste of the country, and they mislead people who reasonably look upon them as the finest works of art that we can produce. Now the reason of all this, the reason why our very coins are the poorest, meanest and feeblest in design of those of all civilized peoples, is because all matters of architecture and fine art with which our legislators have to do are placed in the hands of commissions taken exclusively from their own bodies, the members of which are influential politicians, but are utterly uncultivated in the arts of design. These men, if they do not make a mere job of the matter they have on hand, spoil it through their mingled ignorance and pretence, and try at least to make by it some "political capital." The interests of art, the obtaining of the best thing of the kind needed, the proper representation of the culture of the country, seems to be the last object of their endeavor. And besides, if an appropriation is made for a picture, or a statue, by an Eastern artist, for instance, some members from the West let it be known that they will not vote for the appropriation unless one is also made for the benefit of some artist from their "section." Whether the work is desired, or desirable, or the artist is of reputation or ability, it makes no matter. Now so long as we deal with art and architecture in this way, so long will our public buildings be a laughing-stock to the world. When we have mixed art commissions, composed of members of legislative bodies chosen for their fitness, and men chosen from the general public by reason of their known culture in art and their love for art—not, for obvious reasons, professional artists—we may expect to see public buildings that men

of culture will not be ashamed to enter, decorated with pictures and statues which such men will not blush to look upon.

——The eyeing of women by women is one of the most offensive manifestations of superciliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman who is not perfectly well-bred or perfectly kind-hearted will eye over another woman who she thinks is not in such good society, and above all, not at the time being in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere; at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. The very servant-girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman and what she has on, from top-knot to shoe-tie? It cannot be a new fashion of behavior; but the daily increasing pretence of people to superiority because they can afford to spend more money upon their backs than others can, makes it at once more common and more remarkable even than it was ten or fifteen years ago. Men are never guilty of it, or with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small-souled specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine, or at least epicene. But women of some sense, of some breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretences, and inflict a wound in a manner the most cowardly because it cannot be resented and admits of no retort. If they but knew how unlovely, how positively offensive they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims, but to every generous-hearted man who observes their manœuvre, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel, which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eyeing is needed that a woman, whatever be her birth or breeding, has a small and vulgar soul.

—— Algernon Charles Swinburne, who within the last two years has taken a place high up in the second rank of English poets, even if he has not attained to the first rank, is only twenty-eight years old. He is of a good family in the upper-middle class. His education was very thorough, and he is an accomplished scholar, equally at home in the ancient classics and in mediæval literature. He enjoyed the advantage of a close intercourse with Landor. His face and head are indicative of talent, but not of strength of character. The brain is large; the forehead high—the real forehead, not merely the bare brow which is often so miscalled; the eyes blue, not large, but well shaped, soft and intelligent; the nose aquiline; the mouth, although not small, weak almost to girlishness, and apparently very mobile, and the chin pointed, but somewhat retreating, and adding to the weakness of expression given by the mouth. He has fair and slightly-waving hair, and wears a slight moustache and a little tuft under the chin. In form and expression, his face, except in the weakness of the lower part, is such a one as may be found by the dozen in any New England college.

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"She would be a woman some day."—Page 356.

THE GALAXY.

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WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

CHAPTER I.

OVER THE FERRY.

A NOVEMBER day, twenty years ago. A chilly, pale, weak-breathed, deadening day everywhere; up where the sun glimmered feebly along through a cold, watery sky; yonder, where the sea yawned to the horizon like lead; up the bay where the water moodily lapped the beach, while pink gentians and saffron weeds mildewed and rotted in the salt hay of the marshes.

Nothing had life in it but a frosty air, which, as afternoon came on, drove up the Delaware, nipping and sharp; it found the great flat Quaker City locked in by the two lazy rivers, going off into a sleep, as it always did on the first hint of night, like a ship becalmed in a fog. Inside of the houses there were a million of centres of heat, or love, or passion, but they all turned the same decorous, impassive red and white faces to the pavement. Down on the wharves, as twilight approached, the piled blocks of importers' warehouses, dark, steep, white-shuttered, stared over the hucksters' wagons, swarming at their feet in the shadow; chilly lines of bare

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by W. C. & F. P. Church, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

masts shivered in the wind over the uncouth bulky vessels hugging the shore for warmth, for miles.

All the dreariness and dankness of the day grew dankest and dreariest at the close of it. The keen wind tore and grated its way through chinks and crannies. Even the boards of the ferry-boat began to creak and crack with the frost, though there was a Maine lumberman on one side, and a lime brig on the other, wedging and warming her between their great hulks, which threw ponderous shadows far up the wharf.

Josh McNabb, the little ferry man, after bobbing about in these shadows, rolling trucks and baskets aboard, dived down into his cubby-hole of a cabin to light a smoky oil-lamp, and pulling on his overcoat, and coming out, heartened himself by a look across at the upper windows over the tin shop on Race Street, where a sconce, hung over the red half-curtains, showed that Jane had the pepper-pot and coffee, piping hot for him. One more run, and he could turn off before night.

There were but few passengers; a little apple-cheeked woman, coarsely dressed as a Quaker; a mulatto boy, lying on his back on some barrels tussling with a dog; and his master, a thin, subdued gentleman who sat in a chair, tilted back, smoking, and keeping a steady watch on the streets abutting on the wharf.

"A country parson come up to town," Josh thought, "or else," spitting knowingly, "a leg. A regular leg. Well gotten up."

Whenever he passed he scrutinized the man after that with a policeman's eye; the high velvet-collared overcoat and trousers he wore were of dust-colored cloth, new, but old-fashioned from having been long laid away; his head was bald on top, a thin fringe of red hair and whiskers framing a sandy-skinned face, the features of which had never been compacted together by any definite meaning; round, lightish eyes looked through a pair of spectacles at Josh, at the dull town, and the inhospitable air, with a polite and deprecating manner.

When he turned his head, still looking uneasily up the wharf, the Quakeress called to him with a surprised chuckle of a laugh, something between a chirrup and a hen's cluck, "Jeems Strebling, is it thee, or thee sperrit?"

The gentleman threw away his cigar, got up and came to her, his hat in his hand, his eyes going gravely over the pudding-shaped little body and doll's face with its dancing blue eyes.

"Miss Yates! Ann Yates! This is—positively this is—!" with a shallow laugh. "Yours is the first familiar face since I left Alabama," bending over it with assumed rapt attention. "It makes me young again—yes."

"Young again? How's that? Eh, how's that?" sharply. "Thee's well kept, Jeems; while I'm scrubby, and shabby and

gray-haired," jerking back the scuffed bonnet from her frowsy white hair with the same little chuckle.

"Well, well, well! I'm an old hack, friend Ann; an old hack. Consider, it's twenty years. But," with a sudden exaggerated sprightliness, "when I see the spirit in your eyes, I feel that I have found the fabled fountain of youth. I feel—"

"Yes," dryly. "Thee used to carry a good supply of feeling about with thee, Jeems. Like Turnagon's ointment, 'warranted to suit all cases.' Thee's not altered, I think," with a shrewd, quick scanning of his face.

"And you?" with a bow, while he looked anxiously over her head at the dusky streets.

"No, I'm Ann Yates still," tying her bonnet with a natty little bow. "I'm that goose without feathers, or crab without a shell—a friend without money. But the Lord provides—provides."

"Times have been rough, then?"

"Only when I tried to earn my own bread and salt. I've taught in my day, and lectured, and scribbled for the 'Liberator.' But I am not a self-supporting agent. Once that I had made up my mind to that, I put myself to higher work. Our society is a pioneer in the world's progress, thee knows, and while it is clearing the land, Ann Yates can grub, if nothing else. Grub. The victuals come. Sometimes in the shape of corn-bread and apple-sauce, week in and out. But they come. He takes care of that."

He adjusted his hat, but said nothing. Every man has a religion of his own, and Strebling did not fancy hearing his God, who was known to him through the music in the chapel, and some vague grand notions of His old dealings with the Jews, degraded into a purveyor of apple-sauce for this leaky-brained Yankee old maid.

"What's thee been doing, Jeems? I've seen thee name in Congress. Serving thee country?"

"According to my lights," smiling, good humoredly. "On the other side from yours."

"Yes? Thee's had a wife? And children?"

"I lost Mrs. Strebling several years ago; she was one of the Jarratts, of Kentucky. But I have a boy, I thought I had told you. Bob is eight years old, now," a quick, pleasant laugh in his face, and a sudden color.

"Ta—ta," slowly scanning his face again, "I've heard it said that the Messiah comes to everybody. I'd like, Jeems, to see thee boy."

"Yes. I've been bringing Bob some trifles," pulling out a small watch. "Do you like this, now? It's Lupin's. The seals are flashy, but it is for a boy's taste, you know," turning the glittering trifles over and over in his hand. "It's a thing Bob needs—a watch."

"No doubt," looking at him with a quizzical, sad smile, "I've had but little to do with children. Thee never had but one?"

Strebling put the watch in its case, and coiled the chain about it. Then he dropped it into his pocket, slowly looking up.

"Never but the one? No. Never but the one." He turned the uneasy, frightened look again to the wharf, where the scattered groups grew dim in the twilight.

"What's thee here for, Jeems? Whew! this wind has a snap in it!" getting up, and marching up and down, with a mannish, clipping step, her fat hands clasped behind her round, little body, her chin perked out. "What's thee here for? Just to look back a bit, heh? Unrolling Clotho's ball of yarn, I call it. Well, that's hearty. It does old fellows like us good to smell the air of our youth if it was raw, like a foggy morning. So thee came all the way from Alabama for that? Peeping in the chinks at thee old boy's play-ground? Well, well, that boy of thine would keep thee nearer to thee youth. But I never had a child. Never will," passing her forefinger thoughtfully over her eyebrow, again and again, as she walked.

"The boy's old play-ground? Yes, that is it," said Strebling, taking off his hat, and settling it on his head, nervously preparing to go back to his seat. While she shook hands, chirruped and clucked about him, keeping the shrewd, blue eyes on his, his face suddenly looked as if he had found the boy's old play-ground, full of damp, unclean ghosts enough.

Yet all that he saw was an old man and a child coming through the dusky cold across the wharf. One on each side of the great Conestoga wagon, with its lumbering canvas top swaying from side to side, and team of eight roadsters, each with his chime of bells arched over his back. Strebling, when it came fairly in front of him, drew himself back, growing yellow under his jaws; he took off his spectacles, as if to dim the sight; he took snuff, he rubbed his cold hands together. You would have thought that some dead woman or man freed from the grave, for only that minute, was struggling to reach him from behind the drover's red face, or to speak in his ponderous Whoas, and Gees. He went back stealthily to where the bow of the boat pawed up and down in the muddy water, and stood shivering in the clammy fog off of the river.

There never was anything less uncanny or ghostly than the hurly-burly they made in getting that wagon on board; in fact, there never was anything more wide-awake or jolly than the whole turn-out. Any child along the Pennsylvania mountain roads could have told you there were no beasts better fed, or sleeker haired than Joe Burley's; and every bell on their backs had a special cheery ring of its own. Nothing of the ghost in little Ross Burley, trotting about, watching the operation, with a square basket of herbs on

each arm, just as her grandfather had picked her up from her stall in the Pine Street Market. Marketing was dull work for Ross. When she had hung her bunches of sage and thyme behind her, the fun was over.

"Two for five pennies;" or, "Seasoning for your capon, sir?" was as much as she said. Generally, she went to sleep. Old Scheffer, the butcher, would laugh when this happened, and sell her herbs for her; he never woke her up.

To-day, however, some fish-brine had been slopped over her bench, and Scheffer's boy jeered at her whenever she put her head out. So, being a cleanly little thing, with a dogged temper of her own, she had cried instead of sleeping, tasting the tears to see how salt they were.

Suddenly the market was filled with the sound of bells, as if a holiday had broken loose in the air, and there, at the end of the street, was the great Conestoga. The sun shining on its broad, red body, and white tent-top, and the swinging trough underneath, and the dog Brouse, and her grandfather, looking somehow like one of Scheffer's sirloins of beef. Then everybody looked, and laughed, and nodded at her, and Scheffer's boy told her to "look alive!" and jumped about, sorting and packing her herbs.

Ross walked off beside the wagon, proud and swelling as a pouter pigeon. The fact was, boarding about, from one alley to another, she never had had a home like other children. Nor mother; just Joe and the wagon. She was used to see people crowd about it. The hucksters in the market, as here at the Ferry. "How was beef in Berks?" "Would poultry be down before Christmas?" etc. The great clean, stately wagon, with its train of horses, its music, its smell of far-off fields and dairies, was a different affair, rumbling through the city streets, from the pert little cabs and stages slying around it. No wonder everybody looked after it with queer and friendly smiles. But what did they know of the wagon? Josh, the ferry man, might bustle about it as he pleased, and even know the trick of dropping the canvas, but Ross had crossed the great snowy mountains on it, more than once. While they were pulling, and shouting, and swearing, to bring the horses on board, she stood near to Strebling, thinking of the snug little kitchen inside, where she had cooked, and her bedroom in the sweet-smelling hay, and her tiny house up by Joe's high seat, where he told her stories all the Winter's day until night fell, as they plodded through the solitary forests and black hills glowering closer on either side, while the bells chimed in front, and the backs of the horses grew dim in the thick falling snow. She hugged herself with a snug sense of possession. It was nothing but a wagon to Josh, and she was glad of it.

Meanwhile he and her grandfather were at work with their sleeves rolled up.

"Them dog-goned critters," Joe said, "'ud balk at this boat, if 'twas ther last gasp."

Sap, a mulatto boy on the deck, plunged into the midst of them with a shrill "whoop!" He was a born hostler, that was plain; so long as he slapped their haunches, dabbed at their necks, swarmed over them like a katydid on a log, they pricked up their ears and made headway.

"Well done, boy!" called out Ann Yates, at which the lad gave a piping yell, and worked until the veins in his neck swelled. It set his blood boiling with pleasure to be noticed by the white folks. When wagon and horses were on board, he found Ross playing with his dog, and stood, with his hands in his pockets, laughing all over, opening and shutting his mouth without making a sound. Mr. Strebling came near, looking down at the water swashing up against the sides of the boat.

"I never saw a better dog than this," said Ross, with a grave little nod to the white man.

"Him's name's Luff," said Sap, "Ya! Luff! He's my dog. Me and Kunnel Strebling hyur, fetched him from Alabama."

"I wish he was mine, then," said Ross. "I wish you would stand off," in her shrill little voice to Sap. The dirty yellow skin of the mulatto made her sick, she was sure; it was the same as if a toad or snake had stood upright, to see his grimaces and monkey tricks of delight at being kindly spoken to. She wished he was dead, and out of the way on the boat, and was sure that, if she had been a boy, she would have thrown the yellow, grinning thing into the water.

"Go off! They want you at the horses again," with a domineering nod. Sap only drew back, watching her with a sullen, jealous scowl, as she "wrestled" with the dog. There was a good deal of the material of the man in Ross's little body; her quiet little face grew red, and she lost her breath, in holding the big brute down she was determined that the beast should know that she was stronger than he. When she thought that he knew it, and lay with his jaws between his fore paws on her knees, she patted his neck, and put her arms about it.

"He's a very good dog, I think," she said to Mr. Strebling.

"Ah? the dog? What's your name, now? What did you say your name was, my child?" in a cowed, frightened way, passing his hand rapidly over his foxy bit of moustache as he spoke.

"Ross, Rosslyn Comly," with a sober, surprised look.

"Comly? You're a blue-eyed girl, Rosslyn, hey? No? Brown? And yellow hair? Yel-low hair," beating a tattoo with his silver pencil on his square, white teeth, his gray eyes set and watery behind his spectacles, as if the dead face had succeeded in coming very near, indeed.

Ross never had been scanned so keenly before. "It is yellow," the little girl said, and as she was a thorough woman, though yet in the calyx, she looked down, hot to her feet, with sharp shame and guilt in that her nose was a snub, and that there were no eyebrows as yet on her freckled face, worth mentioning.

"And you sit in the market? Selling herbs, and radishes—yes? My black people sit in the market"—

The boat was under way; it was growing darker; nobody saw him as he caught the little red, rough hand under the dog's shaggy hide, holding it tightly a moment.

"God help me!" said James Strebling.

Then he caught a whiff of the fish-brine on her frock, and dropped the hand, putting his glove on his own, which shook like a drunkard's, as he walked away. "It is a most unpleasant odor—that from the markets," he said to the Quakeress. (It was noticeable that he stood at ease again when talking to her.) "An unusual combination in this little girl's face, eh? brown eyes and clear, yellow hair."

"Um—yes. There's a good deal of outcome in the face," looking at Ross through her half shut eyes as if she had been a curious beetle.

"Mrs. Strebling had a strong antipathy to yellow hair. I used to wish to bring home—a little girl. But if she had looked like this one, now, Mrs. Strebling would not have tolerated her. It would have been a hell upon earth for the child."

Ann Yates continued to patrol the deck with him, thinking that twenty years inside of the fences of his plantation had starved poor Jeems Strebling's brain to inanition. Meanwhile, he stopped once and again near Ross, talking to her, the mulatto lounging near to listen. One thing, Mr. Strebling said: "I mean to be a good friend to you, child. It is not my fault if I have been late," looking over her head, into the muddy depth of river fog and the scattered red sparks of light along shore, as though there was another than the child before whom he pleaded not guilty. Stepping off with the Quakeress again, he stiffened his lean, padded body complacently, as if an approving conscience within cried, Bravo. There was a wide gap, he knew, between the little herb-girl, with her briny smells, and the easy-going planter, half of whose days were spent with the rare old dramatists of Anne's time, and the other half on the race-course. But he had crossed it, and she was grateful, doubtless.

Ross was pulling the dog about, contriving a saddle for him, now that he was hers. Sap came in front of her, standing erect. "He's my dog, Luff," his sullen face sharpening savagely, as he spoke to the "poor white trash."

"I gave him to the girl just now," said the colonel, carelessly, in passing. Ross laughed tauntingly, glad that she was white, and

stronger than this yellow monster of a boy; except a pet fox of her grandfather's and Scheffer's boy, she never had hated anything so much before; never. She put her foot on the dog's neck, just to vex him. Luff licked her hand.

Sap stood quite still a moment, then he went to his master, following him, step by step, cringing, his stealthy, dangerous eye on his face, his tones unusually clear:

"Mars' Jeems, Luff kent go. He's mine." Coming closer, the voice sharper and more wiry, when there was no answer, "Luff's not one of the Strebling dogs, Kunnel. He wur a pup of Cap'n Grant's as had the distemper, and Cap'n, he give him to me. 'Hyur, Sap,' he says. I've nussed him dese two years; he's well, now. He's mine."

Mr. Strebling would have passed on, shaking off the fellow with a lazy look of annoyance, but the Quakeress stopped to look at him.

"Well, well, boy, suppose the dog your's—though it's plain it's a lie hatched up to trip me. You shall be paid for it. Leave the girl alone."

"You'll give it to her, Mas'r Jeems?"

Strebling looked at him. Something in the gleam of the light-gray eye made the mulatto cower back.

Ross stood up, her face burning. "The dog is not yours," she said to Mr. Strebling, fierce as a little game pullet. "The black boy is not so mean as you. Be gone!" driving Luff from her.

Strebling stroked his beard delightedly at the blaze of temper. "It's a sign of good blood," nodding knowingly to Ann Yates. "The dog shall never belong to Sap again, my good girl."

"Mars' Jeems never goes back of his word," laughed the mulatto, shrilly.

"No. I never do."

As the Quakeress and his master passed the boy from time to time, they saw him standing quite quiet, his hand on the dog's head, looking out steadily into the river, not conscious that they were near him. Ross had gone over to her grandfather, sturdily turning her back on them.

"But Luff is her's, boy," snapped his master. It angered him to be thwarted in the first kindness he showed to the child.

"Yes, mars'," submissively.

Ann Yates looked at the boy sharply. Nothing but an animal which a few dollars could buy or sell; shambling, under-sized, loose-jointed, a puny, yellow face, out of which stared the treacherous, melancholy eyes of his race. Yet some trick of expression caught her shrewd eye; the knobbed, protruding forehead, the discontent, the appetite for something better than his brute life had yet known.

"It's the white blood in him!" she said aloud.

"Eh! How?"

"He'll balk thee yet."

Mr. Strebling smiled superciliously. "He has a curious mechanical talent," he said. "My wife brought him in from the stables. But these niggers wont bear coddling. He has the insolence of the devil."

The Quaker was right. Just before the boat grated on the shore, they heard a whine from the dog, and saw a rill of scarlet blood creeping over the planks. The little mulatto knelt with staring eyes beside him on the deck, his arms about Luff's neck, smelling his breath, just as they had slept for two years in the stable-loft at home. The boy's colorless face looked unusually small and childish, yet clammy sweat had come out on it, such as pain wrings from a man. The poor brute's dim eyes were fixed on it, and he tried feebly to lick the boy's sleeve where it touched his jaws.

"Did you do this?" said Mr. Strebling.

The mulatto nodded; but he did not take his look off of the dog's face until its eyes grew glassy; then he lifted one paw, and let it fall heavily to the ground.

"He wur all I had," he said. His teeth chattered, his eyes closed, a chill crept over the limp little body.

"Dear me! dear me! Epileptic. These half-breeds are terribly diseased in body and mind!" said good-humored Mr. Strebling, who hated a scene; and he walked away, nervously, a moment after.

The Quaker looked down at the forlorn little figure with the muddy water oozing up about it, then out at the dusky river, at the plane of gray, unanswering sky. It seemed to her as if they opened to her suddenly, dark, dateless years, before either she or this boy was born; slow generations of slavery and vice which had conceived and brought forth this diseased little animal, and left him at her feet. Washed him there, a dreg of the great ebbing tide.

"And I'm Ann Yates, half crazy, they say, and kept by charity. What should I have to do for him, in God's name?" would have been her thought nakedly put in words. But she only stood, her restless head for once quiet, gravely looking down at him, while Ross, who had stolen round, stooped across the dog, her lips apart, tugging at his coat. He opened his eyes at last, and got up slowly, pulled the dusty felt hat on his head askew, and clasped his hands behind his neck, a trick the boy had when tired.

"He'll never lick anybody's hand but ole Sap's now, I reckon," with a grin.

Ross waited a moment, growing red and pale by turns. When she came a step or two closer to the little mulatto:

"I think that was a very good dog," she said, in a weak little

quaver; and then, after one or two breathless gasps, she put out her hand and took the yellow fingers in hers.

The boat was moored by this time with a heavy jerk. Through the darkness you could hear the rumbling of the great Conestoga wagon going on shore, the jingling of the bells, and Joe's bass voice shouting for Ross.

"Well, good-night," she said, gently, and ran off, gladly enough.

Sap, who had stood cringing as long as she talked to him, sat down again, and put his face on the dog's cold hide. He heard his master calling, but the sound came to him dully through the dark and cold. It *was* dark and cold, that was all he knew; that, and the weight of old Luff, who would not creep close to him to-night for warmth. He would never waken to bark at the moon, and then snuggle into the straw, licking his hand, again. Never again.

Presently a warm hand touched him. "Here, boy, I must have a word with thee," said Ann Yates.

CHAPTER II.

ECHOES.

The tiny square house among the bags up by Joe's high seat never was so cosy or warm as now, when the wagon with its ringing chimes in front plunged into the mysterious night, turning its back on the dull river, and the greasy lamps and dog's red blood and trouble there. Ross turned the back of her thoughts on them, too. She had meant to cry a great deal immediately for that dog, and perhaps stay awake all night. But first she and her grandfather had an anxious time to find Brouse, and when they were once started, there were so many subjects of interest lying over since he went out to Berks County on Saturday, that she hardly could find words fast enough.

She had not heard yet how Bet's lame foot was, or if Geoff had got rid of that cough, or how often the Major had contrived to fall this trip. There certainly never were eight horses that contrived to pick up so many ailments, she was sure. Joe's growl broke in deprecatingly:

"I dunno, Sweetheart—about that. I wouldn't go so far as that. They be a good lot, 't seems to me. Seems as if they wur old friends, to me," tapping the broad backs of the wheelers.

"Oh, of course—I know—I didn't mean—" the words tumbling out headlong, she not being sure how much the "old friends" had understood, or been hurt. "They're good stock, too, Josh McNabb says. They're blooded horses, every one, he says."

"Blood don't weigh so much with me as with other folks—blood don't," said Joe, hastily, a sharp twang in his tone. "Don't you

ketch them notions, Rossline. When you've got a horse," meditatively, "with a good pull from each jint, and a clear eye, and a stiddy gait, starting from the hanches, it be better'n your high pacers, full of nerves and tricks. As with horses, so with men."

Ross nodded emphatically. Joe Burley fell into a profound silence, chewing the cud of his remark. Once his conscience stung him, apparently. "Was I rough with you, gal?" turning his broad, red face on her quickly.

Ross only laughed for reply, laying her head in its woolen hood on his knee, which was broad and soft as a feather pillow. Joe touched her shut eyelids with his stubby finger, smoothed the lashes.

"So? So? You and your grandad be good chums, hey, Sweetheart? But them notions about blood be like pison—to me."

Now and then, afterward, Joe coughed, and mumbled something more about "blood." The unusual idea in his brain was as troublesome as a pike floundering in a muddy pool; it would neither go out, nor be quiet. Ross, with a vague notion that he was in trouble, patted his knee with her hand, as if she beat a soft tune. But it was a very good place up there. What with her fragrant baskets at her feet, and Joe's mountainous figure bounding her in, and the supper she knew of at home, she was filled with a general herby, affectionate, enough-to-eat perception of the world, as warm and relishing as was possible.

Yet the night yawned about them outside of the wagon, cold and immeasurable. There were no stars overhead; no landmarks of fences or houses; they were plunging into a gray, empty gulf that extended, very likely, clear to the edge of the world; there was nothing to define it but the timed ringing of the horses' bells and the baying of a dog, far off. Whether out of sympathy with his master, or for some other cause, Brouse, under the wagon, barked restlessly again and again. Ross cuddled in closer to her grandfather; it was colder and silenter than any night that she remembered. And to make the silence more intense, she had a vague consciousness of stealthy footsteps following them along the road; steadily, now near, now further off. It was but fancy; when she set her ears to listen, the noise was gone, or proved to be only her grandfather's stertorous breathing.

Once, however, Joe raised his head from his yarn jacket. "Did you hear anything a follerin, Ross?" pulling up the horses, but not looking back. Ross thought he was afraid; he did not wait to hear her answer; put his hand up behind his ear, to listen.

"It's nothin'," with a whistle to the horses of relief. "Once or twice in my life I've heard steps a follerin' of me," he said in a subdued voice, when they were rumbling on again. "Different ones has different signs sent when death's comin', you see. Some hears

a piping like a whistle in a high wind, and some hears a crack like a whip-handle laid on heavy on the door-post. But I don't look for no warnin' of death. My fears don't lie that way; I kin be soon ready when the Good Man sends word. I've done my dooty to the beasts and my customers. I'll say good-by to the little gal and—" he stopped there to pat Ross' head.

Joe had painted this heroic exit of his so often that he rather enjoyed it. But it was always new and bitter to the child.

"Well, don't you fret, little Sister. I'm rugged yet, thank God. But there has been steps a follerin' me, more than once," in a whisper. "It was no living foot as made them."

"But now, grandad, death did not come," said Ross, wetting her dry lips with her tongue.

"No. Not death. Wuss. Never you mind what it was," rousing himself. "There's been times when I thought it would touch you. But your grandfather's body's big enough to put between you and that."

The night became less vague as he spoke, a gray, luminous line defining the horizon where the moon was rising—buildings, trees, the old mill began to loom out of the space, yet, it was but as shadows of their real, daylight shapes. The silence grew painful to Ross' strained ear; then there struck across it a man's step, far off, light, furtive, coming nearer—nearer. It was gone as suddenly as it came.

She looked up into Joe's face; it was vacant. He had heard nothing.

"I fancied I saw a thing to-night as brought old times up," said he, trying to force back his old cheerfulness. "That's what set me on this graveyard talk, and to thinking that tramp-trampin' was behind us."

Ross said nothing.

They were beyond Camden now, turning off into the turnpike road, which ran through patches of wood, and Jersey truck farms. The moon shone out clearly. The steps were no longer heard. The air grew wholesome and life-like.

Ross sat up looking at the cobwebs on the fences, white and rimy in the moonlight. When she was young, she used to believe in fairies, and that they dressed themselves out of that stuff, somehow. She was very sure there were no such things now. Quite sure.

Down along the sea-coast, where her grandfather went in Winter to buy furs and wild fowl for the New York market, they used to tell her, in the farm-houses, very different stories from those. About the crew of a Spanish brig, wrecked a hundred years ago, who patrolled the beach every night, guarding their treasure buried in the sand. Sometimes, in the full of the moon, you would hear

their knock-knocking, trying to piece together the fragments of their old crumbling wreck, and see their broad plumed hats and cloaks on the shore, but when you came near, the sounds died into the beat of the surf, and the waving feathers and fluttering mantles seemed to be but the foam and dash of the incoming tide. Now that was a story that one could know was true. And there was a tradition that, if any one would bring a boat to carry them away from this unhappy country, and leave it moored over night, in the morning it would be gone, and heaped on the beach there would be a king's ransom of jewels. Now, that was a good plan to have for the future. She had begun several times to save up her money for that boat. She often talked to her grandfather of the house they would build some day, though she did not enter into the particulars. It would need a good deal of courage to go with the boat alone. She would tell him when it was done.

"Hillo! here be home!" shouted Joe as the wagon drew up in front of a house as square, and short, and dumpy, as Ross herself. Only a month ago Joe had bought that house—but it had a home face from the first day. There was a door-step that children's feet had worn, and beehives and old apple trees in the garden, and wrens in the eaves, and crickets in the broad, stone hearth, and a gray, sleepy cat who came in and lay down before the kitchen fire as soon as it was lighted. A difference between this and boarding-house in city alleys! A house, and stable, and beehives, and lilacs, and hollyhocks like these, had a flavor of home to old Joe and the girl which they could never have to people who had not roosted over corner groceries, and looked out on vacant lots heaped with ashes and potato peelings, through hot Summer days.

Brouse had all the lazy, life-is-long air of a thoroughbred country dog already; and Geoff, and the Major, and the very old Conestoga itself, knew home, and, Ross thought, really believed they had always lived there. The barking, and creaking, and neighing, when they stopped at the gate, quite broke up the stillness of the whole night, while Ross' laugh and Joe's subdued bellow, formed the ground and top of the confusion.

She danced an impatient little jig on the foot-board of the wagon in her hurry to be taken down. She had no time to waste, she could tell them. There was the fire to stir up and the supper to get, and no makeshift of a supper, either. She ran up the path, pulling off her mittens, stopping to break off some boughs and leaves from bushes near the door; stopping, too, a minute to think this was her ground and her grandfather's, with as keen a sense of ownership as any king's in the great Babylon which he had built. She sunk the soles of her shoes into the tan-bark walk, thinking it was theirs; down to the very centre of the world theirs. Ross was always sure of standing on her own ground, and felt her feet firm under her,

though she was but nine years old; which gave her that gracious, hospitable manner toward other people, so curious in her.

It was an hour before Burley had fed and stowed away his horses for the night, and had washed himself, and combed his thin, gray hair into two flat quirls on either side of his sun-baked face. Then he took off his leather leggins, whisked clean his trousers, and muddy shoes. He was dressing, as usual, for supper—part of his vague system of lifting the little girl up out from his own level, to—he scarcely knew where. Coming up on the porch, he stepped softly, and peeped in the window. If any evil steps had followed him, or if any relentless eyes watched him through the night, the sight of his face, set broad and glowing in the square patch of red light thrown out by the window, might have turned them aside. For, broad as it was, and unshapely, a mass of flabby, fat wrinkles, the dullest eyes might have found in it something akin to all that was delicate and tender in the little child within. If little Sweetheart was oddly clean and whimsical in her tricks of movement about her work, or if she threw her whole strength into it, it was from Sweetheart's grandfather the traits came to her; that was plain.

While he stood looking in, no sound apparently reached him other than the crackling of the wood fire inside, or the sputtering of Ross' cookery; but suddenly he straightened himself, and again put his hand behind his ear. Light, stealthy steps came up the moonlit road, and, as Burley crept cautiously toward the gate, the shadow of a man passing fell on it, and disappeared in the dark lane made by the undergrowth along the fence.

Burley followed him. When he came back, he went directly into the house, the dull vacancy gone from his face with which he had talked to Ross of the supernatural terrors.

"Hillo, little un!" he said, cheerfully, and sat down with a hand on each knee, to watch her cookery; but a something in the cool, gray eyes, and heavy, stern jaws, which she had never seen before, made Ross turn once and again to look at him. He was as grave, she thought, as when he spelled out their chapter in the Bible at night. But the truth was, the thing he had feared had come upon him at last; the danger more imminent, the hope of escape small. Burley meant to fight it out like a man; but not then nor there. He barred the windows, shut tight the door; at least she should know nothing until he was safe or defeated.

Meanwhile Ross dished the supper, setting and resetting the blue delft plates on the table with her burned little hands. She had a keen palate for good cookery, being a healthy, quick-nerved little body. Her dishes were always seasoned and done to a turn. There was a heap of fried chicken, each piece a golden brown; there was a yellow mound of potatoes; there were creamy turnips, and in the middle, silvery stalks of celery in a tray, bedded in red and bronze

beet leaves, and the rich, curled, crisp fringes of green parsley. Joe laughed at this last.

"Your mother was full of such notions," he said, as he pulled a chair to the table; "you favor her in all your little whims, Sweetheart. Sech as your fancy for wearing dark blue gowns and hanging bits of moss and flowers in your hair."

The words seemed to give him a hint, which he caught eagerly; during the supper he found a thousand ways to bring up the same theme—"your mother;" choking back whatever effort it cost him. Ross had heard her name but seldom before.

"My mother died when I was born. I'm an orphan," with a grave little nod, saying what she had learned by rote, years ago, going on eating composedly.

Burley sat smoking by the fire when their supper was over, until the dishes were cleared away, and Ross came up for her seat on his knee; then he put the pipe up on the clock, and lifted her up, smoothing her yellow hair back.

"It be arly, little sister. You needn't go to bed for an hour. Marget—your mother—was a main hand for sittin' late when she was young, as when she was older, and my old woman give her her own rein—her own rein too much, maybe. She wur sech a purty creetur, she was so dear to us, that we liked her in sight, that's the truth. So ther she'd sit at nights, as it might be here, and yander ud be Robert Comly."

"My father," said the little girl, parrot-like, with another nod. "He's dead. I am an orphan," taking a string of blue beads out of her pocket, and holding them up in the firelight.

Burley patted her hand in his. When he spoke, it was with an unnatural voice, like an unwilling witness forced before the jury. "Robert—Comly. There was no better carpenters than the Comlys, father and son, in Kensington. Bob was a thorough-through boy from the start. Fond of his joke, but true as steel twice het. After old Comly died, Bob he sort o' turned to me fur advice and the like. But it was his likin' for Marget was at the bottom of it, I knowed."

"So then she married him?" said Ross, looking up from her beads. When she saw her grandfather's face, her eyes did not leave it again. He turned away, looking in the fire, his hand moving restlessly over his stubbly whiskers and hiding his mouth. Ross threw her beads on a chair, put her hands on his shoulders.

"We'll talk of something else," she said, decisively. "This is not pleasant talk for you, grandad."

"Ther's nothin' onpleasant to remember about Robert Comly," shaking off her light touch, doggedly. "He got to be like my own son—that lad. You see we never had a son, and when Marget come, late in the day like, it was a disappointment—to *me*. I

wanted a boy. But I was mighty fond of Bob; he was a steddy fellar. Now, Marget was a peart little thing—she never liked advice from the day she went into short clothes. But when she growed up sech a purty creetur, and our hearts was so knit up in her, mother she says, 'Let Marget marry Bob Comly,' says she, 'and then, Joe, you'll have son and da'ater, too. You kin have 'em both,' she says."

"Then they were married," said Ross, gently. "I know the rest of it," her anxious scrutiny never relaxed from his face. "Now the story is done, grandad, will you put coals on the fire? It is cold."

But Burley prosed on. "That's the very hick'ry cheer he used to sit in at nights that Winter. He made this one covered with sheep-skin for me—Bob did. I never knowed a steddier fellar than Bob Comly. There never was a man used me fairer. Ef I ever meet him in the country where he's gone I'll not forget it to him. But it seems to me, to-night, ther's a poor look out for that!" with a sharp, hard laugh, after a pause. He cut a big plug of tobacco and thrust it in his mouth, then clasped his hands over his head, his jaws working, his uneasy eye avoiding hers. "Mother and Bob are safe enough on the other side of the river your hymes sing about, Rossline. But as things is turnin' out, Joe Burley ain't the sort that goes that road. Well, no matter!"

Ross put her frightened little hands about his neck.

"Shall I sing for you now, grandad?"

"No. For God's sake, let me be, Rossline, I've hard lines before me to-night. Let me work it out my own fashion. Talking of Bob Comly and the way he took, 'll be more help to me than all the hymes in the book."

The fire burned low; Ross slid down and replenished it unnoticed; she crept back between his knees, looking up at him. She would be a woman some day, and, after the habit of women, could not leave any one with their trouble in quiet, but must peer curiously into it, to cry over it afterward, and fill her own heart with aching and pity. Burley stared stolidly in the fire; some hard, ugly lines which had marked his face when he was a boy and counted a "black sheep," came out slowly on it to-night; a scar that dragged one eyelid down grew red and sinister; older and more analytic eyes than little Ross' might have fancied that the man, as well as the features that indexed the man, were sinking back into some old mould which they had nearly outgrown.

But the little girl only gathered a vague notion of the best way to soothe him. "So Robert Comly and Marget were married?" she said, using his words.

"Yes; they wur married."

"And my mother died the day after I was born? My pretty mother! Am I as pretty as Marget?"

Burley smiled at the grave little face. "No, Sweetheart, you kent be that. You favor the Burleys. You've got her eyes and hair, but you're stouter built, tougher grain. It's no loss—its—" he was suddenly silent.

"The day after I was born?" the little girl's eyes grew heavy under the strait lashes. "Did she look at *me?* Did she take any notice of me, or kiss me? Where did she kiss me?" lifting her hand to her face, uncertainly.

"She give you into my arms," said Joe, slowly. "She kissed you all over your wee face a hundred times, I reckon; then she give you into my arms. I hadn't teched you before. Me and Robert Comly wur alone with her that day. Mother was dead long afore. I'm glad whenever I think of her being gone afore that day. I reckon, maybe, she never knowed yonder of what had happened down here—the Good Man is merciful."

"Well—she gave me into your arms," prompted Rosslyn.

Joe choked a heavy breath that shook his solid chest, beginning to chew violently. "Yes, she did, Rossline. All she'd said that day was 'my little, little baby,' huggin' and cryin' it over you, with the breath goin' fast from her. I didn't know it wur goin'; or I couldn't have left her alone. But I would neither look at her nor tech her." He put Rosslyn off from him and covered his face with his hands, his elbows propped on his knees.

"I often think how we left her alone. Neither father nor husband nor God, agoin' through that dark vally. You was all she had, she knowed that. She clung to you to the last. Then she give you into my arms. 'It's my poor little baby, father,' she said. I tuk you from her. I couldn't help but do that."

He got up and walked irresolutely across the floor.

"But I left her alone agin. I laid the baby down and stood by the chimbley-side, with my back to the bed."

He stopped, leaning heavily on the mantle-shelf, the scar and blotches looking purple on his pale face. "That was Marget—the purty creeter—as had been my only child; I turned my back to her."

Ross stood facing him with bewildered eyes. "But my father—Robert Comly?"

The old man stopped. "No man could have acted fairer than Bob Comly. I said that. He wur very kind. We wur down in Bucks county then; when we come up to town, he bided with me, and kept his own counsel. He knowed as it wur none of my fault. He give you yer name, Rossline Comly. It was for my sake he did it."

"He died the next year," said Ross, repeating her long learned lesson. "That was how I came to be an orphan."

Burley held up his hand, sharply, to listen. Ross fancied she heard a man's approaching steps without, slow and light.

"It be late, little gal," said her grandfather, hurriedly. "It's been a messable evening, that's true. Yer eyes are sunk in yer head. You be off to bed, Sweetheart."

He watched her anxiously as she made ready. "Don't you mind, Rossline, if you hear a noise of talking down below; I've got into that way lately when I'm vexed in my mind." When she came to bid him good-night, he swung her up in his arms, with one of his broad, hearty smiles breaking out over his red face.

"You're a lucky-looking child, Rossline," turning up her face by the chin. "I reckon the Good Man has a keer of you. Seein' you makes me think I'll get through this bout safely," and kissed her lightly on the mouth as he put her down. He watched her going up the crooked stairs, and listened, half smiling, to her firm little tread overhead—listened after he had taken up his place with his back to the fire, and waited for the other steps that had brought worse than death to his threshold years ago, and that, each moment came closer without.

Yet Burley's superstitious terror seemed fantastic enough, for when the footsteps were followed by a knock, and the entrance of a man, it was only the subdued-looking, sandy-haired gentleman off of the ferry-boat, who stood smiling pleasantly before him.

"I knew you were within, Burley"—holding out his hand—"so I came in without a bidding."

"It wurn't likely, James Strebling, as I should call you inside of my door agin."

The other man colored and giggled feebly, rubbing his hands together as if reminded of an awkward mistake. "Now, Burley, you do not keep a grudge for old debts, eh, hey? I came here from Alabama purposely to talk matters over with you, one man of sense with another. I thought, I'm one practical fellow, and Burley is another, and there'll be no trouble in adjusting those old affairs. But, God bless me! how you've altered!" finding his way to a chair, and peering through his spectacles with an attempt at easy carelessness.

The old wagoner remained standing immovable before the fire; he had not lifted his eyes from the floor since Strebling entered.

"Yes, I be altered. For two years after you'd done your work and left here, I hunted you through them Southern States like a weasel in its hole. I'd but one thing to do in life—to put the muzzle of my pistol up to your cowardly brain. Now—I hid from you to-night. I'd give my right arm if you and me had not crossed paths agin! yes, I would."

Strebling was not a coward; besides, when men are cool enough to talk about murder, the danger is over; but he was shocked more than he liked to own. Burley looked like one of his own oxen standing there; yet it occurred to the gentleman for the first time

to question how much hurt that old peccadillo of his had done to the fellow; just as he might have done if he had struck an ox with his rattan. Then he caught what Burley was saying in a hard, quiet voice, curiously divested of all oaths or roughness.

"You p'isoned my life for me once. I was jest beginning to take some pleasure in it when you come agin. I've been tryin' to make myself fit to raise the gal: she's got no father or mother beyont me. Ther' has been times when the world was so friendly about me that I tried to make excuses for even you, James Strebling. But now, as you've thrust yerself in my way—"

He lifted his face, turning the small eyes, bloodshot and red, on him for the first time.

Strebling sprang up, threw down his hat and cane, and coming straight up to the old man, looked him in the face.

"Look here! I'm not a bad man, Burley. That was a damnably shabby trick of mine. I know that. But before God I meant to come back and marry Margaret. I never intended that she should be foisted on another man. Come"—after a pause—"you sowed wild oats yourself once. You know a man does not count on the harvest, when—" He drew back a step suddenly, and stood on guard, watching Burley as he would a beast about to spring at his throat.

"Besides," cautiously, when the old man shifted his position, "let us have peace between us for the girl's sake."

"What is Rossline to you? It's late in the day; Rossline is Marget's da'ater. Ther's not a drop of her father's blood in her body."

"Now, Burley, you are very intemperate. It has not been my fault that I have not claimed the child sooner 'in the day,' as you put it. Whatever James Strebling's faults may be, no one can accuse him of being a harsh father. And this child should have been taken home long ago, and as tenderly cared for as Rob, if my wife had not been living. She's dead now."

Burley turned his ox-like face, baffled and alarmed. It was some time before the fear found its way from his muddled brain into words.

"You be the child's father, an' that gives you some hold on her by law, may be. I don't know. I don't believe that it do. Ther's a lot of common sense in them hard law-words in general. You've been only a curse an' misfortin to Rossline since before she was born, an' I laid myself out to sarve her since I took her in my arms a grooling baby. If she's wanted anything it's been because Joe Burley's wit and strength giv' out in getting it for her. What do you want of her? You've got your friends and your son, and niggers and land; but that little gal's the only thing on 'arth that's worth thrippence to me. I've out-growed all the rest. Mother's

dead and Marget—all of them, only that yellow-haired little 'un that keeps a growin' into me, day by day, like a part of myself. No, I don't believe any law 'ill give her to you. I'll see to-morrow."

Strebling observed him warily a moment, then with a sudden ingenuous air, exclaimed, "You're wrong, Burley—all wrong; the law gives me no claim on her. It is the child's good you should look at. I came here for her; I'm free to say that plainly. I'll not marry again, and I'd like a daughter about me in my old age. Bob is independent of me, from his grandfather. I can afford to give her a child's portion, and I'll do it. I will take her as the orphan child of a friend, so that no shame shall come on her. I would make her an educated, tenderly-reared lady—and you—"

"What then, sir?"

"You are making a market-huckster out of her."

There was a dead silence in the room. Overhead, in the loft-chamber, where the moon threw a square light on the bare floor, the little girl sat shivering in her night-gown on the edge of her cot-bed, her yellow hair tucked closely up, her hands clasped about her knees. The voices below reached her now and then; these last words clearly; when she heard them the little freckled face contracted sharply, certain lines which Burley had never seen, came into it; she bent her head to listen.

Her grandfather was silent.

"It is the child you should consider," persisted Strebling. "Not your own selfish pleasure. It is her whole life you are choosing for her."

Still no answer. Ross could hear the clock ticking below, seeming to make a thickened beat through the floor, the plastering, in her own head; but her grandfather said nothing. She slid down, put her brown cloak about her, walked to the stairs. Then Burley's voice, slow and stammering, came up.

"That be a cruel way to put it. But it be true. You're a gentleman, as words go. You've the 'blood' Rossline talked of—this very night. Do what I kin, Rossline 'll grow up like her mother's people. A market-huckster, may-be. How kin I know?" He coughed, cleared his throat, his voice swelling out to suit the burly figure out of which it came, not without a certain coarse dignity in it, beside which Strebling's, with its delicate training, sounded thin and flat. "But, huckster or not, the gal's face is honest, an' the Burley blood's clean. I'll keep it so. I've got to answer to God for her some day. I'll not give her to you. I'll not put her where she'll grow tainted an' cunnin' for all the money or edication that 'ud make her a lady."

The child's face bending over the dark stairway grew more sharp and set, her nails whitened where she clenched the railing with her fingers.

"There is no need of heat in the matter," said Strebling, with an unnatural mildness in his tone. "I think I have acted fairly. I can have no especial love for a child that I have seen but once, but I came here to do what I thought right, and your bluster or insult will not put me aside. I will not allow you to decide the child's fate, Burley, without giving her a chance to know what she will lose."

"You want to leave it to Rossline?" with a chuckle. "Well, she don't have a thought beyond her grandad. I'm contented. You kin do that."

"You will find yourself mistaken in her, then," sharply. "I noted her to-day. There are thoroughbred points in her. She will turn to the ease and delicacy of life as instinctively as a well-blooded animal would forsake offal for its natural food. I will come back in the morning."

"Jest as you please; I'll be contented to leave it to my little gal."

But there was an uneasy hesitation in his voice which had not been there before.

"I will leave this for her. Give it to her when she wakens," taking out the watch which he had bought for Rob, and laying it on the table. As he turned away, a quick step rattled on the stair steps, and a square little figure, wrapped in a stuff cloak that did not hide her bare ankles, stood beside him. She took up the watch and held it out to him.

"I heard that talking. I choose for myself. I want you never to come back here again." She spoke in a whisper, but her face and motions were so angular and sharp, that the voice seemed wiry. Strebling stood, half smiling with amusement, and a certain relief. He was beginning to doubt the wisdom of adopting this pullet of the Burley breed, after all. But he pushed back the watch.

"Whatever you decide, keep that, my dear."

Now, the chain was enamelled with blue, and there was a topaz and a lava seal. It must have been such jewels as these which the crew of the Spanish galleon had buried. She drew a heavy sigh and hesitated. "No, I don't think I will keep it, thank you. I am going to choose for myself. I will not go to be made vile and tainted. You are nothing to me. *I* understand—I am not like other children. I—I have nobody but you!"—turning to Burley, catching his arm, and beginning to cry in a shrill, tearless way.

"I'll go," said Strebling, quickly. "I've done my duty. But, Burley, this child is but a child; she's not fit to judge. If she ever needs my help, write to me. I'll not keep any grudge about to-day. It is not likely that I will renew my offer; but I will be willing to help her, certainly—quite willing."

He went hastily out of the door, Burley staring after his thin,

padded figure as he picked his steps along the path outside with an uneasy sense of defeat, he scarce knew why, forgetting that the door was open, and that Ross' feet were bare on the stone floor. She knew it, and cried a little more bitterly for it, feeling quite neglected and alone. He thought she had no idea of the crisis in her life which she had just passed; but a girl of nine years has keen and horribly real perceptions of the few edges of the outer world which touch her; the sharper, maybe, because all beyond is as misty and unreal as eternity. Then the love, and hate, and pain of youth have always in them a weak, acrid, insipid flavor, like the juices of all unripe fruit; the child, clinging to his knees, had none of the quiet, full consciousness of having chosen the right thing that slowly filled and quieted Burley's brain.

"It be monstrous cold," he stammered, at last, with a sort of heave and gulp, shaking himself, and then lumbering across the kitchen to close the door. He fumbled at the lock when it was shut, looking doubtfully at the forlorn little figure on the hearth in front of the low-burning fire, with her hands clasped behind her back, and her face following him steadily.

"Yer eyes is sunk into yer head like a sleep-walker's, little gal," coming up, and putting his hands on her head. "It's been a messabul night, as I said afore. It's goin' to be the last of that sort, hey? Why, Rossline! Tut! tut! yer skin's cold and dry as death! Why, Sweetheart!"

She cried out, then, how that she understood—that she was not like other children; that it would have been better for them all if she had died on the bed that day with her pretty mother, hugging his knee meantime, and burying her face in his patched trousers.

"Why, Rossline!" picking her up with a hoarse, unsteady laugh. "What a silly little un my gal is to forget her grandad altogether! She puts him clear out of account! Yer feet is like ice; here, give me this un in my hand. She forgets her old grandad! *She* don't take no count of the old man that has got nothin' but her in the world. Nothin'. If you were dead with Marget, what ud I be? hey, little sister? Jest a empty husk with the kernel gone, a moulderin' away. That's it. A—moulderin'—away. You don't know how yer the life of me, Rossline," gravely holding her in his arms as if she were a baby, and rocking her. She had sobbed herself quiet now.

"Ye'r the first one since Robert Comly died—" he began again, when she lifted up her head, her eyes on fire, bidding him never talk of Robert Comly to her again; that he was nothing to her; that *she* loved her mother, whatever the others did—her pretty mother—with another burst of sobbing and tears. She hated Robert Comly and his goodness; at which the old man only smiled gravely, and rocked her in silence till she fell asleep.

near and parallel with each other, at the moment the electric current, or circuit, is formed, another and opposite current is produced in the second wire. The first is called the primary, the other the secondary current, the latter being "induced."

Bearing these facts in view, the reader will readily comprehend the very ingenious arrangement of parts by which the inventor

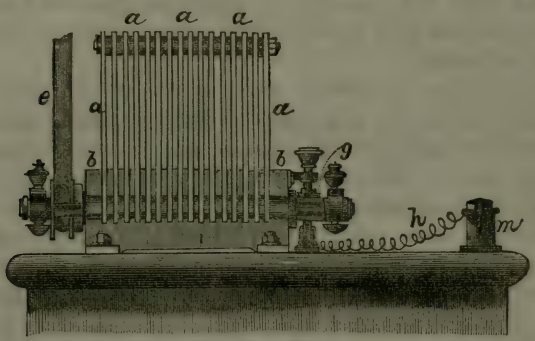


Fig. 2.

of this wonderful machine has demonstrated the fact that an indefinitely small quantity of magnetism is capable of inducing an indefinitely large amount of dynamic electricity, which is simply electricity in its active state.

As early as 1838, Raillard demonstrated that by taking an electro-magnet machine, which would originally only sustain a few grammes weight of iron, and passing the electric current generated by it around the wire of a large electro-magnet, it could be made to sustain three hundred times as much. But the increase of power in this demonstration had no other application than to obtain a more powerful magnet, from a weak magnet. And Dr. Page, of the United States Army, had shown that an electro-magnet excited by a magneto-electric machine became capable of effects greatly exceeding those of the original magnet.

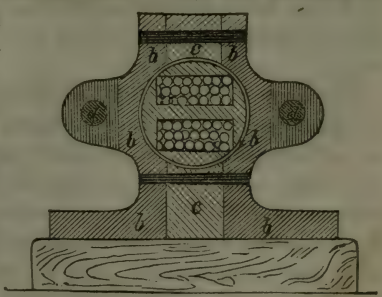


Fig. 3.

Mr. Wilde's first experiments were made with an apparatus consisting of a compound hollow cylinder of brass and iron, designated a magnetic cylinder.

On this cylinder was placed at pleasure one or more horseshoe (permanent) magnets. Each of these weighed about one pound, and would sustain a weight of about ten pounds. An armature was made to revolve very rapidly by hand on the interior of the cylinder, in close proximity to its sides, but without touching. Around the

armature, in the direction of its length, one hundred and seventy feet of insulated copper wire were coiled, and the free ends or terminals of the wire were connected with a commutator, fixed upon the axis of the armature for the purpose of taking the alternate waves of electricity from the machine in one direction only. As additional magnets were successively placed upon or astride of the cylinder, he found that the quantity of electricity generated in the coil of the armature was very nearly in direct proportion to the number of magnets so placed.

He also ascertained that when four permanent magnets, capable of sustaining collectively a weight of forty pounds, were placed upon the cylinder, and the sub-magnet was placed in metallic contact with the poles of the electro-magnet, a weight of one hundred and seventy-eight pounds was required to separate them; and with a larger electro-magnet one thousand pounds was required to overcome the sustaining power of the electro-magnet, or twenty-seven times the weight which the four permanent (weak) magnets, used in exciting it, were together able to sustain. He then found that this great difference between the power of a permanent magnet and an electro-magnet excited through its agency might be indefinitely increased.

These experiments establish the fact that a large amount of magnetism can be developed in an electro-magnet by means of a permanent magnet of much smaller power, and hence it appeared reasonable that a large electro-magnet, excited by means of a small magneto-electric machine, could, by suitable arrangement, be made instrumental in evoking a proportionately large amount of dynamic electricity. In realizing this idea, Mr. Wilde, the inventor, proceeded to construct the apparatus, the principle and form of which we now describe. But let us again state the former in its simplest form.

An electric current can be obtained by the rotation by mechanical power of an armature between the poles of a magnet. If this electric current be passed round an electro-magnet it may be made to produce a far greater amount of magnetism than belonged to the first magnet. We have only therefore to comprehend how, by the interposition of a rotating armature and the expenditure of force, a small and weak magnet may be made to actuate a very powerful one; and as the power of the magnet increases, so does the power increase of the electric current which may be generated by induction in an armature rotating between its poles.

The largest of Mr. Wilde's machines, now being constructed for the British Government, for the Northern light-house, is figured in the cuts in this article.

Fig. 1 is an end view of the machine; *aaaa*, Fig. 1 are an end view, and same letters, Fig. 2, are a side view of sixteen perma-

nent magnets bolted on to the magnet cylinder, *bb*, shown in magnified cross section at Fig. 3, and lengthwise, Fig 4. The magnets weigh about three pounds each, and will support twenty pounds each. In the magnet cylinder the part *bbb* is iron, and *cc*, brass, and it is so arranged that *bb*, being screwed on to the respective poles of the magnet, *d*, Fig. 1, form one entire north pole and one entire south pole to the sixteen magnets separated from each other by the brass pieces, *c*. A circular hole, two and a half inches in diameter, is bored lengthwise through the metals, so as to form them into a hollow cylinder of brass and iron.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 4 represents the armature; a transverse section of which is also shown in its place inside the hollow cylinder, Fig. 3. It consists of a cylinder of cast iron, about one-twentieth of an inch less in diameter than the hole in the cylinder, *bc bc*, so that it may revolve in close proximity to the interior wall of the hollow cylinder without touching it, being held at each end by appropriate brass supports, in which the axis of the armature works.

At one end of the armature is a cylindrical prolongation, *d*, on which a pulley and band, *e*, Fig. 2, works, and at the other end is a commutator. About fifty feet of insulated copper wire, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, are wound upon the armature in the direction of its length, as shown in Fig. 4, and in cross section in Fig. 3. The inner extremity of the wire is fixed in good metallic contact with the armature, the other end being connected with the insulated half of the commutator. Bands of sheet brass, *f f*, are bound at intervals round the armature, in grooves sunk in it for that purpose, their object being to prevent the convolutions of insulated wire from flying out of position by centrifugal force when in rapid rotation. By means of the small strap, *e*, the armature is made to revolve in the interior of the magnet cylinder, at about two thousand five hundred revolutions per minute, by steam power. During each revolution, two waves of electricity, moving in opposite directions, are induced in the insulated copper wire surrounding the armature. The rapid succession of alternating waves thus generated at the rate of five thousand per minute, are, by means of the commutator at *g*, Fig. 2, converted into an intermittent current,

Fig. 5.

moving in one direction only, which is conducted along the wires, *h*.

The electro-magnetic machine by which the light is produced is of precisely the same construction as the magneto-electric machine just described, except that an electro-magnet, *i*, is substituted for the permanent magnets, *aa*. The electro-magnet, *i*, Fig. 1, is formed of two rectangular plates, *j*, of rolled iron, thirty-six inches in length, twenty-six inches in width, and one inch in thickness, as shown by the dotted lines. They are bolted, parallel with each other, to the sides of the magnet cylinder, *k*, and the plates are connected together at their upper extremities by being bolted to a bridge formed of two thicknesses of the same iron as that of which the sides are made.

All the component parts of the electro-magnet, requiring to be fitted together and to the magnet cylinder, are planed to a true surface, for the purpose of insuring intimate metallic contact throughout the entire mass. Each of the sides of the electro-magnet, *ii*, Fig. 1, is coiled with an insulated conductor, consisting of a bundle of seven No. 10 copper wires, laid parallel to each other, and bound together with a double covering of linen tape. The length of the conductor coiled round each side of the electro-magnet, is 1,650 feet. Two of the extremities of the coils are connected together so as to form a continuous circuit 3,300 feet in length; the other extremities of the coils terminate in the two insulated metal studs, *mm*, fixed upon the wooden top of the machine, and connected thereto with the wires, *hh*. The total weight of the two coils of insulated copper wire, without the iron, is half a ton. The diameter of the hole in the magnet cylinder is seven inches, and its length thirty-five inches. The separate parts of the cylinder are bolted together at the top and bottom by means of twelve copper bolts, three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

The armature, *o*, which is an exact *fac-simile*, except as regards size, of the one already described, is about one-eighth of an inch less in diameter than the bore of the magnet cylinder. It is wound with an insulated strand of copper wire, three hundred and fifty feet in length, and a quarter of an inch in diameter, as shown in Fig. 3 and Fig. 4. A pulley, *d*, seven inches in diameter, is keyed upon one end of the armature, and upon the other end are fixed two hardened steel collars, *p'*, *p*, one of which is insulated from the armature axis. These form part of the commutator, by means of which the rapid alternating currents are converted into an intermittent current, moving in one direction only. These currents of electricity, which produce the light, are taken from the steel collars by means of the springs, *qq*, Fig. 1, and thence to the screw-nut at *r*, from which they pass to any place required by the conductors, *ss*.

The armature of the 7-inch machine is driven at one thousand eight hundred revolutions per minute by means of a strap, from

the same shaft as the magneto-electric machine. The total weight of the machine is a little more than one ton. The action of the machine will be readily comprehended from the explanation previously given.

The electricity induced from the permanent magnets, *aaa*, in the rotating armature of the small machine, is transmitted by means of the wire, *hh*, through the coils of the large electro-magnet of the 7-inch machine, the iron plates and magnet cylinder of which acquire an enormous amount of magnetism. Simultaneously a proportionately large amount of electricity is induced in the wires of the larger armature, and this current of electricity is used in producing the light in the electric lamp at *v*, Fig. 1.

When the machine is in full motion, an engine of about three-horse power will be required to drive it, and the lamp will consume sticks of carbon, *tt*, Fig. 8, at least three-eighths of an inch square. The power of the machine may be regulated, according to the quantity of light required to suit the different conditions of the atmosphere, by placing small blocks of iron on the top of the small magnet cylinder, *bb*, so as to connect the opposite poles and proportionately diminish the power of the induced current in the armature.

The machine we are describing is considerably smaller than one about being built. In the former there are only two conversions; that is to say, a permanent magnet—an induced current of electricity—an electro-magnet, a more powerful induced current.

In the larger machine there is a still further multiplication of force. Its small magneto-electric machine has an armature of one and five-eighths inch diameter, armed with six small permanent magnets, weighing one pound each. The induced current from this is transmitted through the coils of the electro-magnet of a five inch electro-magnetic machine, and the direct current from the latter is simultaneously, and in like manner, transmitted through the coils of the electro-magnet of a ten-inch machine.

The weight of the electro-magnet of the ten-inch machine is nearly three tons, and the total weight is four and a half tons. The machine is furnished with two armatures—one for the production of "intensity," and the other for the production of "quantity" effects.

The intensity armature is coiled with an insulated conductor, consisting of a bundle of thirteen No. 11 copper wires, each 0.125 of an inch in diameter. The coil is three hundred and seventy-six feet in length and weighs two hundred and thirty-two pounds. The quantity armature is enveloped with the folds of an insulated copper plate conductor sixty-seven feet in length, the weight of which is three hundred and forty-four pounds.

With these three armatures driven at a uniform velocity of one

thousand five hundred revolutions per minute, an amount of magnetic force is developed in the large electro-magnet far exceeding anything which has heretofore been produced, accompanied by the evolution of an amount of dynamic electricity from the quantity armature so enormous as to melt cylindrical pieces of iron fifteen inches in length, and fully one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and pieces of copper wire of the same length and one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

With this armature in, the physiological effects of the current can be borne without inconvenience; immediately after fifteen inches of iron bar had been melted, one man grasped the terminals, and sustained the full force of the current. The shocks were severe, but not inconveniently so.

When the intensity armature was placed in the seven-inch magnet cylinder, the electricity melted seven feet of No. 16 iron wire. The illuminating power of this current was indescribably splendid.

When an electric lamp, furnished with rods of gas carbon half an inch square, was placed at the top of a lofty building, the light evolved from it was sufficient to cast the shadows of the flames of street lamps, a quarter of a mile distant, upon the neighboring walls. Fig. 5 is a spectrum of this light; P, N, are poles armed with gas retort carbon, showing a profile of the two flames. When viewed from that distance, the rays proceeding from the reflector, Fig. 1, *v*, have all the rich effulgence of sunshine. A piece of ordinary sensitized paper, such as is used for photographic printing, when exposed to the action of the light for twenty seconds, at a distance of two feet from the reflector, was darkened to the same degree as a piece of the same sheet of paper was when exposed for a period of one minute to the direct rays of the sun at noon on a very clear day in the month of March.

Roughly compared with the intensity of the sun, this electric light has three or four times the power of sun light. That the relative intensities were very nearly in this ratio, was evident from the powerful scorching action the electric light had on the face, and the ease with which paper could be set on fire with a burning glass, introduced in the path of its rays.

There are certain phenomena presented by this machine, which are in apparent contradiction to the law of the conservation of force. A phenomenon already obtained on a small scale, by Jacobi, is exhibited in the most striking manner by this machine. When the wires forming the polar terminals of the small exciting magneto-electric machine were connected for a short time with those of the large electro-magnet, and then disconnected, a bright spark could be obtained from the wires of the electro-magnet, twenty-five seconds after all connection with the magneto-electric machine had been broken.

It is of great interest to consider what is the theoretical quantity of coal required to be consumed in the production of this amount of electric force. It requires a seven-horse-power engine. We arrive by calculation at the startling conclusion, that to overcome the friction of the different parts of the machine, to whirl several hundred weight of metal around with a velocity of one thousand five hundred revolutions per minute; to generate a current of electric force far supassing anything ever before introduced; and after allowing for the waste inherent in its passage through the conducting wires and electric lamp, to cause it to blaze forth with an intensity of light before which the rays of the sun himself appear pale and feeble, and to continue this intense development of energy for one hour, requires an expenditure of force represented by the combustion of less than eighteen and a half ounces of coal!

But the most surprising advantage of this machine is that it has no limit, except the excessive heat which would be developed in the rotating armature. If the power generated by a larger machine did not at once burn up as by a flash the working parts, dissipate the electric lamp and conducting wires, with a mighty explosion, into space—if it were at all manageable and put upon a high tower, it would give light enough to make London by night lighter than London by sunlight.

The constancy of this light is one of its most marked features. This makes it far more valuable for taking negatives than the uncertain sunlight.

As to the altogether prodigious power of this electric light and heat, there is a perfect uniformity of testimony. A distinguished French savant who travelled from Paris to Manchester to see it in operation, and for no other purpose, wrote concerning it: "The machine gives out real torrents of electric light. Though accustomed for many years to make use of this light, we have been almost frightened by the splendor which dazzled our eyes. Twice did we see a long, very stout piece of wire completely melted, and the induced current was so intense that the wire became white hot and broke into large drops in less than two minutes. The most marvellous part of the matter is, that this electricity, this heat, this light, are the result of a real transformation of mechanical force; for, apart from the steam engine which sets the apparatus in motion, the whole static force of the machine consists in six small artificial magnets, capable of carrying only a weight of about forty pounds."

RUFUS KING BROWNE.

HARMONIOUS EFFECTS.

IT was in a concert hall where a celebrated organist was to play. Miss Earncliffe had heard music before—listening to it as a pastime—it had served to make hours pass pleasantly, and in that mood she sat in her box, idly chatting, intermittently surveying the crowd through her lorgnette.

The crowd, those who chanced to look at her, saw a face deeply tinged with Southern olive, and large eyes glancing indifferently about.

A *habitué* of the city would say to the stranger he had brought with him,

"You have read Miss Earncliffe's books?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, there she is—in that box, with the crimson drapery falling from her shoulders."

"She is very plain," would be the reply of the stranger.

"Decide upon nothing until you have seen her interested. Her face is like a porcelain picture; only be so fortunate as to ignite the slumbering light behind it, then tell me if she be so hopelessly plain," is the response.

Meanwhile Miss Earncliffe awaits indifferently; being twenty-six, and having for the last five years received more of admiration than falls to the lot of many, she did not find it natural to expect many things with enthusiasm.

A sudden hush, then a shout of multitudinous applause, for the man who was to play walked across the stage to the front and bowed.

Miss Earncliffe looked at him curiously. It was a slight, supple figure, with hands where music seemed to vibrate, they were so faultless and appeared so full of the magnetism of sweet sounds. A full, brilliant forehead, "light hair that seemed to carry a wind in it," sapphire eyes, so clear and lucid that they might have belonged to the purest woman—but never to a weak woman; now by this gaslight they showed like the deeps of an illuminated sea.

Some whisper of the enthusiasm to come told Miss Earncliffe that this man would take her to hitherto unknown heights of melody. She thought that that which people had named music would now appear to her only as the jingling of meaningless sounds.

He sat down by those ranks of keys, those fairy servants who brought to him the power of lightning or the perfume of gardens. The vast assembly became hushed by the magical power of a great expectation.

Miss Earncliffe saw his face, and she knew that he thought not of the crowd whom he was to electrify—he had left the regions of earth and was in that world of unspeakabilities to which he was to conduct her.

A soft, murmurous prelude, that seemed the slight opening of the gates of Eden, then he paused and raised his hands to sweep back his hair. Ere his fingers again touched the ivory servitors, his eyes fell upon the face of Miss Earncliffe, crowned with darkest bronze braids, and resplendent with its gleaming, expectant eyes—eyes from which her soul at this moment appeared to long to fly to those regions of strange bliss which had been promised her.

The player's face grew more luminous; he appreciated now an incentive to perfection even beyond the desire to express the conception of his author.

Miss Earncliffe had met the glance unconsciously. So possessed was she by the hopes of the harmony that she thought little at that moment of the player.

He struck the first notes of that which some one has named the "Ineffable Fantasia" of Mendelssohn. It was no longer an organ made by humanity, it was some unnamed instrument rescued from the homes of this world before sin had polluted it, while yet God smiled. Sweeter than cithern or Pandean pipes, it must once have stood in those gardens of the happy, amid blooms whose fragrance was twin sister to its melody. It was not played by mortal hands —no sinful human had such power. Some wandering angel found the glittering ivories a home for his idle fingers, and he awakened the memories of the Paradise to which he belonged.

Thus flowed the gurgling harmony, until Miss Earncliffe felt that she might be the Peri who had just gained heaven by the perfectness of her gift. The "crystal bar of Eden" lifted and showed to her vision the vague, sweet beauty of her dearest thoughts of celestial bliss. The smile of Jehovah seemed permeating her soul. Her head sank to her hands; involuntarily she shrank far back in the box. Was it hours or moments that passed thus? Once within the charm of that archangel of music, and she was utterly unconscious of all else—so absolute was the spell which controlled her, so intense the sensations so long lapsed in indifference. Long after the music ceased, it was vibrating through her spirit, and she did not feel the silence nor hear the swift applause that followed that momentary quiet, and she knew nothing of the sudden, wild confusion that instantly ensued, ere the last plaudit had died on the air.

The artist had bent his head to that admiring throng, and lifted it with the desire to see again the face whose asking glances had so penetrated his perceptions, but he saw only a glimpse of a bent, motionless head, and at the same instant somewhere in that dense

crowd he heard a hoarse, half-smothered cry of fire; then the crowd started like the pulse of a mighty, delirious heart, and there commenced the insane, terrible rush to the doors.

Delando, the player, saw the swaying of that concourse of people —the white, upturned faces of fragile women so blessed as to lose consciousness at that fearful moment, borne on those dark waves like flecks of frozen foam on some black, demoniac sea.

The mass writhed toward the door full of choking exclamations and smothered cries. In through some unseen aperture curled a thin spiral of smoke, and Delando detected its warning scent. He still stood as he had come forward to make his devoirs; he saw before him the frightened audience, but plainest of all he saw the dark-haired, bowed head in the box nearly opposite him.

She was alone. Through all this muffled hubbub no one entered that box.

"It is useless for her to leave now, but will she linger too long?" he thought. Any one, looking back at the stage, would have seen the musician standing motionless, his transparent face lifted and turned toward that place where sat the only one of all those people whose presence he had felt. Even at that moment he was conscious of that subtlest and sweetest of compliments to his power, in the entire unconsciousness in which he had enveloped this woman. Still there was but little personality in this feeling; he had no vanity, and he knew well that no thought of the player found a place in that trance of homage to melody.

If one had not caught the key-note in that shout of fire, as Miss Earncliffe had not, there could be no arousing influence in the tumultuous rush below her, for the arms of a divine harmony were still enfolding her and sustaining her far above the earth.

A thicker volume of smoke crept in from beyond the walls; Delando heard the ominous creaking and crackling. He turned and fled, rather than ran, round to the entrance to that box.

As he reached her side and bent to touch her arm, a shrill, horrible shriek from some woman's lips tore upward from below, as a fiery tongue reached in through the wall and swept off a line of drapery.

Miss Earncliffe shuddered awake. She raised her head and saw bending toward her the figure of the musician, his white face glowing—the slender, scarlet lips parted as if in some eager request. For an instant it did not seem so much an awakening as a transition. Nor until he spoke, did she realize at all that it was Delando himself who stood before her.

"Would you stay her eand be destroyed?" he said, in a low tone, "do you not see the hall is on fire?"

She had seen and known as soon as she had heard that dreadful cry.

She rose and hurriedly clasped her shawl about her, saying,

"I will go."

Delando stood before the door, and said,

"Where is your escort?"

Miss Earncliffe cast a glance down at the almost deserted hall, then she smiled slightly as she replied,

"I do not know; I think I am forgotten."

It seemed that the words were spoken in an instant, and the next she was following him down somewhere at the side of the stage toward the private entrance.

He had not felt concerned about his personal safety, for he had remembered this passage and had thought the fire to be on the other side of the building only.

Half way down the narrow flight of steps, and a hissing flame burst through the door at the foot, and leaped upward to meet the man. He turned and sprang back, catching the girl in his arms, and mounted with her to the stage again.

As she withdrew herself from that palpitating clasp, she felt, rather than saw, that the whole theatre was growing lurid with flames, that every second held them more securely within those fiery walls.

Delando stood for one moment irresolute, his eyes full upon the girl beside him. Why, amid all the horror of that moment, did he feel so strange a pleasure?

His being panted between two sensations of almost equal intensity—fear lest this girl should die in this fire; a powerful feeling of attraction—a throb of kinship with those deep, dark eyes. But not one feeling of gallantry tinged his thoughts. Meeting at such a time, everything that conventionality might have induced was unknown.

His irresolution did not last through the flashing of a moment. He was ignorant of the plan of the building, and could only guess at the situation of doors other than the main entrances.

"There must be another door back here," he said. "Any way, I feel that I can effect an exit. You will follow me? You can hardly do otherwise."

The heat was getting intolerable. The dark cheeks of Miss Earncliffe flamed in that throbbing air, and the face of Delando was incarnadined with the clear crimson of intense feeling, as well as by the temperature.

Behind the organ he found a narrow stairway, winding into a sort of lumber-room below. He stepped back and motioned his companion down. She flung off the shawl which, unknowingly, she had held about her, and giving one fascinated glance backward to that sea of flames she was leaving, she swiftly descended the steps, feeling with quivering horror that the deadily, fiery breath came sucking down with her.

The little room was a sort of store-room, apparently used by the janitor of the building. The palest jet of gas burned gloomily there. Delando turned the latch of the door. As he had thought, it was locked. He stooped and caught up a hatchet that lay among the tools. The heavy door yielded to the impetus of his furious strokes, and as it broke apart the vast building seemed giving itself in despair to the fire; it vibrated from its foundations. Some heavy body fell upon the floor over head, and the concussion shook down some ponderous implement fastened above Miss Earncliffe as she stepped forward to the open door. She felt a stinging blow, then her arm fell useless, but she did not then think of it, for there rushed over her a cool, clear breeze from the sky; she stepped out beneath the bright starshine—that breath of the night calmed and exhilarated her.

They walked along a narrow alley shut in by high walls, but never to either had spacious highway appeared so beautiful; never, even to her æsthetic soul, had the heavens shone with such dear splendor.

"In the night only Friedland's stars may beam," she said. "I could almost say this was the first time I had really seen a Winter sky."

Delando, who was hurrying her along the pavement, turned to reply, and the colorless, almost ghastly face he saw by the street light pierced him like a knife thrust.

"It is not the fright nor the reaction," he said; "you are hurt."

"But how could I think of it when I am saved?" she responded, looking down at the arm that hung useless and painful by her side.

He did not reply, save by pausing in his walk, fastening his handkerchief over Miss Earncliffe's neck, and lifting with soft touch the injured arm to its support.

A moment after they came out upon a broad street, and Delando called a hack, and as he put the lady in, he asked,

"Permit me to ride home with you? Your face is still so pallid that I could not leave you with a clear conscience."

And indeed the face of the girl was white with the spasms of pain caused by her arm; every breath was an agony; she longed to part her white lips in a cry of sheer physical pain, but, instead, she curved them in a faint smile of assent to Delando's request.

She leaned against the cushions, silent, suffering, trembling with chilliness and exhaustion. Delando sat opposite, hardly looking at her, gazing vaguely on the flying lights, with eyes dilated, and in whose violet, could one have truly discerned, one might have seen the picture of the pained face resting against the carriage; deeper in his consciousness there lurked for the first time an unacknowledged regret; a chain he had never before felt clanked with faint warning.

"Because I am at this moment weak, do not think me ungrateful,"

she said when they stood on the steps waiting for their ring to be answered. Then, with a smile that her suffering made wistful, she continued,

"But I am not sure that I ought to be grateful. Had it not been for you, perhaps I might have been translated from a musical ecstasy into the great hereafter."

"And have left me to an eternal remorse," he said; "do not name such a supposition."

The door opened, and Delando hurriedly murmured a request to call upon her, not knowing how he said it, only that it was granted.

Delando's call the next day only resulted in the information from the servant that Miss Earncliffe was ill and could not see any one. How ill, he could not learn. In the papers there circulated a paragraph that Miss Earncliffe had been seriously injured by the fire; also a cordial wish that the accident might not delay the appearance of her forthcoming book.

Meanwhile, Delando's rehearsals and concerts imperiously demanded him. The city, wild with his music, sent deputations of admirers to his rooms. Had Miss Earncliffe been a commonplace girl, he would have forgotten her in the days following.

The loungers in his room chattered on every current topic, and Delando listened carelessly, unheeding; but when one day was said one woman's name, his lashes sank suddenly over too quickly brightening eyes as the words reached him.

"What a pity we are to lose Miss Earncliffe—right in the town season, too. I say, Delando, have you ever been to her receptions?"

"Never," said Delando, coldly. "In what way is society to lose her? I have understood she was a permanent attraction."

"But the queen retires," was the laughing response. "She returns South directly."

"Returns?" said Delando, vaguely, astonished and angry with himself at the sudden desire he felt to rush from his visitors and pause not until he had reached her door.

"Yes, she is Southern," was the reply.

He waited with impatience the departure of his visitors, and a few moments after, with imperious and yet trembling fingers, he rang Miss Earncliffe's bell and sent in his name.

In a room whose air seemed the faintest breath of flowers, Delando found Miss Earncliffe, lying like a queen unthroned, without her sceptre, but invested with all her sweet regnancy, though very human and pale. From her lounge could be heard the splash of a tiny fountain over which presided a Triton of exquisite bronze; back of the soft purple of her couch, among the drapery of a recess, shone the pure white of a half-size statue of Parthenope, the lips, whose sweetness failed of their desire, closed in the sad prophecy

of her fate. It was true Miss Earncliffe was not handsome, and now in the face worn by acute pain was more than ever visible the unsatisfactoriness of her years—the thwarted look of a nature who seeks the highest and has yet felt it flying from her. And yet that darkly pallid face held a power in it which many had felt—none so intensely and suddenly as the man whom she now rose to greet.

He touched her hand as he said, "I have been alarmed by rumors of your leaving town. I almost felt that you would have flown before I could get here."

"And in that case have robbed myself of the pleasure of thanks; nay, Mr. Delando," looking fully at him for the first time, he thought, "do not deprecate. It is so sweet to be able to feel gratitude; let me thank you for that sensation, if for nothing else."

Her voice was certainly harmonious, but it could not have been the mere music of it that affected him thus. It seemed to him the prelude of a melody more divine than anything his soul ever conceived—if only the fulness of that melody could be vouchsafed him!

She was still so weak, her arm so lately injured and so helpless, that he questioned the propriety of her leaving soon, speaking with a fear that she might say she was even going the next day.

"My health would allow of my going," she said; "but, unfortunately, business will detain me here a fortnight longer." He uttered some wretchedly commonplace remark, utterly inexpressive of the sigh of relief he felt at her reply.

A few desultory remarks; in them all there was for Delando the enticing, underlying sweetness that seems so utterly impossible before it comes to us—so enthralling when it does come; then Delando left, fearful of intruding, though the moments seemed golden.

The wings of that fortnight bore hours whose breath sighed in bitter-sweet fragrance down the days of absence.

Impelled to her presence, every day found him in those exquisite rooms whose beauty appeared to him some way magically called into being, rather than the effect of the faultless taste of the mistress. Thus does the harmony of a whole disguise the details.

But after one night, Delando found himself suddenly returned from that Summer solstice, whose warmth and beauty were not enervating, to the bleakness so cold after one has seen the climes of perennial splendor.

How many times he recalled that night before her departure, when, hurrying late to her house after a concert—where the gods of music had failed to exhilarate him—he found her, not radiant and interested as he had expected, in the midst of her farewell reception, but alone; and as he softly entered, she was standing at the far end of the room, her head drooping over a sad-faced Dryad, whose marble arm upheld a leafless, blooming almond bough. Her fingers

touched caressingly the silver flowers, and at that first glance, Delando thought the human face as sad as the Parian one.

As he advanced, she heard his steps and turned to greet him, coloring slightly as she saw his face for the first time without its usual self-control, for Delando had forgotten everything in the consciousness that this was the last hour—that she went from him so soon.

Unless he took that fleeting color as interpreter of pleasure, he could not detect anything save the sweet kindness which had so attracted him; and yet, without egotism, he felt a desire so strong as to be almost an impression that this woman could not be indifferent to him. Could she feel his hand vibrate as it clasped and held her own?

Man that he was, he could not translate that face. She stood, apparently calm, her large, brown eyes bent, her hand resting in his; while he felt a tremor shaking his soul, that hand lay soft and passive, save for the fine pulse that shook him so.

At last he spoke:

"All day there has been a trouble upon me as if I were not to see you again; now I feel as if I could never leave you." He relinquished the hand with a sigh; every shackle that had held him seemed bursting apart, and his passion breathed through his lips in every tone, burned in his eyes in every glance. She stood a step away from him, and looked as if she searched for the right response, but it did not come, and she was silent.

He did not move nearer, but his look was a devouring, passionate caress. His white face glowed with light, not color.

"I do not think it needful to tell you that I never cared for a woman before, and yet I like to say it; but my love for you is such that it seems to me that you must feel it to be the first sweeping up of a tide which never stirred before—which can never ebb. Oh, Miss Earncliffe, my love is past control; I am overwhelmed by it!"

Was it alone that thrilling of fiery eloquence that sent the pallor from Miss Earncliffe's face, that gave the unwonted curve to her mouth, the tremulous droop of eyelash?

Her hands suddenly clasped together; she flashed one look up at the face turned toward her, then she said, very slowly:

"Mr. Delando, I would have saved you this. I am promised to marry another."

The purple eyes upon her face gloomed with pain. A black cloud of remembrance instantly enveloped him, and he exclaimed, with impetuous despair,

"And I, too, have promised to marry another!"

Pride, that for a moment had almost deserted her, sprang to her aid, for, though in the man's sudden ejaculation had been revealed how supreme was her power, she felt that in this hour a proud coolness must be her only refuge from herself and him.

It seemed icy honor that spoke in her voice.

"Then, Mr. Delando, why did you seek this interview?"

"Why would the blind man seek light, Miss Earncliffe?" said his earnest, penetrating tone.

"But if you had sworn yourself to darkness?" she said, feeling her pride wavering before that face, and striving to keep that tremor from her words.

He approached, he took her hands forcibly, and the words he said seemed seething over from his soul.

"Allow me one moment of wild rebellion," he exclaimed, "one moment of freedom in which to tell the woman I love that I hate the bondage that holds me—that it has never been pleasant to me, and now it is horrible. An impulse resistless as fate has held me to you; had you too felt it, I would have defied the ties of years, and have thought it right that I should do so. But you—there is a man whom you love—" he paused a moment, looking down at her as she now stood trembling in his grasp.

"It is true, is it not?" he questioned.

"It is true," she murmured.

He stood with a dreamy despair on his face, some way entranced by this woman whose nature held all sweetness and all power for him.

She moved a little from him, saying with a sudden accession of coldness that, in spite of her, had a little languor in it,

"Mr. Delando, it is late, I am weary, and I have a journey to make;" and indeed her face was colorless, her eyes gleaming wistful and tired, only her mouth was distinctly curved in a distant reserve.

He waited an instant as a man lingers who leaves hope and happiness—looking at her as never man had done before—his eyes deepened in color—and in that imperial hue burned the love and anguish of an imperial soul; then he had walked from the room, not weakening with one word the intensity of that moment.

In the purple gray of the morning, a steamer swung away from her moorings at the city. Huddled in their state-rooms were most of the passengers, but among the few on deck, Miss Earncliffe stood with face turned toward this adopted city. Would the heart of her lover have caught any gleam of hope from those utterly sorrowful eyes? Could such a sorrow come from the fact of leaving a scene of mere literary and social triumph, however splendid that triumph might have been?

As she turned to go down stairs, a smile of melancholy satire crossed her lips and left them sadder than before. Meanwhile the ship ploughed onward toward the Southern Cross.

Four months later, and the last day of a series of Delando's musical entertainments had come. Wearied, dissatisfied in the midst of plaudits, he returned late from the ovation given in honor of his farewell.

The night's mail had brought him a letter; as he sat down by his dressing-table, listlessly leaning, the light gone out from his face, he looked vaguely at the envelope, feeling no curiosity. Idly he tore it open and read—awakening as he read. The date was a town in Cuba, and the words were these:

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—You are the most ungallant of men. If you ever intend to fulfil the marriage contract between you and Miss De Ralf, return. Your German education, your musical furores, have detained you long enough. You have probably had your little romances—try now the romance of marriage—if the girl, in pique, do not break the promise. But that is not to be feared, as a child knows her duty. I have kept up your estate, it is waiting for you and its mistress. Honor will send you home. EUSTACE WALRAVEN.

The last sentence had more effect upon him than all the rest. It was a sharp thrust, while the others had been but dull blows. What save pain and dissatisfaction had these months brought? He would go to meet a fate so long impending—its realization could not be more drear.

A few weeks after, he was sauntering negligently under the avenues of his Cuban estate, having dropped for a time that roving life with its strong Bohemian attractions—known no longer as simply Delando, upon whose genius his great namesake might have smiled, but, as better befitted a landed owner, Delando Walraven, the proprietor of a flourishing coffee plantation, the tacit suitor of his neighbor's daughter, Triumpheé De Ralf.

He had not seen his *fiancée* since the little girl, hardly more than a baby, was wheeled along the avenues by her nurse; and he, a boy of five, had strutted by her side, proud of the ownership of this child whose existence, now unmarried, was such a sorrow to him. Then his father and mother had moved to Germany to give his marvellous musical talent development in that country of harmony.

The boy, which in their enthusiasm they had named from Tasso, should drink at only the purest springs of melody. But the compact was strongly made, after the manner of some European families, that eventually the boy Delando should return and marry Triumpheé.

As he grew older, Delando understood this more fully, and acquiesced; though lingering abroad, never rebelling, until the night he had first seen Miss Earncliffe's face.

Now, loitering beneath those arcades of everlasting verdure, inhaling the breath of sweetest perfumes, he felt his fate harder than ever, so vividly did all beauty intensify one remembrance.

Like a supernatural realization, as he turned a curve in the path, he saw before him a figure that gave to his pulses that suffocating throb which is one effect of the recognition of a loved one.

He tried to brush the glamour from his eyes, yet thrilled at seeing again that motion of grace, that familiar arrangement of drapery, as

the lady walked on before him. He hurried on to her side, bending down with eyes ablaze, saying with soft energy,

"Miss Earncliffe, it was not wholly an evil fortune which sent me here, since I find you."

He held fast to her hand, ignoring in the first happy moment the hopelessness of the last interview with her; seeing in her face the change from utter surprise to a pleasure so quickly controlled, it appeared only a pleasure, not a happiness. As they talked, Delando fancied there was a more apparent pallor on her face, a deeper shade in her eyes, than when they had met in the Northern city. Could there be a shadow in this life he would die to make happy?

Miss Earncliffe was walking toward the gates, and she would not linger, and some way Delando could not ask to accompany her beyond, for her manner had recalled too strongly a night he was not likely to forget. So at the gate he said adieu, and walked back, no longer listless, but filled with the wild turbulence of love and despair—and rising in the midst of all his thoughts, a resolve to go that day to Mr. De Ralf, tell him that he never could love his daughter, but that he was ready to immolate himself on the altar of a marriage of convenience, if he held him to his promise.

He could not rest until he had executed that resolve, and two hours later he was awaiting his audience with Mr. De Ralf. That gentleman, a stately, dark Frenchman, received him with a bland hospitality that was genuine, and listened in courteous surprise to Delando's hurried, impatient words.

"I understand," he said, when the young man had concluded; "you are just going through a stage of rebellion; you don't want to be tied; but you'll get accustomed to it—and unless my daughter prove unusually refractory—indeed, Mr. Walraven, these fine estates must be united; and your father's wish, sir; have you no respect for the dead?"

Delando stood silent and unhappy, with no hope of the refractoriness of the daughter, for he knew too well how strict was the obedience enforced.

"Dine with me to-day," continued De Ralf, "and be presented—you are such utter strangers. How do you know but you may love her yet? Come out with me over the grounds until dinner."

Delando yielded, for he could not do otherwise. He listened vaguely to the genial old gentleman's talk, starting sometimes, as if a tone had touched the dream within him.

They retraced their steps, entering the drawing-room to go down to dinner with the ladies. Delando felt a painful sense of awkwardness and anger. A lady stood in the embrasure of a window, almost concealed by curtains, save the drapery of her dress. De Ralf said,

"Triumpheé, here is Mr. Walraven," and the lady turned and

came forward with the coldest, proudest look upon her face, as though this was an evil she had been dreading, and her face was that of Miss Earncliffe.

Delando stood utterly silent, his blood bounding like fire, his lips tremulous and speechless.

He saw that she was as surprised as he. This was the woman who was promised in marriage to him. But never, never without her love.

As he looked, the astonishment left her face, and up, even to that clear, olive forehead, he saw a soft, sweet crimson rise—her eyes suffused with some ineffable light, and inexplicably some nameless rapture entered his soul.

He advanced and took her hand, saying in a low tone,

"It *is* Miss Earncliffe."

For all her effort, there was a little break in the melody of her voice as she replied, "Miss Earncliffe is only the *nom de plume* of Triumpheé De Ralf. At the North they looked upon me in a purely literary manner, and called me nothing but my publishing name. I confess I tacitly encouraged that habit."

As she continued speaking, her tone recovered its assured music, but her face did not reassume its coldness.

Maria Louisa Pool.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SONNET.

Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme.

BOILEAU.

LEIGH HUNT, in an essay on the sonnet, recently published in this country, gives "the following summary of the conditions requisite to a perfect sonnet, for," adds he, "a sonnet, like everything else, is to be judged according to what properly and thoroughly constitutes it, and not from specimens that fall short of its requirements. The student need not be alarmed by the summary. Perfection as a *sine qua non* is to be demanded of nobody; and many a sonnet has lasted and been found beautiful that had no pretensions to it. Still, perfection is to be aimed at; it has often in this small shape been realized; points of it may be attained if not all; some points must be always attempted, such as unforced rhymes, and unsuperfluous words; and the student will do well always to bear in mind what has been said by a critic not given to the sentimental—that 'one sonnet without a fault is alone worth a long poem.'

"The sonnet, then, in order to be a perfect work of art, and no compromise with a difficulty, must, in the first place, be a legitimate sonnet after the proper Italian fashion; that is to say, with but two rhymes to the octave, and not more than three in the sestette.

"Secondly, It must confine itself to one leading idea, thought, or feeling.

"Thirdly, It must treat this one leading idea, thought, or feeling, in such a manner as to leave in the reader's mind no sense of irrelevancy or insufficiency.

"Fourthly, It must not have a speck of obscurity.

"Fifthly, It must not have a forced rhyme.

"Sixthly, It must not have a superfluous word.

"Seventhly, It must not have a word too little; that is to say, must not omit a word or words for the sake of convenience.

"Eighthly, It must not have a word out of its place.

"Ninthly, It must have no very long word, or any other that tends to lessen the number of accents, and so weaken the verse.

"Tenthly, Its rhymes must be properly varied and contrasted, and not beat upon the same vowels—a fault too common with very good sonnets. It must not say, for instance, *rhyme*, *tide*, *abide*, *crime*; or *play*, *game*, *refrain*, *way*; but contrast *i* with *o*, or with some other strongly opposed vowel, and treat every vowel on the same principle.

"Eleventhly, Its music throughout must be as varied as it is suit-

able; more or less strong or sweet according to the subject; and never weak or monotonous, unless monotony itself be the effect intended.

"Twelfthly, It must increase, or, at all events, not decline, in interest to its close.

"Lastly, The close must be equally impressive and unaffected; not epigrammatic, unless where the subject warrants it, or where point of that kind is desirable; but simple, conclusive and satisfactory; strength being paramount, where such elevation is natural, otherwise on a level with the serenity; flowing in calmness, or grand in the manifestation of power withheld."

"Go now," adds the great critic; "you who undertook to scorn the sonnet, and see if you had not better make yourself a little more acquainted with what you scorn."

There are other requirements for the *perfect* sonnet which are not set forth in Mr. Hunt's "summary," although we believe they are alluded to in other parts of the essay from which we have quoted. One is, referring to the mechanical execution of the poem, that the concluding lines should not form a rhyming couplet—an imperfection, to which the majority of sonneteers "seriously incline." The great difficulty in this description of poetic composition is to harness one's Pegasus without checking its spirit or impeding the perfect freedom of its action. In other words, to arrange mellifluous thought and originality of idea in prescribed measure and form without detracting from the spirit of the poem.

In the following attempt at the sonnet, written after perusing Leigh Hunt's "requirements," it is believed that so far as mechanical execution is concerned, these requirements are very nearly complied with. It will be perceived also that there is a system in the division of the parts which is in accordance with the old prescribed forms. Thus the first half of the octave lays down the proposition of the poem. The second half of the octave defines this proposition. The sestette draws the conclusion therefrom which sets the moral.

Notwithstanding Leigh Hunt's admirable essay in its behalf and the appeal of Wordsworth and others, there will ever be men of genius and men of judgment who will continue to "scorn the sonnet," or any rate to regard it as a mere mechanical restraint upon rather than an aid to the expression of the divine principle. At the best we have little enough of the poetic fervor and originality of conception in literature, on either side of the water, and can hardly afford to prescribe the *forms* wherewith to mould the effusions of the bard. If a man has the real intellectual stuff in him, and which must come out, for heaven's sake let it come, in any way most natural and convenient to himself. To hamper such an one with models is a sorry task, and the result cannot be wholly satisfactory. If the

form of the sonnet is the most natural expression for the poet, then the sonnet let it be; but otherwise let him abjure it, save as an experiment or an exercise which may do good service in the way of condensing his compositions. The sonnet is very rarely as musically harmonious in expressing a given poetical image as are the more common forms of verse, but it is *brief*—a noble characteristic of good poetry. The great defect of poetical compositions, and particularly those of our own country, is diffusiveness. The power of condensation seems too often to be utterly ignored. In this regard the sonnet does for the poet what homœopathy does for medicine; however much the system, like the sonnet, may be "scorned" by a large number of people, it no doubt possesses the one advantage of having induced the old school to reduce its doses. Let, therefore, "experiments" in the sonnet be encouraged by poets and poetasters.

SONNET.

DEEP down upon the hot heart's burning base,
Born with its birth and deathless with desire,
Leaping in light, or still in latent fire,
The Love of Country holds its dwelling place,
Stronger than ermined arm that wields the mace,
Sweeter than singing strings of poet's lyre,
Purer than reverend love of son for sire,
Age unto age it binds, and race to race.
Wherefore? unless it be that each fair land
Which each in ecstasy doth call his own,
Is circled by the same celestial zone—
Held like himself by one creative hand:
One Law of Love, one Sovereign command,
One Common Country, one Eternal Throne.

ARTHUR FLEMING.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

Number I.

I PURPOSE writing for The Galaxy some articles upon words and their uses, past and present. These articles will be unsystematic and desultory. From the nature of their subject, they would unavoidably be so to a certain degree; and the endeavor to make them self-developing and coherent would gain but little, at the loss of convenience to writer and to reader. Since these articles were proposed, and the material for them was brought into shape for use, six months ago, there has been not a little public discussion upon the right use of language. This discussion, however, has been mostly upon style, a subject to which I shall rarely refer, as I shall confine myself, in the main, to the consideration of words and idioms, good and bad, their right use and their abuse, with occasional examination of their origin, and their history.

Style, according to my observation, cannot be taught, and can hardly be acquired. Any person of moderate ability may, it is true, by study and practice, learn to use language according to the acknowledged rules of English grammar. But such a use of language, although necessary to a good style, has no more direct relation to it than her daily dinner has to the blush of a blooming beauty. Without dinner, no bloom; without grammar, no style. The same beefsteak which one young woman, digesting it healthily, and sleeping upon it soundly, is able to present to us again in but a very unattractive form, Gloriana, assimilating it not more perfectly in slumbers no sounder, transmutes into charms that make her a delight to the eyes of every beholder. That proceeding is Gloriana's physiological style. It is a gift to her. Such a gift is style in the use of language. It is mere clearness of outline, beauty of form and expression, and has no relation whatever to the soundness, or the value of the thought which it embodies, or to the importance or the interest of the fact which it records. Learned men, strong and subtle thinkers, and scholars of wide and critical acquaintance with literature, are often unable to acquire even an acceptably good, not to say an admirable, style; and, on the other hand, men who can read only their own language, and who have received very little instruction even in that, write and speak in a style that wins or commands attention, and in itself gives pleasure. Of these men John Bunyan is perhaps the most marked example. Purer English there could hardly be, or a style more admirable for any excellence, than appears throughout the writings of that tinker. No person who

has read "The Pilgrim's Progress" can have forgotten the fight of Christian with Apollyon, which, for vividness of description and dramatic interest, puts to shame all the combats between knights and giants, and men and dragons, that can be found in romance or poetry; but there are probably many who do not remember, and not a few perhaps who, in the very enjoyment of it, did not notice, the clearness, the vividness, the strength, and the simple beauty of the style in which that passage is written. For instance, take the sentence which tells of the beginning of the fight:

> Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal Den that thou shalt go no further: here will I spill thy soul.

A man cannot be taught to write like that; nor can he by any study learn the mystery of such a style. The very students and critics of language, indeed, are they who among men of letters most frequently lack clearness and simplicity of style; and those are the chief elements of its beauty. Dr. Latham, perhaps the most eminent of British philologists—lexicographer, grammarian and historian of the English language—writes in a style which barely conveys his thoughts, and does even that in a most unattractive manner; and Capell, one of Shakespeare's most accomplished commentators and acutest verbal critics, left two quarto volumes of notes which are never read except by those who must master them, because from the style in which they are written they are almost unintelligible to the general reader.

Style, however, although it cannot be taught, is to a certain extent the result of mental training. A man who would write well without training, will write, not more clearly or with more strength, but with more elegance, if he be educated. But he will profit little in this respect by the study of rhetoric. It is general culture—above all, it is the constant submission of a teachable, apprehensive mind to the influence of minds of the highest class, in daily life and in books, that brings out upon language its daintiest bloom and its richest fruitage. So in the making of a fine singer: after the voice has been developed and the rudiments of vocalization have been learned, further instruction is almost of no avail. But the frequent hearing of the best music given by the best singers and instrumentalists, the living in an atmosphere of art and literature, will develop and perfect a vocal style in one who has the gift of song; and for any other all the instruction of all the musical professors that ever came out of Italy could do no more than teach an avoidance of positive errors in musical grammar. As a part of general mental discipline, the study of style may, indeed, have an effect upon the style of the student. Precision of thought, nicety of discrimination, and a perception of the relations of things and the power of language to express those relations, may be learned, or at least developed, by a thorough

course of rhetoric. But the result of this learning may or may not appear in the style of the learner.

Unconsciousness is one of the most important conditions of a good style in speaking or in writing. There are persons who write well and speak ill; others who write ill and speak well; and a few who are equally excellent as writers and speakers. As both writing and speaking are the expression of thought through language, this capacity for the one joined to an incapacity for the other is naturally the occasion of remark, and has, I believe, never been accounted for. I think that it will be found that consciousness, which always causes more or less embarrassment of one kind or another, is at the bottom of this apparent incongruity. The man who writes in a clear and fluent style, but who, when he undertakes to speak, more than to say yes or no, or what he would like for dinner, hesitates, and utters confusion, does so because he is made self-conscious by the presence of others when he speaks, but gives himself unconsciously to the expression of his thought when he looks only upon the blank paper on which he is writing. He who speaks with ease and grace, but who writes in a crabbed, involved style, forgets himself when he looks at others, and is occupied by himself when he is alone. His consciousness, and his effort that he makes, on the one hand to throw it off and on the other to meet its demands upon him, confuse his thoughts, which throng and jostle and clash instead of moving steadily onward with one consent together.

Mere unconsciousness has much to do with the charming style of many women's letters. The style of women when they write books is generally bad with all the varieties of badness; but their epistolary style is as generally excellent in all the ways of excellence. A letter written by a bright, cultivated woman—and she need not be a highly educated or a much instructed woman, but merely one who knows "the three R's," and whose intercourse is with cultivated people—and written merely to tell you something that interests her and that she wishes you to know, with much care about what she says, and no care as to how she says it, will, in twelve cases out of the baker's dozen, be not only irreproachably correct in style, but very charming. Purer English written in better style cannot be written than is written by such women every day. Some literary women, though few, are able to carry this clear, fluent, idiomatic English style into their books. Mrs. Jameson, Charlotte Bronté, and perhaps George Eliot (Miss Evans), are prominent instances in point. Mrs. Trollope's book, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," which made her name known, and caused it to be detested, most unjustly, in this country,* is written in this delightful style—easy-flowing and clear,

* Most unjustly because all of Mrs. Trollope's descriptions were true to the life, and were evidently taken from the life. She, however, described only that which struck her as peculiar, and her acquaintance with the country was made

like a beautiful stream, reflecting from its placid surface whatever it passes by, adding in the reflection a charm to the image which is not in the object, and distorting only when it is dimpled by gayety or crisped by a flaw of satire or a ripple of humor. Recently, Miss Bessie Parkes has published a volume of short essays upon women's work, the introductory chapter of which is written in a style remarkable for clearness, grace and simplicity, and its beautiful expression of the best side of a true and thoughtful woman's nature.* Its style alone will reward its perusal. It may be studied to advantage and emulated, but not imitated; for all about it that is worthy of emulation is inimitable.

But what is true of style in this respect is not true of words and idioms. Their right use, their due significance and their just weight can be both determined and imparted; and what I chiefly purpose in these articles is the examination of certain words and idioms which are in more or less common use, and which either are, or by some critical writers are alleged to be, unwarranted by adequate authority, or so at variance with etymology, with reason, or with the genius of the English language as to be unwarrantable by any authority, even that of custom.

Living languages are always changing. Spoken words acquire, by use and from the varying circumstances of those who use them, other and wider significations than those which they had originally: inflections are dropped and construction is modified, its tendency being generally toward simplicity. Changes in inflection and construction are found not to be casual or capricious, but processes according to laws of development; which, however, as in the case of all laws physical or moral, are deduced from the processes themselves. The apparent operation of these laws is recognized so submissively by some philologists that Dr. Latham has propounded the dogma that in language whatever is, is right; to which he adds another as a corollary to the former, that whatever was, was wrong. But even if we admit that whatever is in language—that is, whatever usage obtains generally among people who speak a language as their mother tongue, is right—that is, fulfils the true function of language, which is to serve as a communication between man and man, it certainly therefore follows that, whatever was, was also right; because it did obtain generally and did fulfil the function of language. But again, even in regard to whatever is: suppose that of two communities both of one stock, speaking the same language and recognizing the same authorities, one uses one idiom, the other another, one retains an inflection which the other drops, and one adopts a construction which is unknown to the other, or known

among the most uncultivated people, and chiefly in the extreme Southwest and West, thirty-five years ago.

* Essays on Women's Work. By Bessie Raynor Parkes. Alexander Strahan.

only to be repudiated: in both cases the idiom, the inflection, or the construction enables language to fulfil its function of communicating thought. Which is right? Which *is?* To reply that both are right, the one for one community, the other for the other, is to admit that there is no law of language, no process of its normal development; which every thoughtful student of language will see is an absurdity.

The truth is that, although usage may be compulsory in its behests, and thus establish a government *de facto*, which men have found that they must recognize whether they will or no, in language, as in all other human affairs, that which is may be wrong. An example of undeniable wrong in the use of words is *thewes* in its present signification. *Thewes* rightfully, that is, according to its etymology, and also according to the universal usage of English speakers and writers until about two hundred and fifty years ago, means the qualities of the mind or soul, and hence their outward expression, manners, morals. The examples in point are numberless. The following is from the "Faerie Queene:"

> But he was wise and wary of her will,
> And ever held his hand upon his hart:
> Yet would not seem so rude and *thewed* ill
> As to despise so courteous seeming part
> That gentle lady did to him impart.

In the following passage from the chorus of the fifth act of Thomas Newton's translation of Seneca's "Octavia," which was published a few years before the "Faerie Queene"—in 1581—*thewes* seems to be used for "the thoughts," the mind or the soul itself:

> God grant the talk we heard of late,
> So rashly trusted everywhere,
> And blown abroad through each estate
> No badge of truth that it may beare
> And that no fresh espoused dame
> Our Princes *thewes* do enter in
> But that Octavia keep the same.

But Shakespeare having got the notion, whence and how we cannot of course even conjecture, that this word meant *bodily* virtue, that is strength, used it with that meaning only; as in Falstaff's query—"Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man?" and since his day, such is his mastery over the mind and the tongue of the English race, *thewes* has meant muscle and sinew, brawn. But, although we may yield to Shakespeare in this one instance, we may not so yield to others, or in many instances even to him or to another like him, without risking the disintegration of our language—a calamity than which few others could be graver or more remote. Unless the meaning of words is fixed during a generation, language will fail to impart ideas and even to

communicate facts. Unless it is traceable through the writings of many generations in a connected course of normal development, language becomes a mere temporary and arbitrary mode of intercourse, it fails any longer to be an exponent of a people's intellectual growth, and the speech of our immediate forefathers dies upon their lips and is forgotten. Of such misfortune there is, however, not the remotest probability. Language is constantly changing, indeed, but so slowly, and by such easily traceable gradations that, through the course of centuries, it is almost impossible to mark off its mutations into distinct stages, or even to say at what period a word became obsolete in one sense and acquired another. The recognition of the changes that the English language has been undergoing from the time when our English forefathers (mis-called Anglo-Saxons) took possession of the southern part of Britain, is no discovery of modern philology. The changes and the inconvenience which follows them were noticed four hundred years ago by William Caxton, our first printer—a "simple person," as he describes himself, but an observant, a thoughtful and a very sensible man, and one to whom English literature is much indebted. He wrote as well as printed; and as a part of his literary labor he translated into English a French version of the "Æneid" and published it in 1490. In Caxton's preface to this book is a passage which is interesting in itself and also germane to our subject. He says: "And whan I had advised me in this sayed Booke I delybered and concluded to translate it into Englyshe, and forthwythe toke a Pen and Ynke, and wrote a Leefe or tweyne:—" but I will give the passage entire, and in the usual orthography, lest it should be thought that in virtue of good William Caxton's queer spelling and frequent capital letters I intend setting him up as a great humorist:

And when I had advised me in this said book, I delibered and concluded to translate it into English, and forthwith took a pen and ink and wrote a leaf or twain, which I oversaw again to correct it; and when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen which late blamed me, saying, that in my translations I had over-curious terms which could not be understonden of common people, and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations; and fain would I satisfy every man; and so to do, took an old book and read therein; and certainly the English was so rude and broad that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did shew to me of late certain evidences written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used, and certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like Dutch than English. I could not reduce ne bring it to be understonden And certainly our language now used varyeth far from what was used and spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen ben born under the domination of the Moon, which is never steadfast, but ever wavering, wexynge one season and waneth and decreaseth another season, and that common English that is spoken in one Shire varieth from another. Insomuch that in my days it happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Tamis [Thames] for to have sailed over the

sea into Zealand, and for lack of wind they tarried at Forland, and went to land for to refresh them. And one of them named Sheffield, a mercer, came into an house and axed for meat, and specially he axed for eggs. And the good wife answered that she "could speak no French;" and the merchant was angry; for he also could speak no French, but would have had the eggs, and she understood him not. And then at last another said that he would have *eyren;* then the good wife said that she understood him well. Lo what should a man in these days write? *eggs* or *eyren?* Certainly it is hard to please every man, because of diversity and change of language. For in these days every man that is in any reputation in this country will utter his communication and matters in such manner and terms that few men shall understand them; and some honest and great clerks have been with me and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find. And thus between plain, rude and curious, I stand abashed.

It is not only that Caxton may not be mistaken for a humorist and his honest preface for a series of jokes that I have modernized his spelling. It would be more correct to say that I have regulated it; for not only are the greater number of his words spelled as we now spell them, but those in which his spelling varies are sometimes orthographic, and at others phonographic. My chief purpose was that the reader might notice the language of this passage, how entirely it is written in the English of to-day. Except *axed*, which we have heard used ourselves, *ben*, *ne*, *understonden* and *eyren*, which Caxton himself notices as obsolete, are the only words in it which have not just the form and the meaning that we now give to them; and except for these five words and a little quaintness of style the passage in its construction and its idiom might have been written yesterday. And yet the writer was born in the reign of Henry IV., was a man before the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, and died in the reign of Henry VII., a hundred years before Shakespeare wrote his first play. He expressly says, too, in another part of his preface, that he wrote in the idiom and with the vocabulary in use among educated people of his day, in "Englishe not over rude," on the one hand, "ne curyous," that is, affected and elaborately fine, on the other. If the changes in language which took place during his life were as great as he seems to have thought them, if they were as great as those with which in the present day we seem to be threatened, certainly the period intervening between the time which saw him a middle-aged man and now—four hundred years—seems by contrast to have been one of complete linguistic stagnation. This, however, is mere seeming. The changes in our language during that interval have been comparatively few, but its normal development has not been checked. The period of which Caxton speaks was one in which the language was crystallizing into its present form, and becoming the English known to literature; and changes then were rapid and noticeable. The changes of our day are produced by the very superficial instruction of a large body of people, who read much and without discrimination, whose reading is very much confined to newspapers hastily written by

men also very insufficiently educated, and who are careless of accuracy in their ordinary speaking and writing, and ambitious of literary excellence when they make any extraordinary effort. The tendency of this intellectual condition of a great and active race is to the degradation of language, the utter abolition of simple, clear, manly speech. Against this tendency it behooves all men who have means and opportunity to strive, almost as if it were a question of morals. For there is a kind of dishonesty in the careless and in correct use of language.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

WITH A VOLUME OF KEATS.

YOU may not praise him greatly; for too young
The minstrel perished to have earned a name
Beyond the cold blight of the critic's tongue,
And his fresh laurels cankered ere they came.

You may not wonder at his reach of art,
The Muse hath many a more majestic child;
But you *must love* him, for he had a heart,
And a pure nature, maiden-like and mild.

Poor Adonàis! martyr to the boon
Which the gods gave, or promised, at his birth!
Yet, ah! complain not that he died so soon;
How few such memories live so long on earth!

Full oft must obloquy precede renown:
Ere the saint's picture wear its ring of light,
The living head must feel the thorny crown;
The stars!—where were they, if there came no Night?

Know, love, the poet must not yield alone
Honey and roses,—fire must dwell within;
The fairest flesh must underneath have bone,
The fiercest beast may wear the softest skin.

And something rough and resolute and sour
Must with the sweetness of the soul combine;
For, although gentleness be part of power,
'Tis only strength makes gentleness divine.

T. W. PARSONS.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By Anthony Trollope.

CHAPTER XLII.

PARTING.

IT was not surprising that Lady Clavering should dislike her solitude at Clavering Park house, nor surprising that Sir Hugh should find the place disagreeable. The house was a large, square stone building, with none of the prettinesses of modern country-houses about it. The gardens were away from the house, and the cold, desolate, flat park came up close around the windows. The rooms were very large and lofty—very excellent for the purpose of a large household, but with nothing of that snug, pretty comfort which solitude requires for its solace. The furniture was old and heavy, and the hangings were dark in color. Lady Clavering when alone there—and she generally was alone—never entered the rooms on the ground-floor. Nor did she ever pass through the wilderness of a hall by which the front door was to be reached. Throughout more than half her days she never came down stairs at all; but when she did so, preparatory to being dragged about the parish lanes in the old family carriage, she was let out at a small side-door; and so it came to pass that during the absences of the lord of the mansion, the shutters were not even moved from any of the lower windows. Under such circumstances there can be no wonder that Lady Clavering regarded the place as a prison. "I wish you could come upon it unawares, and see how gloomy it is," she said to him. "I don't think you'd stand it alone for two days, let alone all your life."

"I'll shut it up altogether if you like," said he.

"And where am I to go?" she asked.

"You can go to Moor Hall if you please." Now Moor Hall was a small house, standing on a small property belonging to Sir Hugh, in that part of Devonshire which lies north of Dartmoor, somewhere near the Holsworthy region, and which is perhaps as ugly, as desolate, and as remote as any part of England. Lady Clavering had heard much of Moor Hall, and dreaded it as the heroine, made to live in the big grim castle low down among the Apennines, dreads the smaller and grimmer castle which is known to exist somewhere higher up in the mountains.

"Why couldn't I go to Brighton?" said Lady Clavering, boldly.

"Because I don't choose it," said Sir Hugh. After that she did

go to the rectory, and told Mrs. Clavering all her troubles. She had written to her sister, having, however, delayed the doing of this for two or three days, and she had not at this time received an answer from Lady Ongar. Nor did she hear from her sister till after Sir Hugh had left her. It was on the day before his departure that she went to the rectory, finding herself driven to this act of rebellion by his threat of Moor Hall. "I will never go there unless I am dragged there by force," she said to Mrs. Clavering.

"I don't think he means that," said Mrs. Clavering. "He only wants to make you understand that you'd better remain at the Park."

"But if you knew what a house it is to be all alone in!"

"Dear Hermione, I do know! But you must come to us oftener, and let us endeavor to make it better for you."

"But how can I do that? How can I come to his uncle's house, just because my own husband has made my own home so wretched that I cannot bear it. I'm ashamed to do that. I ought not to be telling you all this, of course. I don't know what he'd do if he knew it; but it is so hard to bear it all without telling some one."

"My poor dear!"

"I sometimes think I'll ask Mr. Clavering to speak to him, and to tell him at once that I will not submit to it any longer. Of course he would be mad with rage, but if he were to kill me I should like it better than having to go on in this way. I'm sure he is only waiting for me to die."

Mrs. Clavering said all that she could to comfort the poor woman, but there was not much that she could say. She had strongly advocated the plan of having Lady Ongar at the Park, thinking perhaps that Harry would be more safe while that lady was at Clavering, than he might perhaps be if she remained in London. But Mrs. Clavering doubted much whether Lady Ongar would consent to make such a visit. She regarded Lady Ongar as a hard, worldly, pleasure-seeking woman—sinned against perhaps in much, but also sinning in much herself—to whom the desolation of the Park would be even more unendurable than it was to the elder sister. But of this, of course, she said nothing. Lady Clavering left her, somewhat quieted, if not comforted; and went back to pass her last evening with her husband.

"Upon second thought, I'll go by the first train," he said, as he saw her for a moment before she went up to dress. "I shall have to be off from here a little after six, but I don't mind that in Summer." Thus she was to be deprived of such gratification as there might have been in breakfasting with him on the last morning! It might be hard to say in what that gratification would have consisted. She must by this time have learned that his presence gave her none of the pleasures usually expected from society. He

slighted her in everything. He rarely vouchsafed to her those little attentions which all women expect from all gentlemen. If he handed her a plate, or cut for her a morsel of bread from the loaf, he showed by his manner, and by his brow, that the doing so was a nuisance to him. At their meals he rarely spoke to her—having always at breakfast a paper or a book before him, and at dinner devoting his attention to a dog at his feet. Why should she have felt herself cruelly ill-used in this matter of his last breakfast—so cruelly ill-used that she wept afresh over it as she dressed herself—seeing that she would lose so little? Because she loved the man; loved him, though she now thought that she hated him. We very rarely, I fancy, love those whose love we have not either possessed or expected—or at any rate for whose love we have not hoped; but when it has once existed, ill-usage will seldom destroy it. Angry as she was with the man, ready as she was to complain of him, to rebel against him—perhaps to separate herself from him forever, nevertheless she found it to be a cruel grievance that she should not sit at table with him on the morning of his going. "Jackson shall bring me a cup of coffee as I'm dressing," he said, "and I'll breakfast at the club." She knew there was no reason for this, except that breakfasting at his club was more agreeable to him than breakfasting with his wife.

She had got rid of her tears before she came down to dinner, but still she was melancholy and almost lachrymose. This was the last night, and she felt that something special ought to be said; but she did not know what she expected, or what it was that she herself wished to say. I think that she was longing for an opportunity to forgive him—only that he would not be forgiven. If he would have spoken one soft word to her, she would have accepted that one word as an apology; but no such word came. He sat opposite to her at dinner, drinking his wine and feeding his dog; but he was no more gracious to her at this dinner than he had been on any former day. She sat there pretending to eat, speaking a dull word now and then, to which his answer was a monosyllable, looking out at him from under her eyes, through the candlelight, to see whether any feeling was moving him; and then having pretended to eat a couple of strawberries she left him to himself. Still, however, this was not the last. There would come some moment for an embrace—for some cold, half-embrace, in which he would be forced to utter something of a farewell.

He, when he was left alone, first turned his mind to the subject of Jack Stuart and his yacht. He had on that day received a letter from a noble friend—a friend so noble that he was able to take liberties even with Sir Hugh Clavering—in which his noble friend had told him that he was a fool to trust himself on so long an expedition in Jack Stuart's little boat. Jack, the noble friend said,

knew nothing of the matter, and as for the masters who were hired for the sailing of such crafts, their only object was to keep out as long as possible, with an eye to their wages and perquisites. It might be all very well for Jack Stuart, who had nothing in the world to lose but his life and his yacht; but his noble friend thought that any such venture on the part of Sir Hugh was simply tomfoolery. But Sir Hugh was an obstinate man, and none of the Claverings were easily made afraid by personal danger. Jack Stuart might know nothing about the management of a boat, but Archie did. And as for the smallness of the craft—he knew of a smaller craft which had been out on the Norway coast during the whole of the last season. So he drove that thought away from his mind, with no strong feelings of gratitude toward his noble friend.

And then for a few moments he thought of his own home. What had his wife done for him, that he should put himself out of his way to do much for her? She had brought him no money. She had added nothing, either by her wit, beauty, or rank, to his position in the world. She had given him no heir. What had he received from her that he should endure her commonplace conversation, and washed-out, dowdy prettinesses? Perhaps some momentary feeling of compassion, some twnige of conscience, came across his heart, as he thought of it all; but if so he checked it instantly, in accordance with the teachings of his whole life. He had made his reflections on all these things, and had tutored his mind to certain resolutions, and would not allow himself to be carried away by any womanly softness. She had her house, her carriage, her bed, her board, and her clothes; and seeing how very little she herself had contributed to the common fund, her husband determined that in having those things she had all that she had a right to claim. Then he drank a glass of sherry, and went into the drawing-room with that hard smile upon his face, which he was accustomed to wear when he intended to signify to his wife that she might as well make the best of existing things, and not cause unnecessary trouble, by giving herself airs or assuming that she was unhappy.

He had his cup of coffee, and she had her cup of tea, and she made one or two little attempts at saying something special—something that might lead to a word or two as to their parting; but she was careful and crafty, and she was awkward and timid—and she failed. He had hardly been there an hour, when looking at his watch he declared that it was ten o'clock, and that he would go to bed. Well; perhaps it might be best to bring it to an end, and to go through this embrace, and have done with it! Any tender word that was to be spoken on either side, it was now clear to her, must be spoken in that last farewell. There was a tear in her eye as she rose to kiss him; but the tear was not there of her own good will, and she strove to get rid of it without his seeing it. As he spoke

he also rose, and having lit for himself a bed-candle, was ready to go. "Good-by, Hermy," he said, submitting himself, with the candle in his hand, to the inevitable embrace.

"Good-by, Hugh; and God bless you," she said, putting her arms round his neck. "Pray—pray take care of yourself."

"All right," he said. His position with the candle was awkward, and he wished that it might be over.

But she had a word prepared which she was determined to utter, poor, weak creature that she was. She still had her arm round his shoulders, so that he could not escape without shaking her off, and her forehead was almost resting on his bosom. "Hugh," she said, "you must not be angry with me for what I said to you."

"Very well," said he; "I won't."

"And, Hugh," said she, "of course I can't like your going."

"Oh, yes, you will," said he.

"No; I can't like it; but, Hugh, I will not think ill of it any more. Only be here as much as you can when you come home."

"All right," said he; then he kissed her forehead and escaped from her, and went his way, telling himself, as he went, that she was a fool.

That was the last he saw of her—before his yachting commenced; but she—poor fool—was up by times in the morning, and, peeping out between her curtains as the early summer sun glanced upon her eyelids, saw him come forth from the porch and descend the great steps, and get into his dog-cart and drive himself away. Then, when the sound of the gig could be no longer heard, and when her eyes could no longer catch the last expiring speck of his hat, the poor fool took herself to bed again and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS LAST ATTEMPT.

THE yachting scheme was first proposed to Archie by his brother Hugh. "Jack says that he can make a berth for you, and you'd better come," said the elder brother, understanding that when his edict had thus gone forth, the thing was as good as arranged. "Jack finds the boat and men, and I find the grub and wine—and pay for the fishing," said Hugh; "so you need not make any bones about it." Archie was not disposed to make any bones about it as regarded his acceptance either of the berth or of the grub and wine, and as he would be expected to earn his passage by his work, there was no necessity for any scruple; but there arose the question whether he had not got more important fish to fry. He had not as yet made his proposal to Lady Ongar, and although he now knew that he had nothing to hope from the Russian Spy, nevertheless he

thought that he might as well try his own hand at the venture. His resolution on this head was always stronger after dinner than before, and generally became stronger and more strong as the evening advanced; so that he usually went to bed with a firm determination "to pop," as he called it to his friend Doodles, early on the next day; but distance affected him as well as the hour of the day, and his purpose would become surprisingly cool in the neighborhood of Bolton Street. When, however, his brother suggested that he should be taken altogether away from the scene of action, he thought of the fine income and of Ongar Park with pangs of regret, and ventured upon a mild remonstrance. "But there's this affair of Julia, you know," said he.

"I thought that was all off," said Hugh.

"O dear, no; not off at all. I haven't asked her yet."

"I know you've not; and I don't suppose you ever will."

"Yes, I shall; that is to say, I mean it. I was advised not to be in too much of a hurry; that is to say, I thought it best to let her settle down a little after her first seeing me."

"To recover from her confusion?"

"Well, not exactly that. I don't suppose she was confused."

"I should say not. My idea is that you haven't a ghost of chance, and that as you haven't done anything all this time, you need not trouble yourself now."

"But I have done something," said Archie, thinking of his seventy pounds.

"You may as well give it up, for she means to marry Harry."

"No!"

"But I tell you she does. While you've been thinking he's been doing. From what I hear, he may have her to-morrow for the asking."

"But he's engaged to that girl whom they had with them down at the rectory," said Archie, in a tone which showed with what horror he should regard any inconstancy toward Florence Burton on the part of Harry Clavering.

"What does that matter? You don't suppose he'll let seven thousand a year slip through his fingers because he had promised to marry a little girl like her? If her people choose to proceed against him, they'll make him pay swinging damages; that is all."

Archie did not like this idea at all, and became more than ever intent on his own matrimonial prospects. He almost thought that he had a right to Lady Ongar's money, and he certainly did think that a monstrous injustice was done to him by this idea of a marriage between her and his cousin. "I mean to ask her as I've gone so far, certainly," said he.

"You can do as you like about that."

"Yes; of course I can do as I like; but when a fellow has gone

in for a thing, he likes to see it through." He was still thinking of the seventy pounds which he had invested, and which he could now recover only out of Lady Ongar's pocket.

"And you mean to say that you won't come to Norway?"

"Well; if she accepts me—"

"If she accepts you," said Hugh, "of course you can't come; but supposing she don't?"

"In that case, I might as well do that as anything else," said Archie. Whereupon Sir Hugh signified to Jack Stuart that Archie would join the party, and went down to Clavering with no misgiving on that head.

Some few days after this there was another little dinner at the military club, to which no one was admitted but Archie and his friend Doodles. Whenever these prandial consultations were held, Archie paid the bill. There were no spoken terms to that effect, but the regulation seemed to come naturally to both of them. Why should Doodles be taken from his billiards half-an-hour earlier than usual, and devote a portion of the calculating powers of his brain to Archie's service without compensation? And a richer vintage was needed when so much thought was required, the burden of which Archie would not of course allow to fall on his friend's shoulders. Were not this explained, the experienced reader would regard the devoted friendship of Doodles as exaggerated.

"I certainly shall ask her to-morrow," said Archie, looking with a thoughtful cast of countenance through the club window into the street. "It may be hurrying the matter a little, but I can't help that." He spoke in a somewhat boastful tone, as though he were proud of himself and had forgotten that he had said the same words once or twice before.

"Make her know that you're there; that's everything," said Doodles. "Since I fathomed that woman in Mount Street, I've felt that you must make the score off your own bat, if you're to make it at all."

"You did that well," said Archie, who knew that the amount of pleasing encouragement which he might hope to get from his friend, must depend on the praise which he himself should bestow. "Yes; you certainly did bowl her over uncommon well."

"That kind of thing just comes within my line," said Doodles, with conscious pride. "Now, as to asking Lady Ongar downright to marry me—upon my word I believe I should be half afraid of doing it myself."

"I've none of that kind of feeling," said Archie.

"It comes more in your way, I daresay," said Doodles. "But for me, what I like is a little bit of management—what I call a touch of the diplomatic. You'll be able to see her to-morrow?"

"I hope so. I shall go early—that is, as soon as I've looked

through the papers and written a few letters. Yes, I think she'll see me. And as for what Hugh says about Harry Clavering, why, d—— it, you know, a fellow can't go on in that way; can he?"

"Because of the other girl, you mean?"

"He has had her down among all our people, just as though they were going to be married to-morrow. If a man is to do that kind of thing, what woman can be safe?"

"I wonder whether she likes him?" asked the crafty Doodles.

"She did like him, I fancy, in her calf days; but that means nothing. She knows what she's at now, bless you, and she'll look to the future. It's my son who'll have the Clavering property and be the baronet, not his. You see what a string to my bow that is."

When this banquet was over, Doodles made something of a resolution that it should be the last to be eaten on that subject. The matter had lost its novelty, and the price paid to him was not sufficient to secure his attention any longer. "I shall be here to-morrow at four," he said, as he rose from his chair with the view of retreating to the smoking-room, "and then we shall know all about it. Whichever way it's to be, it isn't worth your while keeping such a thing as that in hand any longer. I should say give her her chance to-morrow, and then have done with it." Archie in reply to this declared that those were exactly his sentiments, and then went away to prepare himself in silence and solitude for the next day's work.

On the following day at two o'clock Lady Ongar was sitting alone in the front room on the ground-floor in Bolton Street. Of Harry Clavering's illness she had as yet heard nothing, nor of his absence from London. She had not seen him since he had parted from her on that evening when he had asked her to be his wife, and the last words she had heard from his lips had made this request. She, indeed, had then bade him be true to her rival—to Florence Burton. She had told him this in spite of her love—of her love for him and of his for her. They two, she had said, could not now become man and wife; but he had not acknowledged the truth of what she had said. She could not write to him. She could make no overtures. She could ask no questions. She had no friend in whom she could place confidence. She could only wait for him, till he should come to her or send to her, and let her know what was to be her fate.

As she now sat she held a letter in her hand which had just been brought to her from Sophie—from her poor, famished, but indefatigable Sophie. Sophie she had not seen since they had parted on the railway platform, and then the parting was supposed to be made in lasting enmity. Desolate as she was, she had congratulated herself much on her escape from Sophie's friendship, and was driven by no qualms of her heart to long for a renewal of the old ties. But it

was not so with the more affectionate Sophie; and Sophie therefore had written—as follows:

MOUNT STREET—Friday Morning.

DEAREST, DEAREST JULIE:—My heart is so sad that I cannot keep my silence longer. What; can such friendship as ours has been be made to die all in a minute? Oh, no—not at least in my bosom, which is filled with love for my Julie. And my Julie will not turn from her friend, who has been so true to her—ah, at such moments too—oh, yes, at such moments!—just for an angry word, or a little indiscretion. What was it after all about my brother? Bah! He is a fool; that is all. If you shall wish it, I will never speak to him again. What is my brother to me, compared to my Julie? My brother is nothing to me. I tell him we go to that accursed island—accursed island because my Julie has quarrelled with me there—and he arranges himself to follow us. What could I do? I could not tie him up by the leg in his London club. He is a man whom no one can tie up by the leg. Mon Dieu, no. He is very hard to tie up.

Do I wish him for your husband? Never! Why should I wish him for your husband? If I was a man, my Julie, I should wish you for myself. But I am not, and why should you not have him whom you like the best? If I was you, with your beauty and money and youth, I would have any man that I liked—everything. I know, of course—for did I not see? It is that young Clavering to whom your little heart wishes to render itself—not the captain who is a fool—such a fool! but the other who is not a fool, but a fine fellow—and so handsome! Yes; there is no doubt as to that. He is beautiful as a Phœbus. [This was good-natured on the part of Sophie, who, as the reader may remember, hated Harry Clavering herself.]

Well—why should he not be your own? As for your poor Sophie, she would do all in her power to assist the friend whom she love. There is that little girl—yes; it is true as I told you. But little girls cannot have all they want always. He is a gay deceiver. These men who are so beautiful as Phœbus are always deceivers. But you need not be the one deceived—you with your money and your beauty and your—what you call rank. No, I think not; and I think that little girl must put up with it, as other little girls have done, since the men first learned how to tell lies. That is my advice, and if you will let me I can give you good assistance.

Dearest Julie, think of all this, and do not banish your Sophie. I am so true to you, that I cannot live without you. Send me back one word of permission, and I will come to you, and kneel at your feet. And in the meantime, I am

Your most devoted friend,

SOPHIE.

Lady Ongar, on the receipt of this letter, was not at all changed in her purpose with reference to Madam Gordeloup. She knew well enough where her Sophie's heart was placed, and would yield to no further pressure from that quarter; but Sophie's reasoning, nevertheless, had its effect. She, Lady Ongar, with her youth, her beauty, her wealth, and her rank, why should she not have that one thing which alone could make her happy, seeing, as she did see, or as she thought she saw, that in making herself happy she could do so much, could confer such great blessings on him she loved? She had already found that the money she had received as the price of herself had done very little toward making her happy in her present state. What good was it to her that she had a carriage and

horses and two footmen six feet high? One pleasant word from lips that she could love—from the lips of man or woman that she could esteem—would be worth it all. She had gone down to her pleasant place in the country—a place so pleasant that it had a fame of its own among the luxuriantly pleasant seats of the English country gentry; she had gone there, expecting to be happy in the mere feeling that it was all her own; and the whole thing had been to her so unutterably sad, so wretched in the severity of its desolation, that she had been unable to endure her life amid the shade of her own trees. All her apples hitherto had turned to ashes between her teeth, because her fate had forced her to attempt the eating of them alone. But if she could give the fruit to him—if she could make the apples over, so that they should all be his, and not hers, then would there not come to her some of the sweetness of the juice of them?

She declared to herself that she would not tempt this man to be untrue to his troth, were it not that in doing so she would so greatly benefit himself. Was it not manifest that Harry Clavering was a gentleman, qualified to shine among men of rank and fashion, but not qualified to make his way by his own diligence? In saying this of him, she did not know how heavy was the accusation that she brought against him; but what woman, within her own breast, accuses the man she loves? Were he to marry Florence Burton, would he not ruin himself, and probably ruin her also? But she could give him all that he wanted. Though Ongar Park to her alone was, with its rich pastures, and spreading oaks, and lowing cattle, desolate as the Dead Sea shore, for him—and for her with him—would it not be the very paradise suited to them? Would it not be the heaven in which such a Phœbus should shine amid the gyrations of his satellites? A Phœbus going about his own field in knickerbockers, and with attendant satellites, would possess a divinity which, as she thought, might make her happy. As she thought of all this, and asked herself these questions, there was an inner conscience which told her that she had no right to Harry's love or Harry's hand; but still she could not cease to long that good things might come to her, though those good things had not been deserved. Alas, good things not deserved too often lose their goodness when they come! As she was sitting with Sophie's letter in her hand, the door was opened and Captain Clavering was announced.

Captain Archibald Clavering was again dressed in his very best, but he did not even yet show by his demeanor that aptitude for the business now in hand, of which he had boasted on the previous evening to his friend. Lady Ongar, I think, partly guessed the object of his visit. She had perceived, or perhaps had unconsciously felt, on the occasion of his former coming, that the visit had not been made simply from motives of civility. She had known Archie

in old days, and was aware that the splendor of his vestments had a significance. Well, if anything of that kind was to be done, the sooner it was done the better.

"Julia," he said, as soon as he was seated, "I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you quite well?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," said she.

"You have been out of town, I think?" She told him that she had been in the Isle of Wight for a day or two, and then there was a short silence. "When I heard that you were gone," he said, "I feared that perhaps you were ill!"

"O dear, no; nothing of that sort."

"I am so glad," said Archie; and then he was silent again. He had, however, as he was aware, thrown a great deal of expression into his inquiries after her health, and he had now to calculate how he could best use the standing-ground that he had made for himself.

"Have you seen my sister lately?" she asked.

"Your sister? no. She is always at Clavering. I think it doosed wrong of Hugh, the way he goes on, keeping her down there, while he is up here in London. It isn't at all my idea of what a husband ought to do."

"I suppose she likes it," said Lady Ongar.

"Oh, if she likes it, that's a different thing, of course," said Archie. Then there was another pause.

"Don't you find yourself rather lonely here sometimes?" he asked.

Lady Ongar felt that it would be better for all parties that it should be over, and that it would not be over soon unless she could help him. "Very lonely indeed," she said; "but then I suppose that it is the fate of widows to be lonely."

"I don't see that at all," said Archie, briskly; "—unless they are old and ugly, and that kind of thing. When a widow has become a widow after she has been married ever so many years, why then I suppose she looks to be left alone; and I suppose they like it."

"Indeed, I can't say. I don't like it."

"Then you would wish to change?"

"It is a very intricate subject, Captain Clavering, and one which I do not think I am quite disposed to discuss at present. After a year or two, perhaps I shall go into society again. Most widows do, I believe."

"But I was thinking of something else," said Archie, working himself up to the point with great energy, but still with many signs that he was ill at ease at his work. "I was, by Jove!"

"And of what were you thinking, Captain Clavering?"

"I was thinking—of course you know, Julia, that since poor little Hughy's death, I am the next in for the title?"

"Poor Hughy! I'm sure you are too generous to rejoice at that."

"Indeed I am. When two fellows offered me a dinner at the club on the score of my chances, I wouldn't have it. But there's the fact; isn't it?"

"There is no doubt of that, I believe."

"None on earth; and the most of it is entailed, too; not that Hugh would leave an acre away from the title. I'm as safe as wax as far as that is concerned. I don't suppose he ever borrowed a shilling or mortgaged an acre in his life."

"I should think he was a prudent man."

"We are both of us prudent. I will say that of myself, though I oughtn't to say it. And now, Julia—a few words are the best after all. Look here—if you'll take me just as I am, I'm blessed if I shan't be the happiest fellow in all London. I shall indeed. I've always been uncommon fond of you, though I never said anything about it in the old days, because—because you see, what's the use of a man asking a girl to marry him if they haven't got a farthing between them. I think it's wrong; I do, indeed; but it's different now, you know." It certainly was very different now.

"Captain Clavering," she said, "I'm sorry you should have troubled yourself with such an idea as this."

"Don't say that, Julia. It's no trouble; it's a pleasure."

"But such a thing as you mean never can take place."

"Yes, it can. Why can't it? I ain't in a hurry. I'll wait your own time, and do just whatever you wish all the while. Don't say no without thinking about it, Julia."

"It is one of those things, Captain Clavering, which want no more thinking than what a woman can give to it at the first moment."

"Ah—you think so now, because you're surprised a little."

"Well; I am surprised a little, as our previous intercourse was never of a nature to make such a proposition as this at all probable."

"That was merely because I didn't think it right," said Archie, who, now that he had worked himself into the vein, liked the sound of his own voice. "It was indeed."

"And I don't think it right now. You must listen to me for a moment, Captain Clavering—for fear of a mistake. Believe me, any such plan as this is quite out of the question; quite." In uttering that last word she managed to use a tone of voice which did make an impression on him. "I never can, under any circumstances, become your wife. You might as well look upon that as altogether decided, because it will save us both annoyance."

"You needn't be so sure yet, Julia."

"Yes, I must be sure. And unless you will promise me to drop the matter, I must—to protect myself—desire my servants not to

admit you into the house again. I shall be sorry to do that, and I think you will save me from the necessity."

He did save her from that necessity, and before he went he gave her the required promise. "That's well," said she, tendering him her hand; "and now we shall part friends."

"I shall like to be friends," said he, in a crestfallen voice, and with that he took his leave. It was a great comfort to him that he had the scheme of Jack Stuart's yacht and the trip to Norway for his immediate consolation.

GIVING BACK THE FLOWER.

SO, because you chose to follow me into the subtle sadness of night,
And to stand in the half-set moon with the weird fall-light on your glimmering hair,
Till your presence hid all of the earth and all of the sky from my sight,
And to give me a little scarlet bud, that was dying of frost, to wear,

Say, must you taunt me forever, forever? You looked at my hand and you knew
That I was the slave of the Ring, while you were as free as the wind is free.
When I saw your corpse in your coffin, I flung back your flower to you;
It was all of yours that I ever had; you may keep it, and—keep from me.

Ah? so God is your witness. Has God, then, no world to look after but ours?
May He not have been searching for that wild star, with the trailing plumage, that flew
Far over a part of our darkness while we were there by the freezing flowers,
Or else brightening some planet's luminous rings, instead of thinking of you?

Or, if He was near us at all, do you think that He would sit listening there
Because you sang "Hear me, Norma," to a woman in jewels and lace,
While, so close to us, down in another street, in the wet, unlighted air,
There were children crying for bread and fire, and mothers who questioned His grace?

Or perhaps He had gone to the ghastly field where the fight had been that day,
To number the bloody stabs that were there, to look at and judge the dead;
Or else to the place full of fever and moans where the wretched wounded lay;
At least I do not believe that He cares to remember a word that you said.

So take back your flower, I tell you—of its sweetness I now have no need;
Yes, take back your flower down into the stillness and mystery to keep;
When you wake I will take it, and God, then, perhaps will witness indeed,
But go, now, and tell Death he must watch you, and not let you walk in your sleep.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

JOHN ROSE.

GARDEN, in his "Anecdotes of the American Revolution," alludes briefly to a Russian, by the name of John Rose, who served on the side of the Colonies in their struggle for independence. The fact, however, that this person was the only Russian—as far as is known—who was in our "Seven Years' War," seems to justify a more extended notice of him than has yet appeared. Learning that there were manuscripts still in existence relating to his career in America, I wrote to Dr. William Irvine, of Irvine, Pennsylvania, who, with great kindness, at once placed at my disposal such family papers as related to the subject, including, also, the entire MS. correspondence of his grandfather with Washington and Rose. It is from these original and authentic sources that the following narrative is derived.

It was during that gloomy Winter at Valley Forge that a Russian gentleman of prepossessing appearance, pleasing in manners, and apparently highly gifted, appeared in the cantonments of the army, vainly soliciting a Continental commission. The general opinion was that he was as certainly a man of rank as he was acknowledged to be of high attainments and finished education; but on this point he always maintained the most profound silence. His exemplary conduct and pleasing carriage, however, soon won the general esteem of the army, and obtained for him the position of surgeon's mate in the hospital at Yellow Springs. It was at this period that General William Irvine, who had been recently exchanged, having been taken prisoner in Arnold's expedition to Quebec, rejoined the Pennsylvania line in camp. The many noble personal qualities of Rose immediately attracted his attention, though, having himself served in the British navy as surgeon before the war, he very soon discovered that the young Russian possessed but a very limited knowledge of the medical art. Believing, therefore, that his bravery and intelligence could be made more available to the Colonies in another position, he procured his transfer the same year into the staff of his brigade, and afterward obtained for him a lieutenancy in the Pennsylvania line. A feeling of jealousy, however, soon arose toward him on the part of some of the American officers, which, though slight, was sufficient to arouse his extreme sense of honor; and he therefore left the regiment in 1780, and volunteered as a surgeon in the Navy of the United States, only to be taken prisoner and carried to New York the same year. From this point he addressed to his old patron a letter, which is here given entire, both as corroborative evidence of tradition, and as

showing the wonderful mastery he had already acquired over the English language. The punctuation and spelling of the original letter, which is written in a beautiful flowing hand, are strictly preserved.

NEW YORK, Novr. 6th 1780.

SIR :—Since my last Letter to you from Philadelphia the scene is wonderfully changed. My greatest Expectations are annilated, and I am enclosed by the impenetrable Walls of a Prevost. If I do but continue in health, I shall merrily dance through the various scenes of this *Tragie comedie*, in hopes to accomplish my latest engagements which shall always remain sacred on my Side. I am told, a General exchange is to take place immediately: but should this not be the case, the thoughts of an approaching Winter, being destitute of every necessary to render Life tolerable, make me wish for a change in my present situation. Assisted by Your influence in Philadelphia, as I was taken as surgeon in the ship Revenge, I make no doubt to see my expectations shortly realized.

I am your most obedient, humble Servant,

JOHN ROSE.

That his "expectations" were realized, is evident from the fact that, upon being exchanged the following year, General Irvine was so well pleased with the man as to receive him into his family, and appoint him one of his aides, with the rank of major. In this latter capacity he served during the whole of the Revolutionary war, retaining to the last the affection of his general and brother officers.

The story of this young Russian officer, upon becoming acquainted with General Irvine, was that, sympathizing with the Colonists in their struggles with the mother country, he had, against the urgent entreaties of his friends, left his native province of Livonia, made his way to England, and thence to Baltimore, where he had arrived destitute of either friends or money. Disappointed in obtaining a commission in the Continental army, as he had been led to expect, he had taken a brief course of surgery under Dr. Wisendorf—a German physician in that city, whose language he spoke—and had finally succeeded in obtaining the situation of surgeon's mate, as above mentioned. In the military and personal family of General Irvine, he was a great favorite; and it is handed down in the traditions of the Irvine family, that he was a gentleman of finished manners, who made himself exceedingly agreeable to the household—in strong contrast with many of our own worthy, but uncultivated officers.

The laurels of Major Rose, however, were not confined to the carpet. He was a very efficient aide to General Irvine during the whole war, and was of particular service while the former commanded the western department at Pittsburg—a command rendered the more embarrassing on account of the disputes arising out of the conflicting claims of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Major Rose made himself very popular with the country people; and, at their request, he was sent by General Irvine as an aide to Colonel Crawford, on the expedition to the Sandusky plains, in 1782, and was

very efficient in securing the retreat of the defeated Americans on that occasion. "Mr. Rose, your aide-de-camp," writes Lieutenant Washington Custis to General Irvine at the close of the expedition, "was very hearty when I left him. His services on this occasion have endeared you much to the people of this country, and given great satisfaction to the men on the expedition." "I must acknowledge myself," writes Colonel Williamson, in the same strain, to General Irvine, on this occasion, "ever obliged to Major Rose for his assistance, both in the field of action, and in the camp. His character in our camp is estimable, and his bravery cannot be outdone. Our country must ever be obliged to yourself for your favors on this expedition. Major Rose will give you a particular account of our retreat." General Irvine, also, bears testimony to his aide's truthfulness and integrity. "The enclosed letters," he writes to General Washington in his official report, "one from Colonel Williamson, second in command, and the other from Major Rose, my aide-de-camp, contain all the particulars of this transaction which have yet come to hand." But the major, himself, did not return from this expedition without some hair-breadth escapes. Dr. William A. Irvine, a grandson of the general, speaking of the conduct of Rose on this occasion, in a letter to the writer, says: "I remember to have heard an officer relate that, having made his own way into a tree-top, he witnessed the pursuit of Major Rose by a party of mounted Indians, who were at times so close to him as to throw their tomahawks. They were, however, finally baffled by the superior horsemanship and the coolness of Rose."

It would seem, moreover, that Rose did not leave America without having had a little experience in the peculiar American institution known as lobbying. Nor is it a slight proof of the confidence which was reposed in him by his brother officers, that he, himself a foreigner, should have been sent to Philadelphia to look after their interests in the Pennsylvania Legislature. "The military gentlemen of our line," he writes during the session of 1784, "have awakened from their slumber, and the walls of the City Tavern have been twice the silent witnesses of our loud deliberations. . . The House will not readily repeal the act granting us lands upon the Alleghany waters, but it is very probable they can be prevailed on to assume our commutation, and set apart a certain defined tract of country upon the West Branch of the Susquehannah, for the redemption of our commutation notes at a certain ratio per one hundred acres. A committee has been appointed to confer with the Committee of Ways and Means of this assembly, the result of which has not as yet transpired." In his correct use of the language he certainly sets an example to more pretentious English scholars of that and the present day.

Beside these good qualities, however, Rose was noted for his

strict integrity and high principles of honor, carrying them indeed so far as at times to be amusing. An instance of this occurs in one of his accounts rendered to the Government for his expenses while on a military journey. This is here copied in full, although at the risk—in these degenerate days—of calling up a sneer upon the faces of that coterie of gentlemen known as the "Ring."

Major Rose; his bill, April ye 4th, 1783, Bedford.

	£.	s.	d.
To two meals victuals	0.	3.	0.
" one quart of cider	0.	1.	0.
" two meals victuals for ye man	0.	3.	0.
" eight quarts oats	0.	2.	0.
" hay one night for two horses	0.	3.	0.
" six quarts oats	0.	1.	6.
" one nip of todey	0.	1.	3.
" half pint of whiskey*	0.	0.	9.
" two meals victuals	0.	3.	0.
" two " for ye man	0.	3.	0.
" four quarts of oats	0.	1.	0.
" eight " " "	0.	2.	0.
" one bowl of whiskey todey	0.	1.	0.
" " " " spirrit "	0.	2.	0.
" hay one night for two horses	0.	3.	0.
	1.	10.	9.
" two gills of whiskey for ye man	0.	0.	9.
	£1.	11.	6.

*N. B.—The half pint of whiskey was used to wash the back of my portmanteau horse which was much hurt. JOHN ROSE.

Indeed, this strict integrity of character was fully recognized by his superiors, who, at the close of the war, entrusted to him the payment of the troops garrisoned at Pittsburg, investing him with this responsible trust by the following order:

It is ordered that the privates of the Infantry in the Continental Service receive on account of their pay by the musters of January, 1783, half a dollar specie pr. week, and the non-commissioned officers the same proportion until further orders. Major Rose, having been pleased to take upon himself the trouble of paying the troops of this garrison (Pitsburg) agreeably to the above directions, he requests that a commissioned officer of each company attend the payments made to his men. The commanding officers of companies are therefore directed to attend with their respective companies immediately after Troop-Beating in the following succession, viz.: Artillery, Virginia detachment and Pennsylvania detachment.

In the Spring of 1784, Major Rose returned to Russia. When on the point of leaving Philadelphia for New York, where he was to take passage for Amsterdam, he, with that order and system for which he was remarkable, wrote General Irvine as follows:

Your forage accounts I attempted to settle with Major Hodgson; but the day not being determined by Congress when the army was discharged—whether it was the third or fourth of November last—prevented me. Your receipt books you will find among the magazines, packed up in a small box. The final accounts of your Continental settlement I have properly adjusted, and committed to the care of Mr. Howell, who was to have left West Point yesterday to settle the accounts of our line.

While the vessel was lying in the harbor of New York, waiting for a favoring wind, Major Rose wrote a letter to General Irvine, expressing his warm gratitude and attachment to his benefactor and his family—expressing, however, his sorrow for having abstained so long from making known his true history. He then stated that his name was not John Rose, but Gustavus de Rosenthal,* of Livonia, in Russia; that he was a baron of the Empire, and that in an encounter with a nobleman within the precincts of the palace at St. Petersburg he had killed his antagonist in a duel brought on by a blow which the other had inflicted upon an aged uncle in his presence. He had then fled to England, whence, learning of the American war, he had sailed immediately for America, anxious to draw his sword in behalf of the American Colonies. He had now, through the mediation of his family, received permission to return, but he designed coming back and making America his home. The fact, however, that he was made Grand Marshal of Livonia, soon after his return to his native country, and other circumstances, which need not here be enumerated, prevented the fulfilment of his intention, though he often recurred to it in the warm correspondence which he kept up with the Irvine family until his death, in 1830. "Though my wishes," he writes from St. Petersburg, in 1804, "are crossed against their will, my thoughts remain at liberty, and took their flight across the Atlantic, at the sight of an American vessel I discovered in the river making ready to get under sail. I went immediately home and sat down to write you these few lines." The republicanism, however, which he had learned in America, he seems not to have forgotten in Russia; and it is rather an interesting incident that Alexander, who has been suspected of democratic leanings at a later period, should have expressed the wish that he, Rosenthal, should wear the insignia of the Republican Society of the Cincinnati. "Having already got to the age of fifty," he writes, in 1805, to General Irvine, "you'll think I could well go into my grave without having the emblem of the order of the Cincinnati dangling to my button-hole. As for myself, I think so too; but the people having heard of my being a member of that order, will begin to think me a cheat if I do not wear it as a matter of great distinction agreeably to their notions—and, moreover, the first man himself (Alexander) has been asking me about it, and desires I

* Garden speaks of him as Rosendolphe.

should wear it. I am therefore obliged to entreat you again to send me the ribbon with the emblems as it is worn."

The last letter that was received from him was written to Colonel Callender Irvine, a son of the general, in which, after expressing the most cordial attachment to his friend and benefactor, he added:

An affair of honor compelled me to abandon my own country. I fled to America for refuge, was graciously received by your venerated father, and cherished by him as a son. My obligation cannot be told—the power of language cannot express all that I feel. I wish his portrait above all things—send it to me, that I may possess the delight of constantly viewing the resemblance of my best friend. It will fill up the measure of my happiness. I have content with opulence. The mistress of my early affections is now my wife, and mine is the honor to subscribe myself your friend,

BARON DE ROSENTHAL.

The children of Baron Rosenthal—one of whom served with distinction in Poland—all died before him, though two grand-daughters are still living in Russia.

The United States, although somewhat isolated from her Continental neighbors, should neglect no opportunity, consistent with national honor, to gain their good will. The French, the Germans and the Poles are endeared to us by the memories of Lafayette, Steuben and Kosciusko; and if this sketch shall serve in any degree to strengthen the rapidly growing and cordial relations between my countrymen and the Russians its object will have been accomplished.

WILLIAM L. STONE.

CONUNDRUMS.

SOME time ago, a friend sent me, with his compliments, a very curious present. To outward appearance it was a box of cigars. I was rather surprised at this, for the reason that I do not smoke, and, moreover, my friend having been an editor for the last ten years, is not in a pecuniary condition which would render it prudent for him to make very numerous present of cigars at the current prices. I opened the lid and discovered that the box was filled with small slips of printed paper neatly tied into little bundles and closely packed. I cut the ribbon of one of the bundles, and spreading the slips on the table, found that they were twenty-five conundrums. In fact it was a box of conundrums. My friend had taken the fancy to cut them from exchanges, of which he looked over piles every day, and to pack them in this peculiar manner.

I counted the bundles, and made various computations in reference to them. I do not remember the exact results—I have no memory for figures—but, in a general way, I estimated that I could supply a country weekly paper with a column of conundrums for each issue during the space of four years and six months. I judged, however, that one-eighth of a column would be as many as an ordinary reader would heartily enjoy in each paper, and, at that rate, I would have been able to keep the journal supplied with conundrums for thirty-six years.

I tried to compute the explosive power of the material contained in this little box. I know an obese, and very lively middle-aged gentleman, with large cheeks, white teeth and a generally cheerful expression of face, who, by the simplest conundrum, judiciously told after dinner, can be thrown into such convulsions as threaten the demolition of the dishes and the bursting of his own sides. He will go off in that manner about five times by varying the style of conundrums, after which they gradually lose their effect upon him until the next day. Now let us suppose that, by some undiscovered means—by some intellectual ignition of every one of the conundrums in this box—the point of each and all of them might be made to flash upon his mind at the same moment, as thousands of grains of powder ignite at once; suppose there might be one grand, sudden, simultaneous explosion of this wit upon his mind—what would be the result? If he nearly breaks the dishes and bursts his sides at one conundrum, what would become of him and the house over his head when the effect of their mass of wit was concentrated into one convulsion? It is indeed a merciful ordering of Providence that the mind is only capable of a certain amount of joy and grief and

mirth, after which they lose their force, and that the effect of wit upon the mind does not increase, like the power of powder, in mathematical ratio with the quantity.

I must confess that I was at a loss what use to make of this present. To attempt to read all the contents of the box was out of question. Could I make them marketable? Could I induce some magazine to publish nothing for several months but conundrums, with "to be continued" at the close of each number? Could I sell them at so much a dozen, as motto verses are sold? Or could I be still more choice with them and procure a run of custom from gentlemen who are required to keep up a reputation for wit to secure invitations to social dinners, after the manner of the person who wrote that article in one of Dickens' Christmas stories, which explains the manner of making conundrums from the dictionary. That person's idea, I may remark, is old, for my friend informs me that at one period of his life he was timed, on a bet, and proved himself able, with the aid of a dictionary and spelling-book, to make two and a half conundrums per minute, for such a length of time (being allowed intervals for meals and sleep), that it was quite evident that he could continue doing so as long as the English language held out. Indeed, he was not limited by the number of words in the language, for he found it possible to make a great many conundrums on one word.

To give me some idea of his method of operation, my friend took the pains to make assorted packages illustrative of distinct styles of conundrums. For instance, there were two packages (fifty) on the single word "lie." As, for instance, when is truth falsehood? When it lies in a well. There were three packages about ships. You will find in your spelling-book a list of words ending with *ship*. Every one of them is capable of a conundrum after the following style: What ship would be freighted with knowledge? Scholarship. Take all the technical words used on shipboard (if you have a complete spelling-book you will find them in one list), and every one of those words is capable of one or more conundrums. How easy it is! Why is a man who marries twice like a ship? Because he has a second mate. When may a ship be said to be in love? Notice how many answers may be made to this: When she wants a mate (there it is again); when she wants to be manned; when she is struck aback by a heavy swell; when the carpenter re-guards her; when she makes much of a fast sailor; when she is tender to a man-of-war; when she is a ship of great size (sighs); when she hugs the wind; when she runs down for a smack; when she is after a consort; when she is attached to a buoy.

Let me begin at the beginning, and illustrate some methods of constructing conundrums. The student should commence on the alphabet. The best letter is *t*. For instance: Why is the letter *s*

like dinner? Perhaps you give it up. The triumphant student answers, Because it comes before *t*. Here is one more ingenious on account of its associations: Why is China called the celestial land? Because a little tea (*t*) makes an immortal life out of an immoral one. The practical hand can make these at the rate of one in thirteen seconds. Thus: Why is *a* a strong letter? Because it is always in health. If the alphabet were alive, why would you find it difficult to kill it? Because you could not put *b* out of being. Why is *c* a fortunate letter? Because it is always in luck. You will perceive that the whole alphabet can be used in the last form. *L*, *u* and *k* the same as *c*, and the other letters in this manner: Why is *a* an unfortunate letter? Because it is always out of luck. A lady asks a gentleman, to whom she is engaged, Why is *d* like a ring? He gives it up. Because *we* can't be *wed* without it. Again, Why is *d* likely to be drowned? Because it is under the *sea*. Why is *i* the happiest of vowels? Because it is always in bliss, while *e* is in hell and the others are in purgatory. Again, you can use a form like this: Why will *s* be long remembered by Americans? Because it is the beginning of secession and the end of Jeff Davis. These conundrums are easily made, and illimitable; but they are only to be used by beginners, or for the sake of variety. There are several other methods for beginners. Take the numeral adjectives. What word is that of five letters from which, if you take away two of them, only one will be left? St-one. What word is that of eight letters from which, if you take away five, ten will still be left? Ten-dency. If you will look in the dictionary you will find about a hundred words beginning with the syllable "ten," all of which you can turn into conundrums as fast as you can talk. There are any number of puzzles to be made on the principle used by Artemus Ward of putting the figure 4 for the word "for." That is not nearly as ingenious as the children's method of spelling potatoes—put one o, put two o's, put three o's, put four o's, put five o's, put six o's, put seven o's, put eight o's. But to illustrate: What day in the year is an injunction to go forward? March 4th. Why is wealth like a problem in figures? Because it is something to sigh for (cipher). Similarly with punctuation, as in the phrases "putting a period to your existence," "putting a stop to a woman's tongue." I even have conundrums in which comma is twisted into come-ma and colon into coal-on. There are other methods which I cannot stop to consider; as, what word is always pronounced wrong? Why, "wrong," of course. What word is pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick, etc.

The student must next open his spelling-book at the list of Christian names; then turn to the dictionary. He will find words commencing with such syllables as Ann, Allie, Abe, Ben, Bill, Bell, Carrie, Dan, Dick, Della, Ella, Emma, Olive, Ollie, Jennie, Polly

Minnie, etc. Then go to work thus: What lady should be loved by the Irish? Amelia Ration. In the same way use Ann T. Diluvian, Dick Tater, Ollie Garchy, Sall Lad, etc. There are some intensely depraved people who even think it is funny to call suicide susan-side. Again, why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex? Because they can always be Molly-fied. When is Mary not a dis-syllable? When you change it to a Polly-syllable. Several hundred such conundrums can be made as fast as a short-hand reporter can take them down. Sometimes a little extra thinking will develop a new one not already obtained in the dictionary, as when you say that Jenny Rosity is a benevolent lady.

You will allow me to remark that the machinery by which a conundrum is made and palmed off on society, must never be exposed. The conundrum must seem to be a natural product of the conversation, although it is quite easy to lead the attention of a whole room-full gently up to a joke. "Punch" gives a graphic description of such an attempt in the following account of a five minutes' conversation before dinner:

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence). Have you (to Young Lady)—have you ever read Hiawatha?

Young Lady (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply). Yes. (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds)—but 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently). The name of the heroine was, as you remember, Minnie-haha, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself). Well—

Bold Somebody (observing that his conversation attracts general attention). I dare say she was called by her savage intimates, Minnie.

(A few people tittering, ha! ha! ha!)

Bold Somebody. Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine (every one listening), why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating). If a cannibal had—what?

Bold Somebody (says it again).

Young Lady. Ah yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly). Yes.

Various people (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready). I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely). What is the answer, Mr. Somebody?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point). He would be like a small portrait, because he'd be a Minnie chewer.

(Curious sensation felt by everybody). Bold Somebody smiles at his boots.

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant (very distinctly). Dinner mum.

Relief of guests. Exeunt omnes.

It is easier to make a conundrum than to bring it out properly.

On ordinary names it is not necessary to use the dictionary. I had four packages entirely on scriptural names. If I remember rightly, there were twelve conundrums on Adam, some of which were profane. Among the genealogies and the hard names, the torture of language was frightful.

Take your dictionary again, commencing at *Ab*. When is a man not a man? When he is a-bed. Follow the letter *a* down and you will find any number of similar conundrums. Here are some apropos of ships. When is a fortune like an appendage to a vessel? When it is amassed (a mast). Why is a sailor never a sailor? Because he is always a-board or a-shore. Never despair of any word. Can you make one on "assist?" Listen: Why is a benevolent landlord who lowers his tenant's rent like a man who draws up a new code of philosophy? Because he reduces it to assist him (a system). Look at such words as abandon, abet, ability, abreast, accord, accost, account, acquaint, acquire, acquit, adrift, again, announce, anneal, annex, abate, acrostic, acute, adore, afoot, afire, ahead, amass, amaze, amuse, apace, apparent, apparition, appeal, appear, appoint, aroma (a roamer), assent, assign, aversion, avow, avoid, award, awry, etc. In the list of *a* you may sometimes make a conundrum by using the syllables *an*, *as*, *are*. Go entirely through the dictionary in like manner; you will find words commencing with such syllables as *bee*, *slay*, *sin*, *die*, *ear*, *for*, *gal*, *his*, *her* (hirsute), *in*, *my*, *your* (Europe), *one* (wonder), etc. *Ex* is sometimes used for eggs, as when you say, If what hens lay in the shell could perform on the stage they would be like persons who wish everything done to the letter because they would be eggs-acting (exacting). Take the syllable *bee*. Why is making honey like whipping? Because it is a bee-laboring business. Take the same syllable again. See from what a remote point the following conundrum finally comes round to the dictionary: Why is a bee-hive like a rotten potato? A bee-hive is a bee-holder, a bee-holder is a spectator, a spectator is a rotten potato. In the same way the fish said to be most pleasant to a happy wife is her-ring; a convalescent dyspeptic is said to be like a reprieved criminal, because he cannot di-gest yet; a child who gets stout as he gets taller is said to be like a newspaper reporter, because he picks up in-formation, etc. The incongruity of the two subjects said to resemble each other is the merit of the following: Why is an old man like a dog's tail? Because he is in-firm. In 1850 the Universalist Society at Lynn offered a reward of a set of silver spoons for the best conundrum. The man who took the prize was a student of the dictionary, for this was his conundrum: Why is a prolix clergyman like an aged person? Because they both di-late. Lord Dundreary attempted to get off a conundrum of this sort once and was rather unfortunate. He says a young lady was asking him the last thing in "widdles."

Now, I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I couldn't give her any vewy gweat novelty, but a fwiend of mine made one latht theathon which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her,

"When ith a jar not a jar?"

Thingularly enough, the moment thye heard thith widdle thye burtht out laughing behind her pockethandkerchief.

"Good Gwathiouth! what'th the matter?" thaid I; "have you ever heard it befaw?"

"Never," thye thaid, emphatically, "in that form; do, pleathe, tell me the anthwer."

Tho I told her,

"When it ith a door!"

Upon which thye—thye went off again into hythtewicth. I—I—I never did thee thuch a girl for laughing. I know it ith a good widdle; but I didn't think it would have thuch an effect ath that.

The most common form of the conundrum, of course, is that which is founded upon the simple punning application of a word; here your spelling-book will afford you great help, or you may read any humorous author and note down the puns he uses, revamping them into conundrums. With words of two syllables this is very well, but if you go further than that, the spelling-book is perhaps the best. It is really astonishing to what extremes the passion for wrenching words from their ordinary meaning is carried. Let us take some words of three syllables. A field of grass is like a person older than yourself, because it is past-ur-age; the snows on Mont Blanc are like a ship-builder, because they av-a-lanch (have a launch) whenever they get ready; cats are like skilful surgeons, because they mew-till-late and destroy patients; the heart of a lover is like a sea-serpent, because it is a secreter (sea cretur) of great sighs (size); gate-posts are like the human species, because they prop-a-gate; a man who hesitates to sign the pledge is like a sceptical Hindoo, because he don't know whether to give up the Jug-or-not; if the ornithological emblem of the United States were taken sick, it would be contrary to law, because it would be ill-eagle; a person who dislikes writing resembles an inmate of Greenwich Hospital, because he is a pen-shunner (pensioner); a marriage certificate is like an article the public cannot do without, because it is a noose-paper; the patients who should be put in the highest part of the hospital are the room-attics; when the seven wise men of Greece met the sage of Hindostan, the eight saw sages (ate sausages); molasses is remarkable when it boils, beeause it is syrup-rising (surprising). The Yorkshire "Comet" of 1844 asks, "Why does a young laady i' riden habit resemble Shakespeare? Cos she's (often) miss-coated (misquoted)." I do not know that anything worse than that could be invented now. Now to the words in four syllables. The plot of the ballet is like the air-tight costume in which submarine excursions are made, because it is for a diver-tis-meant; the poet Bryant's head is like a colored girl's, because it cannot produce any more than-a-Topsy's (Thanatopsis); the kind of essence which a young man likes when he pops the question is acquiesence; the shape of a kiss is elliptical (a liptickle); the most benevolent piece of furniture is a chair-at-table; the men appointed to wind up joint stock companies must be teetotalers, because they are liquid(h)aters;

the man who sells fiddles is like a musical instrument, because he is a violin seller (violoncello); a new patent mouse trap is a cowardly affair, because it is a puzzle-any-mouse (pusillanimous) contrivance. That will do. When conundrums require parentheses and italics they must be very bad. Yet there have been so many so-called good ones that it is deemed rather a merit than otherwise to make a very bad one. The person who said that a swallow was like a smoking chimney because it had a crooked flue (flew), thought he had done wonders.

Similar monstrosities are: Why is killing bees like a confession? Because you unbuzz 'em. Why is a person riding rapidly up hill, like one who presents a young lady with a young dog? Because he gives a gal a pup. In the following a long word writhes awfully upon the rack of the riddler: Why are the Arabs like a process of reasoning? Because they're a racy hossy nation (ratiocination). And here is probably the most wonderfully protracted pun ever made: When may a man be said to have a vegetable time-piece? When he gets a potato clock (gets up at eight o'clock).

Words in *er*, which come under one list in the spelling-book, are often susceptible of conundrums, as when it is said that the constitution is right, and an editor is a writer; that the vulture is a fowl and the man who shoots him a fowler; that the globe is round and a lady's dress is round-her; that a miller is a moth and a matron is a mother; that Connecticut is the nutmeg State, where shall we find a grater? etc.

We will use the dictionary once more. Turn to *s* and discover what words there are which will furnish a pun by omitting the *s;* for instance "school;" take off s and you have cool. Now proceed thus: Why is a man who does not lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Because he keeps cool (keeps school). When does a man entertain his guest and horse alike? When they both feed at his table (his stable). Why is a man who goes up town after beer like the goods in an auctioneer's store? Because he is up for 's ale (up for sale). Why is spermaceti like a busybody? Because it makes scandals. There are others made on the same principle, but for which the dictionary affords but little help, as when we say that an old dog is like an inclined plane, because he's a slow pup (slope up); or that hens cannot see immortality, because they get their necks twirled (next world) in this. One of the worst of this class was Dr. Holmes': Why is an onion like a piano? Because it smell odious. A pun can also be made sometimes by drawling or lengthening out the pronunciation of a word, as when we say that the kind of monkeys that grow on grape-vines are gra-apes.

Now throw the spelling-book aside and think fixedly on one subject. You have had examples of what could be done with a ship. Suppose you were sitting at table, what an opportunity to astonish

the guests! Dr. Holmes states that in the "Index Expurgatorius" of the "Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters" the following puns are prohibited:

References to *Attic salt* when asked to pass the salt cellar; remarks on being *mustered*, etc.; associating baked beans with *bene*-factors of an institution; saying that beef-eating is befitting, etc.

Yet, what a field there is in such words as table (come-for-table); plate; cup (waiter like race-horse because he often runs for a plate or cup); spoon (young man of use at supper table when he is a spoon); dished; tumbler; fork (fork over); pitcher; bread; sauce; caster (oil); pepper; caper sauce (lively); cabbage; beet; poached (stolen) eggs; ketchup; hasty pudding; catsup (tomatoes make catsup, rats make cats supper); pie (piety); tomato (like man with corn—toe-martyr); soup (supercilious, etc.); wine (whine); champagne; port, etc.

There are many rather pretty conundrums drawn from nature. I read in one package such well-known ones as that the best time to read the book of nature is when Autumn turns the leaves; that the trees when they put on their new dress do not have to open their trunks because they *leave* out a Summer suit; that the grass is like a note of hand, because it is matured by falling dew; that the stars should be the best astronomers, because they have studded the heavens ever since creation. I discovered one package of sixty-seven questions about trees.

A style of conundrum has become very frequent and popular which is founded on a transposition of letters or words giving a new and surprising sense. It generally commences with "what is the difference?" I have opened one package of this class. The first one is as follows: What is the difference between stabbing a man and killing swine? One is assault with intent to kill and the other is a killing with intent to salt. So it is discovered of a cat and a document that one has claws at the end of its paws and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses; of a wife and an editor, that one sets articles to rights and the other writes articles to set; of the eagle and a certain kind of dog, that one is a tarrier in the sky and the other is a Skye-terrier; of the permission to speak and the command not to speak, that in one case you are allowed to talk and in the other you are not to talk aloud; of a pound of meat and a drummer boy, that one weighs a pound and the other pounds away; of an utterer of spurious coin and a false heir, that one issues a counterfeit and the other counterfeits an issue; of a church organist and the influenza, that one knows the stops and the other stops the nose; of a successful lover and his rival, that one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss; of an unsuccessful swain and a father of a family, that one is a sighing lover and the other a loving sire; of a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady, that

one harms the cheese and the other charms the he's; of seventeen and seventy, that one is careless and happy and the other hairless and cappy; of the effect of catching cold and one of the isles of Greece, that in one case it is you cough, in the other Corfu; of an emperor and a beggar, that one issues manifestoes and the other manifests toes without his shoes; of a man boiling beets and a man flogging him, that one cooks the beets and the other beats the cook; of a tailor and a siege gun, that one works the breeches and the other breaches the work; of the Prince of Wales and a bomb-shell, that one is heir to the throne and the other is thrown to the air; of "Old Uncle Ned" and Louis Napoleon in the event of another French Revolution, that the one had no hair on the top of his crown, the place where the hair ought to grow, and the other would have no crown on the top of his heir, the place where the crown ought to go. It is also mentioned that the difference between a baby and a great coat is that one you was, and the other you wear; that perseverance is a strong will and obstinacy is a strong wont; that Noah's ark was a high ark but that an archbishop is a hierarch; of a gauze dress and a drawn tooth, that one is too thin and the other is tooth out; that the Prince of Wales is an heir apparent, an orphan has ne'er a parent, a bald head has ne'er a hair apparent, and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

As a relief from the ingenuity of the specimens which I have given, it is well to introduce occasionally a question which ought to be obvious to every one, but which is not. For instance, what makes more noise than a pig under a gate? two pigs; why does a traveller who has been on a long journey, and comes to a board fence in the midst of a forest, try to get over it? because he wants to get over; what is the best thing to do in a hurry? nothing; why does the miller wear a white hat? to keep his head warm. Lord Dundreary gives one of this kind which, though quite obvious, is, notwithstanding, exceedingly logical:

> Why doeth a dog waggle hith tail? Give it up? I think motht fellath will give that up! You thee the dog waggleth hith tail becauth the dog'th thtwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog!

Somewhat similar is the following, which was written in the sixteenth century:

> Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboute ere that he lyeth hym downe? Because he knoweth not his bedde's head from the fete.

Sometimes a question in mathematics or morals may be asked with good effect, as whether a man has a right to marry his widow's sister; or which form of expression is correct, six and five are thirteen, or six and five is thirteen? Only one question of this sort should be asked at a time, and that always after something that has proved very puzzling.

If any person shall follow the course of instruction here laid down, I trust he may arrive in due time at the felicity of that decrepit centenarian described in the account of the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters.

The ancient man crawled toward us, cocked one eye, with which he seemed to see a little, up at us, and said,

"Sarvant, young gentlemen. Why is a—a—a—like a—a—a? Give it up? Because it's a—a—a—a—."

He smiled a pleasant smile, as if it were all plain enough.

"One hundred and seven last Christmas," said the director. "He lost his answers about the age of ninety-eight. Of late years he puts his whole conundrums in blank—but they please him just as well."

It is so easy to make conundrums that most intelligent men will prefer to put their faculties to some harder and more useful task. A dancer once said to a Spartan, "I can stand on one leg longer than you." "Perhaps so," said the Spartan, "and so can my goose." A few conundrums are very well after dinner with the raisins and nuts, and I have no doubt my friend, the editor, will be quite willing to furnish them at reasonable rates in lots to suit purchasers.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

THE SILENT LOVER.

IN the province of Kiang-si, on the shore of the beautiful Lake Po-yang, where nature is so fair that the heart of man need never know a single sorrow; where days of innocence and peace pass one by one away, and are shrouded by serene and ever tranquil nights; where the eyes of evening peer down, radiant and wondering, into the lustrous mirror that gives back their splendor; where odorous breezes of morning arise from the shining waters, and mingle in fragrance with the golden sunbeams that pierce the luxuriant foliage; where the gentle wave is always caressing the broad-leaved lotus which rests upon its bosom, or melting in timid ripples upon the white beach beyond; where the wind is always whispering strange secrets among the branches of the cypress and the willow; where contentment and happiness should forever guide every human thought—here dwelt Ta-uen, a Chinese gentleman, young, comely and brave, but a prey to unutterable weariness, and strangely insensible to the charms of existence.

Ta-uen was a native of Nanchang, a city of honorable Chinese distinction for virtue, intelligence and wealth. Early luxuries and a too careless abandonment to youthful pleasures had brought him premature satiety. He had in turn exhausted all the popular means of personal enjoyment. At nineteen he had shone the central star of Nanchang's most brilliant circles. But as months rolled by he wearied of this supremacy. Gradually, but perceptibly, society began to lose its charm for him. For a while the fascinations of literature absorbed him, but having by rapid steps achieved the degree of Flowering Talent,* his energies again subsided, and left him desolate and aimless. Political aspirations were denied him, for, as a pure Chinese, without a trace of a Tartar sympathy, such sentiments as he felt called upon to entertain were not directly favorable to the existing rulers, and the expression of adverse views in China is regarded with rigor, the mildest treatment for such cases being immediate and dishonorable death. Once again he was aroused from torpor by inclinations toward travel, but after having wandered restlessly through the Middle Kingdom, explored the follies and the cheap glories of the capital, and briefly tasted the watering-place delights of Tung-ting, he relapsed into Nanchang, nowise cheered, and possibly more wretched than ever.

Physicians were in vain.

It was discovered that all their efforts could not minister to a mind diseased, and that the few of their numberless suggestions

* *Siu-tsai* (flowering talent), the highest educational degree that China affords.

which Ta-uen consented to adopt were wholly unproductive of result.

For a limited period it was assumed that Ta-uen was in love. His abstractions, his melancholy mien, his sighs, his usually blue raiment, favored this supposition. But as days advanced and receded, and no sign of tender preference appeared, the people began to abandon this conjecture. The "go-betweens" whose authorized profession, in China, is to investigate and organize Love's young dreams, shook their heads, and turned their attentions elsewhere. Maidenly flutterings grew less and less frequent at mention of his name, and were at length quietly given over. Maternal anxieties were quelled. It was finally settled that Ta-uen's destiny was obscured by an impenetrable mystery, the solution of which must be left to time—although some persons still urged the possibility of a blighted affection, and a few hinted at opium.

"What causes the disquietude of my elder brother?" one day asked Tai-ping-siuen, a friend and companion of the afflicted Ta-uen.

"That, my noble and elegant cousin, it is impossible for me to tell you," answered Ta-uen.

"Are there, then, profound and interesting secrets, too curious to be imparted to the untrustworthy friend who seeks to console you?"

"Nothing of the sort, beloved Tai-ping-siuen; on the contrary, I know very little about it myself."

"There is very celestial food at the cook-shops; wonderful duck-tongues, and deer-tendons of exquisite delicacy."

"Months have passed since the languid appetite of Ta-uen has known a thrill of emotion."

"There are maidens everywhere around who pine for the indescribable glances and the irresistible words of Ta-uen."

"Alas! Tai-ping-siuen, they talk. Through the four quarters of the Empire, I have sought in vain for women whose tongues could cheer, yet not exasperate."

"Ah," said Tai-ping-siuen, quoting the wisdom of the Shee-king, "if the tea could be gathered in midwinter!"

"What the women have lost in their feet they have added to their tongues," responded Ta-uen, with an honored proverb from the oldest of the philosophers.

"Those are words of virtue and truth."

"And on no account is it just that the hen should continually crow."

"But what, then, does my judicious but irresolute brother propose to do about it?"

"Tai-ping-siuen, I will tell you. Let us go to Poyang, and there, among the willow groves, make for ourselves a home where com-

fort shall wait on us, and which feminine turbulence shall never invade."

"Ta-uen, my best of friends, your idea is preposterous."

"According to the manner in which you take it, Tai-ping-siuen."

"But I do not take it at all, Ta-uen; and what is a good deal more, I do not think I ever shall take it, any way."

"Very well," answered Ta-uen, impatient of opposition, and assuming the tone of mingled compliment and self-depreciation with which Oriental courtesy ever tempers the bitterest disputes; "very well, intelligent Tai-ping-siuen; it may not suit your estimable case, but for my ignoble and contemptible condition, I discover no better palliative. Afar from Nanchang, toward the extremity of Poyang, there is a lofty and tolerably spacious house that belongs to me. There I shall be exempt from the evils of feminine confusion, toward which I entertain a peculiar enmity. I shall there seek repose, with occasional sports relieving my solitude. I shall have excellent meats served in coffers of silver, and fine wines prepared in gem-like cups. I shall take with me a cook from Ning-po. If you choose to go with this insignificant person, join me, and in the pursuit of tranquillity we will ardently coöperate."

"All that you say, Ta-uen, is very luxurious to the ear, but much of it is also in my eye. If I shake my incredulous and unconvinced head, esteem it no expression of disrespect; but I weakly acknowledge a fondness for my present useless and frivolous life, and, on the whole, I expect to have the bad taste to continue it."

So, disagreeing in the best possible taste, they separated, and before many days had passed, Ta-uen deserted the gayeties—which to him were gayeties no longer—of Nanchang, and was lost to the sight of the world of which he had so long been a prominent ornament. On the shore of Poyang he wandered amid the groves of willow and cypress. Day after day he wandered, or floated idly over its pellucid waters. By night he held temperate revel in his halls of porphyry and jasper, seldom staining with crimson overflowings the marble floors. And thus, for many months, Ta-uen's course of life flowed on, smooth, unperturbed, unrelieved in blank monotony, spiced with no variety, and, alas for the vanity of human expectations, never happy.

In the time of the second gathering of the tea, the mildest and fairest of the year, when the trees begin to fill with little nests, and when all nature trembles and blushes with conscious warmth, Tai-ping-siuen ordered his mules, and ran off to Poyang to take counsel with his exiled friend. He found Ta-uen upon the lake, practising the enlivening pursuit of cormorant fishing. The greetings of the young men were polite and decorous, and their conversation, which turned upon various subjects, was at once exhilarating and instructive.

Toward the close Tai-ping-siuen introduced the topic which most closely interested him.

"Ta-uen, there is a maiden—" said he.

"Alas, there are so many," said Ta-uen.

"If my amiable and well-conducted friend would restrain for a moment his noble impetuosity, his servant would endeavor to make himself more plainly understood."

"Pardon me, Tai-ping-siuen, I will listen with the respect which is due your excellent character."

"There is a maiden, Ta-uen, whose indescribable charms have for many weeks afforded the youth of Nanchang the most pleasing sensations. Her father is eminent for riches and refinement, and his name is Lou-kien. Moreover, he is so little of a Tartar that he dangles behind his well-formed back no unmeaning tail, but is even freer in that particular than either you or myself.* As for his daughter, the incapable tongue of Tai-ping-siuen can only convey faint and inadequate ideas respecting her. Her form is like the waving willow leaf, and her face as full of beauty as the moon, of which she is the younger sister. Her eyes are like the brightest stars of Winter, and her feet, which have never been spoken of without emotion, are said to be wholly incompetent to the support of her delicate frame."

"And what of her tongue?" asked Ta-uen.

"Most accomplished Ta-uen," answered Tai-ping-siuen, in some irritation, "you talk like a person of vulgar birth and no education whatever. Her conversation is regulated by a wise discretion, and modesty conceives every word that is issued from her exquisite lips."

"Ah!" sighed Ta-uen, "if I could heàr of a beautiful woman who is not possessed with the Quei-shin of speech."

"Ta-uen, my first and only brother!" exclaimed Tai-ping-siuen, "will you choose one of my mules, and, after a journey which we will all pray may be disturbed by no unhappy misadventure, gaze upon this fair and dazzling damsel, and consider of her for yourself?"

"No, Tai-ping-siuen," said Ta-uen, "that is entirely out of the question."

But the truth was, Ta-uen had already found that his self-imposed exile was not wholly a relief to him. Total feminine abstinence had operated somewhat to the increase rather than to the diminution of his weariness. At least, in Nanchang, he could exploit his grievance. He keenly felt this, although his pride would not suffer him to acknowledge it. And now Tai-ping-siuen was very pressing, and it became Ta-uen in due time to gradually dispose of his scruples, and, by slow degrees, to yield.

The next day Nanchang learned of the return of its lost pleiad.

*The wearing of the tail is not a pure Chinese custom, but was introduced by the Tartars.

When Ta-uen first encountered the maiden, Lou-loua, of whom his friend had told him, his breast did certainly quiver with a new and strange sensation, and his self-confidence, which until that moment had never known a variation from its firmness, experienced an unexpected shock. Her loveliness, he was compelled to admit, was not to be disputed. The flash of her little eyes kindled inextinguishable flames. The smile of her large and pouting lips was brighter than the glimmer of lapis-lazuli. Her whole countenance was elegantly pale, and full of sweetness. Her hair falling in black curls about her face, added grace and symmetry to the movements of her head. Her dress was embroidered with marvellous accuracy, and her trousers, daintily gathered to her slender ankle, revealed twin feet of proportions too minute to be distinctly measurable.

Tai-ping-siuen saw with friendly satisfaction that Ta-uen was for a moment moved. And the distinguished people of Nanchang—great numbers of whom were present on the occasion—carefully watched the coming together of the manliest of the manly, and the fairest of the fair.

Ta-uen approached Lou-loua, his hands folded upon his breast, and his body reverently inclined. She sat awaiting him, her eyes cast in humility downward, and a timid flush of expectation illumining her brow.

"Health is with the daughter of the stars," said Ta-uen.

"Thanks to your accommodating wishes," said Lou-loua.

"Your air announces your goodness," said Ta-uen.

"Ah, sir, it is you alone who can judge," said Lou-loua.

"Virtue and a contented mind are painted upon your face," said Ta-uen.

"My acknowledgments should be everlasting," said Lou-loua.

"It is a fine evening," said Ta-uen.

"It is a most fortunate and successful evening, since a noble gentleman honors it with his approval," said Lou-loua.

"It is impossible to be sufficiently respectful to you," said Ta-uen.

"How shall I dare to persuade myself of what you say?" said Lou-loua.

"Well, well," said Ta-uen, making a grave obeisance, and withdrawing, "I have not treated you with sufficient distinction."

Lou-loua, less rigidly cynical than Ta-uen, did not conceal from herself the joy which this interview afforded her. All that she had heard of the agreeable Ta-uen was abundantly verified. And she discovered, too, graces and attractions of which she had not been warned. "But alas!" she said to herself, "he loves not women, and each day strives more and more to harden his heart against our inferior and unprofitable sex."

Ta-uen feared to admit the suspicion that his fancy had been touched. He resisted with much coldness the imputations of Tai-ping-siuen.

"Ah, Ta-uen," said that good-natured friend, "the refreshing Lou-loua has inspired you once more."

"Acute Tai-ping-siuen, this time you are wrong. If, now, she had the gift of silence with her other visible advantages, there would be something to talk about."

"Noble cousin," answered Tai-ping-siuen, "you are always sensible and well-informed, but this time you are also very absurd. Her language is the language of purity and evident propriety."

"I do not like the language of the women at all," said Ta-uen. "Better a speechless daughter of the Kung than the fairest and richest of the loose-tongued Tse."

"Estimable Ta-uen, you have too much ginger in your temper."

"Very well, Tai-ping-siuen, only I shall see the beautiful but talkative Lou-loua no more."

"Oh, Ta-uen."

"Precisely, my Tai-ping-siuen. As she dazzles the eye, so might she confuse the understanding. In time she might destroy my principles, and compel me to endure the female tongue. No, Tai-ping-siuen, my resolution is not to be unfixed. Remember that a restless tongue is one of the five causes allowed by the philosophers for divorce."

When Lou-loua heard this, as she very speedily did, a gloom came like a vail of Nanchang silk over her face, and she expressed a tear, as round and as pure as the pearls of the royal family. Then it was observed by her family that she sank into revery, out of which she emerged an hour later, smiling and contented.

Two days after fashionable Nanchang was convulsed with the intelligence of a sorrowful calamity. The beautiful Lou-loua, on returning home after a morning ride, had fallen from her conveyance, and injured herself in a general way, but principally in the region of the head. For two entire days her condition was deemed dangerous, according to report, but then her well-organized constitution triumphed, and she began to recover. One startling misfortune, however, clung to her. She had lost the power of speech forever.

When Ta-uen heard this, he was agitated with mingled sadness and delight. He could not overcome his gratification on finding that no impediment need now oppose the progress of his affections; and yet the conviction of his supreme selfishness was at times too bitter for him. But one thing, at least, was clear. It would no longer be possible for him to forego the presence of the beautiful Lou-loua.

So, as soon as the circumstances of her recovery would permit, he sought an interview, and communed with her. The language of her eyes told him all that he most wished to know, and he was thoroughly happy in her oral incompetency. Lou-loua was happy

too. For many weeks their course of companionship ran swift and smooth, and all Nanchang smiled sympathetic and complacent. By day they were never parted, and by night, the streets in the near neighborhood of Lou-kien's residence resounded with plaintive and tender chants, expressive of hopeful passion.

TA-UEN'S SERENADE.

There is a maiden,
There is a little maiden whom I love.
Her name it is easy to utter;
The night winds are always breathing it in my ear.
Something has been telling it to me all the night.
But who shall convey the extent of her beauties,
Or of the graces of her mind?
To others she is frigid.
But to me she is as the moon-beam, radiant and warm.

She is exempt from the ordinary weaknesses of women.
Her piety is the theme of admiration among all classes.
Her virtues are so lofty that they reach the stars.
She reads all the sacred books and knows them by heart.
With strong moral principles she immingles a cheerful spirit.
And her rich black hair is involved in unctuous gum.
A number of expensive jewels shine in her hair;
They shine like clusters of stars relieved by a jet-black sky.
The Fong-whang * trembles with delight upon her forehead;
Oh! enviable Fong-whang.
Ornaments of gold and of dried insects encircle her neck;
Oh! enviable gold and dried insects.
Her countenance needs not the additional glow of paint.
Her waist is enveloped in red-colored silks,
And her petticoat is embroidered with a hundred butterflies fluttering among flowers.
Her feet are atoms of celestial origin,
And her trousers are the blue clouds which protect them.

To many her heart is hard and cold;
To them it is very beautiful porcelain.
To me it is soft and warm;
To me it is Shan-tung silk. †
Her lips are sealed, and words proceed not therefrom,
But in their place come sighs of aromatic fragrance.
Her family are conspicuous for respectability,
And her father is extremely wealthy.
He possesses a great number of rhinoceros' horns
All imported from Burmah and very valuable.
But for me the greatest treasure—
The treasure beyond all, for me,
Is the little maiden,
The little maiden whom I love.

* The Fong-whang is a magical bird known to Chinese tradition, an artificial image of which forms a popular headdress.

† The silk of Shan-tung is of marvellous softness and warmth. Its reputation is historical, and was great in the time of Virgil, who sang its praises.

As the love of Ta-uen and Lou-loua advanced and prospered, an indescribable tinge of regret came over the young Chinese gentleman. At first to his surprise, but presently to his consternation, he found himself longing for a word of fondness from his affianced. At first he repelled this sentiment as unworthy of his firmness, but it gradually overcame him again and again, until he became a prey to the deepest anguish. He was forced to admit within himself that his ideas on the subject of the female tongue had been too dangerously radical, and that experience had at last taught him the value of a gift he had once considered an excrescence. The eloquence of the eye, he found, the pressure of the hand, the assurance of a caress, were insufficient to complete his comfort. Oh, for a word! he sighed, but sighed in vain; and it at last appeared painfully evident that Ta-uen had simply stepped from one unsatisfactory extreme to the other, and that he was now almost as inconsolably miserable as when he had started to adapt himself to the seclusions of Poyang.

It was natural that Lou-loua should feel a deep concern at the returning unhappiness of her lover. She besought him to explain it, and indeed, succeeded in drawing from him the reluctant truth. And on learning the real condition of things, she did nothing but smile with great and persistent appearance of delight, which Ta-uen thought the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever happened.

Nevertheless, as Nanchang had expected, the announcement of the impending marriage ceremony was not long deferred. And in early Autumn it came. The assemblage was enormous, and correspondingly brilliant. Everybody palpitated with sympathetic emotion; everybody was irrecoverably lost in admiration at the beauty of the loving pair; everybody mourned the affliction of the bride, who, for her part, seemed never so joyous.

Ta-uen and Lou-loua approached the tablet borne by turtle-doves, and appropriately inscribed their names. Ta-uen spoke a few words indicative of his intentions through life so far as Lou-loua was concerned, and then an amazing incident occurred.

Lifting her beautiful eyes to her lover's face, and opening her beautiful lips, Lou-loua softly murmured:

"This is my dear and only lord, the master of my faith and duty!"

"Ah, hi!" cried everybody, Ta-uen included.

The explanation was rapid and complete.

"How could I help it?" said Lou-loua. "What they said was, that you scorned me for my tongue. Oh, hateful tongue, to bring me Ta-uen's scorn. I would have forever remained your Silent Lover, but for your later words, impelling me to take once more my gift of speech. Does Ta-uen forgive me?"

"Ah, hi! Lou-loua," whispered Ta-uen, "I am conquered."

For a while the entire community of Nanchang, excepting Tai-ping-siuen, the faithful friend, laughed immoderately. But the lovers cared little for this. Far away from the city's turmoil, once more on the shore of Poyang, they lived only for one another, and there, where nature is ever the most fair, they found unending happiness.

EDWARD H. HOUSE.

FROWN NOT.

FROWN not, dear love, nor deem thy faith abused
Because I try thy love, which I love best;
Frown not, nor deem thee heartlessly misused,
Because I try thee with my teasing jest!
If, as thou say'st, my mirth is sweet as chimes,
May I not jingle out of tune sometimes?

And if—and if I loved thee not, or less,
Believe me I should pass unvexing thee.
But inly vex'd by feverish fretfulness,
I fret thee with the pangs love whets for me.
When most I fret thee, sweet, then most I love;
And colder seem that thou may'st fonder prove.

Thou tellest me, with envious, angry glance,
Of happier men, and mistresses more kind—
Of calm Yolande, and placid, fair Constance;
Less fitful these, thou say'st, than Summer wind.
Yet must I deem them, love, more fair than wise,
Since thou did'st 'scape them both to be my prize!

Bethink thee, dear, if I had tried thee less,
Would'st thou have sworn so oft to free thy heart?
Would I have bow'd my pride to tenderness?
And both have proved we could not live apart?
Nay; whensoe'er we stinted both for pain,
Have we not paid it doubly back again?

Frown not, beloved, nor vex thee with my ways;
Enough that thou art mine, and I am thine.
Thou would'st not have me change what won thy praise,
Or lose the charm which makes thee wholly mine?
Ah, when I fret, then most I love thee, sweet,
And colder seem that we may fonder meet.

MARY WALSINGHAM.

THE CRY FROM THE STUDIOS.

THE petition which the artists of the National Academy of Design have sent to Congress, praying that a heavy tax may be imposed on all foreign pictures imported into this country, has naturally enough excited a good deal of discussion among people interested in art and desirous of seeing the public share in that interest. We ourselves have yet to hear in private the first word of approval either of the spirit of the petition or the terms of it; and as for the public discussion in the newspapers, we believe the "Tribune" is the only leading journal that has not spoken strongly against the measure, and even the "Tribune," considering how sturdy a champion it is of Protection, has said much less in favor of the measure than might have been expected. Other journals, as the "Evening Post," the "World," and the "Herald," have exposed the narrowness, the illiberality, and the cowardice of the petition, each in its own way. The best article that we have seen on the subject was one in the "Home Journal." It was serious and elevated in tone, full of good, plain sense, and lighted by a lambent humor that in turn showed all sides of the matter.

The artists may gather from these articles in the public journals how much interest is felt in their movement. Perhaps, indeed, it may not have occurred to them that the public, as well as themselves, has a direct and personal interest in this matter. If we may say it without giving offence, which is hardly to be hoped, they seem to have looked at the subject in that purely mercenary aspect which is at present the fashion here in America. We shall be upheld by all those who have considered the matter when we write that there is as much speculation, as much strategy, and as much trickery employed to-day by certain artists in selling their pictures, as there is among certain Wall Street men in selling stocks; and this mercantile, trading spirit is rapidly becoming infectious, and threatens to retard the growth of a genuine art in this country, if not to kill it altogether. No one can have been long in a position to command an inside view of the world of what, for convenience sake, we call art, here in New York—the studio, the auctions, the galleries, the "private views," the Academy, the newspaper criticisms—without coming to the conclusion that, whatever may be said for the actual art, the knowledge of manœuvring, the business ability, the familiarity with artful dodges, the stone out of which this great seething pot of soup has been made, are deserving, from a worldly point of view, of the very warmest applause. We have many anecdotes to tell which would abundantly illustrate and

justify the statement, but the facts are too patent to need either illustration or justification. If, however, any one should seriously doubt or deny, let him, if he can, secure the possession of an editorial chair in some journal whose circulation makes its praise worth having and its censure worth fearing pecuniarily, and he will not be long in learning that there are many artists who can be as persistent, as pushing, and as brazen in their efforts to secure his praises as the keeper of a Chatham Street clothing store could be in the pursuit of a customer. We are very far from saying that all our artists are of this sort; unpleasant as our experience has been, it does not prevent our seeing that these uneasy, vain, avaricious men are as yet the exception, not the rule; but they are, for all that, not men whose influence is to be despised. They are men of mark, men well known, and if they are not men of real merit, the public knows nothing of that; it is not to blame for being deceived by this clamor of puffery, this manifest outward success, this universal assenting voice of praise. "Surely," says the ever young Mrs. Grundy, "surely, there must be some merit where there is such a demand for his works, and they bring such high prices!" But why, we ask the lady, should it be wondered at, that a man is talked about and his pictures sought for, when the main business of his life is to see that he is talked about, and that no opportunity for notoriety is ever missed. Surely, it would argue a poor talent for business, if unremitting attention to it did not produce some result.

Now, our only practical concern with this state of things, apart from the personal annoyance and mortification of seeing charlatans and pretenders usurp the places of better men, lies in the fact, that cannot be denied and may as well be faced, that the influence of these men is making itself felt on the whole body of artists, and is rapidly making traders of them. The younger ones, especially, who see men with comparatively little talent, and that merely mechanical, rise to place and wealth and influence with a rapidity proportioned to their lightness, are sorely tempted to envy their success, and to inquire how it has been accomplished. When they find that bounce and bribery are the philosopher's stone that turns all this brass to gold, they are naturally led to ask themselves whether bounce be not a good creature, and whether they will not be flying in the face of Providence to neglect employing so skilful a servant. Of course they forget, or do not know, that much of this success is ephemeral, and that even while it lasts it is a success merely of money, and not of solid reputation, much less of real fame. The generation that sees these Will-o'-the-wisps dancing about the world will see them die out, either from a failure of gas, or in the light of a real talent rising above the horizon; and as in Göthe's pretty fairy-tale, the gold coin that they shake so freely from them as they dance will prove nothing but illusory stuff that buys nothing in any market.

We have no desire to be captious, if we can help it. We do not rashly conclude that this desire for money, country-houses, horses, and the rest, shows an innate or acquired depravity. On the contrary, we dare say that they are very good things, else we do not see why the world should be so bent on having them. But this we do say, and will maintain, that just so soon as an artist, or a body of artists, or a literary man, allows these things to come between him and his art, just so soon his art will deteriorate, and if he persists in dividing his thoughts between his art and the world, the world will finally devour him and his art, and make an end of both. This is not sentimental nor fanatical talk; it is plain common-sense, and is backed by all history and experience; and although we know very well, beforehand, that many who read it will laugh at it, we shall continue to believe it until something better than a laugh can be brought against it.

Now, it is greatly to be regretted that the habit of looking at art as a business, a speculation, a means of realizing money—aspects in which it never was regarded in any great era, nor by any true artist—should become the fashion here. But, unfortunately, the signs are plenty that it is getting to be the fashion, and both the artists and the public are suffering from the effects. There is no lack of talent among us; there are young men who, if they once could feel the stimulus of a cultivated public opinion, or of professional enthusiasm, to say nothing of the inspiration of the muse, urging them to study, to devotion, would produce sterling works, and make art mean something worthy of the world's serious regard. We could name a half-dozen such at least; we will name them;—but no, the public knows them well enough, and they, alas, know the public, and are content to give it all it asks for, because in return the public gives them all that they demand—gold for falsehood and flummery, dross for dross.

This latest movement of the artists, appealing to Congress to help them sell their pictures by giving them a monopoly in the market, is of a piece with the other developments of the spirit we complain of. But, more than this, it shows an indifference to the rights of the public, and to its pleasures, which seems to us very illiberal; these gentlemen consider only themselves, and forget, or else are indifferent to the fact, that, outside of their small circle, the matter in dispute may not be looked at with their eyes. They have come to be so in the habit of looking at their pictures from the shopkeeper's point of view, that they do not see any distinction between his goods and theirs, nor any reason why, if it be desirable that he should be protected by prohibitive duties, it should not also be desirable to protect them. The same way of looking at their work has led them to denounce criticism, for, "why," one of them asks, and in so many words, "shall the critic be allowed to say my pic-

ture is bad, and yet it shall be libel if the same man go into my father's grocery and publish that he sands his sugar and sells beans for coffee?" And because this reasoning has seemed good to the artists they have made a combined and strenuous, if not very successful, effort to send the critics to Coventry. In the matter of criticism they were easily answered, for it was plain that if they put their pictures in a public place and asked people to look at them, there could be no law either written or unwritten, forbidding the public to look and speak its mind. So, if the paternal grocer had sent his sanded sugar or his make-believe coffee to the fair, and entered into public competition with other grocers, it would have been perfectly proper for the committee to announce that he had sent inferior goods; his sending them there implies that he dares the risk of being found out and exposed. So much for criticism, where the artists, however anxious to have their productions treated like any other manufacture, could not convince the public that they were justified in their demand. And, now that they have made a second attempt to reduce art to the same level with manufactures, and to have it subjected to the same laws that govern trade in pigs of iron and lead, or in bales of goods, we venture to prophesy that they will not succeed any better.

We are believers in protection for manufactures, at all events for manufactures in their infancy. Every nation that ever became a manufacturing nation has been obliged to have recourse to protection, and has only become free trade when protection was no longer necessary. But no nation, so far as we can learn, ever attempted to nourish the arts by any such material and mechanical device, nor was it ever before proposed. On the contrary, every advance in the fine arts made by any people, every great epoch in the history of art, has been due to the stimulus given to native talent by the importation of foreign works. This is not the place for a muster of historical facts. Everybody knows what Italy owed to Greece, what Germany and France owed to Italy, what England owed to the Low Countries. We Americans, humble as is the place we have thus far gained in art, have scarcely produced a painter who was not either stimulated by the sight of some foreign work accidentally seen here, or who, starved and stifled in our dry material air, did not rush incontinently to some other country where art had once flourished, and where she still had a home.

When, under the protection of a high tariff, the manufacturer of iron in this country has brought his product to perfection, the bar that he offers in market is not to be distinguished from a bar made in whatever other part of the world. Whoever owns a Waltham watch is as well off as he who owns one made in Liverpool or Geneva. He might prefer, from prejudice, or ostentation, or habit, a foreign watch, but none that he could buy would serve the sole

use of a watch—to tell the time accurately—better than the home-made one. But no two products of art are the same, nor have more than a general and superficial resemblance. Cultivate your art at home till it has reached the highest possible point, and yet it will in no way necessarily supersede the art of other countries, nor render it needless to see and study what other people have produced. When we make iron bars as well as they can be made, nobody will care to buy English iron, there will be nothing to gain by examining it, there will be no need of a bar of it being brought to this country. But suppose that by the desired tariff an effect were produced which will not be produced, and fifty or more original artists of the very highest genius were ushered into the world in consequence. Well, we shall then have fifty artists of our own; but, will those fifty make it unnecessary, or not to be desired, that we should see the fifty that England and France and Germany shall have each produced in the same time?

The artists complain bitterly of the cheap French and German pictures which are brought in such numbers into this country, and express a strong desire to get rid of them. They seem to reason that their cheapness proves their badness. For our part, if cheapness were all that could be proved against them we should hope to see this petition promptly rejected. And if their badness is their sin, we confess to a malicious desire to see the names of the seventy-three signers of this paper, for we did not know we had so many painters of that virtue that they can afford to throw stones at poor Mr. Cadart. We would lay a wager that, if the names of all the artists long and favorably known to the public, all those names signed not out of sympathy with the petitioners but out of good-nature and compliance, were stricken from the roll, we could name on our fingers the men who have led this movement, who have been working at it for years, and who have carried it to its present point in spite of the opposition of the better part of the profession. We name no names, but everybody behind the scenes here in New York knows well enough that this movement did not originate with the best artists, nor even with good ones. Such had nothing to fear from foreign pictures. From the excellent they learned valuable lessons, and they saw that even the poorest could teach them something, if it were only what to avoid.

We will confess to something of impatience when we see how easily the men who, by the specific gravity of their genius, sink ever more and more to the bottom, men who never study, who are thoroughly satisfied with themselves, who disdain to be taught, fly for a remedy for their poverty, their ill-success, their failure to draw the regard of the public, not to study, not to devotion, not to persevering endeavor to excel, but to legislation and all external aids. We have, among our artists, earnest students, faithful workers,

high-minded, aspiring men, and these men are content with their success, have indeed no reason to complain of neglect. Here we may without impropriety name names, and ask whether any one hears of Eastman Johnson, or Church, or Durand, or Huntington, or Kensett, or Farrer, or Guy, or J. G. Brown, or Charles Moore, complaining that they cannot sell their pictures because of Cadart and Pilgeram? Do Quincy Ward and Henry K. Brown and William Story go about crying because nobody will buy their statues? Was there ever a really thorough, good piece of work made that could not easily be sold for a fair price? We know that there never was, and especially there is never such a thing seen in these days. But if poor work will not sell, we are glad of it. We only wish it were true, but it isn't, for there has been a mania lately for giving more for the poorest American work than can be got for the best foreign, and no good will come of the pecuniary success which has been gained for these works by illegitimate means.

Let any one who has studied carefully the last three exhibitions of the Academy of Design ask himself what will become of the public interest in art, if such pictures as have crowded those walls are to be the only food left it. From some source or other we need to get standards to judge by, something to study. And our artists are in serious need of competition and rivalry. We know that some of the best of them think that the successive importation of foreign pictures during the last ten years, especially those made by the house of Goupil, have been of great advantage to the whole body of artists, and have greatly advanced the public taste, while even the second and third rate productions have been far superior in some technical qualities to the best of the pictures painted here. Indeed, if we may speak frankly, we believe that it is just here, in the improvement of the public taste, that the difficulty lies. The majority of our artists have been left behind by it, and are indisposed or unable to make the necessary exertions to catch up with it, and regain the public favor. But the only effectual remedy for their trouble lies with the artists themselves who complain of neglect. They have neglected themselves first, have stinted study and failed from the place of teachers, and given the public their worst, and they will find that all the legislation in the world cannot make up for lost time and wasted opportunity.

CLARENCE COOK.

NAPOLEON'S PRIVATE CABINET.

IN the Palace of the Tuileries, or in whatever imperial residence the Emperor of the French may be, he is ever accompanied by what is termed *Le Cabinet de l'Empereur*, meaning his Private Secretary, or *Chef*, a *Sous Chef*, and two *attachés* of the first official, four *huissiers* or ushers, and a copyist. These form the private cabinet of his Majesty, and the chief or first secretary is looked upon as one of the most important personages in France. The well-known Monsieur Mocquard filled this post up to 1865, the date of his death, and he organized for himself the following varied and numerous duties: He prepared all the public speeches made by the Emperor; he looked over and arranged, in the order of their importance, the dispatches, letters and petitions addressed to his Majesty, and he answered them or gave directions to his *attachés* as to the will of the sovereign in each case. Persons desiring audiences of the Emperor (except those connected with diplomacy) received their replies from the *Chef du Cabinet*, and as he assumed great latitude in deciding whether the applications should reach his imperial master, his own importance, from that fact, increased vastly. There was no appeal from the decision of Monsieur Mocquard; documents which he deemed it best not to present were thrown aside; those submitted to the Emperor were in most cases not even glanced at by him. He knew that his *Chef* was a keenly sagacious individual, that he comprehended in a moment the best policy to pursue, and, except in matters of the utmost importance, the entire responsibility of disposing of all these papers was left to Monsieur Mocquard. Selecting from the number those to be answered at once, the Private Secretary settled the matter very expeditiously, and with a scratch of his pen he disposed of petitions for advancement, relief, pardon, etc. "*Non*" scrawled over an epistle indicated that the *attaché* should make a decided refusal; and a curt, peremptory "no" was at once addressed to the unlucky person who wrote the petition. "*Desolé, mais pas possible*" (very sorry, but not possible), was understood by the *attaché* to mean that a polite but formal note of regret should be sent in that case. "*Nous verrons*" (we shall see), occasioned an answer to a petition which gave the writer cause to hope.

Thus, with different and very brief indications, the *Chef* conducted the business of replying to letters addressed to the Cabinet of the Emperor. As some hundreds were received daily, the labor would have been onerous had not the *attachés* thrown into the waste-basket scores of these epistles. About a third of the number reached the Secretary, and some half dozen were read to the Emperor. The

task of answering these few was no easy one. The replies had to be carefully worded to suit the important persons addressed, who were in many instances kings, cardinals and bishops, princes and dukes, leading politicians, and sometimes *mouchards*, or spies. Great care had to be observed, not only that the tone might please the person for whom the letter was intended, but also that the wishes of the Emperor might be satisfactorily expressed; and herein rested the great difficulty of the *Chef*. He never knew when the Emperor might demand the perusal of the letters to be forwarded. Days, and sometimes weeks, passed by without his Majesty seeming to care about the correspondence in question, and then suddenly he had, to all appearances, determined to see each reply, and in regard to these he was generally fault-finding and exacting. Hard to please, morose, in fact, during these gloomy intervals, the Emperor gave the *Chef* of the Cabinet much trouble. The *Chef*, however, had the relative satisfaction of venting his pent-up discontent upon the *attachés*, and these in their turn found fault with the ushers. At such periods those coming for the first time to the *Cabinet de l'Empereur* did not find it a pleasant place. At other times the polite manner and condescension of the white-cravatted, brown-uniformed *huissiers* were remarkable.

The *Chef* had not only to answer letters; it was his duty to sort he dispatches from the Ministers of War, Foreign Affairs, Navy and Finance, also the reports from the Prefect of Police, and lastly the printed slips containing important extracts from the English, Spanish, German, Russian, Italian and American journals. The Emperor insisted upon looking over all these, or at any rate the more important, and upon these the Chief Secretary was expected to decide. He could not neglect this part of his duty. Had he been found doing so, he would have forfeited in a great measure the confidence of the Emperor. Of course, the fulfilment of all these duties required time, so the *Chef* came to his "bureau" at seven in the morning, Winter and Summer, remained there until twelve, breakfasted at the Imperial table, and was then at liberty until five in the afternoon, when he returned to the palace and remained until seven in the evening.

The *Sous Chef* is more an ornament than a useful member of the Cabinet. He is generally a person of distinction, to secure whom to the interests of the Imperial *régime*, the post of Under Secretary is given. He draws a salary and has a "bureau" and servants attached to his person and his office in the palace, but he does nothing except in case of the serious illness of the *Chef*. For the time being he assumes the position ostensibly, but in reality the business of the Cabinet is accomplished by the *attachés* of the *Chef*. In short, the *Sous Chef* has a sinecure.

The Emperor was ever disinclined to admit too many persons into

the secrets of his Cabinet, so the *Chef* and *attachés* were alone allowed access to the correspondence. To secure the fidelity of the latter personages, liberal salaries and numerous decorations were bestowed upon them, but they were kept but partially *au courant* with the affairs of State. The ciphers used by his spies near the thrones of Europe or those used by eminent political people who correspond with his Majesty, were never revealed to a third party. The Emperor in most instances declined to trust even his long tried and devoted *Chef*, Mocquard, with the key to these dispatches; they were delivered to him in stirring times at whatever hour received. If he was sleeping, his valet had orders to wake him. Trusting no one, the Emperor preferred being disturbed in his rest rather than admit others into his confidence. But, of course, this secrecy was applied merely to more personal matters; to those reports which concerned the Emperor more nearly. Other reports, more directly concerning the Emperor's policy or the welfare of the empire, were known to the Secretary, and this fact of course increased his influence and power. Knowing so many of the secret resolves of his master, he became aware of the ultimate disposal of many important matters; he found it quite practicable to foresee the conclusion of questions affecting grave interests, and could act with reference to his future advantage and provide for the interests of his favorites and followers, by whom he was, of course, ever surrounded. A hint from the Private Secretary brought with it fortune. He could enrich himself and those whom he chose to patronize. That he took care of his own interests, Monsieur Mocquard gave the best proof. He amassed an enormous fortune in a few years, leaving several millions of francs to be divided among his three children.

In a lesser degree the *attachés* of the Cabinet were powerful and influential. They had orders to throw aside such petitions or letters as seemed to them trivial or absurd, and as there were very many such, of course they could, through interested motives, retard or accelerate the receipt by the Emperor of documents addressed to him. They were allowed to open documents not marked in a manner to designate that none save his Majesty or the Secretary might break the seal, and this in itself constituted a great power. A promise from one of the *attachés* to further a suit to his Majesty was eagerly sought after by the majority of petitioners, and in many cases the former must have profited by the advantages which their official position gave them, since it was easy for them to give prominence to a case they favored.

As I said above, the parties forming the Cabinet of the Emperor accompany him wherever he may go. Couriers, active and zealous, have charge of the mails for his Majesty, and in no instance does he ever consent to be without his daily batch of letters and papers.

Even when on a pleasure trip or out shooting, if he is to remain more than a day, the service of the Cabinet is performed. Members of this important office accompany him and receive documents and reports transmitted through the regular workings of his Majesty's mail couriers.

During the war in Italy in 1859, in all his grand tours through the different departments of the empire, and during his voyage to Algeria and Corsica, the functions of the Cabinet were never suspended. During the war the Empress Eugenie remained in Paris as Regent, but in reality the work of the Imperial administration, its actual direction, was presided over by the Emperor himself through the *Chef* and *attachés* of the Private Cabinet. Fatigued by a long day's journey or the active supervision of a great and hotly contested battle, his Majesty did not retire to rest until he had gone through the routine of the duties of his Cabinet. He inspected the letters pronounced important by the *Chef*, agreed with the latter as to answers to be made and dispatches sent; in short, each day he attended regularly to his self-imposed task. The official and semi-official journals in Paris received orders to dwell much upon the fact that under the supervision of the Empress the affairs of the empire were in admirable train—that her wisdom and tact rendered her quite able to conduct affairs of state; but all the while the real master of the situation was the Chief of the Private Cabinet, who gave orders and directions while awaiting the final disposal of matters through the Imperial dispatches.

These facts being known, it becomes evident that the *Cabinet de l'Empereur*, through the constant personal attention of Napoleon, must be looked upon as one of the most important institutions of the empire. Its *Chef* knows more of the mind of the Emperor than any of his advisers, and in most cases this *Chef* can make or unmake the leading men of France. Being with the Emperor at all times, studying his moods, his likes and dislikes, the *Chef* can incline him in favor of or against those prominent in office. He can magnify their qualities or their foibles, and that he may thus wield a most powerful influence was evinced by the court paid to Monsieur Mocquard, by even the highest dignitaries of the empire. During his life, this *Chef* was the right arm of Napoleon, and, in more instances than might readily be believed, he moulded and changed the policy of his Majesty. Since the death of Mocquard, the post of Private Secretary has of course lost some of its importance; the successor of the cunning old man can never have the opportunities for obtaining compromising information and secrets, which the latter obtained through a life-long intimacy with Napoleon, as a lad, a prince, and finally an emperor; but still the present *Chef* can but possess much influence, and his office must ever be one of immense influence, so long as the movements of the Emperor are made known

to him alone in advance of even the most trusted advisers. Ostensibly civil in its attributes, the Emperor's Cabinet is in reality political in its workings. It settles more diplomatic questions than the Foreign Office of his Majesty ever dreams of. Political agents, princes or diplomats having secret missions to the Court of France, transact business with the Private Secretary of the Cabinet. They in many cases conclude their missions without having met the Emperor at all, the *Chef* being the intermediary in these secret political schemes. It not unfrequently happens that the French ministers come to the Chief of the Cabinet to obtain information concerning the probable movements of the Emperor, and even the members of the Privy Council of Napoleon are aware that the official in question knows more about the real intentions of the sovereign than they. This being the case, the importance of the position becomes all the more manifest; hence this brief sketch may not seem inopportune to those who take an interest in the surroundings of the Emperor Napoleon III.

H. A. Delille.

WHO KNOWETH?

WHO knoweth the hope that was born to me,
When the Springtime came with its greenery:
With orchard-blossoming, fair to see,
With drone of beetle and buzz of bee,
And Robin a-trill on his apple-tree,
Cheerily, cheerily!

Who knoweth the hope that was dead—ah me!
That was dead—and never again to be,
When the Winter came, all dismally,
With desolate rain on desolate sea;
With cold snow-blossoms for wood and lea,
And the wind a-moan in the apple-tree,
Drearily, drearily!

Ina D. Coolbrith.

NEBULÆ.

—— Our British cousins have lately made a great discovery—two discoveries in fact, each of them very important, at least to the discoverers. For two generations, at least, it has been the habit of their journalists, their travellers, their quarterly reviewers and political writers of even higher grade, to speak of "the Americans"—as they call all the people living in the United States, no matter of what race, where born, or how bred—as a pack of shrewd, coarse-minded sharpers, regardless of law and of decency, governed by a mob, themselves being part of the mob—people with whom it was desirable to be at peace because they had power to use and money to spend in the purchase of British manufactures, but whom, on the other hand, it was "the correct thing" to treat with haughty indifference, and to speak of constantly with contempt and ridicule. For some reason or other, not mentioned, and, of course, quite impossible to divine, there has come a sudden change over the minds and manners of these good people in this respect. We are the same that we were thirty years ago; except that owing to the influx of ignorant Europeans and the unsettling effects of a great war, we are, taken as a whole, somewhat less law-abiding, somewhat more exacting, and somewhat less well-behaved than we were in the last generation; and yet all at once we find that British opinion has changed in regard to us in these respects, and that we are getting an "illigant characther" from our whilom revilers. Chief among these has been the "Saturday Review," which is the most powerful organ of public opinion among the educated classes in England. From the time of its establishment until the present day the "Saturday Review" has sat in the seat of the scorner, and the Americans have been at once its horror and its butt. Our brutality, our contempt for law, our disregard for all considerations but those of our own interest and the will of our fickle mob, our prosecution of a mad, bloody, blackguard war, our readiness, nay our intention to repudiate our debt as soon as the war was over—these were the topics upon which the "Review" rung its weekly changes through five years without ceasing. Now, however, when it is found that, in spite of all Lord Russell's pooh-poohing, the "Alabama" question must be taken into consideration, and settled with some regard to the facts and the right of the case, the "Review" approaches the subject in a spirit so different from that which formerly pervaded its columns upon this and all kindred topics, that we rub our eyes in amazement, and wonder if, indeed, this can be our own dear Saturday Reviler. Speaking for its immense constituency among the British governing classes, it says, "The Americans are sore with us, *but they are an eminently just and law-loving people*" (O, when did we become so, Saturday Reviewer, when?), "and they will gladly listen to us if we will but do our best to inspire them with a confidence that we are trying to deal with the case in a perfectly fair spirit." They will listen, O Saturday Reviewer, but as to the gladness and the joyfulness of their listening, that may not be quite so great as it would have been had this trying to deal with the case in a perfectly fair spirit been visible a little earlier. But we would by no means discourage Cousin Bull when he is in such a happy frame of mind. Let him do his best

to inspire us; and let him above all do his bettermost to deal with us in a perfectly fair spirit. It will be a novel attitude in which to find him, but not a very unbecoming one; and there's no telling what good may not come of it. For only observe whither, in this unwonted mood of his, Cousin Bull is tending. "The English public think it not unnatural that the Americans should be a little sore with us, *regret very much that the Alabama got out to sea*" (Since when have you mourned that untoward "accident," most gentle Saturday Reviewer, since when?), "and would be quite willing to make any compensation in their power" (Just think of it, John Bull willing to make compensation; and to a parcel of blackguardly Yankees!), "so long as they were satified that they were not being bullied into giving it." Of course John you shan't be bullied, no one likes to be bullied, least of all such a meek, unassuming creature as you are, who never did an arrogant thing in your life. Poor fellow, what a shame it would be for Jonathan to bully you, your cousin, too, John Bull! But that we are a just, an "eminently" just and law-loving people, is not the only discovery that the "Saturday Review" has made. There is a second; and it is of such an astonishingly novel character, that the passage in which it is revealed deserves to be reproduced entire.

Nothing would please the Americans more than to see themselves treated, on this and other occasions, in this way [the eminently just and perfectly fair way]. They would like that we should address them as equals addressing equals, honestly setting ourselves to discover what each can equitably ask the other to do; whereas we too often approach them with a kind of nagging haughtiness, carping at all their doings and sayings, and delighting to show the world with a quiet, bitter triumph how much our inferiors are misbehaving themselves. This is not the kind of thing we should much like ourselves, and the Americans are enough like us to resent it.

That paragraph deserves a place among the curiosities of British literature. The like of it has not been written till now since Great Britain became a nation, which was just one hundred and fifty years ago. It records for the British people the greatest discovery of the age. To us it makes little matter, except on the score of that personal good feeling which is always pleasanter than its opposite. British writers have often wondered why it was that Russia and the United States, one being the most absolute and the other most democratic power in the world, and having no bond of blood or language between them, and no memory of former alliance, as in the case of France, should be upon such good terms in all respects. They have now discovered why. It was because Russia has always treated us just as, by their own admission, they like to be treated, but as they have not treated us, according to their own confession.

—— Mr. Motley, it is said, will soon be recalled. It is to be hoped that the report is untrue. We have been more creditably represented on the whole in Europe during the last four or five years than we had been previously for many administrations. At London, at Paris, at Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and the Hague, we have had ministers who, by their acquirements, their culture, their knowledge of society, and their personal character, have not only been able to serve the country during a very eventful period, but who have been—what our foreign ministers should be—fair specimens of the best breeding and education of the Republic. Mr. Lincoln's appointments in this respect were excellent, and among them none were regarded with more favor than those of Mr. Motley and Mr. Marsh. Both these gentlemen had won distinction in literature; their names were known in Europe; they were not mere politicians who had stumped their way into Congress, and who were

sent abroad to satisfy their claims upon their party; they were acquainted with the history of European politics; they had some knowledge of the manner in which public affairs are conducted in old and highly civilized nations, and they had a personal dignity which has not always been remarkable in the representatives of the United States. The selection of highly cultivated literary men for such positions is much to be commended. Not that a man of letters is necessarily the best man for an important consulship or legation. Far from it; he may be in one way as unfit as a party politician is in another. But as we have no school of diplomacy, no real diplomatic corps in which promotion is to be won by service, men of letters, of a certain standing and breadth of culture, are, other things being equal, the best men that we can put into diplomatic positions. They have the intellectual culture, and very often the knowledge of society, and the breeding, which are of the first importance in diplomacy, and which are absolutely necessary to the creditable performance of the mere routine duty of a minister. They at least know the value of language, and can appreciate the necessity of using it in a dispatch or an official note in a style somewhat different from that in which it is generally used at a mass meeting or on the floor of the House of Representatives. They are acquainted with precedents; they understand the relative importance of forms and ceremonies which in themselves they may value very lightly; they know something of the constitution and the government of the countries to which they may be sent, and to what family the reigning monarch belongs; all which items of information are trifles which some of our representatives abroad have disdained to learn. With this appreciation of the fitness of such men for such positions, we cannot but sincerely regret that there should be any ground for the report that Mr. Motley is to be recalled. His appointment was hardly less popular than that which made Irving our representative at the Court of Spain. There was little to be done in Spain; but, still, since Irving would go, it was well to show that we could send such a man as he to do that little. There has not been a great deal to do in Austria, but every American who has visited Vienna, and every one of us who has thought upon the subject at home, has derived satisfaction from the knowledge that we were represented in the society of that highly cultivated capital by such a man as Mr. Motley. It is also to be considered that when men like Mr. Irving, or Mr. Marsh, or Mr. Motley reside abroad, they avail themselves of their position to perform literary labor which otherwise would be almost impossible to them, and which, rarely remunerative to them personally, adds much to the reputation of their country. If Mr. Motley is to be recalled, let us hope that he will be replaced by some gentleman who will do us equal honor.

—— Mr. Edwin Booth has been presented with a gold medal and a very complimentary letter signed by a goodly array of gentlemen—merchants, lawyers, men of letters, and painters, more or less distinguished. The occasion of the compliment, as the letter informs us, was the performance of "Hamlet" by Mr. Booth for one hundred successive nights. This, indeed, was a noteworthy incident in the annals of the drama; for we believe that in New York and by Mr. Booth such a succession of performances of that play has been, for the first time, possible. The ability to repeat a play of high character is a test of the capacity both of the principal performer and of the community before which he appears. John Philip Kemble made a cruel speech anent this upon one occasion. It was, and we believe is yet, the cus-

tom for the actors of the principal London companies, when the season is over, to go into the provinces, as the rural counties in England are somewhat queerly called, and there to play principal parts in the plays in which they are accustomed in London to appear as subordinates. At the opening of the next London season they used to meet together in the green-room of the theatre and exchange greetings and views. On one of these occasions, Kemble, condescending and affable, approached a very inferior and somewhat pretentious actor, and asked him where he had been. "To such and such a place, sir." "Ah," in his stilted style, "and what did you enact?" "'Hamlet,' sir, for my opening night." "Indeed," with a bland smile, and a complimentary manifestation of interest, "and what for your second?" "'Hamlet,' again, sir," with an air of modest pride. "What, twice in the same place?" "Hamlet" was Kemble's great part; and yet he could not have played it a quarter of a hundred times successively in London. That Mr. Booth could play it a hundred times in New York is not due in any great measure to an advance in taste during the past half century; for Shakespeare was more in favor at Drury Lane fifty years ago than he is now. If Kemble were living and in his prime he could not now play "Hamlet" a hundred nights successively in London, except with peril to the manager. Mr. Booth deserves well of the lovers of the drama in this country. He is a studious, thoughtful actor, with high aims and far more than ordinary qualifications for his art; and although both in elocution and in action he sometimes deals rather hardly with the modesty of nature, he often shows a subtle and delicate perception of the dramatic purpose of his author, and on the whole he may be safely placed at the head of our native actors. But it may well be questioned whether he has attained such a pitch of excellence as to warrant the making of a gold medal in his honor, and its presentation in public by a committee of prominent citizens. His study and his performances have brought him both praise and pudding in plenty, which all thorough study and good performance should bring. But it is difficult to see the reason for such public honor as he has just received. We strike a medal to commemorate the taking of a city, the conclusion of a peace, or the attainment of some other great public advantage. If a man writes fine poems or makes fine speeches, we say so; he has fame and such reward as his labors can be made to bring, but nothing more. It is difficult to see why the successful actor should be made an exception. If we make public presentation of a gold medal to Mr. Booth, what shall we do for Emerson and Lowell, neither of whom, we may be sure, ever received for either one of his works a sum equal to that which Mr. Booth has received for playing "Hamlet?" This presentation is an example of a fault of taste and discretion which is becoming too common with us. The address of the subscribers to the medal is marked by grace, dignity and propriety of expression unusual on such occasions; but when, representing themselves as the spokesmen of men of their standing, they say that Mr. Booth's portraiture of "Hamlet" "will always hereafter be the image of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' on our minds," they say a very great deal. More they could not have said if Mr. Booth were the greatest actor that ever lived, or, indeed, if he were the greatest actor that genius and study could possibly produce. They observe well that the series of performances which prompted their compliment is "honorable to the public taste" as well as to Mr. Booth's genius. And in truth, it is the public which should receive the medal, as we have no doubt that the recipient of it, with the modesty which

so often accompanies real merit, would confess. A community which can furnish audiences for a hundred successive performances of the most thoughtful play of Shakespeare's that keeps the stage, gives evidence thereby of a wide diffusion of culture and intelligence. If in other respects the presentation seems somewhat superfluous, in this it is fully justified.

—— Mr. Barnum has given us prize babies, and now it seems that we are to have prize gentlemen. Mr. Leonard W. Jerome has, among his other munificent acts, given $5,000 to Princeton College, the interest of which is to be spent in a gold medal, which, by the vote of each graduating class, shall be bestowed upon that one of its members whom his classmates shall pronounce their first gentleman. The good intention of the founder of this prize can be doubted only by a cynical critic; but whether the mode adopted is the best for the attainment of the end proposed, may well be questioned. Is it not more than probable that when superiority in gentlemanliness is to be decided by the vote of a class of lads, or very young men, the recipient of the prize will always be the most popular fellow in the class? The open-handed, good-natured, easy-going, "hail-fellow-well-met" lad will be pronounced by the majority of his classmates, we may be sure, the most perfect gentleman among them. He may lack personal dignity, polish of manner, and that something which is neither education nor polish but in this regard better than either, culture; he may be to a certain degree without moral rectitude, and even really without what Mr. Jerome indicates as the essential distinction between an honest man who is, and an honest man who is not a gentleman—a due regard for the feelings of others, and yet make himself serviceable to and popular with his classmates, and get the name of the most gentlemanly fellow in college. That Young America would be the better for a little more suavity and consideration for the feeling and convenience of people in general cannot safely be disputed. The great increase of wealth here during the last thirty years, the general desire of a certain degree of education, and the facilities for obtaining it, have one set-off to their benefits in the production of a very large class of young people who dress as expensively and know as much as most of the noblemen of Europe, and who yet lack the manners without which wealth and knowledge, and we will even add honesty and good nature, will fail to make the gentleman. It is to be regretted that there is a class of social philosophers among us who discourage the acquirement of good manners; regarding them as the sign of an emasculated nature and the badge of polished selfishness, and proclaiming, or rather boasting, that there is a "kind of gentility, and the most genuine," which "is quite consistent with awkwardness and angularity of carriage, with great carelessness of costume, and with rough and stammering speech." There is, without doubt, a manliness of character which is not inconsistent with these traits, but which, however, is none the better for connection with them; but manliness is not gentility, although it is something better. Why should rudeness of speech and uncouthness of manner be palliated, if not lauded, because honesty of character, which may exist in connection with them, but which as often does not as it does, is of all things most desirable? Who finds a pleasure in the society of learned boors and honest brutes, which would not be increased a hundred-fold if the honest and learned men were also gentlemen? What a penalty it must have been for the enjoyment of Dr. Johnson's conversation, to endure his bearish manners and his disgusting habits at table! How much better to read the "Rambler" in solitude, or even in a circle of well-bred fools! We have not

many Dr. Johnsons; but we have much gilded coarseness in our society which needs refining from within. Whether the Princeton medal will help us in this seems more than doubtful. Should it have any effect, we fear it will be rather to produce prigs and paragons than simple, manly, thoroughbred gentlemen.

—— It has been recently announced in the newspapers that at a Christmas dinner given by a certain general to his children, he was presented by his sons with a deed for the land on which the house stood in which the dinner was given, "valued at $3,000"—the house it is to be presumed, not the dinner. Now this was very filial and loving on the part of the sons, and the event was one of interest not only to the father, but to all the family. But outside of the family and the circle of family friends why should it be mentioned? and above all why should it be published to the world in newspapers? There is no reason assignable which is not degrading either to the public or to the parties directly concerned; in the former case by supposing that the public wishes to pry into private family affairs and will pay editors for prying to gratify this petty curiosity; in the latter by supposing that men who do a handsome thing in their family, like the one in question, are not satisfied with the pleasure of doing it, but like to have their bounty blazoned to the world. The Pharisees who sounded a trumpet when they gave alms were more respectable than such donors would be; for the Pharisees blew their trumpet before they gave the alms, to summon the people to receive them, and they gave not to their own family but to strangers; but to blow your trumpet after you have given your father or your wife a present is a meanness of ostentation to which we are unwilling to believe that any decent American would descend. And yet it is undeniable that there are people who seem to derive actual pleasure from seeing notice of their private affairs in print. They cannot lay an egg, however small, without getting some editor to do their cackling for them. The evil is increasing; and that it is an evil no manly, self-respecting man can doubt for a moment. People tell what they do to friends who they know will take the news to journalists; and the friends do take it; and when they are told that it is a private matter which should not be made public, the reply is, "Never mind that: do make a paragraph about it: it would please the ——'s so much." We knew of a case in which a widowed husband asked a journalist to make a paragraph about the death of his still unburied wife—"It would gratify the family so much." The willingness of people to be thus written about is sometimes pleaded by journalists in justification of such writing. But it is neither justification nor excuse; no more than it would be so for the doing of any other indecent act. Exposure of what should be concealed concerns not only the person who is exposed but the public which is, or ought to be, offended.

—— Readers of newspapers in these days, when newspapers are not read (Sir Boyle Roche *loquitur*), but glanced through, give little attention to the typographical appearance of the damp sheet which diffuses an odor of worldliness and printer's ink through the family circle at the breakfast table. So long as the news is given in letters that are easily legible, and in a style that is not dull, they are content, and look no further. It is probable, therefore, that a recent noteworthy change in the typography of "The Tribune" has escaped notice except by the few who take some interest in the art of printing. And yet the change is in a fashion centuries old, and is doubtless made as the first step to the entire abrogation of this old fashion. "The Tribune"

has provided itself with a new suit of type which is very clear and legible, and from which the "ligature" types have disappeared. An examination of any book or newspaper will discover that certain combinations of letters, such as fi, ff and ffi, are printed from one type, that is, they are ligatured, and cast as one character. In old printing this was more common than it is now. The combinations ct, st (with the old-fashioned long s), ft, sh, and others, were ligatured. This has all been banished from "The Tribune's" pages, where now we have, for instance, "affiance," not "affiance," and so forth, the i being made to carry its own dot over its own head, and not to trust therefor to the curl of the f to which it is ligatured. This is in direct opposition to the system of "combination type" which has found some favor, and which multiplies the ligatured letters; it having been discovered that certain letters occur very often in juxtaposition—qu, to choose an extreme example, being an invariable combination. The effect of the two systems in the composing room is of course directly opposite. The abolition of the ligatured letters diminishes the number of boxes in the compositor's case of type, and thus simplifies his labor; but on the other hand he has to make three movements to set up f f i when he would make but one to set up ffi. Experience only can decide whether more is gained by simplicity of arrangement than is lost by multiplication of movement. "The Tribune" is only keeping up its character as a reformer in thus doing away with a time-honored custom; but we trust that it will adopt no new fashion at risk of losing its well-earned reputation for excellent typography.

—— Faith is sometimes rudely shaken upon all subjects, and often in regard to Spiritualism—so called—notwithstanding the infatuation of most of its believers. We have heard of two cases in which married people were severely exercised by the revelations of mediums. In one a widow, who professed to be inconsolable for the loss of her husband, thought that she would like to hold communication with the dear departed, and sought a medium for that purpose. The spirit announced his appearance, and, after a little conversation, was asked if he was happy. "Very," was the prompt reply. "As happy as when you were on earth?" "Yes." "Happier?" "Yes." "To what stage in the world of spirits have you arrived?" "I am in hell." In the other case a wife who was a firm believer took her reluctant husband to a circle in order to convert him. She asked the spirits many questions about her private family affairs, all of which were answered correctly, to her great contentation and her husband's discomfiture. Among the questions was, "How many children have I?" "Four." The husband, whose relation to her seemed not to be known to the spirits, then put some questions to them which were also correctly answered. He finally asked, "How many children have I?" "Two." It is said that the disturbance of faith on the one side, and the stimulus to inquiry on the other, raised by that answer, are among the most remarkable circumstances connected with the history of spiritualism.

THE GALAXY

MARCH 1, 1867.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISPATCH.

FIFTEEN years have passed: the market stall, and the yellow-haired little girl in it are gone. But the child cannot be as far off, and unreal to us, as she is to the Ross Burley of to-day.

Instead of market and herb-girl, then; a road cut through a farm lying in the rich river-bottom of the Cumberland, in Kentucky. A mere belt of yellow clay; grass-grown, and full of the ruts and holes made by the hoofs of the cattle, with high banks on either side; a badly-kept road, only used as a drift-way by which the mules and cows of the farms inside were driven down to the ford yonder. But a lonely, pretty bit of landscape for a picture, with the low October sun slanting over the bronzed stubble-fields on one side, throwing a maze of black lines of fence shadow down into the dry road, and shooting level lances of light into the thick undergrowth of the opposite bank, and the dark oak and ash woods beyond, out of which the autumnal tints are just fading, scarlets and chrome yellows alike sinking into a dull copper color. The strip of road, the mosses of red and blackish green mottling the banks, the sumach bushes with knobs of maroon velvet, reddening in the sunlight where they were thrust out from the green; blackened maple leaves blown along by the wind; the rustling of the trees; the thrum, thrum of the woodpecker; that was all that there was to see or hear.

Yet Miss Conrad, taking her evening walk, pacing along in her usual grave, steady fashion, was conscious of an unwonted stillness and loneliness in the road. There were no brown chippeys hopping before her as usual in the ruts, or squirrels peering down from the fence-rails with beady black eyes; her gray, straightforward eyes, which seemed to observe nothing, suffered no trifles like these to escape them; the senses, too, with which Nature had endowed Margaret Conrad's slow, solid, white body, were keen as those of a hound or an Indian. She noted a peculiar stillness in the air, a faint sweet smell, which disappeared when she tried to give it name. Here and there, too, as she passed along, the grass was darker, and damp in spots under her feet. There had been no rain, and it was too early for dew. She went to the other side of the road, disliking, as usual, what she did not understand. When she came to the river, and sat down there, she had a certainty in her mind that she had left something behind her in the narrow strip of road, other than the underbrush, and yellow clay, and red October sunset.

She sat for an hour or two on the pebbles of the beach, her hands clasped about her knees, as motionless as any tree-stump near her, until the melancholy twilight came, and darkening, gave place to a clear, cold moonrise. Neither twilight nor moonrise suggested any of the usual delicate, flavorless reveries of young maidens to her brain; she was fully occupied in watching a frost-bitten bee creeping home. She made a bridge of her firm finger for it once or twice across perils in the way; at home she was a successful bee-fancier, because, perhaps, the bees fancied her, as they always do people of cleanly, sweet habit and kindly temper. Margaret never had read a Hymn to Nature in her life, but she was a keen judge of cattle; had found out that caterpillars would move to music, and a hundred traits of the Kentucky fishes and wild fowl that are not in the books. "They were better company than most people," she said, with a dogged scorn of her lovers, and of grammar.

Coming back through the road, she stopped now and then to listen; but the silence was unnaturally deep; once she startled a black, ill-looking bird from a spot among the bushes, and flapping its wings heavily, it flew away, circling through the moonlight. The falling dew had almost chilled the weak odor out of the air. Yet at times she caught it faintly; once or twice a swarm of black beetles scattered before her feet; the maze of shadowed lines on the moonlit road looked to her like mysterious writing. She halted, then presently shutting her mouth closer as if she had read the writing, and comprehended it, went on out of the road at an even, steady pace, to the lane beyond, in which she heard voices approaching.

She stopped, and in a moment saw the red spark of a cigar as it was thrown away, and two men coming toward her. She pulled on her hood impatiently.

"Neither will do; the book-worm would make as miserable a bungle of the matter as poor Rob," she thought.

"Stop. Turn back with me. We will go to the house; there's something uncanny down that road," gathering up the heavy folds of her dress as she stepped up on the long grass.

One of them removed his cap, showing a lazy, good-humored face, and bending six feet of loose-jointed, broadly-built body deferentially as he spoke to her, with a turgid sort of tenderness in voice and look.

The other, a tall man, who looked grave and middle-aged beside the dashing young soldier, fell back.

"I mean," she said abruptly, "that there's a wreck down yonder, which I have found; and I warn you off from it, Rob. That was all."

"It is fortunate that you found nothing worse, strolling about so late, with our army at Monticello, and the Yankees at Somerset. Zollicoffer can rein in the bushwhackers no better than Schoepf. A stray shot—if you have no thought for yourself," lowering his voice, "for me—"

"That will do, Rob," dryly. "There! I knew you'd stumble if you did not pick your steps."

The young man drew himself up, muttering angrily.

"I had no wish to snub you, Rob, boy, if that is what you mean," in the same grave, motherly manner. "Not more than I would old Rover. You're not unlike a good breed of Newfoundland, after all," looking up into his flushed, handsome face, with a laugh. "You're as honest, and as game, and as dull! I never thought of the likeness before," and again she laughed good humoredly, and swept on with her firm, free step, complacent at having at last hit on the true estimate of Rob Strebling, and set it out so neatly.

He fell back beside the older man to give her the path, following her large, compact figure with a baffled, feeble smile, and dog-like, affectionate eyes. Once, helping her through a stile, his hand lingered unseen on the folds of her dress. It was corded satin, of some dark, warm color; heavy, rich, and quiet, as was all her drapery; to Strebling it seemed a part of herself. The man beside him bit his thin lips, and buttoned his coat nervously, wishing in his soul that the day was come when these guests would be gone, and he could be quiet again with his book and his laboratory; acids were never coarse, nor alkalies vulgar; and if a book was a vapid companion you could put it down; but these people were guests and kinsfolk. He had an alarmed sense of especial antipathy for this remarkable young woman who knew no more of the winsome little affectations of other girls than would a Normandy draught-horse; but be she what she might, it was contrary to his Virginia notions of decorum to annoy any woman, even by homage, or to lay a finger

unpermitted on the hem of her garment. No gentleman could act as Rob Strebling had done; no Kentucky gentleman, at least.

They reached the veranda of the house; Rob stood, hat in hand, to say good-night—a dashing, soldier-like figure, he well knew, with the moonlight full on his curly brown hair and beard, and frank face. Inside of the major's uniform of the C. S. A., he suffered to be seen the waistcoat of rich Lyons velvet, the delicate shirt front; his studs were diamonds; his sleeve-buttons emeralds; his ring a ruby; a heavy rose perfume stirred about him; two years of the war had not materially changed either his clothes or tastes.

Miss Conrad sent him off as a boy to school. "You're on guard, Bob, you say, to-night. It is quite time you were gone;" giving him her hand as if it had been a bit of wood—turning to the other man with a relief in her eyes, as they fell on his scrupulously quiet dress and the rare antique in his seal.

"You are severe in your discipline of Strebling," he said, with an amused smile.

"Of the dead and absent, no evil," dryly. "But I wanted him safely set on his way—" An uneasy glance at the road ended the sentence. The moon had drifted behind heavy clouds—clouds of the opaque gray, that prophesy snow.

"Your wreck will be hid before morning?" opening the door for her to pass in.

"Yes. But we cannot go down. There is a patrol by the ford at night," anxiously knitting her brow.

"What is it? What did you see?" startled by her face.

"I saw nothing. When you start out gunning in the morning, Garrick, I will go with you down to the road. There will be less risk of interruption then than now."

She spoke in a tone of quiet authority which amused him. The man who had spent his life in a library was but a boy, in her opinion, when work was needed.

They went into the warm, lighted hall. Without, the moon threw a white light over the farm-house, and fields, and the woods and tents of the outposts of Zollicoffer's army. But in the lonely road there was a shadow. The moonlight, which framed all else into a quiet home picture, ignored, and left unfound the alien, unwelcome thing that lay under the drifting maple leaves, with its face upturned. When the morning air lifted the clouds, and, driving them apart, showed the arched blue overhead, and the vailing snow whitely folded over tent and farm-house and field, a few flakes had found their way through the thicket, down to the wreck beneath, vainly trying to cover it with the decency of their charity.

By day-break, Garrick Randolph, game-bag slung across his back, and gun in hand, was breaking the snow down to the cattle-road, followed by Miss Conrad, who shivered inside of her heavy cloak and hood.

He asked no questions, seeing that it was her mood to be silent. Her mood was not only silent—it infected him with a gravity which he tried in vain to shake off, humming a tune briskly to himself when he had left her any distance behind. When they reached the road, however, she took the advance, going on quickly until she came to the spot from whence she had chased the beetles. It was covered now with snow.

She pointed into the bushes. "Put down your gun and bag, Garrick."

"What is it? What did you see?"

"Nothing. I told you I saw nothing. But I felt death in there. I always know when there is a dead body near me. How could I tell you—*how?*" impatiently. "Hold back this grape-vine—it is across my foot," as she thrust her way beside him into the thicket. She was as strong a woman as he was a man; and she kept step with him. But when they had come to a heap of clothes covered with dead leaves and the melting snow-flakes, she turned aside.

"I knew this work would be to do. I'm sick. But give me a minute, and I'll help you, Garrick."

She was of women, womanish, after all, a fact which Garrick sometimes doubted; her grave, high-featured face was colorless, but for the blue scoring about her mouth and eyes, and her hands cold as the dead man's body which she helped to carry out of the thicket. But she did help to carry it, and when it was laid on the road, took the head on her lap to keep it out of the snow.

"Who is it, Garrick?" after he had busied himself about it—she with her head turned away.

"A scout, I suspect, shot by some stragglers from one or the other army. He has been wounded here in the side, and escaped so far to creep into the thicket and die."

"North or South?"

He scanned the butternut clothes, the square, compactly-built face. "The garb is the garb of Esau, but the face is Jacob's."

She made an effort to fold the ragged coat over his breast, while Garrick kept his thin, nervous fingers on the cold forehead. He was looking at the great mystery of Death through this poor shell: thinking how, perhaps, an eternity of joy or suffering already lay between himself and this man; thinking of the hour when he—

"Look here, Garrick! Only this thin cotton rag between his chest and the snow! God help us!" She was unfastening her cloak and making a shroud of it as she spoke.

"What matters the fate of this husk? Life never seemed so real to me as now in this unexpected——wreck, as you call it. Your wreck is a bark now on an infinite tide—"

"I don't know much about the tides in the other world, Garrick. The good Lord gives me so much to do here. I suppose

He takes care of us all through. I think this man was a mechanic," her gray, absorbing eyes passing over his face and horny hands with their peculiar quiet gaze. "It is a Northern face, and manly—manly."

She looked up to the range of low hills bounding the northern horizon. "I suppose," she said slowly, "he has an old mother, or a wife maybe, somewhere, who think nobody else in the world is like him. I wish they knew that I'll do all I can for the poor fellow. I wish they did."

Something in the deep, slow voice made the man's nerves unsteady, and brought tears to his eyes; he did not brush them away, not thinking whether she noticed them or not. He felt himself to be an unsteady sort of fellow in a practical work like this, and began fumbling with the man's feet, which were clogged with snow, ashamed to acknowledge he was waiting for a suggestion from the girl.

"I see no reason for not calling some of the people down from the house," she said, doubtfully. "If he had been a Northerner, and Rob Strebling's father there—unless it should be one of his loyal days, after a Union victory— What is this clenched in his hand?"

"Nothing. A bullet only. I think," mildly, "you are unjust to Strebling; he is a sincere man, though vacillating—"

"Let me look at that bullet; for a Minié rifle, eh? As for Mr. Strebling—wherever there's weakness, there's crime, before or after. Garrick! there is something wrong with this bullet—it is too light," weighing it in her palm. In another moment she was at work on it with her teeth, twisting it in the centre. A screw suddenly opened, and the bullet fell into two pieces. She drew out a fine slip of paper, which was covered with minute writing.

"This is your business. You are the man of us two," she said gravely, handing it to him.

He took it, and turned aside a moment. When he came back, she was watching him. "He was one of our people?"

"Yes."

"Who can you trust?"

Garrick stopped in his uneasy walk up and down. "Cole," after a moment's pause. "He is the blacksmith; you will find him in the quarters, Miss Conrad, if you will help me so far. He can smuggle a box from the shop here, and we can put this poor fellow out of sight."

She was going, when he added, "You had better not return. It will attract notice from the house."

"Yes." She turned back then, and stooped over the dead soldier, silent for a few minutes. When she looked up, Garrick was standing with his cap lifted.

"I was not saying any prayer," quickly; "I am a heathen, I believe; but there are so many different sort of people in the world! I was trying to remember his face, in case—there might be such a case, you know—I should ever find out any of his kinsfolk. I could tell them—" She stopped.

"It is an honorable face," said Garrick, looking down on it with his sensitive, speculative eyes; "though I should judge the man to be illiterate and of low birth. It is thoroughly plebeian, but full of purpose—observe. I never saw aim or persistent effort so stamped on features."

They were both silent, standing on each side of the body. The gleam of blue sky at dawn was already overcast; thick, gray clouds muffled the heavens from horizon to horizon; the snow began to fall, in a few large, drifting flakes.

"Well! that is the end of it—to be shovelled under this snow," she said, bitter, on the dead man's behoof.

"I should think," said Garrick, his voice thin and sharp, "that his balked purpose would taunt a man like this always, whatever may be his new work in eternity, yonder. I—I cannot submit to think of the poor fellow's life being thwarted in what was doubtless its one heroic deed, when I could have helped it."

"You?"

"I could finish his work."

"You mean—"

"These are dispatches from Schoepf. The fate of the Army of the Cumberland may depend on them. I judge this from a word or two which I have deciphered. There are few ciphers which I cannot read, and this is the contrivance of a school-boy. I can carry them, and, delivering them without giving my own name, discover his."

"What then?"

"He would lose no credit—don't you comprehend? The mother or wife you spoke of would believe his errand done before he died."

Margaret's gray eyes rested for a moment or two on the thin, glowing face before her. "I understand," in a lower voice. "But do you know the risk of crossing up into Ohio? I do. There is not a scrub-oak on the barrens, behind which you may not wager you will hear the twang of a musket, and you, Garrick Randolph, will be a doubly-marked man. There are none of your neighbors who do not know that, long ago, you would have been in the Federal army, but that you would not bring ruin on your father's head. Even I knew it, in Pennsylvania."

"There is no cause to keep me now," he said, quietly. He did not glance at the black clothes he wore, nor did his eyelids tremble. Whatever his father and he had been to each other was known to

them—the one dead, the other living—this woman should not lay her meddling hand on it.

"If you wish to join the Federal ranks, there is Schoepf at Somerset," she persisted. "See, Mr. Randolph, I am a stranger to you. If we had been twins, and sat on our mother's knee, we would have been strangers. But I do not want to see you throw your life away on a fool-hardy bit of Quixotism, such as this. I crossed the Ohio a month ago to come here; but even I, though passed from one outpost to another with a flag of truce, knew that we came through the barrens at the risk of life. And you—look at this," pointing to the man at her feet.

"You are going back again."

"That is for the help of the living," quickly, "not the dead."

She was turning off, when she came back hastily. "Give me the paper. I am going back. I hate anything underhand; but I'll smuggle it through—in the gauntlet of my glove, in my boot-heel. Give it to me, Garrick."

"No," putting down her hand gently. "I have a fancy to do this myself for the poor fellow."

She stood silent a moment. "So be it. I am glad you told me of the dispatch," in her ordinary slow, grave tones. "I am glad you trusted me. I will keep the secret."

Garrick lifted his cap, looking after her with a quiet smile. "I think I told you," he said, when she was out of hearing, "because you knew it already."

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEPARTURE.

> Now stir the fire, and draw the curtains close,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

"Ah, Cowper! Cowper! Let your Tennysons or your Göthes probe human nature as they will, it is the bard of Olney that soothes us—soothes us; like Summer air, or sleep, or—um! Yes, Cowper for me, Miss Conrad."

"Very likely," was her not very relevant reply, not looking up from her sewing.

It was Rob Strebling's father in one of his sentimental veins, standing on the hearth-rug beside her, his back to the glowing fire, still lean, padded, glossily dressed; not a day older, apparently, than he was fifteen years ago, for a sandy wig had replaced the sandy hair, and the whiskers, which might have betrayed telltale touches of time, were gone from his clean-shaven face; one white, wrinkled hand was held behind him, the fingers of the other gently patted his lips as he looked, affably smiling, down at her.

"The mission of the poet is to soothe. Surely, to soothe. He shares the office of the fair sex when we turn from the fray and heat of the world's struggles to the sanctities—sanctuary of home. Neither poet nor woman should look into the morbid depths of human nature. Ah, vexed human nature!" said Mr. Strebling, struggling to get back to land, finding himself in deep water.

"What should a young creature like Margaret know of frays and human nature?" said a sweet voice, and an old lady beside her put a delicate hand, in a half-scared way, on the heavy folds of lustreless black hair, eyeing her furtively, as a mild, motherly old puss might the young hound just imported to the fireside from some world of which she knew nothing. Young women of the present day were different from those she knew. It was owing to the "march of mind," perhaps, or transcendentalism, which was the same thing, she believed; they had not penetrated into the old Virginia houses in which she had lived; among the light-hearted, clear-eyed young girls there; girls whose literary tastes were formed on the Spectator, and Scott's novels; who dispensed the hospitality of their fathers' houses in a gay, gracious way, going to Richmond in Winter and to Greenbrier in Summer, dancing with their cousins until they married some of them, and became housekeepers, and mistresses, and mothers. Perhaps they did not keep up with the run of current books, but they were tainted with no vulgar radicalism about slavery or spirit rapping, and there was a repose, a thoroughbred air about them which she had never seen in the restless New England women. As for this new-found relation, she was of another species—if her mother was a Page; and the old lady's mild, faintly-colored face turned from time to time wistfully toward the girl, while she smiled graciously in assent to Mr. Strebling's lecture on the poets. Margaret's quiet, downright, unsmiling face was very attractive to gentlemen she had heard; she was thankful her nephew, Garrick, had escaped!

"How peculiarly you sew, dear Margaret," she purred. "Your threads are so long, and your needle moves so steadily and swiftly. Now my niece Lou has so many finical little ways, it is quite a play to see her; but you sit there always quiet, and strong as a machine—"

"Ah! here comes Garrick!" said Mr. Strebling, peeping out through the crimson curtains into the snow-covered avenue without. "Out gunning since morning! He will bring in a gust of cold air presently. These people who are capable of dragging all day through snow for such game as rabbits, have no comprehension of weaker nerves," shivering back to the fire. Margaret did not lift her face from her work; she had heard the quick, nervous step on the snow long before. Randolph had been gone since morning; the man was buried then, she concluded, and the hastily formed

plan of the morning was to be carried into effect; the day had been spent in arranging matters on the plantation before his departure. He would start that night. When he came into the room a few moments later, carefully shaved and dressed, as usual, her wide, gray eyes rested on him with a sincere pleasure. He must know that there was every chance that he was going to his death; and he was so quiet about it! Who would have believed that there was such thorough pluck in the nervous, sensitive fellow?

But there was a drop of gallant blood in everybody if you only touched the right vein! She got up suddenly, and held out her hand to Garrick, as one brave man might to another; there was something generous in the touch of the hand, which was both large and warm, that was like a hearty cheer to him starting on his forlorn hope; it brought a heat to his thin cheek, and a cheerfuller greeting for them all, for Garrick, when touched, was always most apt to be playful and joking. Mrs. Page knew that, and looked uneasily from him to the girl's gray eyes, which had burned for a moment with a sudden splendor of meaning.

"Dear! dear! if Garrick should be snared, after all!" she thought as she bustled out to order his supper. "They say old Conrad had Indian blood," and then grew quiet, remembering how delicately fastidious he was in the matter of family, how he cherished his pure descent back to the Champernouns of Elizabeth's time, a lineage on which there had fallen no stain of dishonor. Cultured, honorable gentlemen, the Randolphs, all. "And poor old Conrad—going from horse-racing to itinerant preaching at a jump! No, no! he's safe!" and she trod lightly back, rustling her gray silk dress, followed by Viney with the tray of devilled turkey, corn-bread, and coffee.

She had no trouble in forcing Garrick to eat; he established himself cosily in a corner, made her wait on him, brought the tears to her eyes, laughing at his jokes. He was always her darling, but it was not often he was boyish and light-hearted as to-night.

Margaret, whose eyes did not apparently leave her work, saw that Randolph's face never lighted with his laugh. There was a worn easy-chair by the fire which had been his father's; when he died and Garrick came home to the house in which there was only left poor old Aunt Laura to welcome him, he had taken it for his own; judging himself, it may be, as he sat in it night after night, whether he filled the place of the true, honorable gentleman who was gone.

He did not sit in it to-night; did not trust himself to look up once at the shrewd, benevolent face of his father above it on the wall. "He thinks it is his last night in the homestead," thought Margaret.

But presently Garrick and his undertaking faded out of her mind as she sewed. Her own affairs had trouble enough in them; and as for heroism, she had come out of a hurly-burly in which the very

air, she had fancied, was made up of the breaths of men dying heroically for causes which they thought good.

Mr. Strebling meanwhile watched her critically as he sat, and chafed his hands softly. He was a connoisseur in woman, but this was a new type. He could not make up his mind whether the pale, full, high-featured face was German or Indian; he could not make up his mind whether it was dull from stolidity or from the repression of passionate, electric energy; at times he called the large, firm, white figure with its slow and strong motions, its heavy crown of black hair, its solitary expression in full, half-closed gray eyes—simply coarse; and again he doubted whether a true artist would not have chosen it as a rare type for a grand primeval woman; whether any petty graces could equal this absolute freedom, this power in rest or motion.

"You are going to leave us to-morrow, Miss Conrad?" breaking silence, "your filial affection supports you through great perils."

To which she made answer in her slow, grave way, bringing all down to the levellest commonplace, that a flag of truce prevented all difficulty, and that it was not filial affection that brought her to Kentucky, but to sell the mules.

Aunt Laura gave an hysteric little scream. "But, Margaret, I did not understand this before. Surely it would have been better for your father to have risked all greater danger for himself, than to have suffered you to engage in such unwomanly work."

"I do not know about that; when there is work for me, I very seldom think whether other women have it to do or not. Some of them would not like it, perhaps; but I am a very good judge of mules, and the stock on the farm had to be sold or we should have lost it all. One army or the other had carried off half of it. I saw a dealer in Monticello, and told him he could have the remainder for a certain sum, and he paid me the money. As for Mr. Conrad, it was not fear that detained him; there was a reason why he could not come." The face looking up at Aunt Laura was as simple and honest as a child's, and looked child-like, for the moment, from some inward trouble that mastered it. But she dropped her eyes and kept her pain to herself.

"Dear! dear!" The old lady tapped the ends of her fingers together. Garrick was looking attentively at the girl, who had seen more of the world and of action in the past month than had entered into his whole life. Aunt Laura's wrinkled cheek grew hot; the lace strings of her cap fluttered; it was as well that he should be reminded of Miss Conrad's antecedents.

"What did your father do with his turf-horses when he entered the Methodist Conference, Margaret? Very finely blooded, his stock was, my brother always said."

"He kept the best of his stud," said the girl, folding up her work.

"Black Hawk gained a dozen premiums at State fairs before the war began. There is no reason why he should not love a good horse because he works for God?" with a smile.

Aunt Laura's lace fluttered more violently, but she only replied by a furtive glance of triumph at her nephew.

Mr. Strebling felt called to bring a soothing element into the conversation. He was a good-humored man, and dreaded the clashing of women's tongues.

"Fairs? Ah yes, my dear. That was another good thing to which this miserable war put an end. There's not a turn you can make from morning until night in which you are not met by inconvenience growing out of this gigantic mistake."

"I told you how it would be," sighed Aunt Laura, mildly. "My hands are clear—"

"But the most amazing point is the blindness of the North," pursued Mr. Strebling hastily, determined not to give up the track. "If we suffer in this manner, how much greater will be the loss there!"

"And all for free soil!" Aunt Laura brought in when he stopped for breath. "To prevent slavery on ground where it could not exist. An ideal negro in a hypothetical territory, as Alexander Stuart put it. I never understood the matter until I heard him. Now I do."

"Yes, my dear madam, yes!" blandly nodding. "But, as I observed, what is to become of the North shut off from us? It is a shop without patrons, a market without customers. Cut off from our supplies, too. Cottons, sugars, tobacco. Their mills will close, their operatives will rise—their streets will flow with blood!"

"I thought Philadelphia and New York unusually alive with business when I left," Margaret said, quietly.

"What could a child like you know of political ruin?" said Aunt Laura, with acerbity.

Mr. Strebling was suddenly silent; he began pacing up and down with long, uneven strides. The weather-cock, which he called a brain, was pointing another way. When he stopped, which he did presently, chafing his hands and smiling feebly, there was something in his voice which made Garrick look up, and reminded Margaret that it was an old man who stood before her.

"Philadelphia, my dear? You are going back again, eh? I had some friends there—some friends. I have often asked about them, but nobody seems to know them. Nobody seems to know if they are dead or alive."

"Who were they?" with a sudden deference in her tone. "Perhaps, I may know them. Unlikely things happen."

"No, my dear, no," resuming his slow walk. "There was a Quaker named Yates—a queer little body. She took a fancy to a mulatto boy of mine; but he died—Sap died."

"Was there any one else?" asked Margaret.

"No. A little girl that—I took an interest in; a little girl. She would be a woman now—Rosslyn."

"A curious name," said Miss Conrad, kindly, humoring the old man's fancy. For the first time it occurred to her how little was done by anybody to humor him, how empty of pleasure and interest his life was. "If I should meet Rosslyn there, I will tell her that you remember her?"

He stopped on the hearth-rug, drawing his thin figure erect, and rubbing his chin nervously.

"You will not meet her, madam. Her name is Rosslyn Comly. Comly was a blacksmith. She was a market-huckster—she sold fish, I think. There is not one of my house hands that is not better clothed. They would look down on her work, and her company. No, Miss Conrad, you will not meet Rosslyn."

He spoke vehemently, and when he had finished an awkward silence fell on the little party.

It was broken by Cole, a middle-aged, watchful-looking negro, who came through the half-open door. "Yer horse is ready, M's Garrick, ef yer goin over to Wairford's to-night."

"Why, Garrick! I thought you meant to sleep at home," cried Aunt Laura. "It is late, child," pulling out her watch.

"I ought to go," said Randolph. He rose slowly and stood with his hand on the mantle-shelf, glancing out at the night, with his grave, reserved, schoolmaster air, as Miss Conrad called it.

"He flinches!" she thought. "But many a good horse balks at the starting post."

She and the negro watched him keenly as he drew on his overcoat, slowly looking around the room. The fire light shone warmly on the cheap carpet; on the glossy, patched old sideboard with its display of massive plate; on the Copley and Allston hung over the faded wall paper; at Aunt Laura herself, with all the weight of the honor of the Pages in her lean, little body, and feebly dogmatic face. Commonplace furniture, and a weak old woman, to Miss Conrad, but they had a different meaning to him. They were sentient with the clean, sweet childhood he had spent among them, and the youth that followed.

Shrewd, wide-awake, town-bred fellows, full of pluck and energy, who pant for the day when they can cut loose from "the governor" and make their own way, can hardly understand what it cost the young Kentuckian to leave this homestead, never, in all probability, to come back. He thought to himself with a quiet, inward smile that it was like tearing a shell-fish fresh from its rock; some of the flesh and nerves would be left. Miss Conrad did not understand the meaning of the blue eyes that met hers as she bowed good-night, and went out to her own room.

"Afraid?" she said, astonished, to herself.

The Professor was not afraid. But it was such a short matter to say good-by! If he never came back, Aunt Laura would cry for a week or two, and his experiments on albumen with his class would never be finished; that was all. There was no enemy for him to leave behind, no woman's lips to kiss. "If the pitcher be broken at the fountain, it is one that has held but little water," he thought. All of Randolph's thoughts ran formally like sentences in books, and sounded to him generally, as if some one else had spoken them, there had been, so far, so little live pleasure and pain in them.

While Cole brought his horse to the steps, he stood looking out into the moonlight, holding his gloves in one hand, Aunt Laura and Mr. Strebling's patter of talk dully sounding behind him.

Once before, a boy fresh from college, he had left home, gone North to make a fortune. He crept out of the world he knew, the little clan of Lees and Pages, with their mild refinement, old rules, habits, anecdotes, even gestures, handed down from generation to generation. He was a crab, raw from its shell, bruised at every turn. He was stunned, bewildered with the jargon of new theories and facts; every man he met was a radical; the air, the language, the ideas were crude, untempered, coarse. What could he do? What he did do was to creep back home again; give up the idea of making a fortune and go back to his college class-room to teach instead of to learn. He was going from under cover again, and if he won death in this venture it would be the first real stroke of work he had ever done, he thought, turning into the room to say good-by, with a sad, quizzical smile.

He kept the face of the dead man in the road before him as he would hold liquor to his lips to steady his nerve. This venture of his was a manly thing to do, a deed of derring-do, on which his old father would have smiled grimly. "I would rather my son would die in a great cause, than live to comfort my old age," he had said, once.

When the war began, his son had theoretically called the struggle of the Government for life a great cause, but practically the Federal German mercenaries were laying waste his friend's plantations, so he had not gone to die with them.

He said good-night now, with another slow look around the room, and went out to mount his horse. As he settled himself in the saddle, "Oh, by the way, Cole," in his usual indolent drawl. "If I should not come back you'll find your free papers, yours and Viney's, made out, in my bureau drawer."

Cole touched his forehead. "I was aweer dey was drawed out accepable, M's Garrick. However, it might have been safer like if dey wos in our hands. We'd hev been here all de same of de day of your return."

"Aunt Laura has charge of them. Bring me a light." As he lit a cigar, the blacksmith stood, passing his stumpy, yellow fingers over the young man's leg, smoothing down the trousers. Randolph stooped suddenly, looking into the old man's face. His own changed.

"Why, Cole! You are not making a woman of yourself over me?"

The negro passed his hand over his eyes, standing up stiffly, "No, sah! But I nussed you, if you remember."

Garrick paused a moment; then he nervously straightened his hat and drew the bridle; holding out his hand, "Well, good-by, uncle," with an altered voice.

The old man gave him his blessing, in a whisper at first, then as he cantered off, rising into a class-leading voice, so loud as to bring Miss Conrad to an open window beside him. Cole improved his chance of an audience. "He's gone down into de plains of de great battle," swinging his hand toward the dusky horizon line at the north, and uttering the words in a shrill drone. "He's gone whar de smell of his brother's blood shell sicken his heart, and his horse shell tramp among de slain of his people. But de young man's eyes is blinded. He knows it is God a treadin' out de wine press of his wrath, but he forgetteth de cause."

"Well, Uncle Cole, what is the cause?"

Margaret's cool, amused smile sobered him. He dropped the nasal twang, held up his old fur cap to his face, eyeing her shrewdly over it, as if doubtful how far to venture. "What am de cause why de rivers yander run wid blood, and de whole earth groan and am not quiet? In de meetin' our people asks dat of me. But I cannot tell. Dere is dem dat say"—the dull, black eye laid motionless on hers—"day say *I* am de cause, an my wife—not Viney, but de one I lef on a Georgy rice-field—she am de cause, an my boy, Pont, who was hunted wid dogs in de swamp down dar, he am de cause."

Miss Conrad's face hardened, and she looked through the man as though nothing interposed between her and the moonlight; the keen physical disgust in her blood to the black skin, as plain to his instinct, as if it had showed (which it did not) on her face.

"As if," she said, pointing to the figure of his master, cut clear against the sky as his horse rose on the hill-road, "as if God would bring countless young heads like that to the dust, that you might leave your corn and pork here, and starve in a Northern city!"

"You've seen de cullored people up dar," said Cole, breathlessly, not heeding her words. "I would like to see what freedom does for dem, Miss Marget."

"It does nothing for them," carelessly, remembering to whom she was speaking. "There are few of them like you, Uncle Cole—your

people. They are like Mose. He does light work here; he shaves beards, or whitewashes walls, or steals; he does the same in Philadelphia. He is thick-lipped and thriftless and affectionate, go where he will; only in the South they hunt him with dogs, and in the North they calculate how many years of competition with the white race it will need to sweep him and his like off of the face of the earth."

"Tank you, Miss Marget. Mose was allers a drefful lazy nigger;" and Cole put on his cap over his bewildered face, and shambled off to the kitchen.

Miss Conrad looked after the broad, squat figure. "I let him feel the bit," she said, laughing to herself. "Cole was beginning to fancy himself one of God's people going out from Egypt, and Garrick's cattle would have suffered the loss." As she stood listening to the beat of Randolph's horse's hoofs on the far road, it occurred to her that Death was coming into almost every household in the land, as in the days of Pharaoh. Could it be in order that this thick-lipped, thriftless, good-hearted Mose should go free? The horse's feet echoed dully, going down on the other side of the hill, carrying his rider into the plain of the great battle, as Cole called it, justly enough. "And blood like his is to pay their ransom? If God does not make better use of Mose, free, than slave, He will have been a bad economist of the world's strength," she thought.

The last echo died faintly; she closed the window, and the farmhouse and sleeping fields were left in the night and silence; beyond the hill a grave, heavily-built man on horseback made his way cautiously, where sudden danger lurked, through thickets of scrub-oak, past the slopes where glittered the white tents of the outposts of Zollicoffer's army.

CHAPTER V.

HUNTED DOWN.

One damp, drizzly evening in November, a lumbering old family carriage was drawn up on the muddy bank of a little hill creek in Marion county. The mulatto boy who drove it had watered the horses, and climbing up under shelter again, sat snugly wrapped in a man's gum overcoat, peering out at the dreary, darkening evening; the muddy sheet of water in front, swollen with the Fall rains; the low hill on the opposite bank overgrown with pawpaw and haw-bushes. It was a lonely, untravelled road; nothing of life was in sight but a rusty blackbird, that flew with a hoarse call over his head, and left him alone in the darkness. Pitt whistled shrilly and began to tug at the reins for a start, when a motion in the weeds on the opposite shore caught his rolling eyes. He stopped a moment,

then the whistle grew louder, and he squatted down, tying his shoes, watching the bushes from under the shadow of his hat. Presently he saw a white man, dressed only in muddy trousers and flannel shirt, his hair and beard ragged and uncombed, raise himself cautiously from behind the rock where he lay, listening, with his ear to the ground.

Pitt bent his own head; he fancied he could hear the beat of men's feet heavy in the soggy mud; they were on the other side of the scrub-grown hill, coming closer rapidly. The boy's whistle continued shrill and even; he lazily scraped the lumps of mud from the apron of the carriage, his eyes contracting like a cat's on the watch.

This was in November, 1861; the month when North and South met in a hand-to-hand fight to force her sham of neutrality from Kentucky. Their forces grappled each other in every county of the State, while the Kentuckians, compelled to take sides, stood defiant, suspicious of each other; had not many a man found an enemy in his brother or son, or an assassin in his neighbor? About the fireside, or at the family table, there was a chill of rancor in the air, more terrible than the heat of any battle. The keen sense of danger in all the border States made the atmosphere electric; the very children stood on guard; this mulatto, a dull drudge about the stables, before the war, took the life of the man yonder in his hand at an instant's challenge—cool, alert, cautious. There was not a breath of time to lose; the man crept to the bank feebly, while the steps behind him were both heavy and swift.

"Dem is Drigg's men; dey show no quarter, an' he's nigh run down;" while he scraped on at the mud, giving a quick, furtive sign to the man to take to the water, and indicating the course of the current by a swiftly-aimed bit of clay. "Dar's but one chance," drawing his breath sharply as he whistled. On this side of the creek, one or two miles inland, were the pickets thrown out by Thomas, then at Lebanon. On this side, he would be safe. But to reach it? He had plunged into the muddy river; only his face and hands, as he swam, were visible; but the boy's eyes were sharp. "He's starving. They've run him hard. He'll not make shore." The current was not deep, barely neck high, but, in the middle, strong. "He'll not make shore," seeing how it sucked him in, and that his strokes were ineffectual.

The men's voices could be heard coming round the bend; there were half a dozen of them, laughing and cursing the mud. The thicket detained them a moment, two being mounted. There was yet half of the width of the creek to cross, the man struggling in the current. The yellow water curdled thick in rings away from him; the drizzling mist which had been falling cleared off, leaving him barely within their guns' range.

The whistle came out of Pitt's dry mouth in one or two thin gasps, then stopped.

"Gor-a-mighty! he'll never make the shore!" he cried.

The silence lasted long after that. The thin face, with its draggled hair, set jaws and staring eyes, but slowly worked its way toward the bank, while fast and faster the steps hurried behind. Through all, he held something clenched in his left hand as he swam.

"What kin the man set agin his life?" Pitt, down on his knees in the mud with a log pushed out, snarled to him savagely to open his fist, and give himself headway, but Garrick smiled coolly. In the two weeks in which he had been dogged for his life, hungry, with frozen feet, creeping on his belly through thickets beset with Zollicoffer's scouts, this bullet in his hand had come to mean duty; to mean a good, high deed for the world's help, in the doing of which his life was a paltry thing to sacrifice. He had grown morbid about it, perhaps. Yet in the Kentucky parlors, with a bevy of commonplace women about him, he had always been a grave, diffident, reticent man; now, when Death had him by the throat, he smiled back gayly, brain and blood on flame with a new fire, the very essence of youth, freshly come to him.

He had almost gained the shore; the end of the log floated within his reach. He threw himself forward, missed it, and sank.

Pitt crept out on it cautiously, and, lying flat, thrust out his hand. Garrick caught it. He could hear the rustling of the dead leaves on the opposite bank, the men were so close upon him.

The icy water drove him back, lapping his legs and chest; the thick mud choking and blinding him, when, with all his gathered strength, he fought for footing on the shelving bank.

Death, was it?

He was on flame, possessed, shaken with that fierce animal courage which maddens men in the thick of battle; yet with it there was the vague consciousness that it was not his pursuers, nor the clammy current that he grappled with, but that treacherous thing whose dull weapons they were. A struggle, wrenching the breath from him, a leap, a yell of triumph, which died, fortunately, silent in his exhausted lungs, and then he dragged himself slowly on shore at the mulatto's feet, among the weeds and slime. He pulled up his knees, clasping his hands about them; the bullet rubbed rough in his shut palm; the face of the Yankee mechanic, dead, yonder, in the drift-way, rose plain before him. "I said I would do his work for him, and I'll do it," muttered the Kentucky gentleman.

Pitt threw his rubber coat about him, his teeth chattering with excitement. "Gor-a-mighty, get up wid ye. Drive de wagon up to de house yonder. Don't mind me. Dis nigger'll be safe enuff!"

Garrick rose, stiffly, pausing a moment to consider.

"Git in!" whispered Pitt. "They're goin' to cross. Yere riskin' my life and your'n. In, I tell you."

Garrick mounted into the lad's place. Pitt stooped down to the muddy shore, breaking out again into his breathless whistle, as the old carriage began to go slowly up the road.

Garrick ventured to look out when he had reached the top of the hill. In the fog, creek, and fields, and sky were buried under one dull, colorless hue, the air itself swathing them down, muddy and wet. One or two lights began to twinkle in houses far beyond the line which had seemed to him to mark the horizon. He waited to see if the boy was safe.

The men on horseback had crossed, and were coming toward him. Their questions, between oaths, and the fog, failed to reach Randolph. Pitt's shrill treble was purposely pitched high.

"What am I 'bout?" lazily, "eels, I reckon," straightening himself, with his hand to his back.

"Anybody cross hyur? No, I didn't see anybody cross hyur. Who was it? Dar's no ford hyur; dar's de ford," pointing about half a mile up the creek. "I see a man skulking up dar."

"When?" The men reined up their horses, irresolute.

"Half an hour back, 's likely."

"If the cussed spy kept to the other side, Williams had him when he reached the ford. We'll beat the bush up. It will be but ten minutes' work. We kin come back and try, if the nigger's lying."

He had only a moment of respite, then.

The old horses jogged on heavily; one stopped to cough, and shake its steaming sides, when his life lay on each movement of its soggy feet! He could meet death in the river, but to be hung for a spy like a dog?

Life—actual man's life, which he was beginning to know in the strain and danger of these two weeks was drawn back from him. Starving and half-frozen as he had been through this adventure of his, it had dawned on him with a splendor of possibility which his boyish dreams even had never reached.

His nerves shook with fever; then with cold; a white flash of light filled the air. To be choked here by these ruffians? left dead like a rat in this mud? He let fall the reins, and opened and shut his hands, like a nervous woman. There was a stricture like an iron band about his throat, his wrists, his eyebrows. He looked after the group of dark figures disappearing in the mist. They would presently hem him in, trample out his soul from his body, as easily as that of a lizard under their heels.

His blood dilated, every nerve stung him. If he could lay his hand on them? He had strength to crush them into hell.

There was no cool, gritty endurance in Randolph's courage; as

he looked out of the fold of Pitt's great coat down at the creek bank and the men upon his trail, between love of life, and a fierce thirst for their blood, his face was gaunt and strained, and his eyes dull, as those of a man who has held down his passion too long.

Miss Conrad would have said the shell was only breaking off which had crusted over him in the old college library, from which he had been dragged, and that a few more touches of the knife would bring all that was in him of good or ill to the light.

The knife cut roughly and deep; if some traits and lines which only God had seen before, yawned sudden and black on the surface, it only proved that the chivalric gentleman bore a subtle kinship to us all beneath all difference of blood or color. They were not vicious traits; mean, only. Wrath against God even in that instant of supreme danger, for suffering his life to be so ignobly wasted; *his* life. The Randolph blood, his culture, his dainty, fastidious youth, the delicate, refined world of ideas he had made for himself—to be crushed out of life by men made in the image of brutes! The impregnable conceit of the man, his steely confidence in himself and his race, never were so bare or shameless as in that moment.

The horses stopped suddenly in front of a red brick house which stood back from the road, in a square acre lot full of withered beet and tomato beds, and decaying rows of hollyhocks and German asters; house and garden, wet, gray and desolate in the dark, driving mist. The house door opened, and two women, cloaked and hooded, came down the path, the slighter and taller of the two, in advance, with a light, firm step. She came to the wheel of the carriage, and tapped on the mountings; the white fingers were quick, decisive, the voice quiet, authoritative.

"Are you able to drive to Lebanon?"

The voice steadied Garrick back to his old self. "I will not drive to Lebanon. It is not your mulatto," pushing back his disguise. "I did not know there were women to be brought into trouble when I took his place," trying to pass her.

She put him back with a sharp gesture. "There is no time to lose. I saw it all from the window yonder. Silence!" turning to open the gate again for the lady who came feebly down the path. "She is old and weak. She must know nothing."

Garrick threw down the reins, pushing her aside roughly. "I did not know there were women. Am I sunk to that—that I would hide behind a woman's skirts? You shall not risk it. If this is to be the end, let it be the end."

She turned with a childish, angry click of her teeth. "Are you mad? In ten minutes the men will be upon us. I risk nothing. Be quiet and drive swiftly; leave the rest to me. We have passes. I risk nothing."

"You do not know me. Those ruffians called me a spy."

"What does it matter? I know that nothing can save you, if I do not. Those are Drigg's men." Her voice broke as if from sudden womanish terror; but when she turned to assist her companion into the carriage, it was again clear and courageous.

Randolph paused, his foot on the wheel. It was his only chance.

"I risk nothing," she whispered, putting him back gently, after she had closed the door. Then she sprang up to the seat behind him.

"Thee must drive quickly, Pitt," said the old lady.

"Turn to the right; the road is straight and level," interposed the girl's distinct tones. "There are but two miles between here and the Federal lines." Presently, she slipped a flask in his hand, which he found contained brandy.

It was like an intolerable nightmare upon him; the beating rain, the silence, the uneven black lines of fence wavering at either side as they passed, the gray strip of road in front, along which the horses jogged slowly; the death hurrying up behind. The liquor warmed his half-frozen body. He was conscious of something beside the sound of horses' hoofs, which began now to dully echo far behind; he began to remember that the bullet was still clenched in his hand; that he was wet, stiff, miserable, that—he was a coward. To sit there and let this woman save him? Did she risk her own life? Who was she?

With the tramp of the horses gaining on them every moment, keen curiosity about the woman began to work in his brain, to quicken his eyesight and hearing. Her motions and voice gave him an odd impression about her, for Randolph was susceptible to all solitary, morbid fancies. Through the night and danger she seemed to carry all youth and freshness; her voice might have belonged to good fortune, itself, it was so cheery, strong and sweet.

Was she good fortune? He was apt to search for omens.

There was a light broadly streaming across the road from a toll-house window; he would see her there; if her face was what he had fancied, he would take it as a promise—a prophecy of safety and honor, and success. This, while his own horses flagged, and those of his pursuers came closer. But Garrick was a man, and young.

The toll-house was reached, and while the keeper unbarred the gate, the light of his lantern fell on the black hood of her cloak; he could only catch beneath it the glimmer of yellow hair, and a curious contrast of soft brown eyes; then she pushed the hood aside, and looked at him; he saw the face full in the light. He had looked at many beautiful women before, unmoved, but now, he bent

forward with a deep breath; a shiver passed over him as of exquisite pleasure or pain.

The girl smiled; the face bent out of the darkness beside her, with lips apart, intent on her own, came home to her as one of her own kinsfolk. A fastidious, delicate face, in spite of the mat about it of ragged beard and hair; blue eyes which were fitted more to express rare morbid shades of feeling than intellect. His lips moved, rather than spoke.

"I had a strange fancy about you. Who are you?"

A curious hardness passed over her face. "You may call me—Rosslyn Burley."

There was a shout, a trampling of hoofs on the other side of the gate, and in the next moment the carriage was surrounded, and a hand laid on Randolph's shoulder dragged the cloak from off his face.

NEMESIS.

BEHOLD! the feet of them that bear out dead
Are waiting at thy door! Bring forth thy slain!
Upon thy threshold's white let no red stain
Be left; and for the blood which thou hast shed,
No cowardly and bootless prayer be said.
Feast still; in all of earth's content and gain,
Take great delight; and laugh in scorn at vain
Alarms which wait in terror for their tread
Who come not back!
Oh, fool! A hand more strong
Than life, than death, pursues thee. Through the throng,
Through wilds, thy steps it tracks, like next of kin,
Whose deadly purpose falters not: how long
The end shall wait, God knows. It matters nothing. In
That end, the sting of death is wages of thy sin!

H. H.

THE TEMPLE AND LINCOLN'S INN.

AS I was going along Fleet Street one morning, a gentleman, much excited, asked me if I knew of a quiet spot close at hand. He had just arrived from some secluded settlement in South Africa. This was his first visit to London. So distracted had he been, however, by the incessant roar around him, by the throng of pedestrians before and behind, on his right hand and on his left, that he had rushed up a narrow court and sat down on a doorstep to collect his thoughts. But scarcely had he seated himself on his stony resting-place, when a door suddenly opened, and out rushed a group of children, shouting, laughing, and delighted not only to be in the open air, but also at finding themselves once more released from the bondage of the school-room. His quiet moments were no more, and again he was in the noisy street. Could I tell him of a quiet spot close at hand? Why, yes, I thought I could, and pointed to the archway leading to the Temple.

Let us, in imagination, stroll down Inner Temple Lane. The first half-dozen steps we take are under an archway, over which, and by the side of which, is a large, substantial house. In the days of James I., it was the mansion of a gentleman of fashion. But times change, and now a hair-dresser of fashion is the tenant. Proceeding down Inner Temple Lane, we pass the site of one of Dr. Johnson's many residences. The house in which he lived, and the houses formerly adjacent, have been pulled down, and in their places stands a row of solid brick buildings, known as Dr. Johnson's Buildings. At No. 4, in this Lane, lived Charles Lamb. With his sister Mary, he went there for the first time in 1809. There it was that Coleridge, when in London, gladly came. What a friendship between these two—Coleridge and Lamb! In a book belonging to the former there was found written by the poet, on the fly-leaf:

Charles and Mary Lamb.
Dear to my heart;
Yea, as it were, my heart.
1797.
1834.

37 years.

How full of extreme contradictions was Coleridge! When a student at Cambridge, he fell deeply in love with a lady who rejected him. In despair he hurried up to London and enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons. It was in time of war, and England had need of every soldier. But by a series of happy

accidents he was enabled to leave the regiment in a very short time. Then we find him a visionary enthusiast, about to embark for America, in order to found a colony where everything was to be enjoyed in common. A few years afterward, and what is his position? He is a married man, but he has deserted his wife and children, and left them with his brother-in-law, Southey, in the north of England. Meanwhile, a wonderful friendship springs up, and Coleridge and Lamb are as brothers. And who were those that gathered round the table with Lamb and his sister? Godwin, the author of the strange novel, "Caleb Williams;" Haydon, the too sanguine painter of sad memory; Hazlitt, the brilliant but prejudiced essayist; Leigh Hunt, the editor of the "Examiner" newspaper, who suffered imprisonment for calling the Prince Regent an Adonis of fifty. There also came Barnes, the celebrated editor of the "Times." The friendship of Coleridge and Lamb never required re-kindling; for it always burnt brightly, steadily, to the very last. And in the dark valley of the shadow of death, if the dying embers of their friendship were so much as touched, death itself seemed for the moment to be clothed with light.

At last we have come to the famous Temple Church, with its Round, or Rotunda, built centuries ago, in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This Rotunda forms a splendid entrance to the Church, and among the dark figures stretched along its beautifully paved floor, is the effigy of an Earl of Essex, one of those bold barons who gave King Stephen so much uneasiness during that monarch's troubled reign. Another dark figure lies close to the former. It is that of the Earl of Pembroke, the steady friend of King John, and the mediator between him and the body of barons who were resolved on having his signature to the first great charter of English liberty.

But we have now passed along the Rotunda, and are within the Church itself. A "dim religious light," that light so loved by Milton, is shed over and around us. Here are windows stained in exquisite taste; windows on which the eye loves to dwell; windows that with rich harmony of color and design illustrate sacred story. Here, too, is an organ of rare value, said by Mendelssohn to contain stops equalling in sweetness and delicacy of expression any of those in Europe. How gracefully designed, too, is the whole building, with its highly polished, dark marble columns; its grained roof covered with the painted emblems of the Temple; the lamb, bearing in its forepaw a flag, the emblem of the Middle Temple; and a prancing horse, the emblem of the Inner Temple. Lawyers now inhabit the spot where in the times of the Crusaders dwelt many a knight who had fought in the Holy Land. These Knights Templars had different orders among themselves. There were Knights, and there were *fratres servientes*, *frères sergens*, serving brethren who

attended upon the Knights. Curiously enough those titles remain among members of the English bar, though centuries have passed since Philip IV. of France destroyed the celebrated order of military monks, the Templars and Hospitallers. In the title sergeant, there has been handed down the ancient title of *frère sergen*; and the judges, in accordance with a custom which had its origin in the reign of Edward III., address sergeants-at-law, *fratres servientes ad legem*, as their learned *brethren*. The mediæval inhabitants of the Temple rushed to the Holy Land to charge the infidel Saracens. The modern inhabitants stop at home and charge their credulous clients. The lamb, bearing in its forepaw a flag, is emblematical of the innocent client, purse in hand; while the prancing horse is typical of the barrister who smelleth the battle afar off, in the Courts of Westminster. I may here be allowed to quote the following well-known *jeux d'esprit:*

As thro' the Templars' courts you go,
The lamb and horse displayed,
The emblematic figures, show
The merits of their trade.

That clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The lamb denotes their innocence,
The horse their expedition.

Oh! happy Britain! happy isle!
Let foreign nations say,
Here you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

There is another side to the picture, however, and here it is:

Unhappy man; those courts forego,
Nor trust such cunning elves,
The artful emblems only show
Their clients, not themselves.

These all are tricks, these all are shams,
With which they mean to cheat ye;
But have a care, for you're the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat ye.

Nor let the plea of no delay
To these their courts misguide ye;
For you're the prancing horse, and they
The jockeys that would ride ye.

But we have left the Church, and are in that garden where Shakespeare makes the contending houses of York and Lancaster pluck, the one party red roses, the other white. The garden is a pleasant place, and extends as far as the bank of the river, of which you have a fine view. Roses are not the flowers which bloom now in this garden. Chrysanthemums, which appear in all their beauty

during October and November, are those on which the Temple gardener sets his heart. Coming out of the garden, we may freely wander, astonished, if we are strangers, at the large area of ground included within the boundaries of the Temple. Strolling along, we reach a fine open space, flanked by a solid pile of buildings, and on looking up, are amused to find they are called Paper Buildings. Now we thread our path under gloomy archways; now again we are in the clear light, at one time stopping to examine the new and beautiful library which was opened by the Prince of Wales. Now we find ourselves in Elm Court, where there is no vestige of an elm; now in Fig Tree Court, whither persons may vainly wander in search of figs; and now in Pump Court, appropriately so called, for in the centre thereof standeth a pump, whose clear and refreshing water is highly appreciated by the briefless barrister. But what is the name we see painted upon that high, dull, dust-covered brick house? It is Brick Court, and the name reminds us of Oliver Goldsmith; for at No. 2, in that court of the Temple, he lived and died, and in the graveyard of the Temple he was buried. What was written of Hood may be truly said of Goldsmith:

He has sung and the warm tears have started
As he bent o'er the tale of deep woe—
For the outcast, the quite broken-hearted,
It was he who could teach them to flow.

And the gentle and good now deplore him,
While love only points where he lies
With the light from above which shines o'er him
And links his bright soul with the skies.

But the wild flowers yet shall cling round him
The storm and the tempest to brave,
And as simple in life as we found him
The daisy shall smile on his grave.

Oh! such be my lot when I've perished,
Such the tablet my mem'ry to keep—
Long, long in the heart to be cherished,
And the good only know where I sleep.

But retracing our steps we come up Inner Temple Lane, and at once crossing Fleet Street, find ourselves in Chancery Lane. Pursuing our way, we reach in five minutes' time the old gateway of Lincoln's Inn.

Where and what is Lincoln's Inn? In old authors an inn means a mansion or place, and in London there are four inns of Court. To them, and to them only, is intrusted the great privilege of admitting or excluding all gentlemen who wish to follow the profession of barrister. And as all the judges of England must, in the first place, have been called to the bar by one of those inns, it follows that no one who has been excluded by all of them can ever plead

or preside in the Court of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas or Exchequer. Though these inns are not corporations, they are virtually possessed of greater powers and privileges than any corporate body in the kingdom. They are all wealthy, in consequence of the great value of the property which has been held by them in London for more than five centuries. The richest of the four are the Inner and Middle Temple, and the next, in point of wealth, Lincoln's Inn. The annual income of the former may be estimated at twenty-two thousand pounds sterling; that of Lincoln's Inn at eighteen thousand, and that of Gray's Inn at eight thousand. Those who compose the governing bodies of these courts are termed benchers, who are elected by seniority from among the barristers. The definition of the duties and privileges of the benchers is thus given by Stow, and what was written in 1598 holds good at the present moment:

> Benchers are the seniors to whom the government of the house and ordaining of matters thereof is committed, and out of these a treasurer is yearly chosen who receiveth, disburseth and accounteth for all moneys belonging to the house.

No person in trade is admitted as a student, and, till last year, the same rule of exclusion applied to all who had ever been ordained as ministers (deacons) of the Church of England. Students must keep or "eat" twelve terms. But it is sufficient for the purpose of admission to have been present at dinner in the common hall (each inn has a common hall) not less than four times in each term. Hence the curious phrase of "eating one's terms." Five years must elapse between the time of application and admission. An exception, however, is made in the case of graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, for they may be called to the bar after a period of three years. The judges, twelve in number, of the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer are the visitors. They alone possess the right, a right very rarely exercised, of revising the decisions of benchers, or of acting as mediators when the claims of benchers and students, or of barristers are in conflict.

Lincoln's Inn is the place which at the earliest date became the resort of those who studied law. It derives its name from one of the Earls of Lincoln, who died in 1310. This nobleman had received his mansion and grounds by a grant from Edward I., in whose reign it was a monastery of the order of Black Friars. These friars afterward betook themselves to another part of the city, near the Thames, and the precinct has ever since been known as Blackfriars. The north side of the present Blackfriars bridge is close to the locality. At the death of this Earl of Lincoln, his property passed by assignment into the hands of certain professors of the law, and, as a matter of course, in the hands of lawyers the property has ever since remained.

The Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn has its treasurer, its mas-

ter of the library, its preacher, assistant preacher and chaplain. And here is the chapel. How strangely constructed and with what solidity! Built of stone on rows of massive pillars, from each of which springs a not ungraceful arch, it has at first sight a curious appearance. As the highest point of each arch is not less than seven feet from the ground, a person may with ease walk underneath the edifice. Two centuries ago these arches were a well-known resort. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II., tells us in his diary that he went there to meet some one by special agreement. And what says Hudibras, in allusion to the frequency of appointments being kept there?

> Or wait for customers between
> The pillar rows of Lincoln's Inn.

This space has been railed in, and used as a place of burial for benchers. The eastern front of the chapel looks toward Chancery Lane, formerly called Chancellor's Lane, a street where resided Strafford, the best friend of Charles I.; where dwelt Izaak Walton, whose memory all anglers delight to honor. From one end of the street to the other the wayfarer is reminded of the law, and, may it not in truth be said, of law's awful realities! Here is the Law Life Office; there the Law Institution, a corporation of solicitors and attorneys; here the Chancery Lane Coffee House, frequented by lawyers' clerks and clients who have rushed in from the neighboring Chancery Courts to keep up their courage with a beefsteak and a pint of ale. Behold, too, another coffee house, also for that multitudinous tribe of men who live on law. Hither cometh the married clerk who desireth a solid dinner, but can only afford a moderate price. Here he can refresh himself, and also read all the morning, evening and weekly newspapers, together with the "Law Times," whose columns are pregnant with solemn-sounding words: mortgagors and mortgagees, devisors and devisees, fee simples, copyholds, life interests, and those mysterious *ne exeats* and *quo warrantos*.

This lane is honeycombed with lawyers' chambers. In the street, in term time, see how the barristers are running here and there with their gray wigs on, and their long, black gowns, and their large blue bags filled with cases of "Jarndyce *versus* Jarndyce." The appearance of age, which was a few years ago characteristic of this lane, has almost disappeared. The old-fashioned houses have been pulled down; the roadway has been widened; there is uniformity in the construction of the dwellings. One may still see the fine old gateway of Lincoln's Inn, built in the reign of Henry VIII., but the eye, in search of the picturesque, can find no high-pitched gables, no latticed windows, no bay windows overhanging the street. Lincoln's Inn walls are the only old walls there now. And a large part of the original wall has been taken down, that part which Ben Jonson, the poet and dramatist, when a boy, helped to build.

The stranger in London should not forget to go some Sunday morning or afternoon to the chapel. How to enter it will take time to discover. For rather more than a century ago a brick building for the use of lawyers was erected immediately in front of the sacred edifice, and the same staircase which clients use on week days worshippers have to ascend on Sundays. The organ is a remarkably fine one.

But let us step into some of the Courts of Chancery. For an Englishman, as a barrister, to have the care of a case in Chancery is a very pleasant thing. For an Englishman, as a client, a case in Chancery is the very reverse of pleasant. There are no juries in these courts, no witnesses. The pleadings are based on affidavits. Here is the court of Vice-Chancellor Stuart. A tall, fine, handsome-looking man, well advanced in years, sits alone on the bench. Look at his wig, long black gown, knee-breeches, black silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes. His appearance is at once dignified and gentlemanly. His decisions are as seldom reversed as those of any other judge. But, strange to say, the London "Times" is one of his bitterest enemies, and when occasion seems to offer, is ready with its sneer and its taunt. Why the first journal in England has always a powerful battery of literary guns turned toward this man and ready at any moment to open fire upon him I cannot tell. Curiously enough, also, the "Times" always appears willing to deal very severely with Sir C. Blackburn, one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench.

But here is another court, that of Vice-Chancellor Sir William Page Wood. He is a spare, thin man. He has a very eager expression of countenance and speaks hurriedly. This judge is a great favorite with the "Times." Observe one of the barristers in this court, an exceedingly stout man. He is so fat that, as an anxious client, you might dread the result when you found that your case was in his hands. You might think that such a man had no mental energy. But as you listen you find him ever watchful, and at last are convinced that he has as complete a knowledge of all the details of your interesting affidavits and of all the points of law involved as the leanest and hungriest-looking lawyer in the court.

Here is the Court of the Lord Chancellor. The two lords justices are seated with him on the bench. One is Sir J. L. Knight Bruce; the other Sir G. J. Turner. Both are very eminent and most able men. The latter has the defect of a thick utterance. Unless daily in the habit of hearing him, you would not find it easy to catch what he says. But you can readily perceive by the faces of the barristers who are pleading, that what he says is worthy of their very careful consideration. The former, Sir J. L. K. Bruce, is quite a study. You see before you a bright-eyed man, who is so

short-sighted, however, that what he reads must be placed close to his nose. His words are very few, but sharp enough to cut in pieces all the plausible statements uttered in an hour by the more voluble counsel. Sir Richard Bethell, now Lord Westbury and ex-Lord Chancellor, tried very hard one morning in court to dictate to these two justices. His manner approached insolence at one moment, and at another he affected to be the defender of the rights of the bar. But all to no purpose. For the two justices, with a quiet dignity which did them credit, were not to be turned aside from the decision at which they had arrived. It was the wish of Sir Richard, on that occasion, that part of a case already fully argued should be gone into once more. The judges refused to hear that part of the case again. As an instance of the prolixity of Chancery barristers, I may say that I listened a whole day to one of them in his argument touching upon the sense in which the word *domicile* should be understood in English law. How heavily the hours went all that long and dreary day! How slowly each word fell from the man's lips. How deliberately he took up each law volume, and with what exact preciseness he turned over each leaf till he came to some particular act, and then to some particular section of the act, and then to some particular clause of the section. He would slowly lay down one volume and slowly take up another, and at the end of the day had he, to his own satisfaction, thoroughly exhausted the subject? By no means. When the afternoon was getting dark, he said he should have the honor of resuming the argument the next morning. No doubt the lords justices were thoroughly weary of this case long before they gave their decision, for they were compelled to listen to six different gentlemen as to the meaning of the word *domicile*.

GEORGE SPENCE.

HER ANSWER.

SPEAK? If you will. But I have learned to bear
Your silent moods without the wear and tear
And rack and torture of the old despair,

And have no right to lead you to believe
I care to listen, still less to retrieve
The past, for which, to-day, I do not grieve.

I ask no explanation. You may prate
Of misconstruction, temperament, or fate,
But anything you say now, comes too late.

If this is wrong I ask of heaven, not you:
Of God, who knows what suffering I've been through,
And whether still more suffering is my due.

Exacting? Am I? Other wives have kept
Their faith in patience? Well, I grant I wept,
Implored, entreated, even basely crept

Up to that last appeal, and knelt and sued
For Love's poor pretence smeared by passion's mood,
Taking Desire's dry husks for Hope's true food,

And could not own your love lost! Glad to die
If you just once by tender word or sigh
Should prove your marriage pledge was not a lie.

But you denied me. Cold and still with me,
(Using "ungenial habit" as your plea—
Genial enough with others, I could see!)

Till the sham would not cheat me; and I saw
The jewel that had bought me, one great flaw;
While still you kept the letter of the law.

I gave up then; learned by-and-by to live
Without you. To forget or to forgive
Slipped with life's other gold grains, through the sieve.

And yet I'll do my duty; keep your name
High as the stars are above any shame;
Your home well ordered, nothing left to blame.

But do not talk of loving! It is vain
To think that words can cure this sort of pain,
Or bring a stone-dead heart to life again.

MRS. W. H. PALMER.

MAZZINI'S LAST MANIFESTO.

PERSISTENT, unwearied self-assertion is seldom without its reward. Modesty and humility are all very well in their place—in mothers-in-law, for example—but they are the most powerful drags wherewith a timid man can chain his private coach-wheel along the race-course of life. Whereas, your self-conceited fellow, who is forever asserting his superiority to other men, and who is prepared to give his advice upon any subject from theatricals to theology, is by nine men out of ten accepted at his own valuation. Was there not a symbolic signification in the admiration which the Greeks professed to entertain for Corinthian brass? May they not have intended to teach the truth that the possessor of moral brass is the richest and most enviable of men?

A shining instance of the power of self-assertion is found in the career of Mr. Joseph Mazzini, professional patriot and martyr. He has so long proclaimed himself to be the possessor of the only genuine article of Italian patriotism, the sole depositary of the genius which inspires the statesman and the soldier, that until very recently, the republicans everywhere have pretty generally admitted his claim. Precisely what he has done to support his pretensions it would be somewhat difficult to discover. For thirty years, more or less, he has conspired in favor of Italian unity. His conspiracies were, to a certain extent, romantic, and delightfully mysterious, but there was a sameness in their conception, execution and ultimate results that finally began to pall upon the minds of even his most enthusiastic friends. These conspiracies uniformly terminated in a revolutionary expedition, consisting of ten or a dozen credulous and enthusiastic Italian youth, who, with a commissariat of a few sausages, an exchequer of fifty or a hundred francs, and an ordnance department of a dozen muskets, annually landed on the Italian coast, unfurled a small tricolor inscribed *Dio E Popolo*, and were immediately seized and summarily shot by the astonished authorities. For a long time these expeditions were directed against Austrian Italy, but they finally became so expensive in sausages, muskets and deluded young men, that Mazzini ceased his anti-Austrian expeditions, and directed his efforts against the progressive Government of Sardinia; rightly reasoning that a conspiracy was none the less a conspiracy because directed against a patriotic king, instead of a foreign despot, and that the Sardinian authorities, being less accustomed to peremptory shooting than were the Austrians, were, on the whole, less dangerous objects of attack. The patriotism, statesmanship and military skill of the master conspirator, who, from his safe headquarters in

London, set on foot these wild expeditions, might never have been recognized, had not he himself so loudly asserted it.

Probably Mazzini would prefer that his executive genius should be judged by his conduct while virtual dictator of Rome in 1849, rather than by his previous or subsequent career. By a sudden turn in his fortunes he one day found himself at the head of the Italian revolution, and absolute master of the city of the Cæsars. His two fellow triumvirs, Saffi and Armellini, were amiable and irresolute men, who simply echoed the decrees of their stronger willed associate. The Constituent Assembly was at the nod of the triumvir. Generals Avezzana and Garibaldi, the one an able officer, the other a military genius, together with an army of fourteen thousand men, were at his sole command. And with these resources, and backed by the moral support of the Liberal party throughout Europe, Mazzini deliberately proceeded to ruin the revolution by an obstinate, bloody and useless defence of Rome.

All Catholic Europe was moving to bring back the Pope. Could Mazzini, with his gallant little army, have successfully resisted the whole power of France, there yet remained Austria and Spain whom he must have beaten in order to establish the Roman Republic. Moreover, Rome was utterly incapable of standing a siege. Its capture was an absolute certainty, and hence its defence should only have been undertaken as a last resort, and then simply as the dying protest of the Liberal party.

But had Mazzini thrown himself and his army into the mountains of Naples, where there was no Pope in support of whose temporal power the Catholic nations could have intervened, he would have had no enemy to fight, except the troops of the Neapolitan King, already once defeated by Garibaldi, and such troops as Austria might have chosen to send to their aid. In the impregnable fastnesses of the Apennines, he could have maintained himself until the revolution had struck permanent root. The expulsion of Bomba would have been a mere question of time, and when once the southern half of Italy was free, the Liberals would have had a standing-place, whence to move the rest of the Peninsula. Yet instead of adopting this course, so plainly indicated by every reason, military and diplomatic, Mazzini preferred to retain the title of a Roman triumvir, and to rule an ephemeral Roman Republic, rather than to risk the fatigues and dangers of a mountain campaign.

But whatever were his mistakes and misdeeds, he represented in the minds of most men, prior to the year 1861, the idea of Italian unity. Toward the realization of that idea, he had until then preferred to direct his efforts. From the date of the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, the prophet of Italian unity became the champion of factious opposition to any plan of unity, except that of a republic ruled ostensibly, or at any rate virtually, by himself.

No sooner had the red-shirted king of men entered Naples, than Mazzini and a few other extreme theorists at once surrounded him and urged him to proclaim a republic. The simple-minded hero had so long been connected with these men by a lifetime of exile and conspiracy shared in common with them, that they fancied their influence would be sufficiently strong to lure him from his duty, and to thwart the progress of Italian unity, then almost completed. All the world knows how nobly Garibaldi withstood these solicitations, and how Mazzini's scheme of a Parthenopean republic vanished before the cohesive force of the idea of nationality.

Scarcely, however, had the General quitted Naples when the rage of the disappointed ultraists was unloosed. The Mazzinian papers, the "Popolo d'Italia," the "Pungolo," and the "Independente," teemed with denunciations of the Royal Government. Their daily issues were little else than appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people, against the newly completed union with the Sardinian kingdom. They strove to excite the jealousy of Naples against Turin, and taunted the people with tamely submitting to the efforts of the Government to Piedmontize them—inventing a new word, *piemontizzare* (to Piedmontize), to express this worst of despotic, Cavourian outrages. The injustice with which Cavour had treated Garibaldi was eagerly urged by them as a reason why patriots should labor to undo what the general had accomplished. As might have been expected, this unwise course of the Mazzinian papers soon destroyed the once powerful influence of Mazzini with intelligent Italians.

It was only yesterday that Mazzini gave a new proof of his hostility to the union of Italy under any but a republican form of government. He issued a proclamation, urging the Romans to rise and establish a republic, not to be annexed to the kingdom. It is possible that this counsel may produce some harm, for the "Committee of Action"—a Mazzinian society, which the American press appear to confound with the "Roman Committee," which has governed and directed the patriots of Rome so wisely during the last six years—has since announced its purpose of an immediate insurrection; a course admirably adapted to insure the return of the French troops.

The latest exploit of the illustrious ex-triumvir is his recent manifesto, published in an American magazine. In that remarkable production he recites the alleged errors of the Italian monarchy, and thereupon advises his countrymen to have no more to do with it. With a self-importance that quite eclipses the three historic tailors of Tooley street, he announces that "we" (meaning probably himself and the few enthusiastic and weak-minded women—*le otto o dieci gonnelle*,* as poor Orsini was wont to style them—who constitute, with Mazzini, a mutual admiration society in Lon-

* The eight or ten petticoats.

don) have formed a Republican Alliance, which proposes to overthrow the monarchy. Characteristically enough, he disdains to inform us how this is to be done, although he hints at "the dagger" and "the conspiracy." This manifesto would be really comic in many respects, were it not for the painful evidence which it presents that its author has, in a great measure, lost his powers of memory. And then, too, one scarcely feels like laughing, however ridiculous may be the rhetorical antics of a man who trades upon the love and faith his countrymen once gave him, and so obtains a hearing, where an obscurer man would be silently disregarded.

Mazzini commences this extraordinary document by stating the well-known fact that "war for Venice, a war to regain our own territory and our own frontier, had become a necessity—the supreme and sole condition both of security and honor;" and then says that, in view of the conflict, the monarchy demanded the support of the nation. "It demanded twenty thousand volunteers; seventy thousand eagerly answered the call. It demanded that all parties should signify their adhesion to the war: it was done. It demanded of Garibaldi the support of his name and the aid of his genius, without conditions: he gave both. These concessions, so blindly made to a power that had repeatedly betrayed alike the desires and the rights of the nation, were mistakes."

Now, minds less trained to the cognition of delicate distinctions than is the mind of Mazzini, may fail to perceive that it was a mistake for patriotic men to support a war that was "a necessity—the supreme and sole condition both of security and honor." Evidently the Italian liberals failed to apprehend this distinction, and so committed the grave error of being patriotic after another than the Mazzinian pattern. So unanimous was the support which all Italians gave to the monarchy, that Mazzini feels obliged to explain why his supposititious republican party—whose existence, by the way, is known only to the author of "The Republican Alliance"—made so terrible a mistake. It was because "they knew that, if left alone in the field, the monarchy would, in case of triumph, assume the entire honor of the victory, and, in case of defeat, attribute the dishonor to the dualism engendered in the national camp by the separation of the republicans."

Here's richness! Here's loftiness of motive! The republicans would not fight for love of country, but yet they feared to remain passive lest the monarchy should possibly gain strength through their inaction. By republicans, Mazzini means those who, prior to 1860, had followed his leadership. Will any man believe that Garibaldi and Medici, Mordini and Crispi, supported the war only in hope of injuring the Government? Why, even the unknown Jew of Horace, had he been as credulous as a modern subscriber to a gift concert, would have declined to believe such a preposterous assertion.

After stating that the war, had it been conducted by a "national government," would have made Italy a first-class power, and "rendered her arbitress of the European question at one bound," thereby causing her to rival the gymnastic feat of Miss Bateman, who "clutched the dramatic diadem at a single bound," Mazzini sketches the plan of campaign which should have been adopted. "A national government would have arranged to have an insurrectionary outbreak precede the war along the zone of the Alps, and, first occupying the Trentino to its furthest frontiers by the regular troops, would have brought the main body of the army into the field between the Quadrilateral and Venice; in either case contriving a simultaneous movement by the volunteers in Southern Slavonia."

An insurrection in the Trentino, where Garibaldi found the whole population enthusiastic in support of Austria, might have been a difficult matter to arrange. So, too, the occupation of its "almost inaccessible mountains," as he elsewhere calls them, might have been as difficult a task for the regular troops, opposed, as they would have been, in case of such an attempt, by the Austrian "Army of Italy," as it was for Garibaldi and his volunteers, though he had few troops except the native riflemen to contend with. Equally difficult would have been an attempt to kindle an insurrection in Hungary, which Mazzini says was "ready, nay, eager, and entreating a word of encouragement on our part." For this assertion he makes in the face of the fact that Klapka could not gain a single recruit in Hungary, though he had the Prussian army at his back.

A curious and peculiar feature of this ideal national government would have been its subordination to the dictates of the mob. Says Mazzini—this time assuming his favorite *rôle* of the prophet of a New Utopia—"a national government would have issued a proclamation to the Italian people, saying, Hold yourselves in threatening readiness as our reserve force, so long as we do our duty and go forward; and be also ready to punish us should we offer to draw back while one inch of Italian ground remains to be conquered."

The necessity that obliged Italy to go to war with Austria arose from her financial difficulties. So long as Austria was encamped within the Quadrilateral, Italy was forced to keep on foot an army sufficiently strong to withstand any attack from the Austrians. The burden of supporting this immense army was more than Italy could bear. It was necessary to drive out the Austrians before the army could be reduced, and in the reduction of the army lay the only possibility of saving the kingdom from bankruptcy. Paradoxical as, at first sight, it may appear, the nation went to war because its finances were too weak to endure a longer peace.

Thus cramped by want of money, the Italian Government, at the opening of the war, found great difficulty in supplying the new

levies with arms and horses. Hence the authorities, after having armed and mounted the regular forces, upon whom, of course, the country chiefly relied, found themselves unable to supply horses to the volunteers, and were able to give them only an inferior musket. In the lack of arms, it was simply a question whether the regular army or the volunteers should receive the best arms. What military man could hesitate as to the answer? Mazzini, however, enlarges upon this topic as follows:

> The monarchy purposely introduced an unworthy element among the volunteers; gave them unpopular and incapable superior officers; armed them with old muskets, carrying only one-fourth as far as the rifles of the enemy; and, in order to make them appear useless and incapable, first sent them to do battle amid almost inaccessible mountains, and then abruptly recalled them to occupy points already strongly defended.

Various ex-brigands enlisted in the volunteers, and obliged the Government to detail men to hunt them out and dismiss them. Is it credible that a Government, straining every nerve to carry the country through a tremendous crisis, involving the safety of the throne just in proportion as it involved the fate of the country, would have spared the time and trouble to induce brigands to enlist in the volunteers, only for the purpose of weeding them out again?

And his complaint as to the officers of the volunteers is equally baseless. That all the former companions of Garibaldi were not with him in his last campaign, is easily accounted for. Of the leading Garibaldian generals, Turr was in command of the Hungarian legion, while Medici, Sirtori, Bixio and Cosenz were commanding divisions under La Marmora or Cialdini. There was no sufficient reason why these able officers should have been removed from the command of trained soldiers, and placed over an undisciplined and comparatively inferior force. Events justified the course of the Government in this matter, for it was the stubborn, tenacious courage of Bixio, that saved La Marmora from a worse defeat than the sad day of Custozza actually resulted in; while it was the division of Medici that plucked the only laurels gained by the Fourth (Cialdini's) corps.

Had these officers been removed from the regular army and ordered to the volunteer corps, the "Republican Alliance" would have construed the act as an insult, implying that the Garibaldian generals were unfit to command regulars. For this was the very cry raised by the Mazzinian papers in 1861, when the Government delayed for a time to receive the above-named generals into the regular army, with the same rank that they had held in Garibaldi's "Army of the South."

In point of fact, however, scores of the old Garibaldian officers held commands in the volunteers, and in many, if not most cases, the volunteer officers were selected by Garibaldi himself.

The unfortunate naval battle at Lissa is improved to the utmost by Mazzini. He charges that the Government "held back the fleet in absolute inaction, and then, as if in mockery of the outcry raised by the country, sent it to sea unprovided with the most necessary stores of war, and under the command of a man already notorious for his utter incapacity, to the meaningless enterprise upon Lissa, which ended in defeat."

Here is an instance of the lamentable weakness of memory which we have already deplored. When Mazzini wrote the foregoing sentence, he had already forgotten that Admiral Persano has published a series of letters from La Marmora urging him to put to sea, and at last positively ordering him to weigh anchor immediately. He did so under protest, since he was not yet fully supplied with guns, and his fleet was as yet unready for sea—unready because the financial distress of the Government had hindered its efforts to promote the efficiency of the navy. As to his "notorious, utter incapacity," Mazzini has forgotten that prior to the battle of Lissa, his capacity and patriotism had never been assailed, and that by reason of his gallant conduct at Ancona and Gaëta, he ranked among the best naval commanders in Europe.

After making as much capital as possible out of the disastrous defeat of Custozza—the defeats of Italy are godsends to this model patriot—he perpetrates the following paragraph, in which it is evident that his hatred of the Bourbons, who are said never to forget, has led him into the opposite extreme of forgetting everything:

> And this peace—though this is of small moment compared to dishonor—this peace is ruinous to Italy. Intrenched within the Alps; master of Istria, the key of our eastern frontier; master of the poor, betrayed Trentino, the key of Venetian Lombardy; master of all the passes through which he has been wont to descend into Italy—the enemy can lie in wait to seize the favorable moment, which the embarrassed position of Italy will surely offer, to fall upon us. A peace such as the present carries with it the necessity of another war—a war which (it is needless to deceive ourselves) will find Austria stronger than before. Rejected by Germany, she will be compelled by the force of things, and by the numerical superiority of the Slavonian element, to transform herself into a Slavonian power; and the southern Slavonians, despairing henceforth of Italian aid, and certain of preponderance in the empire, will at length rally round our enemy, and become enemies in their turn.

Might one who is neither a prophet, apostle or martyr of liberty—might a "mere warmint," so to speak, ask why Istria is the key of the eastern Italian frontier, any more than Languedoc is the key of western Italy?" Or how Trentino can be said to be "betrayed?" Or why Austria is stronger than before the battle of Sadowa? Were it not for that unfortunate weakness of memory, Mazzini would have remembered that Trentino is the one thoroughly, blindly loyal province that still remains to Austria. Similarly, he would have remembered that before Austria can become a

Slavonic empire, she must consent to lose Hungary, for between the Slaves and the Magyars there exists the bitterest hatred. What strength would accrue to Austria were she to lose Hungary, in addition to the loss of Venetia, and the ruin of her position as the leader of Germany?

A little further on, and the founder of the "Republican Alliance" tells us that the Piedmontese (now happily the Italian) Constitution is a "wretched creation, extorted in a moment of fear." He forgets that Charles Albert, after the defeat of the Sardinians at the first battle of Custozza, in 1848, stood by that Constitution, though urged to set it aside by the reactionary party, by the army, and by the wishes of perhaps the majority of his subjects; he forgets, too, that the present King could have revoked it at any time during the first four years of his reign, with perfect safety to himself and to his throne. Again, Mazzini charges the Government with "neglecting every plan of national armament, or the organization of a militia on the Swiss or American system;" and forgets that he has just before admitted that the Government had "one hundred thousand mobilized National Guards" at its command on the outbreak of the war. These mobilized National Guards (the portion of the National Guard which has been called into actual service) bear a very small proportion to the entire strength of the National Guard. The precise fact is, that the militia system of Italy is surpassed by that of no European Power, unless, indeed, the Prussian *Landwehr* and *Landsturm* can properly be classed as militia.

"Monarchy," says Mazzini, "never achieved aught either for the liberty or unity of the country; it has always persecuted the apostles of both." If this statement be true, how egregiously the world has been deceived. It has been quite generally supposed that the late Count Cavour, the soul of the Piedmontese monarchy, contributed somewhat to the cause of liberty and unity, and that it was under the lead of Cavour and the monarchy that Italy ceased to be a geographical expression, and became a glorious fact. There exists also an impression that Garibaldi—who would *not* establish a Parthenopean Republic at Naples—had a share in the same work. The world will be glad to know, on the authority of Mazzini, that it has hitherto been grossly deceived, and that to Mazzini belongs the sole glory of the Italian revolution.

It pleases Mazzini to consider himself as a persecuted man. Of course, with that unfortunate weakness of memory before alluded to, he cannot be expected to remember that he flung back with insult the free pardon offered him by the King—that King whose father, if report speaks truly, would have fallen under the blow of the assassin, had the courage of the young man to whom Mazzini had loaned his private dagger for the proposed assassination been equal to his criminal folly.

Let no one suppose for an instant that Mazzini is not perfectly fair and unprejudiced in his criticisms. We are to be sure of this, because he emphatically says that "none, save the intentionally unjust, can accuse us of having shown an exclusive and intolerant spirit. We have patiently submitted to await the result of the trial the nation chose to give monarchy; the greater number of us have even actively aided and assisted the monarchy; none of us have interposed any obstacles in its path; some of us have even carried our abnegation so far as to overlook the increase of vigor which success would have afforded to the institution, and to point out to the monarchy the means by which success might have been secured. But this trial must come to an end."

A little while ago, Venetia resolved, by a vote of 641,758 to 68, to be annexed to Italy, "under the constitutional King, Victor Emanuel, and his successors." The full strength of the Mazzinian party was shown in the vote of the minority. If the proud republic of the Adriatic consents, with scarcely a dissenting voice, to become a third-rate city of the Italian kingdom, the probability that the monarchy will soon "come to an end" is not very great. As a leader in Italian politics, the influence of Joseph Mazzini has gone utterly and forever. True Italians, while they justly lament the manifest errors of the monarchy, will never waver in supporting the throne round which a whole nation has rallied and rested. Those who, after years of exile, and longings infinite after home and country, have at last a nation, a flag, and a free constitutional government, will never barter their present certainty for a mess of Mazzinian pottage. Least of all will they attempt a causeless, hopeless insurrection at the bidding of the "Republican Alliance," and under the leadership of mischievous and incapable agitators.

W. L. Alden.

"RIEN NE VA PLUS."

BATHS OF HOMBOURG.—The saline, muriatic waters of Hombourg are recommended by the most celebrated medical men as an efficacious remedy against maladies of the stomach, the intestines and the liver.

The calm and freshness of the surrounding country, the clear, pure air of the mountains, the magnificence of the forests which form a belt round Hombourg, the variety of excursions and promenades, all unite in aiding the reëstablishment of health.

The new Kursaal, so remarkable for its grand façade in the Florentine style, unites in its interior the conversation and reading-rooms, the grand ball and concert-rooms, and the restaurant.

The excellent orchestra performs three times a day, in the morning at the springs, in the afternoon and evening in the Gardens of the Kursaal.

During the month of September, Italian opera—extraordinary representation of Mlle. Adelina Patti, with the aid of Mmes. Marchisio, Trebelli, Bettini, etc.

Foreign families will find at Hombourg a great number of villas and hotels, furnished in the most luxurious and comfortable style.—*Paris advertisement.*

True, all true to the letter, but as the sequel will show, not the entire truth. Hombourg is certainly a most charming watering place, in and around which nature and art seem to have vied with each other to realize the idea of an earthly Paradise. It is situated nine miles from what was for centuries, and has continued until recently, the flourishing "free City of Frankfort," the great money mart of Europe, but which now, thanks to Bismark and the needle-gun, has degenerated into a third-rate Prussian town. On one side of it rise the blue Taunus Mountains, from whose summits invigorating breezes blow down, and on the other stretches far away toward the Main a broad, extended, fertile plain, dotted with farm houses, whose roofs rise isolated like ships, from out a sea of grain. On the mountain side are thick, dark forests of oak and pine, beneath whose shade long, level, cool, delightful walks and drives lead up to the very mountain summit, and at convenient distances are several little German villages, in which the people still retain their queer, ancient dress and habits, the women wearing the odd-looking German caps, and skirts of even a more than fashionable brevity, and the men remarkable swallow-tailed blue coats, with the waists in the immediate vicinity of the shoulders. Beautiful gardens and lawns, interspersed with parterres of rare native and exotic plants and flowers; lakes on whose fair bosoms swans are floating; charming little *bosquets* in which without much stretch of the imagination mischievous, wicked Cupids may be supposed to flit from branch to branch; parks filled with tame deer, which accept with pleasure their daily bread from the hand of the visitor; fine mineral springs whose waters are recommended as sovereign in all cases of the stomach and liver—one might readily imagine that all these advan-

tages of lavish nature, and of art as lavish, were sufficient to entice searchers after rest, health or recreation to Hombourg.

But it is neither the blue Taunus, nor the pure air, nor the darkling forests of oak, nor the sweet exhalation of the pine borne on the wings of the Summer breeze, nor the queer caps and swallow-tailed coats, nor the gardens and lawns, nor flowers, nor swans, nor Cupids, nor deer, or even the world-renowned invigorating waters—any or all of these combined—which are the principal inducement to the fifteen or twenty thousand people who, in good seasons, spend a portion of the Summer at Hombourg. A more powerful, irresistible attraction than any of these—a fascination which once yielded to holds and binds and charms until it destroys its victim—draws the large majority of those who visit this the most extensive and dangerous of the public gaming hells of Europe. And in this the advertisement fails. No one unfamiliar with the great and striking "specialty" of Hombourg, would ever imagine from its perusal that here so many pockets were annually drained, so many hearts and hopes crushed, so many ambitions destroyed, so many bright dreams converted into hard and sad realities.

Fronting upon the main street of the town, built of brown freestone, in the Florentine style of architecture, is the magnificent Kursaal, the temple of Fortune. Entering a spacious vestibule, treading upon a floor of richly wrought mosaic, the visitor, after passing through a long corridor, suddenly finds himself in a *salon* of palatial proportions and splendor. The walls and ceiling are massive with carving and gilt; and immense mirrors, sofas and chairs of damask, and heavy curtains of the richest satin line the sides. A jingling of gold and silver falls upon the ear, mingled with the rattle of a ball. The subdued hum of voices from the devotees, broken upon by the louder tones of the high priests of this mammon worship, uttering their oft-repeated and well-learned formula, "*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs—Le jeu est fait—Rien ne va plus!*"* As he crosses the threshold, the visitor is expected respectfully and reverently to remove his hat, for he is in the inner temple, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the fickle Diva, and in full view, at either end of the *salon*, are her altars—the tables devoted to *roulette* and *rouge et noir*.

It is to be hoped that the reader, whether "gentle" or "simple," will never unmistakably prove himself the latter by indulging in and yielding to the fascinations of either of these games, and if "forewarned is to be forearmed," it shall not be my fault if he do, for I have had experience in both, and in others, and in my pride of youth fondly believed that I could circumvent, and coax, and win to my embraces the blind goddess, "who flatters but to destroy." I shall never forget my initiation into the mysteries of *roulette*. It was many years ago, upon the Hoboken race-course, where an individual

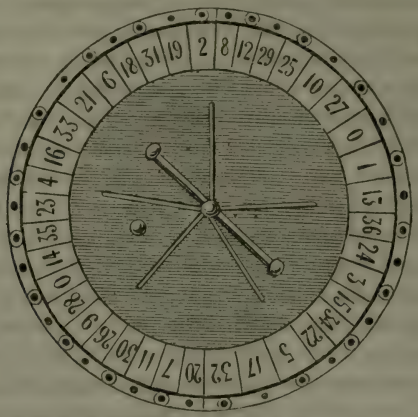
* Make your game, gentlemen—the game is made—nothing more goes.

in a white hat half covered with crape, a very flash vest and most extravagant guard chain, was inviting custom by the not particularly comforting or attractive assurance to his prospective victims, that "the more they put down, the less they would pick up." So far as the fact was concerned, however, he was entirely correct, and it must have been that there was a vein of honesty running through his nature which would not permit him to deceive. The wheel which he was turning was a "twenty-eight roulette," with "advantages" to the bank of a "single" and "double zero," and the emblem of our country, the "eagle bird"—three in thirty-one, or a little less than ten per cent. But when it was taken into consideration that beside these apparent and legitimate advantages, the wheel was what is known among the initiated as a "snapper," and that, touching a little concealed spring, the honest individual in the white hat and flash vest could cause the ball to drop into "red" or "black" at pleasure, it required no very profound acquaintance with the doctrine of probabilities to perceive that the chance of winning at that game was "poor indeed." I know that all the pocket money which I had been saving for months disappeared before it, and that I was restricted to hort commons of candy and cinnamon cigars for a long time.

It is not probable that, at Hombourg, the game of *roulette* is played with such a certainty of profit to the bank and loss to the player. On the contrary, the legitimate "advantages" are considerably less there than at Baden and most of the other fashionable gaming establishments of the continent, where the "percentage" of the bank is derived from a "single" and "double zero;" while at Hombourg only the former militates against the player. The game is played upon a long table covered with green cloth, and around which the players sit or stand. In the centre is a large hole in which the *roulette* is fixed. This consists of a movable cylinder, the periphery of which is divided into thirty-seven compartments, numbered from zero to thirty-six, and separated from each other by brass wires. The cylinder is put in motion by a push against one of the four branches, forming a cross, which surmount it. During its movement, a little ivory ball is thrown in the opposite direction, and this, spinning round for a minute or more upon the immovable part of the apparatus, finally falls into one of the thirty-seven compartments. These, beside containing each a number, alternate in color; "one" being red, the next number to it black, and thus around the entire circumference of the wheel. Upon the number into which the little ball falls depends the winning or losing of all the stakes upon the table.

At either end of the *tapis vert*, on each side of the cylinder, the thirty-seven numbers which it contains are mapped out in three columns, and the other chances which may be bet upon designated. The following simple diagram, exhibiting the *roulette* and the *tapis vert*, will show the arrangement of the numbers, as well as the other

chances of the game, and a reference to it will render perfectly intelligible the explanations which are to follow



a *Manque.*			O			*b* *Passé.*		
			1	2	3			
			4	5	6			
			7	8	9			
c *Pair.*			10	11	12	*d* *Impair.*		
			13	14	15			
			16	17	18			
			19	20	21			
			22	23	24			
e *Rouge.*			25	26	27	*f* *Noir.*		
			28	29	30			
			31	32	33			
			34	35	36			
1stD (*g*)	2dD (*h*)	3dD (*i*)	1stC (*j*)	2d C (*k*)	3d C (*l*)	1stD (*g*)	2dD (*h*)	3dD (*i*)

(a) "Outs" (*manque*) from one to eighteen inclusive; (b) "past" (*passé*) from eighteen to thirty-six inclusive; (c) even numbers (*pair*); (d) odd numbers (*impair*); (e) red (*rouge* or *couleur*); (f) black (*noir*); (g) first twelve numbers; (h) second twelve numbers; (i) third twelve numbers; (j) first column; (k) second column; (l) third column.

Now, although at first view *roulette* appears to be an exceedingly complicated one, it is in reality a very simple game. The basis of it—the principle on which it depends—is the evident fact that the ball, having been whirled by the fingers of the operator around the cylinder, must finally fall into one of the compartments of the wheel, and the object of the player who wishes to bet upon single numbers, is of course to hit this one into which the ball shall tumble. In order to simplify the explanation of the chances at *roulette*, let it be supposed that thirty-seven different players place each a florin (which is the smallest sum permitted to be staked at Hombourg) upon a different number, thus covering all the numbers upon the *tapis*. One of these must evidently win, while all the rest must lose. Suppose the ball, after spinning until it loses its momentum, drops into the compartment "six." This, then, is the winner, and the other thirty-six necessarily lose. The *croupier* then takes the florin from each one of the other numbers, amounting to thirty-six florins, and pays thirty-five of them to the fortunate better upon "six." Were the game a perfectly even one, did the bank have no more "advantage" than the player, it will be readily seen that the latter, in this case, should receive thirty-six instead of thirty-five florins, in payment. But here is exhibited the "percentage," which exists in all banking games, and which, at Hombourg, provides the means for gilding and furnishing these splendid *salons*, and keeping in order these magnificent gardens. This "percentage," as will be seen, is one in thirty-seven, or two and twenty-six thirty-sevenths of the entire amount staked upon the table. To make this matter of "percentage," which is but little understood by uninitiated players, still more palpable, let it be supposed that a single player should cover the *tapis* by placing one florin upon each number. He will necessarily win upon one and lose upon all the others. Now, were the game played without any "percentage" or "advantage" to the bank, the banker should take the money from each and all of the losing numbers, and place it upon the winner. The player would then receive thirty-six florins in addition to the one he placed upon the winning number; and this making precisely the amount he had staked upon them all, he might thus continue playing, with neither profit or loss to himself or the bank, till the end of time. But as at present the game is arranged, the player would lose one florin at each turn of the wheel, and in this manner the bank would sooner or later eat up the largest capital without the player's having the slightest chance of winning. Now, although, of course, no one would be silly enough to bet in this manner, where it is palpable that he must lose and cannot win, it must be borne in mind that, even though he bet upon but a single number, this same percentage or advantage to the bank, which cannot in any manner be avoided, still remains, and that it must in time absorb his capi-

tal in the bank. Suppose a player to bet only upon one and the same number at each turn of the wheel, during a whole day, week, month or year. Now, the probability is that, in the "long run," each number will make its appearance once in thirty-seven times. But should this be literally exemplified in the turning of the wheel, our player, during each series of thirty-seven, in which he would lose thirty-six times and win once, would still be the loser of a florin. Of course, the chances never run so regularly as they are supposed to in this case; but this none the less illustrates the principle. Beside betting upon single numbers, the player may divide his stake among several—may bet upon any of the three columns, or the divisions of twelve, being in either of these two latter cases paid double if he win; or may stake his money, receiving an equal amount in payment if he win, upon the six "simple chances" of *rouge*, *noir*, *manque*, *passe*, *pair* or *impair*.

It is a singular scene—one of these gaming tables. Around it, from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, sit or stand the players, an exceedingly mixed assemblage, gazing with covetous eyes upon the piles of gold and silver placed before the bankers, and watching with intensest interest the fluctuating chances of the game. There are males and females, old and young, leaders in the "grand" and satellites in the *demi-monde*, people who play because they have plenty of money and wish to amuse themselves, and people who play because they have but little and want more. There are noblemen and titled ladies in abundance, and there are tradesmen and professional men and gamblers. Sitting and playing, elbowing and brought into the closest contact with this motley assemblage of counts and countesses, courtesans and sharpers, fast men and faster women, are usually seen a number of sedate, solemn looking English women, who would be exceedingly indignant at being considered otherwise than highly "respectable." They have an English church and clergyman at Hombourg, and the latter, who must practically be exceedingly "broad" and liberal in his views, may frequently be seen in the conversation rooms, chatting with the English women who have been or are just about going into the gaming rooms to play. These ladies regard their religious duties to such an extent as not to play on Sundays, which is probably considered all that is required of them in such a place of temptation as Hombourg. I must confess, however, to a little surprise and shock, when, one Sunday afternoon, when I should have been somewhere else, in strolling through the play rooms, at seeing laid away in one corner of a sofa a black mantilla with a Church of England prayer-book lying upon it. Its owner doubtless thought it no great harm or sin, after paying her devotions to her Maker, to drop in on her way from church and woo for a while the fickle goddess, and perhaps replenish her purse and compensate herself for the florin which, after service, she had dropped into the contribution box.

There are hard-faced people, men and women, sitting at the table, who live year in and out at Hombourg, and who make gambling a profession. These are usually persons who possess small, fixed incomes, and who flatter themselves that they have discovered "systems" by which the game can be beaten, and the cruel divinity of chance circumvented, and who frequently sit for hours carefully noting the numbers as they appear at *roulette*, or pricking with a pin upon cards furnished for the purpose, the winning color at *rouge et noir*, waiting for the combination to arrive which is embraced in their system.

These "systems" for winning at the bank are numerous, but are all based upon the fallacy that chance is guided by law, which, if there be any such thing as "chance," is a contradiction in terms. The simplest and most apparent "system" for winning at a banking game, one which appears palpable and positive to the uninitiated player, is that of commencing with a very small stake and doubling it until it wins, when it is evident that the player will be the gainer by the amount of his original stake. But there are three formidable obstacles barring the way to the success of this plan, which, could they be removed, would be an excellent one, and one which would assuredly ruin all the gaming tables in the world. The first of these is the lack of sufficient capital to enable any ordinary player to endure his losses. Suppose, for example, that a player at *roulette*, in the application of this system, should commence by betting a piece of five francs upon one of the "simple chances"—say "red," and suppose the "red" should lose, as red or black not unfrequently does, twenty times in succession, his last stake would amount to 2,621,440 francs, and his entire losses in the twenty bets to 5,241,915 francs, or about a million of dollars. It is only the old schoolboy illustration of the nails in the horseshoe on a little larger scale. Were the player able to commence with a very small stake, were there no limit to the amount which he would be allowed to bet, it is evident that with an unlimited capital he could, by this system, inevitably and surely win. But the bank is too wise to permit this, and the stakes at all banking games are limited at either extremity with a "minimum" below which and a "maximum" above which no stake will be accepted. At Hombourg, the minimum at *roulette* is fixed at one, and at *rouge et noir* at two florins (forty and eighty cents), and the maximum upon the "simple chances" at *roulette* at four thousand, and at *rouge et noir* at five thousand six hundred florins—so that a player, commencing with the minimum at the former, would only need to lose twelve consecutive bets to attain the maximum, when he would be obliged, if he followed out his "system," to return to his original stake, after having lost four thousand and eighty-three florins in the attempt to win one, which is all he would have done had he at any time in the series of

twelve gained a single stake. A little practical experience in this matter of winning at a banking game by "doubling" will soon convince any one to his cost of the impracticability of the system. But, beside the two obstacles mentioned, there is another which no amount of care, circumspection or boldness can overcome—the "percentage" of the bank, the fact that when "zero" appears at *roulette*, or the *refait* at *rouge et noir*, all parties on all sides and colors lose. This is sufficient alone to ruin all calculations and destroy all probabilities of ever permanently winning by a "system."

Another exceedingly plausible "system" is based upon the theory of the "equilibrium of chances" embraced in the aphorism that "within a given period two simple chances will appear an equal number of times." The practical application of this system, the infallibility of which an author who has recently published a book of advice to players showing how they can surely win, says is "as certain as the return of day after night," is playing upon "color" or any other simple chance, after it has either not appeared at all in a certain number of times, or when it is far in arrears of its opposite. If, for example, in a hundred turns of the *roulette* "black" had appeared but twenty times and "red" eighty, the player upon this system would, with the idea of "restoring the equilibrium," commence betting and doubling upon the black until it won. But in this "system" there is no more certainty than in any of the others. It is probable, although by no means positive or capable of demonstration, either theoretically or practically, that the axiom assumed is correct, that were a man to live to the age of Methuselah, and should he in his earliest youth commence tossing a penny in the air, and continue this amusement during sixteen hours a day up to the time of his death—it is probable that, during this long period of time nearly an equal number of "heads" and "tails" must have made their appearance. But the attempt practically to apply this theory of "equilibrium" to any limited space of time—to hours, days, or even years, is, as any one may easily satisfy himself by trying it, a simple absurdity.

Still more palpable and inviting to a young player is the idea that after a "simple chance" has lost a considerable number of times consecutively, it must soon win. If, for example, at *roulette* the "red" has appeared at eighty successive turns, it seems evident to the superficial calculator that the probabilities are strongly in favor of "black" in the next, and the temptation to bet upon it is to the neophyte almost irresistible. But this is a fatal and expensive error. Chance is subject to a certain degree of calculation, guided to a certain extent by mathematical law. Before the penny has been tossed, the chances are exactly equal that it will fall with "head" or "tail" uppermost, but the probability is as three to one that "heads" will not appear twice, as seven to one against three times,

and as fifteen to one against four "heads" in succession. But when these probabilities have been surmounted, when the penny actually has fallen with the "head" up at four successive tosses, the chances again become exactly equal that it will fall "head" or "tail" upon the fifth, there being, after the former has been made, no connection between the fourth and the fifth toss. The same rule applies to *roulette* or *rouge et noir*. Before the turn of the wheel the chances are as two hundred and fifty-five to one, that "red" or "black" will not win eight times in succession; but having done so, upon the ninth turn the probabilities are relatively just what they were on the first, and the chances of "red" or "black" winning or losing exactly equal.

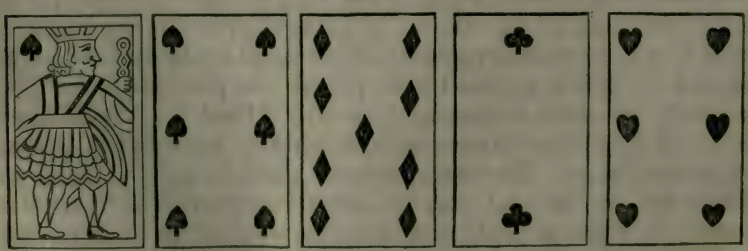
One of the most favorite of the "systems" played both against the *roulette* and the *rouge et noir*, and one the plausibility of which is particularly striking, is that known as the "decomposed eight." The theory of this system is that no eight *coups* or decisions will come in precisely the same order twice in succession. Thus, for example: if at *roulette*, during eight consecutive turns of the wheel, red has appeared twice, then black twice, then red once, and black three times in succession, the player of the "decomposed eight" is prepared to "back his opinion" that the next eight turns of the wheel will not yield precisely the same result in exactly the same order. To profit by this he bets the minimum of one florin upon the "black." If it wins his object is accomplished—his "system" verified, he has won his florin and prepares to attack the following eight *coups* in the same manner. But should it lose, he then, nothing daunted, places two florins upon the "black;" if that lose, four on the "red;" that losing, eight on the "red;" then sixteen on the "black;" and thus doubling each time he loses, and always in opposition to the corresponding turn in the previous series of eight. It will be readily seen that in accordance with this system, unless the two series of eight do successively appear in precisely the same order, the player must at some time before he reaches the last number of the second series win one florin.

This system, however, upon which a book has been written, showing how, with a capital of two hundred and fifty-six florins, a certain and sure profit of sixty florins a day may be made at *roulette*, is as fallacious as any of the others. Its plausibility is very much heightened by the assumed irregularity of the *coups* in the series of eight against which it is proposed to be played. In principle it would be precisely the same to assume that after "black" or "red" had appeared eight times in succession, it could not immediately appear eight times more. The second series of eight is quite as liable to follow the first in what may be called "irregular," as in regular order It is just as likely that in sixteen turns of the wheel the last series of eight shall be the same as the first, as that "red" or "black"

or any other "simple chance" should appear sixteen times in succession, which it does by no means unfrequently.

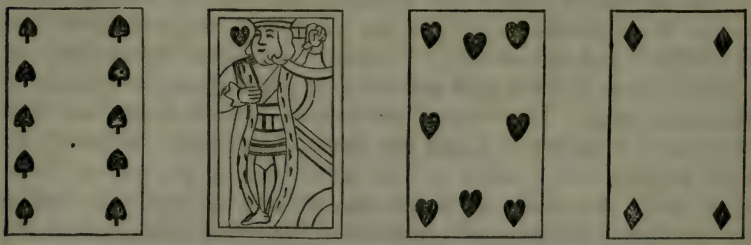
There are many other more or less complicated "systems," professors of which are found ready to teach them to verdant pupils at all the gaming hells of Europe. It may be safely said, however, that all are based upon fallacies, and that at least while the bank retains its "percentage" and limits the players to a "maximum" and "minimum," no banking game can be beaten by a "system."

The *rouge et noir* or *trente et quarante*, as the game is indiscriminately entitled, is but little known in the United States. It is played with six packs of cards shuffled and mixed together, the players sitting or standing around a table covered with green cloth. In the centre is placed the dealer, and opposite him and at either end the *croupiers*, whose duty it is to assist the players in placing their bets, to see that no errors are made, and to push or pull in the lost money with long wooden rakes. Upon one side of the table a diamond-shaped piece of red cloth is inserted; upon the opposite side a black one. The players desiring to "back" the red, place their money upon the former; those having faith in the black, on the latter. The dealer encourages the players with a formula which, like a parrot, he repeats from hour to hour, scarcely ever varying its monotony with another word, "*Faites votre jeu, Messieurs—faites votre jeu*," and as he sees all the money placed he announces, "*Le jeu est fait*," and then commencing to turn off the cards, closes with "*Rien ne va plus*," after which all bets made are null and void. In dealing the cards, he places them upon the table, counting aloud the spots as he does so, the court cards being valued at ten each, and all the others at the number of spots which they bear. The dealer must continue turning and counting until he reaches at least thirty-one, and cannot go beyond forty. The first series between thirty-one and forty counts for "black," and this being completed, he turns off another for the "red." The one whose number of spots in the aggregate approaches nearest thirty-one is the winning series. To make this plainer, suppose the first series of cards to turn in the following order:



The spots in this series counting thirty-three completes the series

for the "black," and the dealer then commences with the second series for the "red." Suppose this to appear in the following order:



This, the "red" series, counting in the aggregate but thirty-two, and this being nearer thirty-one than the other, the red wins, the dealer declares that "*rouge gagne*," and all the bets made upon the second or "red" series win, while those upon the first or "black" series are raked in to swell the capital of the bank. Another mode of betting at *rouge et noir* is upon "color" or against it. These bets are decided by the color of the last card turned in the winning series. If the "black" or first series win, and the last card turned in that series is a black one, that is, a spade or a club, then "color" wins. But if the first or "black" series win and the last card turned in it is a heart or diamond, then "color" loses. If the last or "red" series win, and the last card turned in it is a heart or diamond, then "color" wins, but should it be a club or spade, then "color" loses. In the diagram above given, the "red" series winning and the last card in it being a diamond, "color" wins, and the dealer declares that "*rouge gagne et couleur*," paying all the stakes upon "red" and "color," and taking all those upon "black" and "*contre couleur*."

The "advantage" to the bank at *rouge et noir* is known as the *refait*. Should, for example, each of the series of "black" and "red" count thirty-two, thirty-four, or any equal number between thirty-two and forty, the bets upon either side are a "stand off," that is, they neither win nor lose, and the players may remove or change them at pleasure. If, however, each of the series should count thirty-one, then all the bets upon both sides are placed "in prison," depending upon the next turn for being taken out or lost, this being in reality equivalent to taking one half of each stake upon the table. At Hombourg, however, the bank relinquishes a portion of its advantages, and contents itself with a *demi-refait*, the stake being only placed "in prison" when the last card of the last series of thirty-one is a black one. The *refait* of thirty-one is calculated to occur about once in thirty-eight times, which gives the bank a percentage of about two and two-thirds, which, however, is reduced at Hombourg, by the *demi-refait*, to just half this amount.

The fact that there is a smaller "percentage" against the player at *rouge et noir* than at *roulette*, together with that that the bank is

larger, renders it the more popular of the two games at Hombourg. As the minimum permitted to be staked is two florins, and the maximum five thousand six hundred, the play is usually much higher than at *roulette*, and as the game is considered more "respectable" and aristocratic, it usually attracts a better class of players, whose piles of gold and heaps of paper money are scattered about the table. The "bank" amounts to 150,000 francs, and that at *roulette* to 30,000. These are not unfrequently "broken" by high players, when others of the same amount are put up, for in spite of all the obstacles in the way of winning, notwithstanding the decided "advantages" in favor of the bank, capital, boldness and good fortune not unfrequently overcome them, and result in large profits. During the time I was at Hombourg, a Russian arrived there with a capital of two thousand francs. In the course of a week he had several times broken the bank, and was a winner to the amount of 800,000 francs. He was, however, ambitious to swell this to a million, and in his attempt to accomplish this, lost the whole, so that the administration was obliged to give him a hundred francs with which to get away from Hombourg, and which was paid from a fund which the administration keeps and nurses for the benefit of those unfortunate individuals who "come after wool" and are so thoroughly shorn. Such cases as that of the Russian are by no means uncommon, and form the capital of a considerable portion of the daily gossip of the place. There are others and more melancholy ones, of men and women, who have been wealthy but whose passion for play has been their ruin, and who, having lost their all, still hang around the tables, their eyes and ears pleased with the sparkle and jingle of gold and silver, and their hopes buoyed up with the impression that they may be able to beg or borrow from some fortunate player a small stake with which they may finally retrieve their losses. Occasionally some poor fellow who has lost all but his brains, concluding that these will not be of much further practical use to him, disturbs for a few minutes the quiet progress of the game by blowing them out with a pistol, but such little incidents as these only increase the stock of interesting gossip, and the ball goes on spinning as briskly as ever.

The oldest and most celebrated *habitué* of the gaming tables of Hombourg is the Countess Kisselef, wife of the former Russian ambassador to Rome. She is an old lady of seventy, and a long time since, her passion for play became so great that her husband informed her that she must either give up it or him. She chose the latter alternative and went to Hombourg, where she has lived for the last ten or twelve years, spending almost her entire day at the *roulette* table. She is a cripple and unable to walk, and every morning at eleven, when the game commences, she is wheeled up to the Kursaal in a bath chair, and, hobbling in upon crutches, or

leaning on the arms of her servants, takes her place at the tables where she sits till six, when she goes to dinner, returning at eight and playing till eleven o'clock. And this routine of life continues, week days and Sundays, Summer and Winter, year in and year out; and the old lady, who is evidently fast fading out, will, in all probability, drop off some day, as indeed she has expressed the wish that she may, between two spins of the *roulette* wheel, and as the *croupier* appropriately announces, "*Le jeu est fait—Rien ne va plus.*" She is said to have lost some ten millions of florins, or about four millions of dollars, and the administration counts upon her as being worth about five hundred thousand florins a year to the bank. Some years since she built a block of houses and opened a new street in Hombourg, to which her name was given; but houses and lots were long since swallowed up, and gone to feed the insatiable maw of the demon of gaming.

Two valuable practical lessons may be learned by a little observation, study and reflection at such a place as Hombourg, both exemplified by almost innumerable cases. The first is that persons who play against the games slowly and systematically, contenting themselves with losing or winning only a certain amount daily, are sure in the end to be losers by the "percentage" or "advantage" which the game possesses. The other is that, except in rare instances, those who make sudden and large winnings usually play until they have lost them all again. The fascination of play is so overwhelming, the excitement so pleasing and so powerful, that the winner, elated with his good fortune, sees no reason why it should not last forever; and having fixed no limit at which he will cease playing, continues until he has lost all. Keepers of gaming houses count even more upon the passions of players than upon the legitimate advantages of their games—upon the fact that a winner is desirous of winning more, and a loser of retrieving his losses, and that both have but one fixed and positive stopping place—the bottom of their purses.

Beside the amateur and professional gamesters at Hombourg, are others who gain a livelihood by keeping the run of the games upon little cards, furnished for the purpose, and telling it to those who desire the information; and there are broken-down players, who hang about the tables waiting for an opportunity of picking up a "sleeper"—a stake which its legitimate owner neglects or forgets. Sharpers, who take other people's money when occasion offers, and who even play tricks upon the bank itself, are permitted to remain in the rooms till they are fairly detected, when they are banished the premises. The *croupiers*, of whom there are six at each *roulette* and four at each *rouge et noir* table, keep a very sharp watch, and are familiar with most of the games resorted to to swindle the bank; yet occasionally some enterprising sharper succeeds in beat-

ing it upon a very certain basis. One day, during my Summer residence at Hombourg, a very respectable looking man placed upon the "red" at *rouge et noir* a *rouleau*, which, being put up in blue paper, resembled in size, form and general appearance the *rouleaus* of fifty silver florins each, which the bank frequently pays out. The "red" lost, and the *croupier* was about raking in the *rouleau*, when the better remarked that he would prefer to keep it, and handed at the same time five bills of ten florins each to the *croupier*, who, accepting them as an equivalent, pushed back with his rake the *rouleau*. The better allowed it still to remain upon the "red," which, at the next turn of the cards, appeared, when the *croupier*, in payment, placed upon the *rouleau* the five ten-florin bills which the better had just given him. The latter, however, refused to accept these, and, breaking open the *rouleau*, exposed, instead of fifty silver florins, fifty quintuple gold napoleons of a hundred francs each, for which he demanded an equal sum in payment. The *croupier* objected, stating that, in exchange for the *rouleau* when it was lost, the better had given him but fifty florins, thus leading him to believe that to be the amount which it contained. To this proposition the better put in a "demurrer," replying that that was not his affair; that, in placing the *rouleau* upon the table, he had made no declaration how much or how little he had staked; that the *croupier*, when it lost, had a perfect right, and that, indeed, it was his duty, to have taken it; that, if he had blindly consented to accept fifty florins in its stead, that was simply an evidence of his neglect of the interests of the bank; but that, now it had won, it must be paid. The matter being referred to the administration, it was decided that the better was right in theory, and the value of the *rouleau* being paid him, he was politely requested never to grace again the splendid *salons* of the Kursaal with his presence; while the *croupiers* were instructed to take all *rouleaus* which were lost, instead of their presumed equivalents.

A few days afterward, an exceedingly clever swindle was practised at the *roulette* table. A highly respectable looking old gentleman, with a decoration in his button hole, took a seat at the table and placed a gold napoleon upon a single number. It lost, and he placed a second upon another number. This lost, also, and he continued betting and losing half a dozen napoleons, when a young man came rushing up to the table in great haste, and placed a florin upon "thirty-six" a second *after* the *croupier* had announced that as the winning number. As it was evident that the money had been placed after the number had appeared, the *croupier*, informing him that it was "too late," pushed the florin piece with his rake toward the young man. As he did this, he uncovered a gold napoleon lying upon the same number beneath the silver piece. This he was also about pushing toward the young man, when the old

gentleman with the decoration, in a storm of wrath and indignation, seized it, and placing it back upon the winning number, insisted upon its being paid. "He was not responsible," he said, "for the young man's having covered it with his florin," and as he seemed to be an exceedingly respectable old gentleman, and as he had been betting napoleons, the *croupiers* took it for granted that all was as it appeared to be, and paid him thirty-five napoleons. The old gentleman then, apparently highly indignant at the little hesitation which had been exhibited about paying him, and asserting that he would "play no more with such *voleurs*," took up his money and departed, and within the next half hour he and his young friend were probably on their way to Frankfort. A day or two after the occurrence it was ascertained that the same scene had been enacted by the same parties at Baden. The young man was, of course, the old one's accomplice, and had placed the napoleon upon the winning number at the same time with the florin.

It is of course impossible to ascertain, even approximately, the amount of money annually lost at Hombourg, at which, unlike most of the gaming establishments of Europe, the tables stand invitingly covered with silver and gold, and the ball spins, and the cards are turned, and the everlasting, monotonous formula, "*Rien ne va plus*," is heard all the year round. Some idea of it, however, may be gathered from the expenses to which the administration is subjected and the profits which it derives. The gaming privilege is owned by a chartered association whose nominal capital is 3,200,000 florins, divided into shares of 250 florins each. The company pays annually to the Government a tax of 60,000 florins, lights and keeps clean the streets of Hombourg, supports the hospital there, expends three thousand francs, or about six hundred dollars, a day in keeping in good order and repair and in constantly adding new embellishments to the grounds and building, pays its shareholders a dividend of twenty per cent. per annum, and then puts aside a large amount as a sinking fund for the redemption of the stock, which, if the gaming privilege is continued a few years longer, will have cost the shareholders nothing. The administration is now standing in fear and trembling, awaiting the decision of the Prussian Government as to whether their privilege, which expires next year, shall or shall not be renewed. It is generally supposed that, looking upon gaming as *contra bonos mores*, that Government will not sanction its continuation, and administration, hotel, shop, lodging and bath-house keepers are in a terrible state of anxiety, all imagining that they and their various interests and occupations will be ruined if the fascination of play ceases to be the inducement to the Summer visitors at Hombourg.

EDWARD GOULD BUFFUM.

HINTS FOR VISITORS TO PARIS.

THE experienced tourist is well aware that the worst aspect in which any European capital can be seen is when it is laboring under the pressure of some unusual excitement, or thronged with strangers who contribute nothing to the conditions of its natural life. Paris, in particular, possesses less of its peculiar charm and is more unlike itself during overcrowded periods than at any other time; but it is nevertheless certain that the recurrence of the International Exposition, this year, will attract legions of visitors whose inclination for foreign travel might never have been actively aroused except by some such practical appeal to their curiosity. Thousands of Americans will cross the Atlantic for the first time, in the expectation of combining in one spot, and in a few weeks, the advantages which in ordinary seasons could only be obtained at the cost of a pilgrimage of months or years. It is not very probable that this expectation will be realized to any extent; a few hundred representatives from various countries do not constitute nations, any more than carefully picked selections of artistic and mechanical products properly exhibit the habits and condition of the people from whose works they may have been chosen; but, whether futile or not, it is largely indulged in, and will have the effect of swelling the business of foreign exchange in a manner highly gratifying to the busy gentlemen in Wall Street who control it.

Paris, which *can* see a league or two beyond its own walls when interest sharpens its eye-sight, has already taken notice of the impending increase of population, and, in certain quarters, has "adopted measures accordingly." It is a fact that where strangers most do congregate, and especially where Americans are accustomed to resort, a rapid and unwavering advance in prices for every commodity has been going on for many weeks. It is well understood that this rise will be continued until the highest practicable point is reached, and that the tariff thus determined will be maintained until the gradual withdrawal of strangers compels a reduction. Americans, therefore, who are always, through their own folly or indifference, subject to exorbitant charges, will this year be liable to demands which, I presume, even they are little prepared for. If they measure their probable expenses by the schedules of friends who have in former times visited the gay capital, they will wofully deceive themselves. One hundred per cent., at least, must be added to all old estimates. And this in spite of the fact that the expenditures of the native population will be increased, if at all, only in a comparatively inappreciable degree. The Frenchman, of course,

knows his ground, and will not endure unreasonable exactions; but the unaccustomed foreigner, having no past experience to guide him, must yield compliance with whatever may be imposed upon him.

I propose to undertake the entirely thankless office of pointing out one or two methods by which Americans, going to Paris for the first time, may avoid some of the more obvious extravagances into which they are apt to be lured. And I may say, in advance, that my admonitions are all based upon one general principle, which might be concisely expressed by the proverb, "When in Rome," etc. Since it is clear that the French residents will escape extortions, the more nearly a stranger can adapt himself to their usages, the more certain he is of escaping unfair treatment. This, I am aware, can only be conveniently done to a limited extent, but it is my purpose to show how far it may be attempted, without any sacrifice of comfort or independence, and to explain the material benefits that are sure to follow.

It is best to begin at the beginning. Before getting to Paris, we must cross the ocean. By what line of steamers to do so is a question asked daily in a thousand households. Having myself tested every route, I can speak by the card; and I have no hesitation in saying that the least desirable of all are those which at present hold the highest reputation, and charge the highest fares. Setting aside economical considerations, the comforts, both as regards the accommodations afforded and the attention bestowed upon passengers, are vastly superior in the miscalled second-rate steamships. This has been the case for years, and more so recently than ever. The pecuniary distinction is by no means trifling. The difference in single fares is from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and where parties travel in considerable numbers, it is greater in proportion. As regards speed, there is no measurable variation between the time of passage in the cheaper and in the more expensive routes; and this statement holds good with regard to English and French lines alike.*

If the tourist sail direct to France, he has nothing to do but dispatch himself promptly from Brest or Havre to his destination. If he first pass through England, intending to devote a week or two to London, he requires a friendly word of caution. For his own peace of mind, let him resolutely avoid hotels; or, if circumstances oblige him to take temporary refuge in one, let him procure the

*There is a rumor that the Great Eastern will make a trip across and back, this season. The accommodations of the Great Eastern are matchless, and all other steamships are, in comparison, like hovels beside palaces. But there are certain departments of management which require organization and long practice to make them effective, and in these the Great Eastern has always been deficient. It is impossible to get a trustworthy corps of stewards for such exceptional voyages as she makes; and every traveller knows the intolerable results of neglect or incompetency in this respect. My ocean experiences on board the mammoth ship were the most delightful and the most detestable of which I have recollection.

name of some house where Americans have never been known to assemble, and there establish himself. The peculiarity of the "American" tavern in London and Paris is, that it habitually provides less for its guests, at uniformly higher prices, than can anywhere else be found. But all decent hotels in London are inordinately expensive. For even so brief a sojourn as a fortnight, it is better to seek private lodgings. These can be obtained with very little difficulty at any time of the year. During "the season," a comfortable parlor and a bed-room in the best localities can be rented for about two pounds a week; a drawing-room and two chambers for about three guineas. For similar accommodations in a good hotel, at least twice as much would be demanded. Out of "the season," the rates are reduced one-third or one-half. Fine apartments can easily be found for families in the neighborhood of St. James' Street, moderate ones in the various streets leading from the Strand, and both positions are thoroughly central. Arrangements may always be made in these lodgings for the regular supply of meals, but it is pleasanter, either for families or for persons travelling singly, to dine at some one of the Regent Street or Piccadilly restaurants, where excellent courses are served for almost any price that the customer may determine upon; say seven shillings, five shillings, or three shillings. To reach Paris from London is the next consideration. The routes by Calais and by Boulogne are the speediest, the dearest, and the least entertaining. By the way of Dieppe, the traveller has the disadvantage of passing seven or eight hours upon the water, instead of two or three; but, after landing, he is carried through a picturesque part of Normandy, and is offered the chance of stopping at Rouen to view the famous Cathedral. On the first-named roads there is little to be seen, and the fare is double that of the latter. But, not to invade too long the province of the guide-book, let us assume the traveller to be safely arrived in Paris, and proceed to consider what disposition can best be made of him.

On the Boulevard des Capucines, in one of the brightest and most central parts of the city, stands a vast edifice of somewhat uneven outline and indefinite architectural design, but which is nevertheless attractive from its magnitude and the air of uninterrupted activity which it presents. If you watch its arched portals, you will see passing to and fro, issuing or entering, from morning till night, processions of infinite variety. Variety, indeed, in more ways than are obvious at first. Not only is every nationality there represented—every varying shade of European and Asiatic races—every conflicting accent of known and unknown tongues—but the close observer can also detect in the countenances and demeanor of those who pass singular gradations of expression—from cheerful content to anxiety and dejection, from anxiety and dejection to awful gloom

and black despair. The student of human nature is interested in so strange a problem. After a few days he discovers that the joyous faces are those comparatively new to him, while, as repetition breeds familiarity with others, he plainly traces in them the progress of declining hope. It is clear that the mysterious influence within, whatever it may be, does not operate upon all alike. The brisk New Englander, fortified by his energetic spirits, resists it for some days longer than most Europeans. The Englishman, out of pure obstinacy, and evidently determined to suffer and be strong, refuses to succumb until his dogged disposition literally crumbles beneath the pressure. Involuntarily you glance over the main entrance, expecting, of course, to find it decorated with a scroll bearing Dante's significant inscription, and gracefully intertwined with the flags of all nations. But, like whatever else you expect to find about this marvellous establishment, it is not there. An irresistible fascination impels you, and you at last walk in, not without precaution. You are in a spacious court-yard, carefully protected from sun and rain by a huge glass cover, in which are lounging, strolling or dozing numbers of well-dressed and apparently rational beings. At first glance, you would pronounce them tolerably happy; but you speedily remark that their gayety is fictitious and their laughter forced. At times they lapse into sadness, but, catching sight of a little old gentleman in a corner, who wears a red velvet cap, seemingly in token of some high office, they rouse themselves with an effort, and try to be at ease. It is as if they dreaded the consequences of being detected in giving way to their emotions. Some seek consolation, at intervals, in flowing bowls; but the flowing bowl involves financial consequences which produce greater prostration than ever. "What Is It?" you ask in a loud voice, unconsciously quoting Mr. Barnum. "Is it a private asylum? is it a model prison?" You are informed that it is the Grand Hotel.

With all the earnestness of my Puritan nature, with a spirit roused by the remembrance of unnumbered vexations, I entreat my credulous countrymen, when false counsellors whisper to them the words "Grand Hotel," words so suggestive of moral torture to the experienced, to turn upon them two deaf ears, and to cry, with emphasis, "Tempter, avaunt!" For it oddly happens, upon what principle I cannot explain, that some Americans take a fiendish satisfaction in causing their own past Parisian miseries to be reproduced at the bitter cost of their successors. We all know the story of the Indian who, getting caught with cayenne pepper, at a public dinner, concealed his agonies until he had seen all the sachems suffer likewise in their turn. Possibly, having undergone a reverse misfortune to that of Esop's fox, and, being conscious of having lost their heads in the mazes of this remarkable institution, American victims of the Grand Hotel feel the same eagerness as that experi-

enced by the cunning animal, to hide their discomfiture under an affectation of contented pride. But, for my own part, although, as Susan Nipper might say, I may not be an angel of charity, yet I believe that if it had been my fate to go out as a missionary, and to be eaten in some cannibal island, I should not return in spirit, and rap out on tables entreaties to my friends to go and be done likewise. No, no. Let me honestly endeavor to preserve my fellow countrymen from this most imminent of all the evils which menace them in the great capital. The expense to me is only that of a sincere exhortation; the saving to them, in pocket and in patience, may be sufficient to supply capital, in both departments, for a fresh foreign tour at some ensuing season.

Inasmuch as the prosperity of the Grand Hotel would not be particularly disturbed by the withdrawal of the whole of its American patronage—there being always a sufficient number of European visitors to overcrowd it—I have not the same compunction in speaking freely of its deficiencies that I might feel if I were thereby working an irreparable injury to its owners, the gentlemen of the Crédit Mobilier, who, by the by, have under their control a number of large hotels beside this, all equally ill kept. The only argument supposed to recommend it to Americans, that I have ever heard, is, that a great many Americans are to be found there. This, however, does not constitute, to my mind, a powerful inducement. A little reflection would, perhaps, convince the intelligent inhabitant of the United States that it is not necessary for him to travel all the way to Paris to hunt up his own countrymen. And for my own part, although I hope I am not altogether unpatriotic, I must confess that it generally gives me more pleasure to encounter my Yankee brother with his foot upon his native heath, than when surrounded by the queer influences to which he is inclined to yield on first getting abroad. But that is a matter of individual taste. The objections to the establishment are more tangible. While probably larger than any New York hotel, it exhibits an executive incapacity which, among us, would be considered unworthy of a village tavern. It has a manager, in a red velvet cap, whose functions are to bid you good day with great severity whenever you approach him. Under no circumstances will he allow you to open conversation upon any other topic, least of all in the way of appeal or remonstrance. It has a host of servants, of whom it has been observed that they are always too preoccupied with the commissions of other guests to give attention to your own, although no person has ever yet discovered who the other favored guests may be. It has an admirable code of rules and regulations, which, so far as they tend to the advantage of the traveller, are not enforced with harshness, but which, wherever they operate beneficially to the proprietors, prove that earnestness and vigor do exist somewhere within its

walls. If it were necessary to specify the discomforts to which an occupant of this house may be subjected, I should say that, in nine cases out of ten, at least, his fate will be as follows:

On arriving, he will be put into an uncomfortable room, with the assurance that none better is vacant, and which he will presently discover is one of the worst he could possibly have been consigned to—it being a recognized principle to force away the least agreeable apartments first. He will carefully record his name, leaving directions at the office that visitors and messages shall be promptly sent to him; but, after a few days of indignant wonder at the inattention of friends, he will learn, in accidental street meetings, that dozens have called upon him, and that cards have been delivered to the *concierge* by the score, of none of which has he ever heard a word.* On the first morning he will proceed to the restaurant, and, with due reflection, order a breakfast to his taste. After waiting for three-quarters of an hour, by which time the pangs of hope deferred have impaired his appetite, he will find set before him a dish which may not only be wholly different from that he has invoked, but, possibly, one of his special horrors. He gives out linen to be washed, and in a few days is offered, in return, shirts, collars and stockings entirely beyond his capacity, if he is a small man, or inadequate to his needs, if he be stout. He thrusts forth his boots at night, and in the morning discovers those of some unknown stranger waiting for him. And for none of these things, be it understood, can he obtain redress. The value of lost garments, it is insinuated, will be restored to him on proper proof of their loss; but I never heard of anybody who had patience enough to go through the weary course of circumlocution by which alone reparation can be obtained. At the end of a week his bill is promptly presented to him—and in the performance of this one ceremony I admit that perfect punctuality is practised—and, after a weary deciphering of its almost illegible items and figures, he discovers errors, always to his disadvantage, which involve an hour or more of elaborate consultation with the unwilling clerks. And so on, indefinitely, until either he breaks impetuously away and turns his back forever on the Grand Hotel and its misdeeds, or yields with a crushed spirit, and submissively accepts whatever oppressions may afterward be imposed upon him.

I have dwelt at length upon the inconveniences of this establishment—not exaggerating a single fact—because they represent a kind which the prudent traveller will have frequent occasion to avoid. In fact, if he have the courage to spurn the first temptation to carelessness and extravagance, he will find little difficulty in re-

* Mr. Huntington declares that if, through any inadvertence, he should ever commit a murder, he should at once take rooms in the Grand Hotel, as the surest method of forever escaping capture.

sisting it altogether. I have always looked upon the Grand Hotel as "the direful spring of woes unnumbered" to inexperienced tourists. The French say, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*" The American who first puts his foot into the loose and slippery ways to which this house is one of the entrances, will be likely to find himself, before long, totally submerged in habits of reckless prodigality. Having once well worked his way into the labyrinth, he may as well give up the hope of extricating himself by any process whatever.

The fact is that hotel life, under any circumstances, in Paris, is a mistake. If, however, strangers cannot conquer their undomestic instincts, and feel that they must adopt it, the judicious course is for them to seek one of the smaller and quieter houses, of which there are scores within the immediate neighborhood of the Grand Hotel, and which are at the same time better administered and much cheaper. Almost any street-crossing from the Boulevards to the rue de Rivoli, between the Madeleine church and the rue de Richelieu, is sure to contain some pleasant hotel where every comfort or luxury can be obtained at one-third the expense which the great houses involve. But the true system, as in London, is to occupy apartments. These are always attainable, and frequently at rates so moderate as to astonish strangers. During the Exposition season, these rates will, in most available localities, be higher than at ordinary times; but they will be extortionately increased only in those vicinities where free-handed foreigners are expected to reside—such as the Champs-Elysées, the Boulevard Malesherbes, the rues de Rivoli and de la Paix, and the central Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the rue Vivienne. Excepting in these thoroughfares, and their immediate offshoots, the applicant for lodgings will not be liable to unreasonable exactions. Prices of course diminish with distance from the centres of fashion and trade. Ten minutes' walk from the popular Boulevards will show you a reduction of one hundred or two hundred per cent. in the rents of precisely the same class of apartments. Three or four years ago, I was comfortable in a couple of pretty rooms, *au second*, on the rue de Clichy, at sixty-five francs a month. Some insane impulse prompted me to transfer myself to two similar rooms, *au troisième*, in the Jockey Club building, where I was wretched (the place being under the same management as that of the Grand Hotel), at three hundred and fifty francs a month. The cause of the difference was, that the Jockey Club stands on the broad Boulevard, while the rue de Clichy is some six or eight minutes' walk away from it. By crossing the Seine, further economic advantages may be secured, and still with no risk of inconvenience. I have seen admirable suites of furnished apartments on the Quais, with the beautiful river rushing beneath the windows, and the Louvre and Notre Dame in close view—apartments ample in accommodation for a family of half a

dozen, which rented for two hundred francs a month. Nothing of the sort could be found at a great hotel for less than twelve or fifteen hundred francs a month.

In many of the *maisons meublées* meals are provided, if required; but transient visitors will soon discover that the wiser plan is to breakfast and dine at the restaurants, of which Paris possesses an infinite variety. Most strangers hold it a religious duty to visit, at least once or twice, the celebrated Trois Frères, the Maison Doré, the Café Riche, and such popular establishments. For an occasional experiment, these are no doubt very agreeable; but I have never discovered a good reason for permanent devotion to them, when the same quality of food can be obtained at a quarter of the cost, and with less pomp and confusion, at a hundred other houses. The most easily found, among these latter, are in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, either in the passages which surround the garden, or along the streets which branch off from it. The tariff of prices is usually exhibited on conspicuous signs. There are breakfasts for two or three francs, and dinners for three or four, with profuse bills of fare from which to select. The same meals, ordered at a first-class Boulevard restaurant—although no better in any single respect—would cost three or four times as much, and the accommodation and attendance would probably be inferior. For those who do not object to bustle and enlivening contact with the populace, there are still more economic resorts. In various parts of the city, especially in the Passage de l'Opéra, there are restaurants where excellent dinners are given at two francs. The courses consist of soup, three dishes (at the choice of the customer), and dessert. A small bottle of red or white *vin ordinaire* is included. Breakfasts are furnished at one franc and a half—wine, three dishes, and dessert. These places are almost always thronged, and by classes so various as to afford perpetual amusement to the casual visitor. You may see a dignified chevalier of the Legion of Honor struggling to extract intelligence from the *Moniteur* at one little table, while at the next a merry *grisette* giggles over her *Journal pour Rire;* a rosy-faced *gamin* cuts jokes with his fresh fruit, in a corner, while a grim-visaged *huissier*, just opposite, attempts to sour all the wine in his neighborhood by the morose glances which he sends forth. Again, as there is usually a considerable number of Americans in France for whom it is desirable to exercise especial discretion, it should be known that a yet cheaper class of eating-house exists, called *Bouillons*, the best of which are in the Faubourg Montmartre, where well-cooked, simple meals are supplied, with very plain accessaries, of course, at prices ranging from twelve sous to a franc. In all cases, as a rule, it is judicious to avoid restaurants and cafés supposed to be especially patronized by Americans. The imperfect English spoken there is always a

heavy, though an unwritten item in the bill; and the rapture of hearing your own language broken is hardly sufficient to compensate for the careless service and questionable cookery which are common to all of them.*

It is not my purpose to consider at length the minuter possibilities of Parisian economy. As regards the two principal errors into which the ignorant are likely to fall, I have now uttered my word of warning. But as I remember that Americans are fond, particularly on a first visit, of laying in large stores of goods for home use, a few brief suggestions on this point may be serviceable. They will only be in amplification of the guiding rule to follow native customs in every practicable way. If you want boots or shoes, avoid the allurements of the Boulevards and the rue de Richelieu; for, although in those neighborhoods you find excellent wares, you must pay fifty per cent. higher than at equally trustworthy shops beyond the river. The fashionable manufacturers charge from thirty to forty francs for their best boots; others charge from eighteen to twenty-five for the same sort of article. The same theory applies to clothing, with, however, the notable exception of an English tailor in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, concerning whose fair dealings all can satisfy themselves by personal inquiry. Also to underclothing. As regards hats, it is not worth while to devote much investigation; the prices do not anywhere materially vary. The same is generally true of gloves, with which extreme cheapness is a sure sign of doubtful quality. Ladies' wearing apparel may be found in profusion, and at the fairest prices, in the large *magasins* about the end of the rue du Bac, across the river. For the sale of children's clothing, there are extensive and convenient warehouses in the neighborhood of the Boulevard de Sebastopol and the Porte St. Martin. For the purchase of jewelry, no better place can be visited than the Palais Royal, which is crowded with little *bijouterie* shops; although, of course, if the costliest and most dazzling specimens are desired, it will be necessary to pay the highest prices in the rue de la Paix. But these are details about which abundant practical information may easily be gathered after a few weeks' residence, and in regard to which one or two pecuniary missteps are not apt to bring anybody to grief. If I could be assured, however, that my admonitions on the essential subjects first alluded to would turn aside any of my wayward countrymen from the extravagant and comfortless ways into which they allow themselves to be led, I should feel that my early tribulations as a Paris explorer had not been endured wholly in vain.

EDWARD H. HOUSE.

* A charming exception—the only one with which I am acquainted—is that of Madame Busque's tiny room in the rue Godot de Mauroi, where the admiration of the visitor is always divided between the cleanliness and courtesy which pervade the institution, and the ambrosial flavors of the buckwheat cakes.

THE CLAVERINGS.

By Anthony Trollope.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHAT LADY ONGAR THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

MRS. BURTON, it may perhaps be remembered, had formed in her heart a scheme of her own—a scheme of which she thought with much trepidation, and in which she could not request her husband's assistance, knowing well that he would not only not assist it, but that he would altogether disapprove of it. But yet she could not put it aside from her thoughts, believing that it might be the means of bringing Harry Clavering and Florence together. Her husband had now thoroughly condemned poor Harry, and passed sentence against him; not, indeed, openly to Florence herself, but very often in the hearing of his wife. Cecilia, womanlike, was more angry with circumstances than with the offending man—with circumstances and with the woman who stood in Florence's way. She was perfectly willing to forgive Harry, if Harry could only be made to go right at last. He was good-looking and pleasant, and had nice ways in a house, and was altogether too valuable as a lover to be lost without many struggles. So she kept to her scheme, and at last she carried it into execution.

She started alone from her house one morning, and, getting into an omnibus at Brompton, had herself put down on the rising ground in Piccadilly, opposite to the Green Park. Why she had hesitated to tell the omnibus-man to stop at Bolton Street can hardly be explained; but she had felt that there would be almost a declaration of guilt in naming that locality. So she got out on the little hill, and walked up in front of the prime minister's house—as it was then—and of the yellow palace built by one of our merchant princes, and turned into the street that was all but interdicted to her by her own conscience. She turned up Bolton Street, and with a trembling hand knocked at Lady Ongar's door.

Florence in the meanwhile was sitting alone in Oslow Terrace. She knew now that Harry was ill at Clavering—that he was indeed very ill, though Mrs. Clavering had assured her that his illness was not dangerous; for Mrs. Clavering had written to herself—addressing her with all the old familiarity and affection—with a warmth of affection that was almost more than natural. It was clear that Mrs. Clavering knew nothing of Harry's sins. Or, might it not be possible, Cecilia had suggested, that Mrs. Clavering might have known, and have resolved potentially that those sins should be banished, and become ground for some beautifully sincere repentance? Ah! how sweet it would be to receive that wicked sheep back again into the sheepfold, and then to dock him a little of his wandering powers, to fix him with some pleasant clog, to tie him down as a prudent domestic sheep should be tied, and make him the pride of the flock! But all this had been part of Cecilia's scheme, and of that scheme poor Florence knew nothing. According to Florence's view, Mrs. Clavering's letter was written under a mistake. Harry had kept his secret at home, and intended to keep it for the present. But there was the letter, and Florence felt that it was impossible for her to answer it without telling the whole truth. It was very painful to her to leave unanswered so kind a letter as that, and it was quite impossible that she should write of Harry in the old strain. "It will be best that I should tell her the whole," Florence had said, "and then I shall be saved the pain of any direct communication with him." Her brother, to whom Cecilia had repeated this, applauded his sister's resolution. "Let her face it and bear it, and live it down," he had said. "Let her do it at once, so that all this maudlin sentimentality may be at an end." But Cecilia would not accede to this, and as Florence was in truth resolved, and had declared her purpose plainly, Cecilia was driven to the execution of her scheme more

quickly than she had intended. In the mean time, Florence took out her little desk and wrote her letter. In tears, and an agony of spirit which none can understand but women who have been driven to do the same, was it written. Could she have allowed herself to express her thoughts with passion, it would have been comparatively easy; but it behooved her to be calm, to be very quiet in her words—almost reticent even in the language which she chose, and to abandon her claim not only without a reproach, but almost without an allusion to her love. While Cecilia was away, the letter was written, and re-written and copied; but Mrs. Burton was safe in this, that her sister-in-law had promised that the letter should not be sent till she had seen it.

Mrs. Burton, when she knocked at Lady Ongar's door, had a little note ready for the servant between her fingers. Her compliments to Lady Ongar, and would Lady Ongar oblige her by an interview. The note contained simply that, and nothing more; and when the servant took it from her, she declared her intention of waiting in the hall till she had received an answer. But she was shown into the dining-room, and there she remained for a quarter of an hour, during which time she was by no means comfortable. Probably Lady Ongar might refuse to receive her; but should that not be the case—should she succeed in making her way into that lady's presence, how should she find the eloquence wherewith to plead her cause? At the end of the fifteen minutes, Lady Ongar herself opened the door and entered the room. "Mrs. Burton," she said, smiling, "I am really ashamed to have kept you so long; but open confession, they say, is good for the soul, and the truth is that I was not dressed." Then she led the way up stairs, and placed Mrs. Burton on a sofa, and placed herself in her own chair—from whence she could see well, but in which she could not be well seen—and stretched out the folds of her morning-dress gracefully, and made her visitor thoroughly understand that she was at home and at her ease.

We may, I think, surmise that Lady Ongar's open confession would do her soul but little good, as it lacked truth, which is the first requisite for all confessions. Lady Ongar had been sufficiently dressed to receive any visitor, but had felt that some special preparation was necessary for the reception of the one who had now come to her. She knew well who was Mrs. Burton, and surmised accurately the purpose for which Mrs. Burton had come. Upon the manner in which she now carried herself might hang the decision of the question which was so important to her—whether that Phœbus in knickerbockers should or should not become lord of Ongar Park? To effect success now, she must maintain an ascendency during this coming interview, and in the maintenance of all ascendency, much depends on the outward man or woman; and she must think a little of the words she must use, and a little, too, of her own purpose. She was fully minded to get the better of Mrs. Burton if that might be possible, but she was not altogether decided on the other point. She wished that Harry Clavering might be her own. She would have wished to pension off that Florence Burton with half her wealth, had such pensioning been possible. But not the less did she entertain some half doubts whether it would not be well that she could abandon her own wishes, and give up her own hope of happiness. Of Mrs. Burton personally she had known nothing, and having expected to see a somewhat strong-featured and perhaps rather vulgar woman, and to hear a voice painfully indicative of a strong mind, she was agreeably surprised to find a pretty, mild lady, who from the first showed that she was half afraid of what she herself was doing. "I have heard your name, Mrs. Burton," said Lady Ongar, "from our mutual friend, Mr. Clavering, and I have no doubt you have heard mine from him also." This she said in accordance with the little plan which, during those fifteen minutes, she had laid down for her own guidance.

Mrs. Burton was surprised, and at first almost silenced, by this open mentioning of a name which she had felt that she would have the greatest difficulty in approaching. She said, however, that it was so. She had heard Lady Ongar's name from Mr. Clavering. "We are connected, you know," said Lady Ongar. "My sister is married to his first cousin, Sir Hugh; and when I was living with my sister at Clavering, he was at the rectory there. That was before my own marriage." She was perfectly easy in her manner, and flattered herself that the ascendency was complete.

"I have heard as much from Mr. Clavering," said Cecilia.

"And he was very civil to me immediately on my return home. Perhaps you may have heard that also. He took this house for me, and made himself generally useful, as young men ought to do. I believe he is in the same office with your husband; is he not? I hope I may not have been the means of making him idle?"

This was all very well and very pretty, but Mrs. Burton was already beginning to feel that she was doing nothing toward the achievement of her purpose. "I suppose he has been idle," she said, "but I did not mean to trouble you about that." Upon hearing this, Lady Ongar smiled. This supposition that she had really intended to animadvert upon Harry Clavering's idleness was amusing to her as she remembered how little such idleness would signify if she could only have her way.

"Poor Harry!" she said. "I supposed his sins would be laid at my door. But my idea is, you know, that he will never do any good at such work as that."

"Perhaps not—that is, I really can't say. I don't think Mr. Burton has ever expressed any opinion; and if he had—"

"If he had, you wouldn't mention it."

"I don't suppose I should, Lady Ongar—not to a stranger."

"Harry Clavering and I are not strangers," said Lady Ongar, changing the tone of her voice altogether as she spoke.

"No, I know that. You have known him longer than we have. I am aware of that."

"Yes; before he ever dreamed of going into your husband's business, Mrs. Burton; long before he had ever been to—Stratton."

The name of Stratton was an assistance to Cecilia, and seemed to have been spoken with the view of enabling her to commence her work. "Yes," she said, "but nevertheless he did go to Stratton. He went to Stratton, and there he became acquainted with my sister-in-law, Florence Burton."

"I am aware of it, Mrs. Burton."

"And he also became engaged to her."

"I am aware of that, too. He has told me as much himself."

"And has he told you whether he means to keep or to break that engagement?"

"Ah! Mrs. Burton, is that question fair? Is it fair either to him or to me? If he has taken me into his confidence and has not taken you, should I be doing well to betray him? Or if there can be anything in such a secret specially interesting to myself, why should I be made to tell it to you?"

"I think the truth is always the best, Lady Ongar."

"Truth is always better than a lie—so at least people say, though they sometimes act differently; but silence may be better than either."

"This is a matter, Lady Ongar, in which I cannot be silent. I hope you will not be vexed with me for coming to you, or for asking you these questions—"

"Oh dear, no."

"But I can not be silent. My sister-in-law must at any rate know what is to be her fate."

"Then why do you not ask him?"

"He is ill at present."

"Ill! Where is he ill? Who says he is ill?" And Lady Ongar, though she did not quite leave her chair, raised herself up and forgot all her preparations. "Where is he, Mrs. Burton? I have not heard of his illness."

"He is at Clavering—at the parsonage."

"I have heard nothing of this. What ails him? If he be really ill, dangerously ill, I conjure you to tell me. But pray tell me the truth. Let there be no tricks in such a matter as this."

"Tricks, Lady Ongar!"

"If Harry Clavering be ill, tell me what ails him. Is he in danger?"

"His mother, in writing to Florence, says that he is not in danger, but that he is confined to the house. He has been taken by some fever." On that very morning Lady Ongar had received a letter from her sister, begging her to come to Clavering

Park during the absence of Sir Hugh, but in the letter no word had been said as to Harry's illness. Had he been seriously, or at least dangerously ill, Hermoine would certainly have mentioned it. All this flashed across Julia's mind as these tidings about Harry reached her. If he were not really in danger, or even if he were, why should she betray her feeling before this woman? "If there had been much in it," she said, resuming her former position and manners, "I should no doubt have heard of it from my sister."

"We hear that it is not dangerous," continued Mrs. Burton; "but he is away, and we cannot see him. And, in truth, Lady Ongar, we can not see him any more until we know that he means to deal honestly by us."

"Am I the keeper of his honesty?"

"From what I have heard, I think you are. If you will tell me that I have heard falsely, I will go away and beg your pardon for my intrusion. But if what I have heard be true, you must not be surprised that I show this anxiety for the happiness of my sister. If you knew her, Lady Ongar, you would know that she is too good to be thrown aside with indifference."

"Harry Clavering tells me that she is an angel—that she is perfect."

"And if he loves her, will it not be a shame that they should be parted?"

"I said nothing about his loving her. Men are not always fond of perfection. The angels may be too angelic for this world."

"He did love her."

"So I suppose—or, at any rate, he thought that he did."

"He did love her, and I believe he loves her still."

"He has my leave to do so, Mrs. Burton."

Cecilia, though she was somewhat afraid of the task which she had undertaken, and was partly awed by Lady Ongar's style of beauty and demeanor, nevertheless felt that if she still hoped to do any good, she must speak the truth out at once. She must ask Lady Ongar whether she held herself to be engaged to Harry Clavering. If she did not do this, nothing could come of the present interview.

"You say that, Lady Ongar, but do you mean it?" she asked. "We have been told that you also are engaged to marry Mr. Clavering."

"Who has told you so?"

"We have heard it. I have heard it, and have been obliged to tell my sister that I had done so."

"And who told you? Did you hear it from Harry Clavering himself?"

"I did. I heard it in part from him."

"Then why have you come beyond him to me? He must know. If he has told you that he is engaged to marry me, he must also have told you that he does not intend to marry Miss Florence Burton. It is not for me to defend him or to accuse him. Why do you come to me?"

"For mercy and forbearance," said Mrs. Burton, rising from her seat and coming over to the side of the room in which Lady Ongar was seated.

"And Miss Burton has sent you?"

"No; she does not know that I am here; nor does my husband know it. No one knows it. I have come to tell you that before God this man is engaged to become the husband of Florence Burton. She has learned to love him, and has now no other chance of happiness."

"But what of his happiness?"

"Yes, we are bound to think of that. Florence is bound to think of that above all things."

"And so am I. I love him too—as fondly, perhaps, as she can do. I loved him first, before she had even heard his name."

"But, Lady Ongar—"

"Yes, you may ask the question if you will, and I will answer it truly." They were both standing now and confronting each other. "Or I will answer it without your asking it. I was false to him. I would not marry him because he was poor, and then I married another because he was rich. All that is true. But it does not

make me love him the less now. I have loved him through it all. Yes, you are shocked, but it is true; I have loved him through it all. And what am I to do now, if he still loves me? I can give him wealth now."

"Wealth will not make him happy."

"It has not made me happy, but it may help to do so with him. But with me, at any rate, there can be no doubt. It is his happiness to which I am bound to look. Mrs. Burton, if I thought that I could make him happy, and if he would come to me, I would marry him to-morrow, though I broke your sister's heart by doing so. But if I felt that she could do so more than I, I would leave him to her though I broke my own. I have spoken to you very openly. Will she say as much as that?"

"She would act in that way. I do not know what she would say."

"Then let her do so, and leave him to be the judge of his own happiness. Let her pledge herself that no reproaches shall come from her, and I will pledge myself equally. It was I who loved him first, and it is I who have brought him into this trouble. I owe him everything. Had I been true to him, he would never have thought of, never have seen Miss Florence Burton."

All that was no doubt true, but it did not touch the question of Florence's right. The fact on which Mrs. Burton wished to insist, if only she knew how, was this, that Florence had not sinned at all, and that Florence therefore ought not to bear any part of the punishment. It might be very true that Harry's fault was to be excused in part because of Lady Ongar's greater and primary fault, but why should Florence be the scapegoat?

"You should think of his honor as well as his happiness," said Mrs. Burton at last.

"That is rather severe, Mrs. Burton, considering that it is said to me in my own house. Am I so low as that, that his honor will be tarnished if I become his wife?" But she, in saying this, was thinking of things of which Mrs. Burton knew nothing.

"His honor will be tarnished," said she, "if he do not marry her whom he has promised to marry. He was welcomed by her father and mother to their house, and then he made himself master of her heart. But it was not his till he had asked for it, and had offered his own and his hand in return for it. Is he not bound to keep his promise? He can not be bound to you after any such fashion as that. If you are solicitous for his welfare, you should know that if he would live with the reputation of a gentleman, there is only one course open to him."

"It is the old story," said Lady Ongar; "the old story! Has not somebody said that the gods laugh at the perjuries of lovers? I do not know that men are inclined to be much more severe than the gods. These broken hearts are what women are doomed to bear."

"And that is to be your answer to me, Lady Ongar?"

"No, that is not my answer to you. That is the excuse I make for Harry Clavering. My answer to you has been very explicit. Pardon me if I say that it has been more explicit than you had any right to expect. I have told you that I am prepared to take any step that may be most conducive to the happiness of the man whom I once injured, but whom I have always loved. I will do this, let it cost myself what it may; and I will do this, let the cost to any other woman be what it may. You can not expect that I should love another woman better than myself." She said this, still standing, not without something more than vehemence in her tone. In her voice, in her manner, and in her eye there was that which amounted almost to ferocity. She was declaring that some sacrifice must be made, and that she recked little whether it should be of herself or of another. As she would immolate herself without hesitation if the necessity should exist, so would she see Florence Burton destroyed without a twinge of remorse if the destruction of Florence would serve the purpose which she had in view. You and I, oh reader, may feel that the man for whom all this was to be done was not worth the passion. He had proved himself to be very far from such worth. But the passion, nevertheless, was there, and the woman was honest in what she was saying.

After this, Mrs Burton got herself out of the room as soon as she found an opening which allowed her to go. In making her farewell speech, she muttered some indis-

tinct apology for the visit which she had been bold enough to make. "Not at all," said Lady Ongar. "You have been quite right; you are fighting your battle for the friend you love bravely; and were it not that the cause of the battle must, I fear, separate us hereafter, I should be proud to know one who fights so well for her friends. And when this is all over and has been settled, in whatever way it may be settled, let Miss Burton know from me that I have been taught to hold her name and character in the highest possible esteem." Mrs. Burton made no attempt at further speech, but left the room with a low courtesy.

Till she found herself out in the street, she was unable to think whether she had done most harm or most good by her visit to Bolton Street; whether she had in any way served Florence, or whether she had simply confessed to Florence's rival the extent of her sister's misery. That Florence herself would feel the latter to be the case when she should know it all, Mrs. Burton was well aware. Her own ears had tingled with shame as Harry Clavering had been discussed as a grand prize for which her sister was contending with another woman, and contending with so small a chance of success. It was terrible to her that any woman dear to her should seem to seek for a man's love. And the audacity with which Lady Ongar had proclaimed her own feelings had been terrible also to Cecilia. She was aware that she was meddling with things which were foreign to her nature, and which would be odious to her husband. But yet, was not the battle worth fighting? It was not to be endured that Florence should seek after this thing; but, after all, the possession of the thing in question was the only earthly good that could give any comfort to poor Florence. Even Cecilia, with all her partiality for Harry, felt that he was not worth the struggle; but it was for her now to estimate him at the price which Florence might put upon him—not at her own price.

But she must tell Florence what had been done, and tell her on that very day of her meeting with Lady Ongar. In no other way could she stop that letter which she knew that Florence would have already written to Mrs. Clavering. And could she now tell Florence that there was ground for hope? Was it not the fact that Lady Ongar had spoken the simple and plain truth when she had said that Harry must be allowed to choose the course which appeared to him to be the best for him? It was hard, very hard, that it should be so. And was it not true also that men, as well as gods, excuse the perjuries of lovers? She wanted to have back Harry among them as one to be forgiven easily, to be petted much, and to be loved always; but, in spite of the softness of her woman's nature, she wished that he might be punished sorely if he did not so return. It was grievous to her that he should any longer have a choice in the matter. Heavens and earth! was he to be allowed to treat a woman as he had treated Florence, and was nothing to come of it? In spite both of gods and men, the thing was so grievous to Cecilia Burton that she could not bring herself to acknowledge that it was possible. Such things had not been done in the world which she had known.

She walked the whole way home to Brompton, and had hardly perfected any plan when she reached her own door. If only Florence would allow her to write the letter to Mrs. Clavering, perhaps something might be done in that way. So she entered the house prepared to tell the story of her morning's work.

And she must tell it also to her husband in the evening! It had been hard to do the thing without his knowing of it beforehand, but it would be impossible to her to keep the thing a secret from him now that it was done.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW TO DISPOSE OF A WIFE.

When Sir Hugh came up to town there did not remain to him quite a week before the day on which he was to leave the coast of Essex in Jack Stuart's yacht for Norway, and he had a good deal to do in the mean time in the way of provisioning the boat. Fortnum and Mason, no doubt, would have done it all for him without any trouble on his part, but he was not a man to trust any Fortnum or any Mason as to the excellence of the article to be supplied, or as to the price. He desired to have

good wine—very good wine, but he did not desire to pay a very high price. No one knew better than Sir Hugh that good wine can not be bought cheap; but things may be costly and yet not dear, or they may be both. To such matters Sir Hugh was wont to pay very close attention himself. He had done something in that line before he left London, and immediately on his return he went to the work again, summoning Archie to his assistance, but never asking Archie's opinion—as though Archie had been his head butler.

Immediately on his arrival in London he cross-questioned his brother as to his marriage prospects. "I suppose you are going with us?" Hugh said to Archie, as he caught him in the hall of the house in Berkeley Square on the morning after his arrival.

"Oh dear, yes," said Archie. "I thought that was quite understood. I have been getting my traps together." The getting of his traps together had consisted in the ordering of a sailor's jacket with brass buttons, and three pair of white duck trousers.

"All right," said Sir Hugh. "You had better come with me into the city this morning. I am going to Boxall's, in Great Thames Street."

"Are you going to breakfast here?" asked Archie.

"No; you can come to me at the Union in about an hour. I suppose you have never plucked up courage to ask Julia to marry you?"

"Yes I did," said Archie.

"And what answer did you get?" Archie had found himself obliged to repudiate with alacrity the attack upon his courage which his brother had so plainly made; but beyond that, the subject was one which was not pleasing to him. "Well, what did she say to you?" asked his brother, who had no idea of sparing Archie's feelings in such a matter.

"She said—indeed, I don't remember exactly what it was that she did say."

"But she refused you."

"Yes, she refused me. I think she wanted me to understand that I had come to her too soon after Ongar's decease."

"Then she must be an infernal hypocrite, that's all." But of any hypocrisy in this matter the reader will acquit Lady Ongar, and will understand that Archie had merely lessened the severity of his own fall by a clever excuse. After that the two brothers went to Boxall's in the city, and Archie, having been kept fagging all day, was sent in the evening to dine by himself at his own club.

Sir Hugh also was desirous of seeing Lady Ongar, and had caused his wife to say as much in that letter which she wrote to her sister. In this way an appointment had been made without any direct intercourse between Sir Hugh and his sister-in-law. They two had never met since the day on which Sir Hugh had given her away in Clavering Church. To Hugh Clavering, who was by no means a man of sentiment, this signified little or nothing. When Lady Ongar had returned a widow, and when evil stories against her had been rife, he had thought it expedient to have nothing to do with her. He did not himself care much about his sister-in-law's morals; but should his wife become much complicated with a sister damaged in character, there might come of it trouble and annoyance. Therefore he had resolved that Lady Ongar should be dropped. But during the last few months things had in some respects changed. The Courton people—that is to say, Lord Ongar's family—had given Hugh Clavering to understand that, having made inquiry, they were disposed to acquit Lady Ongar, and to declare their belief that she was subject to no censure. They did not wish themselves to know her, as no intimacy between them could now be pleasant, but they had felt it to be incumbent on them to say as much as that to Sir Hugh. Sir Hugh had not even told his wife, but he had twice suggested that Lady Ongar should be asked to Clavering Park. In answer to both these invitations, Lady Ongar had declined to go to Clavering Park.

And now Sir Hugh had a commission on his hands from the same Courton people, which made it necessary that he should see his sister-in-law, and Julia had agreed to receive him. To him, who was very hard in such matters, the idea of his visit was not made disagreeable by any remembrance of his own harshness to the woman

whom he was going to see. He cared nothing about that, and it had not occurred to him that she would care much. But, in truth, she did care very much, and when the hour was coming on which Sir Hugh was to appear, she thought much of the manner in which it would become her to receive him. He had condemned her in that matter as to which any condemnation is an insult to a woman, and he had so condemned her, being her brother-in-law and her only natural male friend. In her sorrow she should have been able to lean upon him; but from the first, without any inquiry, he had believed the worst of her, and had withdrawn from her altogether his support, when the slightest support from him would have been invaluable to her. Could she forgive this? Never! never! She was not a woman to wish to forgive such an offence. It was an offence which it would be despicable in her to forgive Many had offended her, some had injured her, one or two had insulted her; but, to her thinking, no one had so offended her, had so injured her, had so grossly insulted her as he had done. In what way, then, would it become her to receive him? Before his arrival she had made up her mind on this subject, and had resolved that she would, at least, say no word of her own wrongs.

"How do you do, Julia?" said Sir Hugh, walking into the room with a step which was perhaps unnaturally quick, and with his hand extended. Lady Ongar had thought of that, too. She would give much to escape the touch of his hand, if it were possible; but she had told herself that she would best consult her own dignity by declaring no actual quarrel. So she put out her fingers and just touched his palm.

"I hope Hermy is well?" she said.

"Pretty well, thank you. She is rather lonely since she lost her poor little boy, and would be very glad if you would go to her."

"I cannot do that, but if she would come to me I should be delighted."

"You see it would not suit her to be in London so soon after Hughy's death."

"I am not bound to London. I would go anywhere else—except to Clavering."

"You never go to Ongar Park, I am told."

"I have been there."

"But they say you do not intend to go again."

"Not at present, certainly. Indeed, I do not suppose I shall ever go there. I do not like the place."

"That's just what they have told me. It is about that—partly—that I want to speak to you. If you don't like the place, why shouldn't you sell your interest in it back to the family? They'd give you more than the value for it."

"I do not know that I should care to sell it."

"Why not, if you don't mean to use the house? I might as well explain at once what it is that has been said to me. John Courton, you know, is acting as guardian for the young earl, and they don't want to keep up so large a place as the Castle. Ongar Park would just suit Mrs. Courton"—Mrs. Courton was the widowed mother of the young earl—"and they would be very happy to buy your interest."

"Would not such a proposition come best through a lawyer?" said Lady Ongar.

"The fact is this—they think they have been a little hard on you."

"I have never accused them."

"But they feel it themselves, and they think that you might perhaps take it amiss if they were to send you a simple message through an attorney. Courton told me that he would not have allowed any such proposition to be made, if you had seemed disposed to use the place. They wish to be civil, and all that kind of thing."

"Their civility or incivility is indifferent to me," said Julia.

"But why shouldn't you take the money?"

"The money is equally indifferent to me."

"You mean then to say that you won't listen to it? Of course they can't make you part with the place if you wish to keep it."

"Not more than they can make you sell Clavering Park. I do not, however, wish to be uncivil, and I will let you know through my lawyer what I think about it. All such matters are best managed by lawyers."

After that Sir Hugh said nothing further about Ongar Park. He was well aware,

from the tone in which Lady Ongar answered him, that she was averse to talk to him on that subject; but he was not conscious that his presence was otherwise disagreeable to her, or that she would resent any interference from him on any subject because he had been cruel to her. So, after a little while, he began again about Hermione. As the world had determined upon acquitting Lady Ongar, it would be convenient to him that the two sisters should be again intimate, especially as Julia was a rich woman. His wife did not like Clavering Park, and he certainly did not like Clavering Park himself. If he could once get the house shut up, he might manage to keep it shut for some years to come. His wife was now no more than a burden to him, and it would suit him well to put off the burden on to his sister-in-law's shoulders. It was not that he intended to have his wife altogether dependent on another person, but he thought that if they two were established together, in the first instance merely as a Summer arrangement, such establishment might be made to assume some permanence. This would be very pleasant to him. Of course he would pay a portion of the expense—as small a portion as might be possible—but such a portion as might enable him to live with credit before the world.

"I wish I could think that you and Hermy might be together while I am absent," he said.

"I shall be very happy to have her, if she will come to me," Julia replied.

"What—here, in London? I am not quite sure that she wishes to come up to London at present."

"I have never understood that she had any objection to being in town," said Lady Ongar.

"Not formerly, certainly; but now, since her boy's death—"

"Why should his death make more difference to her than to you?" To this question Sir Hugh made no reply. "If you are thinking of society, she could be nowhere safer from any such necessity than with me. I never go out anywhere. I have never dined out, or even spent an evening in company, since Lord Ongar's death. And no one would come here to disturb her."

"I didn't mean that."

"I don't quite know what you did mean. From different causes, she and I are left pretty nearly equally without friends."

"Hermoine is not left without friends," said Sir Hugh, with a tone of offence.

"Were she not, she would not want to come to me. Your society is in London, to which she does not come, or in other country houses than your own, to which she is not taken. She lives altogether at Clavering, and there is no one there except your uncle."

"Whatever neighborhood there is she has—just like other women."

"Just like some other women, no doubt. I shall remain in town for another month, and after that I shall go somewhere, I don't much care where. If Hermy will come to me as my guest, I shall be most happy to have her; and the longer she will stay with me the better. Your coming home need make no difference, I suppose."

There was a keenness of reproach in her tone as she spoke which even he could not but feel and acknowledge. He was very thick-skinned to such reproaches, and would have left this unnoticed had it been possible. Had she continued speaking he would have done so. But she remained silent, and sat looking at him, saying with her eyes the same thing that she had already spoken with her words. Thus he was driven to speak. "I don't know," said he, "whether you intend that for a sneer."

She was perfectly indifferent whether or no she offended him. Only that she had believed that the maintenance of her own dignity forbade it, she would have openly rebuked him, and told him that he was not welcome in her house. No treatment from her could, as she thought, be worse than he had deserved from her. His first enmity had injured her, but she could afford to laugh at his present anger. "It is hard to talk to you about Hermy without what you are pleased to call a sneer. You simply wish to rid yourself of her."

"I wish to do no such thing, and you have no right to say so."

"At any rate, you are ridding yourself of her society; and if, under those circum-

stances, she likes to come to me, I shall be glad to receive her. Our life together will not be very cheerful, but neither she nor I ought to expect a cheerful life."

He rose from his chair now with a cloud of anger upon his brow. "I can see how it is," said he; "because everything has not gone smooth with yourself, you choose to resent it upon me. I might have expected that you would not have forgotten in whose house you met Lord Ongar."

"No, Hugh, I forget nothing: neither when I met him, nor how I married him, nor any of the events that have happened since. My memory, unfortunately, is very good."

"I did all I could for you, and should have been safe from your insolence."

"You should have continued to stay away from me, and you would have been quite safe. But our quarrelling in this way is foolish. We can never be friends, you and I, but we need not be open enemies. Your wife is my sister, and I say again that, if she likes to come to me, I shall be delighted to have her."

"My wife," said he, "will go to the house of no person who is insolent to me." Then he took his hat and left the room without further word or sign of greeting. In spite of his calculations and caution as to money—in spite of his well-considered arrangements and the comfortable provision for his future ease which he had proposed to himself, he was a man who had not his temper so much under control as to enable him to postpone his anger to his prudence. That little scheme for getting rid of his wife was now at an end. He would never permit her to go to her sister's house after the manner in which Julia had just treated him.

When he was gone, Lady Ongar walked about her own room smiling, and at first was well pleased with herself. She had received Archie's overture with decision, but at the same time with courtesy, for Archie was weak and poor and powerless. But she had treated Sir Hugh with scorn, and had been enabled to do so without the utterance of any actual reproach as to the wrongs which she herself had endured from him. He had put himself in her power, and she had not thrown away the opportunity. She had told him that she did not want his friendship, and would not be his friend; but she had done this without any loud abuse unbecoming to her either as a countess, a widow, or a lady. For Hermione she was sorry. Hermione now could hardly come to her. But even as to that, she did not despair. As things were going on, it would become almost necessary that her sister and Sir Hugh should be parted. Both must wish it; and if this were arranged, then Hermione should come to her.

But from this she soon came to think again about Harry Clavering. How was that matter to be decided, and what steps would it become her to take as to its decision? Sir Hugh had proposed to her that she should sell her interest in Ongar Park, and she had promised that she would make known her decision on that matter through her lawyer. As she had been saying this, she was well aware that she would never sell the property; but she had already resolved that she would at once give it back, without purchase-money, to the Ongar family, were it not kept that she might hand it over to Harry Clavering as a fitting residence for his lordship. If he might be there, looking after his cattle, going about with the steward subservient at his heels, ministering justice to the Enoch Gubbys and others, she would care nothing for the wants of any of the Courton people. But if such were not to be the destiny of Ongar Park—if there were to be no such Adam in that Eden—then the mother of the little lord might take herself thither, and revel among the rich blessings of the place without delay, and with no difficulty as to price. As to price—had she not already found the money-bag that had come to her to be too heavy for her hands?

But she could do nothing till that question was settled; and how was she to settle it? Every word that had passed between her and Cecilia Burton had been turned over and over in her mind, and she could only declare to herself, as she had then declared to her visitor, that it must be as Harry should please. She would submit if he required her submission, but she could not bring herself to take steps to secure her own misery.

At last came the day on which the two Claverings were to go down to Harwich,

and put themselves on board Jack Stuart's yacht. The hall of the house in Berkeley Square was strewed with portmanteaus, gun cases, and fishing rods, whereas the wine and packets of preserved meat, and the bottled beer and fish in tins, and the large box of cigars, and the prepared soups, had been sent down by Boxall, and were by this time on board the boat. Hugh and Archie were to leave London this day by train at 5 P. M., and were to sleep on board. Jack Stuart was already there, having assisted in working the yacht round from Brightlingsea.

On that morning Archie had a farewell breakfast at his club with Doodles, and after that, having spent the intervening hours in the billiard-room, a farewell luncheon. There had been something of melancholy in this last day between the friends, originating partly in the failure of Archie's hopes as to Lady Ongar, and partly, perhaps, in the bad character which seemed to cling to Jack Stuart and his craft. "He has been at it for years, and always coming to grief," said Doodles. "He is just like a man I know, who has been hunting for the last ten years, and can't sit a horse at a fence yet. He has broken every bone in his skin, and I don't suppose he ever saw a good thing to a finish. He never knows whether hounds are in cover, or where they are. His only idea is to follow another man's red coat till he comes to grief—and yet he will go on hunting. There are some people who never will understand what they can do and what they can't." In answer to this, Archie reminded his friend that on this occasion Jack Stuart would have the advantage of an excellent dry nurse, acknowledged to be very great on such occasions. Would not he, Archie Clavering, be there to pilot Jack Stuart and his boat? But, nevertheless, Doodles was melancholy, and went on telling stories about that unfortunate man who would continue to break his bones, though he had no aptitude for out-of-door sports. "He'll be carried home on a stretcher some day, you know," said Doodles.

"What does it matter if he is?" said Archie, boldly, thinking of himself and of the danger predicted for him. "A man can only die once."

"I call it quite a tempting of Providence," said Doodles.

But their conversation was chiefly about Lady Ongar and the Spy. It was only on this day that Doodles had learned that Archie had in truth offered his hand and been rejected, and Captain Clavering was surprised by the extent of his friend's sympathy. "It's a doosed disagreeable thing—a very disagreeable thing indeed," said Doodles. Archie, who did not wish to be regarded as specially unfortunate, declined to look at the matter in this light; but Doodles insisted. "It would cut me up like the very mischief," he said. "I know that; and the worst of it is, that perhaps you wouldn't have gone on, only for me. I meant it all for the best, old fellow! I did, indeed. There—that's the game to you. I'm playing uncommonly badly this morning; but the truth is, I'm thinking of those women." Now, as Doodles was playing for a little money, this was really civil on his part.

And he would persevere in talking about the Spy, as though there were something in his remembrance of the lady which attracted him irresistibly to the subject. He had always boasted that in his interview with her he had come off with the victory, nor did he now cease to make such boasts; but still he spoke of her and her powers with an awe which would have completely opened the eyes of any one a little more sharp on such matters than Archie Clavering. He was so intent on this subject that he sent the marker out of the room so that he might discuss it with more freedom, and might plainly express his views as to her influence on his friend's fate.

"By George! she's a wonderful woman. Do you know I can't help thinking of her at night? She keeps me awake—she does, upon my honor."

"I can't say she keeps me awake, but I wish I had my seventy pounds back again."

"Do you know, if I were you, I shouldn't grudge it? I should think it worth pretty nearly all the money to have had the dealing with her."

"Then you ought to go halves."

"Well, yes—only that I ain't flush, I would. When one thinks of it, her absolutely taking the notes out of your waistcoat pocket—upon my word, it's beautiful! She'd have had it out of mine if I hadn't been doosed sharp."

"She understood what she was about, certainly."

"What I should like to know is this: did she or did she not tell Lady Ongar what she was to do—about you, I mean? I dare say she did, after all."

"And took my money for nothing."

"Because you didn't go high enough, you know."

"But that was your fault. I went as high as you told me."

"No you didn't, Clavvy, not if you remember. But the fact is, I don't suppose you could go high enough. I shouldn't be surprised if such a woman as that wanted—thousands! I shouldn't indeed. I shall never forget the way in which she swore at me, and how she abused me about my family. I think she must have had some special reason for disliking Warwickshire, she said such awful hard things about it."

"How did she know that you came from Warwickshire?"

"She did know it. If I tell you something, don't you say anything about it. I have an idea about her."

"What is it?"

"I didn't mention it before, because I don't talk much of those sort of things. I don't pretend to understand them, and it is better to leave them alone."

"But what do you mean?"

Doodles looked very solemn as he answered, "I think she's a medium—or a media, or whatever it ought to be called."

"What! one of those spirit-rapping people?" And Archie's hair almost stood on end as he asked the question.

"They don't rap now—not the best of them, that is. That was the old way, and seems to have been given up."

"But what do you suppose she did?"

"How did she know that the money was in your waistcoat pocket, now? How did she know that I came from Warwickshire? And then she had a way of going about the room as though she could have raised herself off her feet in a moment if she had chosen. And then her swearing, and the rest of it—so unlike any other woman, you know."

"But do you think she could have made Julia hate me?"

"Ah! I can't tell that, there are such lots of things going on now-a-days that a fellow can understand nothing about! But I've no doubt of this—if you were to tie her up with ropes ever so, I don't in the least doubt but what she'd get out."

Archie was awe-struck, and made two or three strokes after this; but then he plucked up his courage and asked a question—

"Where do you suppose they get it from, Doodles?"

"That's just the question."

"Is it from—the devil, do you think?" said Archie, whispering the name of the Evil One in a very low voice.

"Well, yes, I suppose that's most likely."

"Because they don't seem to do a great deal of harm with it, after all. As for my money, she would have had that any way, for I intended to give it to her."

"There are people who think," said Doodles, "that the spirits don't come from anywhere, but are always floating about."

"And then one person catches them, and another doesn't?" asked Archie.

"They tell me that it depends upon what the mediums or medias eat and drink," said Doodles, "and upon what sort of minds they have. They must be cleverish people, I fancy, or the spirits wouldn't come to them."

"But you never hear of any swell being a medium. Why don't the spirits go to a prime minster or some of those fellows? Only think what a help they'd be."

"If they come from the devil," suggested Doodles, "he wouln't let them do any real good."

"I've heard a deal about them," said Archie, "and it seems to me that the mediums are always poor people, and that they come from nobody knows where. The Spy is a clever woman I dare say—"

"There isn't much doubt about that," said the admiring Doodles.

"But you can't say she's respectable, you know. If I was a spirit, I wouldn't go to a woman who wore such dirty stockings as she had on."

"That's nonsense, Clavvy? What does a spirit care about a woman's stockings?"

"But why don't they ever go to the wise people? that's what I want to know." And as he asked the question boldly he struck his ball sharply, and, lo! the three balls rolled vanquished into three different pockets. "I don't believe about it," said Archie, as he readjusted the score. "The devil can't do such things as that, or there'd be an end of everything; and as to spirits in the air, why should there be more spirits now than there were four-and-twenty years ago?"

"That's all very well, old fellow," said Doodles, "but you and I ain't clever enough to understand everything." Then that subject was dropped, and Doodles went back for a while to the perils of Jack Stuart's yacht.

After the lunch, which was, in fact, Archie's early dinner, Doodles was going to leave his friend, but Archie insisted that his brother captain should walk with him up to Berkeley Square, and see the last of him into his cab. Doodles had suggested that Sir Hugh would be there, and that Sir Hugh was not always disposed to welcome his brother's friends to his own house after the most comfortable modes of friendship; but Archie explained that on such an occasion as this there need be no fear on that head; he and his brother were going away together, and there was a certain feeling of jollity about the trip which would divest Sir Hugh of his roughness. "And besides," said Archie, "as you will be there to see me off, he'll know that you're not going to stay yourself." Convinced by this, Doodles consented to walk up to Berkeley Square.

Sir Hugh had spent the greatest part of this day at home, immersed among his guns and rods, and their various appurtenances. He also had breakfasted at his club, but had ordered his luncheon to be prepared for him at home. He had arranged to leave Berkeley Square at four, and had directed that his lamb chops should be brought to him exactly at three. He was himself a little late in coming down stairs, and it was ten minutes past the hour when he desired that the chops might be put on the table, saying that he himself would be in the drawing-room in time to meet them. He was a man solicitous about his lamb chops, and careful that the asparagus should be hot—solicitous also as to that bottle of Lafitte by which those comestables were to be accompanied, and which was, of its own nature, too good to be shared with his brother Archie. But as he was on the landing by the drawing-room door, descending quickly, conscious that, in obedience to his orders, the chops had been already served, he was met by a servant who, with disturbed face and quick voice, told him that there was a lady waiting for him in the hall.

"D— it," said Sir Hugh.

"She has just come, Sir Hugh, and says that she specially wants to see you."

"Why the devil did you let her in?"

"She walked in when the door was opened, Sir Hugh, and I couldn't help it. She seemed to be a lady, Sir Hugh, and I didn't like not to let her inside the door."

"What's the lady's name?" asked the master.

"It's a foreign name, Sir Hugh. She said she wouldn't keep you five minutes." The lamb chops and the asparagus and the Lafitte were in the dining-room, and the only way to the dining-room lay through the hall to which the foreign lady had obtained an entrance. Sir Hugh, making such calculations as the moments allowed, determined that he would face the enemy, and pass on to his banquet over her prostrate body. He went quickly down into the hall, and there was encountered by Sophie Gordeloup, who, skipping over the gun-cases, and rushing through the portmanteaus, caught the baronet by the arm before he had been able to approach the dining-room door. "Sir 'Oo," she said, "I am so glad to have caught you. You are going away, and I have things to tell you which you must hear—yes; it is well for you I have caught you, Sir 'Oo." Sir Hugh looked as though he by no means participated in this feeling, and, saying something about his great hurry, begged that he might be allowed to go to his food. Then he added that, as far as his memory served him, he had not the honor of knowing the lady who was addressing him.

"You come in to your little dinner," said Sophie, "and I will tell you everything as you are eating. Don't mind me. You shall eat and drink, and I will talk. I

am Madam Gordeloup—Sophie Gordeloup. Ah! you know the name now. Yes. That is me. Count Pateroff is my brother. You know Count Pateroff? He knowed Lord Ongar, and I knowed Lord Ongar. We know Lady Ongar. Ah! you understand now that I can have much to tell. It is well you was not gone without seeing me! Eh! yes. You shall eat and drink; but suppose you send that man into the kitchen."

Sir Hugh was so taken by surprise that he hardly knew how to act on the spur of the moment. He certainly had heard of Madam Gordeloup, though he had never before seen her. For years past her name had been familiar to him in London, and when Lady Ongar had returned as a widow it had been, to his thinking, one of her worst offences that this woman had been her friend. Under ordinary circumstances, his judgment would have directed him to desire the servant to put her out into the street as an impostor, and to send for the police if there was any difficulty. But it certainly might be possible that this woman had something to tell with reference to Lady Ongar which it would suit his purposes to hear. At the present moment he was not very well inclined to his sister-in-law, and was disposed to hear evil of her. So he passed on into the dining-room and desired Madam Gordeloup to follow him. Then he closed the room door, and standing up with his back to the fire-place, so that he might be saved from the necessity of asking her to sit down, he declared himself ready to hear anything that his visitor might have to say.

"But you will eat your dinner, Sir 'Oo. You will not mind me. I shall not care."

"Thank you, no; if you will just say what you have got to say, I will be obliged to you."

"But the nice things will be so cold! Why should you mind me? Nobody minds me."

"I will wait, if you please, till you have done me the honor of leaving me."

"Ah! well, you Englishmen are so cold and ceremonious. But Lord Ongar was not with me like that. I knew Lord Ongar so well."

"Lord Ongar was more fortunate than I am."

"He was a poor man who did kill himself. Yes. It was always that bottle of Cognac. And there was other bottles that was worser still. Never mind; he has gone now, and his widow has got the money. It is she has been a fortunate woman. Sir 'Oo, I will sit down here in the arm-chair." Sir Hugh made a motion with his hand, not daring to forbid her to do as she was minded. "And you, Sir 'Oo—will not you sit down also?"

"I will continue to stand if you will allow me."

"Very well; you shall do as most pleases you. As I did walk here, and shall walk back, I will sit down."

"And now, if you have any thing to say, Madam Goredeloup," said Sir Hugh, looking at the silver covers which were hiding the chops and the asparagus, and looking also at his watch, "perhaps you will be good enough to say it."

"Any thing to say! Yes, Sir 'Oo, I have something to say. It is a pity you will not sit at your dinner."

"I will not sit at my dinner till you have left me. So now, if you will be pleased to proceed—"

"I will proceed. Perhaps you don't know that Lord Ongar died in these arms." And Sophie, as she spoke, stretched out her skinny hands, and put herself as far as possible into the attitude in which it would be most convenient to nurse the head of a dying man upon her bosom. Sir Hugh, thinking to himself that Lord Ongar could hardly have received much consolation in his fate from this incident, declared that he had not heard the fact before. "No, you have not heard it. She have tell nothing to her friends here. He die abroad, and she has come back with all the money; but she tell nothing to any body here, so I must tell."

"But I don't care how he died, Madam Gordeloup. It is nothing to me."

"But yes, Sir 'Oo. The lady, your wife, is the sister to Lady Ongar. Is not that so? Lady Ongar did live with you before she was married. Is not that so? Your brother and your cousin both wishes to marry her and have all the money. Is not

that so? Your brother has come to me to help him, and has sent the little man out of Warwickshire. Is not that so?"

"What the d— is all that to me?" said Sir Hugh, who did not quite understand the story as the lady was telling it.

"I will explain, Sir 'Oo, what the d— it is to you, only I wish you were eating the nice things on the table. This Lady Ongar is treating me very bad. She treat my brother very bad too. My brother is Count Pateroff. We have been put to, oh, such expenses for her! It have nearly ruined me. I make a journey to your London here altogether for her. Then, for her, I go down to that accursed little island—what you call it? where she insult me. Oh, all my time is gone. Your brother and your cousin, and the little man out of Warwickshire, all coming to my house, just as it please them."

"But what is this to me?" shouted Sir Hugh.

"A great deal to you," screamed back Madam Gordeloup. "You see I know every thing—every thing. I have got papers."

"What do I care for your papers? Look here Madam Gordeloup, you had better go away."

"Not yet, Sir 'Oo, not yet. You are going away to Norway—I know; and I am ruined before you come back."

"Look here, madam, do you mean that you want money from me?"

"I want my rights, Sir 'Oo. Remember, I know every thing—every thing—oh, such things! If they were all known—in the newspapers, you understand, or that kind of thing, that lady in Bolton Street would lose all her money to-morrow. Yes. There is uncles to the little lord; yes! Ah! how much would they give me, I wonder? They would not tell me to go away."

Sophie was perhaps justified in the estimate she had made of Sir Hugh's probable character from the knowledge which she had acquired of his brother Archie; but, nevertheless, she had fallen into a great mistake. There could hardly have been a man then in London less likely to fall into her present views than Sir Hugh Clavering. Not only was he too fond of his money to give it away without knowing why he did so, but he was subject to none of that weakness by which some men are prompted to submit to such extortions. Had he believed her story, and had Lady Ongar been really dear to him, he would never have dealt with such a one as Madam Gordeloup otherwise than through the police.

"Madam Gordeloup," said he, "if you don't immediately take yourself off, I shall have you put out of the house."

He would have sent for a constable at once, had he not feared that by doing so he would retard his journey.

"What!" said Sophie, whose courage was as good as his own. "Me put out of the house! Who shall touch me?"

"My servant shall; or, if that will not do, the police. Come, walk." And he stepped over toward her as though he himself intended to assist in her expulsion by violence.

"Well, you are there; I see you; and what next?" said Sophie. "You, and your valk! I can tell you things fit for you to know, and you say, valk. If I valk, I will valk to some purpose. I do not often valk for nothing when I am told—valk!" Upon this Sir Hugh rang the bell with some violence. "I care nothing for your bells, or for your servants, or for your policemen. I have told you that your sister owe me a great deal of money, and you say—valk. I will valk." Thereupon the servant came into the room, and Sir Hugh, in an angry voice, desired him to open the front door. "Yes—open vide," said Sophie, who, when anger came upon her, was apt to drop into a mode of speaking English, which she was able to avoid in her cooler moments. "Sir 'Oo, I am going to valk, and you shall hear of my valking."

"Am I to take that as a threat?" said he.

"Not a tret at all," said she; "only a promise. Ah! I am good to keep my promises. Yes, I make a promise. Your poor wife—down with the daises; I know all, and she shall hear, too. That is another promise. And your brother, the cap-

tain. Oh! here he is, and the little man out of Warwickshire." She had got up from her chair, and had moved toward the door with the intention of going, but just as she was passing out into the hall she encountered Archie and Doodles. Sir Hugh, who had been altogether at a loss to understand what she had meant by the man out of Warwickshire, followed her into the hall, and became more angry than before at finding that his brother had brought a friend to his house at so very inopportune a moment. The wrath in his face was so plainly expressed that Doodles could perceive it, and wished himself away. The presence also of the spy was not pleasant to the gallant captain. Was the wonderful woman ubiquitous, that he should thus encounter her again, and that so soon after all the things that he had spoken of her on this morning? "How do you do, gentlemen?" said Sophie. "There is a great many boxes here, and I with my crinoline have not got room." Then she shook hands, first with Archie, and then with Doodles, and asked the latter why he was not as yet gone to Warwickshire. Archie, in almost mortal fear, looked up into his brother's face. Had his brother learned the story of that seventy pounds? Sir Hugh was puzzled beyond measure at finding that the woman knew the two men; but, having still an eye to his lamb chops, was chiefly anxious to get rid of Sophie and Doodles together.

"This is my friend Boodle—Captain Boodle," said Archie, trying to put a bold face upon the crisis. "He has come to see me off."

"Very kind of him," said Sir Hugh. "Just make way for this lady, will you? I want to get her out of the house if I can. Your friend seems to know her; perhaps he'll be good enough to give her his arm."

"Who—I?" said Doodles. "No, I don't know her particularly. I did meet her once before, just once—in a casual way."

"Captain Booddle and me is very good friends," said Sophie. "He come to my house and behave himself very well; only he is not so handy a man as your brother, Sir 'Oo."

Archie trembled, and he trembled still more when his brother, turning to him, asked him if he knew the woman.

"Yes, he know the woman very well," said Sophie. "Why do you not come any more to see me? You send your little friend, but I like you better yourself. You come again when you return, and all that shall be made right."

But still she did not go. She had now seated herself on a gun case which was resting on a portmanteau, and seemed to be at her ease. The time was going fast, and Sir Hugh, if he meant to eat his chops, must eat them at once.

"See her out of the hall into the street," he said to Archie; "and if she gives trouble, send for the police. She has come here to get money from me by threats, and only that we have no time, I would have her taken to the lock-up house at once." Then Sir Hugh retreated into the dining-room and shut the door.

"Lock-up 'ouse!" said Sophie, scornfully. "What is dat?"

"He means a prison," said Doodles.

"Prison! I know who is most likely to be in a prison. Tell me of a prison! Is he a minister of state that he can send out order for me to be made prisoner? Is there *lettres de cachet* now in England? I think not. Prison, indeed!"

"But really, Madam Gordeloup, you had better go—you had, indeed," said Archie.

"You too—you bid me go? Did I bid you go when you came to me? Did I not tell you sit down? Was I not polite? Did I send for a police, or talk of lock-up 'ouse to you? No. It is English that do these things—only English."

Archie felt that it was incumbent on him to explain that his visit to her house had been made under other circumstances—that he had brought money instead of seeking it; and had, in fact, gone to her simply in the way of her own trade. He did begin some preliminaries to this explanation; but as the servant was there, and as his brother might come out from the dining-room, and as also he was aware that he could hardly tell the story much to his own advantage, he stopped abruptly, and, looking piteously at Doodles, implored him to take the lady away.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind just seeing her into Mount Street," said Archie.

"Who—I?" said Doodles, electrified.

"It is only just around the corner," said Archie.

"Yes, Captain Booddle, we will go," said Sophie. "This is a bad house; and your Sir 'Oo—I do not like him at all. Lock-up, indeed! I tell you he shall very soon be locked up himself. There is what you call Davy's locker. I know—yes."

Doodles also trembled when he heard this anathema, and thought once more of the character of Jack Stuart and his yacht.

"Pray go with her," said Archie.

"But I had come to see you off."

"Never mind," said Archie. "He is in such a taking, you know. God bless you, old fellow—good-by! I'll write and tell you what fish we get, and mind you tell me what Turniper does for the Bedfordshire. Good-by, Madam Gordeloup; good-by."

There was no escape for him, so Doodles put on his hat and prepared to walk away to Mount Street with the Spy under his arm—the Spy as to whose avocations, over and beyond those of her diplomatic profession, he had such strong suspicions! He felt inclined to be angry with his friend, but the circumstances of his parting hardly admitted of any expression of anger.

"Good-by, Clavvy," he said. "Yes, I'll write—that is, if I've got anything to say."

"Take care of yourself, captain," said Sophie.

"All right," said Archie.

"Mind you come and see me when you come back," said Sophie.

"Of course I will," said Archie.

"And we'll make that all right for you yet. Gentlemen, when they have so much to gain, shouldn't take a no too easy. You come with your handy glove, and we'll see about it again." Then Sophie walked off leaning upon the arm of Captain Boodle, and Archie stood at the door watching them till they turned out of sight round the corner of the Square. At last he saw them no more, and then he returned to his brother.

And as we shall see Doodles no more—or almost no more—we will now bid him adieu civilly. The pair were not ill-matched, though the lady perhaps had some advantage in acuteness, given to her no doubt by the experience of a longer life. Doodles, as he walked along two sides of the square with the fair burden on his arm, felt himself to be in some sort proud of his position, though it was one from which he would not have been sorry to escape, had escape been possible. A remarkable phenomenon was the Spy, and to have walked round Berkeley Square with such a woman leaning on his arm might in coming years be an event to remember with satisfaction. In the mean time he did not say much to her, and did not quite understand all that she said to him. At last he came to the door which he well remembered, and then he paused. He did not escape even then. After a while the door was opened, and those who were passing might have seen Captain Boodle, slowly and with hesitating steps, enter the narrow passage before the lady. Then Sophie followed, and closed the door behind her. As far as this story goes, what took place at that interview can not be known. Let us bid farewell to Doodles, and wish him a happy escape.

"How did you come to know that woman?" said Hugh to his brother, as soon as Archie was in the dining-room.

"She was a friend of Julia's," said Archie.

"You haven't given her money?" Hugh asked.

"Oh dear, no," said Archie.

Immediately after that they got into their cab, the things were pitched on the top, and, for a while, we may bid adieu to them also.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SHOWING HOW MRS. BURTON FOUGHT HER BATTLE.

"FLORENCE, I have been to Bolton Street, and I have seen Lady Ongar." Those were the first words which Cecilia Burton spoke to her sister-in-law, when she found

Florence in the drawing-room on her return from the visit which she had made to the countess. Florence had still before her the desk on which she had been writing; and the letter in its envelope, addressed to Mrs. Clavering, but as yet unclosed, was lying beneath her blotting-paper. Florence, who had never dreamed of such an undertaking on Cecilia's part, was astounded at the tidings which she heard. Of course her first effort was made to learn from her sister's tone and countenance what had been the result of this interview; but she could learn nothing from either. There was no radiance as of joy in Mrs. Burton's face, nor was there written there anything of despair. Her voice was serious and almost solemn, and her manner was very grave, but that was all. "You have seen her?" said Florence, rising up from her chair.

"Yes, dear, I may have done wrong. Theodore, I know, will say so. But I thought it best to try to learn the truth before you wrote to Mrs Clavering."

"And what is the truth? But perhaps you have not learned it."

"I think I have learned all that she could tell me. She has been very frank."

"Well, what is the truth? Do not suppose, dearest, that I can not bear it. I hope for nothing now. I only want to have this settled, that I may be at rest."

Upon this Mrs. Burton took the suffering girl in her arms and caressed her tenderly. "My love," said she, "it is not easy for us to be at rest. You can not be at rest as yet."

"I can. I will be so, when I know that this is settled. I do not wish to interfere with his fortune. There is my letter to his mother, and now I will go back to Stratton."

"Not yet, dearest, not yet," said Mrs. Burton, taking the letter in her hand, but refraining from withdrawing it at once from the envelope. "You must hear what I have heard to-day."

"Does she say that she loves him?"

"Ah! yes—she loves him. We must not doubt that."

"And he—what does she say of him?"

"She says what you also must say, Florence, though it is hard that it should be so. It must be as he shall decide."

"No," said Florence, withdrawing herself from the arm that was still around her, "no, it shall not be as he may choose to decide. I will not so submit myself to him. It is enough as it is. I will never see him more—never. To say that I do not love him would be untrue, but I will never see him again."

"Stop, dear, stop. What if it be no fault of his?"

"No fault of his that he went to her when we—we—we—he and I—were, as we were, together!"

"Of course there has been some fault; but Flo, dearest, listen to me. You know that I would ask you to do nothing from which a woman should shrink."

"I know that you would give your heart's blood for me; but nothing will be of avail now. Do not look at me with melancholy eyes like that. Cissy, it will not kill me. It is only the doubt that kills one."

"I will not look at you with melancholy eyes, but you must listen to me. She does not herself know what his intention is."

"But I know it, and I know my own. Read my letter, Cissy. There is not one word of anger in it, nor will I ever utter a reproach. He knew her first. If he loved her through it all, it was a pity he could not be constant to his love, even though she was false to him."

"But you won't hear me, Flo. As far as I can learn the truth—as I myself most firmly believe—when he went to her on her return to England, he had no other intention than that of visiting an old friend."

"But what sort of friend, Cissy?"

"He had no idea then of being untrue to you. But when he saw her, the old intimacy came back. That was natural. Then he was dazzled by her beauty."

"Is she then so beautiful?"

"She is very beautiful."

"Let him go to her," said Florence, tearing herself away from her sister's arm, and

walking across the room with a quick and almost angry step. "Let her have him. Cissy, there shall be an end of it. I will not condescend to solicit his love. If she is such as you say, and if beauty with him goes for everything, what chance could there be for such as me?"

"I did not say that beauty with him went for everything."

"Of course it does. I ought to have known that it would be so with such a one as him. And then she is rich also—wonderfully rich! What right can I have to think of him?"

"Florence, you are unjust. You do not even suspect that it is her money."

"To me it is the same thing. I suppose that a woman who is so beautiful has a right to everything. I know that I am plain, and I will be—content—in future—to think no more—" Poor Florence, when she had got as far as that, broke down, and could go on no further with the declaration which she had been about to make as to her future prospects. Mrs. Burton, taking advantage of this, went on with her story, struggling, not altogether unsuccessfully, to assume a calm tone of unimpassioned reason.

"As I said before, he was dazzled—"

"Dazzled! oh!"

"But even then he had no idea of being untrue to you."

"No; he was untrue without an idea. That is worse."

"Florence, you are perverse, and are determined to be unfair. I must beg that you will hear me to the end, so that then you may be able to judge what course you ought to follow." This Mrs. Burton said with an air of great authority; after which she continued in a voice something less stern—"He thought of doing no injury to you when he went to see her; but something of the feeling of his old love grew upon him when he was in her company, and he became embarrassed by his position before he was aware of his own danger. He might, of course, have been stronger." Here Florence exhibited a gesture of strong impatience, though she did not speak. "I am not going to defend him altogether, but I think you must admit that he was hardly tried. Of course I can not say what passed between them, but I can understand how easily they might recur to the old scenes—how naturally she would wish for a renewal of the love which she had been base enough to betray! She does not, however, consider herself as at present engaged to him. That you may know for certain. It may be that she has asked him for such a promise, and that he has hesitated. If so, his staying away from us, and his not writing to you, can be easily understood."

"And what is it you would have me do?"

"He is ill now. Wait till he is well. He would have been here before this had not his illness prevented him. Wait till he comes."

"I can not do that, Cissy. Wait I must, but I can not wait without offering him, through his mother, the freedom which I have so much reason to know that he desires."

"We do not know that he desires it. We do not know that his mother even suspects him of any fault toward you. Now that he is there—at home—away from Bolton Street—"

"I do not care to trust to such influences as that, Cissy. If he could not spend this morning with her in her own house, and then, as he left her, feel that he preferred me to her, and to all the world, I would rather be as I am than take his hand. He shall not marry me from pity, nor yet from a sense of duty. We know the old story—how the Devil would be a monk when he was sick. I will not accept his sick-bed allegiance, or have to think that I owe my husband to a mother's influence over him while he is ill."

"You will make me think, Flo, that you are less true to him than she is."

"Perhaps it is so. Let him have what good such truth as hers can do him. For me, I feel that it is my duty to be true to myself. I will not condescend to indulge my heart at the cost of my pride as a woman."

"Oh, Florence, I hate that word pride."

"You would not hate it for yourself, in my place."

"You need take no shame to love him."

"Have I taken shame to love him?" said Florence, rising again from her chair. "Have I been missish or coy about my love? From the moment in which I knew that it was a pleasure to myself to regard him as my future husband, I have spoken of my love as being always proud of it. I have acknowledged it as openly as you can do yours for Theodore. I acknowledge it still, and will never deny it. Take shame that I have loved him! No. But I should take to myself great shame should I ever be brought so low as to ask him for his love, when once I had learned to think that he had transferred it from myself to another woman." Then she walked the length of the room, backward and forward, with hasty steps, not looking at her sister-in-law, whose eyes were now filled with tears. "Come, Cissy," she then said, "we will make an end of this. Read my letter if you choose to read it—though indeed it is not worth reading—and then let me send it to the post."

Mrs. Burton now opened the letter and read it very slowly. It was stern and almost unfeeling in the calmness of the words chosen; but in those words her proposed marriage with Harry Clavering was absolutely abandoned. "I know," she said, "that your son is more warmly attached to another lady than he is to me, and under those circumstances, for his sake as well as for mine, it is necessary that we should part. Dear Mrs. Clavering, may I ask you to make him understand that he and I are never to recur to the past? If he will send me back any letters of mine—should any have been kept—and the little present which I once gave him, all will have been done which need be done, and all have been said which need be said. He will receive in a small parcel his own letters and the gifts which he has made me." There was in this a tone of completeness—as of a business absolutely finished—of a judgement admitting no appeal, which did not at all suit Mrs. Burton's views. A letter, quite as becoming on the part of Florence, might, she thought, be written, which would still leave open a door for reconciliation. But Florence was resolved, and the letter was sent.

The part which Mrs. Burton had taken in this conversation had surprised even herself. She had been full of anger with Harry Clavering—as wrathful with him as her nature permitted her to be, and yet she had pleaded his cause with all her eloquence, going almost so far in her defence of him as to declare that he was blameless. And, in truth, she was prepared to acquit him of blame—to give him full absolution without penance—if only he could be brought back again into the fold. Her wrath against him would be very hot should he not so return; but all should be more than forgiven if he would only come back, and do his duty with affectionate and patient fidelity. Her desire was, not so much that justice should be done, as that Florence should have the thing coveted, and that Florence's rival should not have it. According to the arguments as arranged by her feminine logic, Harry Clavering would be all right or all wrong according as he might at last bear himself. She desired success, and, if she could only be successful, was prepared to forgive every thing. And even yet she would not give up the battle, though she admitted to herself that Florence's letter to Mrs. Clavering made the contest more difficult than ever. It might, however, be that Mrs. Clavering would be good enough, just enough, true enough, clever enough, to know that such a letter as this, coming from such a girl, and written under such circumstances, should be taken as meaning nothing. Most mothers would wish to see their sons married to wealth, should wealth throw itself in their way; but Mrs. Clavering, possibly, might not be such a mother as that.

In the mean time, there was before her the terrible necessity of explaining to her husband the step which she had taken without his knowledge, and of which she knew that she must tell him the history before she could sit down to dinner with him in comfort. "Theodore," she said, creeping in out of her own chamber to his dressing-room, while he was washing his hands, "you mustn't be angry with me, but I have done something to-day."

"And why must I not be angry with you?"

"You know what I mean. You mustn't be angry—especially about this—because I don't want you to be."

"That's conclusive," said he. It was manifest to her that he was in a good humor, which was a great blessing. He had not been tired with his work, as he was often wont to be, and was therefore willing to be playful.

"What do you think I've done?" said she. "I have been to Bolton Street, and have seen Lady Ongar."

"No!"

'I have, Theodore, indeed."

Mr. Burton had been rubbing his face vehemently with a rough towel at the moment in which the communication had been made to him, and so strongly was he affected by it that he was stopped in his operation and brought to a stand in his movement, looking at his wife over the towel as he held it in both hands. "What on earth has made you do such a thing as that?" he said.

"I thought it best. I thought that I might hear the truth—and so I have. I could not bear that Florence should be sacrificed while any thing remained undone that was possible."

"Why didn't you tell me that you were going?"

"Well, my dear, I thought it better not. Of course I ought to have told you, but in this instance I thought it best just to go without the fuss of mentioning it."

"What you really mean is, that if you had told me I should have asked you not to go."

"Exactly."

"And you were determined to have your own way."

"I don't think, Theodore, I care so much about my own way as some women do. I am sure I always think your opinion is better than my own—that is, in most things."

"And what did Lady Ongar say to you?" He had now put down the towel, and was seated in his arm-chair, looking up into his wife's face.

"It would be a long story to tell you all that she said."

"Was she civil to you?"

"She was not uncivil. She is a handsome, proud woman, prone to speak out what she thinks, and determined to have her own way when it is possible; but I think that she intended to be civil to me personally."

"What is her purpose now?"

"Her purpose is clear enough. She means to marry Harry Clavering if she can get him. She said so. She made no secret of what her wishes are."

"Then, Cissy, let her marry him, and do not let us trouble ourselves further in the matter."

"But Florence, Theodore! Think of Florence!"

"I am thinking of her, and I think that Harry Clavering is not worth her acceptance. She is as the traveller that fell among thieves. She is hurt and wounded, but not dead. It is for you to be the good Samaritan, but the oil which you should pour into her wounds is not a renewed hope as to that worthless man. Let Lady Ongar have him. As far as I can see, they are fit for each other."

Then she went through with him, diligently, all the arguments which she had used with Florence, palliating Harry's conduct, and explaining the circumstances of his disloyalty, almost as those circumstances had in truth occurred. "I think you are too hard on him," she said. "You can't be too hard on falsehood," he replied. "No, not while it exists. But you would not be angry with a man forever because he should once have been false? But we do not know that he is false." "Do we not?" said he. "But never mind; we must go to dinner now. Does Florence know of your visit?" Then, before she would allow him to leave his room, she explained to him what had taken place between herself and Florence, and told him of the letter that had been written to Mrs. Clavering. "She is right," said he. "That way out of her difficulty is the best that is left to her." But, nevertheless, Mrs. Burton was resolved that she would not as yet surrender.

Theodore Burton, when he reached the drawing-room, went up to his sister and kissed her. Such a sign of the tenderness of love was not common with him, for he was one of those who are not usually demonstrative in their affection. At the

present moment he said nothing of what was passing in his mind, nor did she. She simply raised her face to meet his lips, and pressed his hand as she held it. What need was there of any further sign between them than this? Then they went to dinner, and their meal was eaten almost in silence. Almost every moment Cecilia's eye was on her sister-in-law. A careful observer, had there been one there, might have seen this; but, while they remained together down stairs, there occurred among them nothing else to mark that all was not well with them.

Nor would the brother have spoken a word during the evening on the subject that was so near to all their hearts had not Florence led the way. When they were at tea, and when Cecilia had already made up her mind that there was to be no further discussion that night, Florence suddenly broke forth.

"Theodore," she said, "I have been thinking much about it, and I believe I had better go home, to Stratton, to-morrow."

"Oh, no," said Cecilia, eagerly.

"I believe it will be better that I should," continued Florence. "I suppose it is very weak in me to own it; but I am unhappy, and, like the wounded bird, I feel that it will be well that I should hide myself."

Cecilia was at her feet in a moment. "Dearest Flo," she said, "is not this your home as well as Stratton?"

"When I am able to be happy, it is. Those who have light hearts may have more homes than one, but it is not so with those whose hearts are heavy. I think it will be best for me to go."

"You shall do exactly as you please," said her brother. "In such a matter I will not try to persuade you. I only wish that we could tend to comfort you."

"You do comfort me. If I know that you think I am doing right, that will comfort me more than anything. Absolute and immediate comfort is not to be had when one is sorrowful."

"No, indeed," said her brother. "Sorrow should not be killed too quickly. I always think that those who are impervious to grief must be impervious also to happiness. If you have feelings capable of the one, you must have them capable also of the other."

"You should wait, at any rate, till you get an answer from Mrs. Clavering," said Cecilia.

"I do not know that she has any answer to send to me."

"Oh yes, she must answer you, if you will think of it. If she accepts what you have said—"

"She can not but accept it."

"Then she must reply to you. There is something which you have asked her to send to you; and I think you should wait, at any rate, till it reaches you here. Mind, I do not think her answer will be of that nature, but it is clear that you should wait for it, whatever it may be." Then Florence, with the concurrence of her brother's opinion, consented to remain in London for a few days, expecting the answer which would be sent by Mrs. Clavering; and after that no further discussion took place as to her trouble.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE SHEEP RETURNS TO THE FOLD.

Harry Clavering had spoken solemn words to his mother, during his illness, which both he and she regarded as a promise that Florence should not be deserted by him. After that promise nothing more was said between them on the subject for a few days. Mrs. Clavering was contented that the promise had been made, and Harry himself, in the weakness consequent upon his illness, was willing enough to accept the excuse which his illness gave him for postponing any action in the matter. But the fever had left him, and he was sitting up in his mother's room, when Florence's letter reached the parsonage, and with the letter, the little parcel which she herself had packed up so carefully. On the day before that a few words had passed between the rector and his wife, which will explain the feelings of both of them in the matter.

"Have you heard," said he, speaking in a voice hardly above a whisper, although no third person was in the room, "that Harry is again thinking of making Julia his wife?"

"He is not thinking of doing so," said Mrs. Clavering. "They who say so do him wrong."

"It would be a great thing for him as regards money."

'But he is engaged—and Florence Burton has been received here as his future wife. I could not endure to think that it should be so. At any rate, it is not true."

"I only tell you what I heard," said the rector, gently sighing, partly in obedience to his wife's implied rebuke, and partly at the thought that so grand a marriage should not be within his son's reach. The rector was beginning to be aware that Harry would hardly make a fortune at the profession which he had chosen, and that a rich marriage would be an easy way out of all the difficulties which such a failure promised. The rector was a man who dearly loved easy ways out of difficulties. But in such matters as these his wife he knew was imperative and powerful, and he lacked the courage to plead for a cause that was prudent, but ungenerous.

When Mrs. Clavering received the letter and parcel on the next morning, Harry Clavering was still in bed. With the delightful privilege of a convalescent invalid, he was allowed in these days to get up just when getting up became more comfortable than lying in bed, and that time did not usually come till eleven o'clock was past; but the postman reached the Clavering parsonage by nine. The letter, as we know, was addressed to Mrs. Clavering herself, as was also the outer envelope which contained the packet; but the packet itself was addressed in Florence's clear handwriting to Harry Clavering, Esq.

"That is a large parcel to come by post, mamma," said Fanny.

"Yes, my dear; but it is something particular."

"It's from some tradesman, I suppose," said the rector.

"No, it's not from a tradesman," said Mrs. Clavering. But she said nothing further, and both husband and daughter perceived that it was not intended that they should ask further questions.

Fanny, as usual, had taken her brother his breakfast, and Mrs. Clavering did not go up to him till that ceremony had been completed and removed. Indeed, it was necessary that she should study Florence's letter in her own room before she could speak to him about it. What the parcel contained she well knew, even before the letter had been thoroughly read; and I need hardly say that the treasure was sacred in her hands. When she had finished the perusal of the letter there was a tear—a gentle tear—in each eye. She understood it all, and could fathom the strength and weakness of every word which Florence had written. But she was such a woman—exactly such a woman—as Cecilia Burton had pictured to herself. Mrs. Clavering was good enough, great enough, true enough, clever enough to know that Harry's love for Florence should be sustained, and his fancy for Lady Ongar overcome. At no time would she have been proud to see her son prosperous only in the prosperity of a wife's fortune; but she would have been thoroughly ashamed of him had he resolved to pursue such prosperity under his present circumstances.

But her tears—though they were there in the corners of her eyes—were not painful tears. Dear Florence! She is suffering bitterly now. This very day would be a day of agony to her. There had been for her, doubtless, many days of agony during the past month. That the letter was true in all its words Mrs. Clavering did not doubt. That Florence believed that all was over between her and Harry, Mrs. Clavering was as sure as Florence had intended that she should be. But all should not be over, and the days of agony should soon be at an end. Her boy had promised her, and to her he had always been true. And she understood, too, the way in which these dangers had come upon him, and her judgment was not heavy upon her son—her gracious boy, who had ever been so good to her! It might be that he had been less diligent at his work than he should have been—that on that account further delay would still be necessary; but Florence would forgive that, and he had promised that Florence should not be deserted.

Then she took the parcel in her hands, and considered all its circumstances—how precious had once been its contents, and how precious doubtless they still were, though they had been thus repudiated! And she thought of the moments—nay, rather the hours—which had been passed in the packing of that little packet. She well understood how a girl would linger over such dear pain, touching the things over and over again, allowing herself to read morsels of the letters at which she had already forbidden herself even to look, till every word had been again seen and weighed, again caressed and again abjured. She knew how those little trinkets would have been fondled! How salt had been the tears that had fallen on them, and how carefully the drops would have been removed. Every fold in the paper of the two envelopes, with the little morsels of wax just adequate for their purpose, told of the lingering, painful care with which the work had been done. Ah! the parcel should go back at once with words of love that should put an end to all that pain. She who had sent these loved things away, should have her letters again, and should touch her little treasures with fingers that should take pleasure in the touching. She should again read her lover's words with an enduring delight. Mrs. Clavering understood it all, as though she were still a girl with a lover of her own.

Harry was beginning to think that the time had come in which getting up would be more comfortable than lying in bed, when his mother knocked at his door and entered his room. "I was just going to make a move, mother," he said, having reached that stage of convalescence in which some shame comes upon the idler.

"But I want to speak to you first, my dear," said Mrs. Clavering. "I have got a letter for you, or rather a parcel." Harry held out his hand, and, taking the packet, at once recognized the writing of the address.

"You know from whom it comes, Harry?"

"Oh yes, mother."

"And do you know what it contains?" Harry, still holding the packet, looked at it, but said nothing. "I know," said his mother, "for she has written and told me. Will you see her letter to me?" Again Harry held out his hand, but his mother did not at once give him the letter. "First of all, my dear, let us know that we understand each other. This dear girl—to me she is inexpressibly dear—is to be your wife."

"Yes, mother, it shall be so."

"That is my own boy! Harry, I have never doubted you—have never doubted that you would be right at last. Now you shall see her letter. But you must remember that she has had cause to make her unhappy."

"I will remember."

"Had you not been ill, every thing would of course have been all right before now." As to the correctness of this assertion the reader probably will have doubts of his own. Then she handed him the letter, and sat on his bedside while he read it. At first he was startled, and made almost indignant at the firmness of the girl's words. She gave him up as though it were a thing quite decided, and uttered no expression of her own regret in doing so. There was no soft woman's wail in her words. But there was in them something which made him unconsciously long to get back the thing which he had so nearly thrown away from him. They inspired him with a doubt whether he might yet succeed, which very doubt greatly increased his desire. As he read the letter for the second time, Julia became less beautiful in his imagination, and the charm of Florence's character became stronger.

"Well, dear," said his mother, when she saw that he had finished the second reading of the epistle.

He hardly knew how to express, even to his mother, all his feelings—the shame that he felt, and with the shame something of indignation that he should have been so repulsed. And of his love, too, he was afraid to speak. He was willing enough to give the required assurance, but after that he would have preferred to have been left alone. But his mother could not leave him without some further word of agreement between them as to the course which they would pursue.

"Will you write to her, mother, or shall I?"

"I shall write, certainly—by to-day's post. I would not leave her an hour, if I could help it, without an assurance of your unaltered affection."

"I could go to town to-morrow, mother—could I not?"

"Not to-morrow, Harry. It would be foolish. Say on Monday."

"And you will write to-day?"

"Certainly."

"I will send a line also—just a line.'

"And the parcel?"

"I have not opened it yet."

"You know what it contains. Send it back at once, Harry—at once. If I understand her feelings, she will not be happy till she gets it into her hands again. We will send Jem over to the post-office, and have it registered."

When so much was settled, Mrs. Clavering went away about the affairs of her house, thinking as she did so of the loving words with which she would strive to give back happiness to Florence Burton.

Harry, when he was alone, slowly opened the parcel. He could not resist the temptation of doing this, and of looking again at the things which she had sent back to him. And he was not without an idea—perhaps a hope—that there might be with them some short note—some scrap containing a few words for himself. If he had any such hope he was disappointed. There were his own letters, all scented with lavender from the casket in which they had been preserved; there was the rich bracelet which had been given with some little ceremony, and the cheap brooch which he had thrown to her as a joke, and which she had sworn that she would value the most of all because she could wear it every day; and there was the pencil-case which he had fixed on to her watch-chain, while her fingers were touching his fingers, caressing him for his love while her words were rebuking him for his awkwardness. He remembered it all as the things lay strewed upon his bed. And he re-read every word of his own words. "What a fool a man makes of himself!" he said to himself at last, with something of the cheeriness of laughter about his heart. But as he said so he was quite ready to make himself a fool after the same fashion again, if only there were not in his way that difficulty of recommencing. Had it been possible for him to write again at once in the old strain, without any reference to his own conduct during the last month, he would have begun his fooling without waiting to finish his dressing.

"Did you open the parcel?" his mother asked him, some hour or so before it was necessary that Jem should be started on his mission.

"Yes, I thought it best to open it."

"And have you made it up again?"

"Not yet, mother."

"Put this with it, dear." And his mother gave him a little jewel, a cupid in mosaic surrounded by tiny diomonds, which he remembered her to wear ever since he had first noticed the things she had worn. "Not from me, mind. I give it to you. Come—will you trust me to pack them?" Then Mrs. Clavering again made up the parcel, and added the trinket which she had brought with her.

Harry at last brought himself to write a few words.

DEAREST, DEAREST FLORENCE:—They will not let me out, or I would go to you at once. My mother has written, and though I have not seen her letter, I know what it contains. Indeed, indeed you may believe it all. May I not venture to return the parcel? I do send it back, and implore you to keep it. I shall be in town, I think, on Monday, and will go to Onslow Crescent—instantly. Your own, H. C.

Then there was scrawled a postscript which was worth all the rest put together—was better than his own note, better than his mother's letter, better than the returned packet. "I love no one better than you—no one half so well—neither now, nor ever did." These words, whether wholly true or only partially so, were at least to the point, and were taken by Cecilia Burton, when she heard of them, as a confession of faith that demanded instant and plenary absolution.

The trouble which had called Harry down to Clavering remained, I regret to say, almost in full force now that his prolonged visit had been brought so near its close.

Mr. Saul, indeed, had agreed to resign his curacy, and was already on the look-out for similar employment in some other parish. And, since his interview with Fanny's father, he had never entered the rectory or spoken to Fanny. Fanny had promised that there should be no such speaking, and, indeed, no danger of that kind was feared. Whatever Mr. Saul might do, he would do openly—nay, audaciously. But, though there existed this security, nevertheless things as regarded Fanny were very unpleasant. When Mr. Saul had commenced his courtship, she had agreed with her family in almost ridiculing the idea of such a lover. There had been a feeling with her as with the others, that poor Mr. Saul was to be pitied. Then she had come to regard his overtures as matters of grave import—not, indeed, avowing to her mother anything so strong as a return of his affection, but speaking of his proposal as one to which there was no other objection than that of a want of money. Now, however, she went moping about the house as though she were a victim of true love, condemned to run unsmoothly forever—as though her passion for Mr. Saul were too much for her, and she were waiting in patience till death should relieve her from the cruelty of her parents. She never complained. Such victims never do complain. But she moped and was wretched, and when her mother questioned her, struggling to find out how strong this feeling might in truth be, Fanny would simply make her dutiful promises—promises which were wickedly dutiful—that she would never mention the name of Mr. Saul any more. Mr. Saul, in the mean time, went about his parish duties with grim energy, supplying the rector's shortcomings without a word. He would have been glad to preach all the sermons and read all the services during these six months, had he been allowed to do so. He was constant in the schools—more constant than ever in his visitings. He was very courteous to Mr. Clavering when the necessities of their position brought them together. For all this, Mr. Clavering hated him—unjustly. For a man placed as Mr. Saul was placed, a line of conduct exactly level with that previously followed is impossible, and it was better that he should become more energetic in his duties than less so. It will be easily understood that all these things interfered much with the general happiness of the family at the rectory at this time.

The Monday came, and Harry Clavering, now convalescent, and simply interesting from the remaining effects of his illness, started on his journey for London. There had come no further letters from Onslow Terrace to the parsonage, and, indeed, owing to the intervention of Sunday, none could have come unless Florence had written by return of post. Harry made his journey, beginning with some promise of happiness to himself, but becoming somewhat uneasy as his train drew near to London. He had behaved badly, and he knew that in the first place he must own that he had done so. To men such a necessity is always grievous. Women not unfrequently like the task. To confess, submit, and be accepted as confessing and submitting, comes naturally to the feminine mind. The cry of peccavi sounds soft and pretty when made by sweet lips in a loving voice. But a man who can own that he has done amiss without a pang—who can so own it to another man, or even to a woman—is usually but a poor creature. Harry must now make such confession, and therefore he became uneasy. And then, for him, there was another task behind the one which he would be called upon to perform this evening—a task which would have nothing of pleasantness in it to redeem its pain. He must confess not only to Florence—where his confession might probably have its reward—but he must confess also to Julia. This second confession would, indeed, be a hard task to him. That, however, was to be postponed till the morrow. On this evening he had pledged himself that he would go direct to Onslow Terrace, and this he did as soon after he had reached his lodgings as was possible. It was past six when he reached London, and it was not yet eight when, with palpitating heart, he knocked at Mr. Burton's door.

I must take the reader back with me for a few minutes, in order that we may see after what fashion the letters from Clavering were received by the ladies in Onslow Terrace. On that day Mr. Burton had been required to go out of London by one of the early trains, and had not been in the house when the postman came. Nothing

had been said between Cecilia and Florence as to their hopes or fears in regard to an answer from Clavering—nothing, at least, since that conversation in which Florence had agreed to remain in London for yet a few days; but each of them was very nervous on the matter. Any answer, if sent at once from Clavering, would arrive on this morning, and, therefore, when the well-known knock was heard, neither of them was able to maintain her calmness perfectly. But yet nothing was said, nor did either of them rise from her seat at the breakfast table. Presently the girl came in with apparently a bundle of letters, which she was still sorting when she entered the room. There were two or three for Mr. Burton, two for Cecilia, and then two besides the registered packet for Florence. For that a receipt was needed, and as Florence had seen the address and recognized the writing, she was hardly able to give her signature. As soon as the maid was gone Cecilia could keep her seat no longer. "I know those are from Clavering," she said, rising from her chair, and coming round to the side of the table. Florence instinctively swept the packet into her lap, and, leaning forward, covered the letters with her hands. "Oh, Florence, let us see them—let us see them at once. If we are to be happy, let us know it." But Florence paused, still leaning over her treasures, and hardly daring to show her burning face. Even yet it might be that she was rejected. Then Cecilia went back to her seat, and simply looked at her sister with beseeching eyes. "I think I'll go up stairs," said Florence. "Are you afraid of me, Flo?" Cecilia answered reproachfully. "Let me see the outside of them." Then Florence brought them round the table, and put them into her sister's hands. "May I open this one from Mrs. Clavering?" Florence nodded her head. Then the seal was broken, and in one minute the two women were crying in each other's arms. "I was quite sure of it," said Cecilia, through her tears—"perfectly sure. I never doubted it for a moment. How could you have talked of going to Stratton?" At last Florence got herself away up to the window, and gradually mustered courage to break the envelope of her lover's letter. It was not at once that she showed the postscript to Cecilia, nor at once that the packet was opened. That last ceremony she did perform in the solitude of her own room. But before the day was over the postscript had been shown, and the added trinket had been exhibited. "I remember it well," said Florence. "Mrs. Clavering wore it on her forehead when we dined at Lady Clavering's." Mrs. Burton in all this saw something of the gentle persuasion which the mother had used, but of that she said nothing. That he should be back again, and should have repented, was enough for her.

Mr. Burton was again absent when Harry Clavering knocked in person at the door, but on this occasion his absence had been specially arranged by him with a view to Harry's comfort. "He won't want to see me this evening," he had said. "Indeed, you'll all get along a great deal better without me." He therefore had remained away from home, and, not being a club man, had dined most uncomfortably at an eating-house. "Are the ladies at home?" Harry asked, when the door was opened. Oh yes, they were at home. There was no danger that they should be found out on such an occasion as this. The girl looked at him pleasantly, calling him by his name as she answered him, as though she too desired to show him that he had again been taken into favor—into her favor as well as that of her mistress.

He hardly knew what he was doing as he ran up the steps to the drawing-room. He was afraid of what was to come, but nevertheless he rushed at his fate as some young soldier rushes at the trench in which he feels that he may probably fall. So Harry Clavering hurried on, and before he had looked round upon the room which he had entered, found his fate with Florence on his bosom.

Alas! alas! I fear that justice was outraged in the welcome that Harry received on that evening. I have said that he would be called upon to own his sins, and so much, at least, should have been required of him. But he owned no sin. I have said that a certain degradation must attend him in that first interview after his reconciliation. Instead of this, the hours that he spent that evening in Onslow Terrace were hours of one long ovation. He was, as it were, put upon a throne as a king who had returned from his conquest, and those two women did him honor, almost

kneeling at his feet. Cecilia was almost as tender with him as Florence, pleading to her own false heart the fact of his illness as his excuse. There was something of the pallor of the sick-room left with him—a slight tenuity in his hands and brightness in his eye which did him yeoman's service. Had he been quite robust, Cecilia might have felt that she could not justify to herself the peculiar softness of her words. After the first quarter of an hour he was supremely happy. His awkwardness had gone, and as he sat with his arm round Florence's waist, he found that the little pencil-case had again been attached to her chain, and as he looked down upon her he saw that the cheap brooch was again on her breast. It would have been pretty, could an observer have been there, to see the skill with which they both steered clear of any word or phrase which could be disagreeable to him. One might have thought that it would have been impossible to avoid all touch of a rebuke. The very fact that he was forgiven would seem to imply some fault that required pardon. But there was no hint at any fault. The tact of women excels the skill of men; and so perfect was the tact of these women, that not a word was said which wounded Harry's ear. He had come again into their fold, and they were rejoiced and showed their joy. He who had gone astray had repented, and they were beautifully tender to the repentant sheep.

Harry staid a little too long with his love—a little longer, at least, than had been computed, and, in consequence, met Theodore Burton in the Crescent as he was leaving it. This meeting could hardly be made without something of pain, and perhaps it was well for Harry that he should have such an opportunity as this for getting over it quickly. But when he saw Mr. Burton under the bright gas-lamp, he would very willingly have avoided him, had it been possible.

"Well, Harry," said Burton, giving his hand to the repentant sheep.

"How are you, Burton?" said Harry, trying to speak with an unconcerned voice. Then, in answer to an inquiry as to his health, he told of his own illness, speaking of that confounded fever having made him very low. He intended no deceit, but he made more of the fever than was necessary.

"When will you come back to the shop?" Burton asked. It must be remembered that, though the brother could not refuse to welcome back to his home his sister's lover, still he thought that the engagement was a misfortune. He did not believe in Harry as a man of business, and had almost rejoiced when Florence had been so nearly quit of him. And now there was a taint of sarcasm in his voice as he asked as to Harry's return to the chambers in the Adelphi.

"I can hardly quite say as yet," said Harry, still pleading his illness. "They were very much against my coming up to London so soon. Indeed, I should not have done it had I not felt so very—very anxious to see Florence. I don't know, Burton, whether I ought to say anything to you about that."

"I suppose you have said what you had to say to the women."

"Oh yes. I think they understand me completely, and I hope that I understand them."

"In that case, I don't know that you need say anything to me. Come to the Adelphi as soon as you can—that's all. I never think myself that a man becomes a bit stronger after an illness by remaining idle." Then Harry passed on, and felt that he had escaped easily in that interview.

But as he walked home he was compelled to think of the step which he must next take. When he had last seen Lady Ongar he had left her with a promise that Florence was to be deserted for her sake. As yet that promise would by her be supposed to be binding. Indeed, he had thought it to be binding on himself till he had found himself under his mother's influence at the parsonage. During his last few weeks in London he had endured an agony of doubt, but in his vacillations the pendulum had always veered more strongly toward Bolton Street than to Onslow Crescent. Now the swinging of the pendulum had ceased altogether. From henceforth Bolton Street must be forbidden ground to him, and the sheepfold in Onslow Crescent must be his home till he should have established a small peculiar fold for himself. But, as yet, he had still before him the task of communicating his final decision to the lady in Bolton Street. As he walked home he determined that he had better do

so in the first place by letter, and so eager was he as to the propriety of doing this at once, that on his return to his lodgings he sat down and wrote the letter before he went to his bed. It was not very easily written. Here, at any rate, he had to make those confessions of which I have before spoken—confessions which it may be less difficult to make with pen and ink than with spoken words, but which, when so made, are more degrading. The word that is written is a thing capable of permanent life, and lives frequently to the confusion of its parent. A man should make his confessions always by word of mouth, if it be possible. Whether such a course would have been possible to Harry Clavering may be doubtful. It might have been that in a personal meeting the necessary confession would not have got itself adequately spoken. Thinking, perhaps, of this, he wrote his letter as follows on that night:

Bloomsbury Square, July, 186–.

The date was easily written, but how was he to go on after that? In what form of affection or indifference was he to address her whom he had at that last meeting called his own, his dearest Julia? He got out of his difficulty in the way common to ladies and gentlemen under such stress, and did not address her by any name or any epithet. The date he allowed to remain, and then he went away at once to the matter of his subject.

I feel that I owe it you at once to tell you what has been my history during the last few weeks. I came up from Clavering to-day, and have since that been with Mrs. and Miss Burton. Immediately on my return from them I sit down to write you.

After having said so much, Harry probably felt that the rest of his letter would be surplusage. Those few words would tell her all that it was required that she should know. But courtesy demanded that he should say more, and he went on with his confession.

You know that I became engaged to Miss Burton soon after your own marriage. I feel now that I should have told you this when we first met; but yet, had I done so, it would have seemed as though I told it with a special object. I don't know whether I make myself understood in this. I can only hope that I do so.

Understood! Of course she understood it all. She required no blundering explanation from him to assist her intelligence.

I wish now that I had mentioned it. It would have been better for both of us. I should have been saved much pain, and you, perhaps, some uneasiness.

I was called down to Clavering a few weeks ago about some business in the family, and then became ill, so that I was confined to my bed instead of returning to town. Had it not been for this I should not have left you so long in suspense—that is, if there has been suspense. For myself, I have to own that I have been very weak—worse than weak, I fear you will think. I do not know whether your old regard for me will prompt you to make any excuse for me, but I am well sure that I can make none for myself which will not have suggested itself to you without my urging it. If you choose to think that I have been heartless—or, rather, if you are able so to think of me, no words of mine, written or spoken now, will remove that impression from your mind.

I believe that I need write nothing further. You will understand from what I have said all that I should have to say were I to refer at length to that which has passed between us. All that is over now, and it only remains for me to express a hope that you may be happy. Whether we shall ever see each other again, who shall say? but if we do I trust that we may not meet as enemies. May God bless you here and hereafter.

Harry Clavering.

When the letter was finished, Harry sat for a while by his open window looking at the moon, over the chimney-pots of his square, and thinking of his career in life as it had hitherto been fulfilled. The great promise of his earlier days had not been kept. His plight in the world was now poor enough, though his hopes had been so high. He was engaged to be married, but had no income on which to marry. He had narrowly escaped great wealth. Ah! it was hard for him to think of that without a regret; but he did strive so to think of it. Though he told himself that it would have been evil for him to have depended on money which had been procured by the very act which had been to him an injury—to have dressed himself in the feathers which had been plucked from Lord Ongar's wings—it was hard for him to think of all he had missed, and rejoice thoroughly that he had missed it. But he told himself that he so rejoiced, and endeavored to be glad that he had not soiled his hands with riches which never would have belonged to the woman he had loved had she not earned them by

being false to him. Early on the following morning he sent off his letter, and then, putting himself into a cab, bowled down to Onslow Crescent. The sheepfold was now very pleasant to him when the head shepherd was away, and so much gratification it was natural that he should allow himself.

That evening, when he came from his club, he found a note from Lady Ongar. It was very short, and the blood rushed to his face as he felt ashamed at seeing with how much apparent ease she had answered him. He had written with difficulty, and had written awkwardly. But there was nothing awkward in her words:

DEAR HARRY:—We are quits now. I do not know why we should ever meet as enemies. I shall never feel myself to be an enemy of yours. I think it would be well that we should see each other, and, if you have no objection to seeing me, I will be at home any evening that you may call. Indeed, I am at home always in the evening. Surely, Harry, there can be no reason why we should not meet. You need not fear that there will be danger in it.

Will you give my compliments to Miss Florence Burton, with my best wishes for her happiness? Your Mrs. Burton I have seen—as you may have heard, and I congratulate you on your friend. Yours always, J. O.

The writing of this letter seemed to have been easy enough, and certainly there was nothing in it that was awkward; but I think that the writer had suffered more in the writing than Harry had done in producing his longer epistle. But she had known how to hide her suffering, and had used a tone which told no tale of her wounds. We are quits now, she had said, and she had repeated the words over and over again to herself as she walked up and down her room. Yes, they were quits now, if the reflection of that fact could do her any good. She had ill-treated him in her early days; but, as she had told herself so often, she had served him rather than injured him by that ill-treatment. She had been false to him; but her falsehood had preserved him from a lot which could not have been fortunate. With such a clog as she would have been round his neck—with such a wife, without a shilling of fortune, how could he have risen in the world? No! Though she had deceived him, she had served him. Then, after that, had come the tragedy of her life, the terrible days in thinking of which she still shuddered, the days of her husband and Sophie Gordeloup—that terrible death-bed, those attacks upon her honor, misery upon misery, as to which she never now spoke a word to any one, and as to which she was resolved she never would speak again. She had sold herself for money, and had got the price, but the punishment of her offence had been very heavy. And now, in these latter days, she had thought to compensate the man she had loved for the treachery with which she had used him. That treachery had been serviceable to him, but not the less should the compensation be very rich. And she would love him too. Ah! yes, she had always loved him. He should have it all now—every thing, if only he would consent to forget that terrible episode in her life, as she would strive to forget it. All that should remain to remind them of Lord Ongar would be the wealth that should henceforth belong to Harry Clavering. Such had been her dream, and Harry had come to her with words of love which made it seem to be a reality. He had spoken to her words of love which he was now forced to withdraw, and the dream was dissipated. It was not to be allowed to her to escape her penalty so easily as that! As for him, they were now quits. That being the case, there could be no reason why they should quarrel.

But what now should she do with her wealth, and especially how should she act in respect to that place down in the country? Though she had learned to hate Ongar Park during her solitary visit there, she had still looked forward to the pleasure the property might give her when she should be able to bestow it upon Harry Clavering. But that had been part of her dream, and the dream was now over. Through it all she had been conscious that she might hardly dare to hope that the end of her punishment should come so soon—and now she knew that it was not come. As far as she could see, there was no end to the punishment in prospect for her. From her first meeting with Harry Clavering on the platform of the railway station, his presence, or her thoughts of him, had sufficed to give some brightness to her life—had enabled her to support the friendship of Sophie Gordeloup, and also to support her solitude when poor Sophie had been banished. But now she was left without any

resource. As she sat alone, meditating on all this, she endeavored to console herself with the reflection that, after all, she was the one whom Harry loved—whom Harry would have chosen had he been free to choose. But the comfort to be derived from that was very poor. Yes, he had loved her once—nay, perhaps he loved her still. But when that love was her own she had rejected it. She had rejected it, simply declaring to him, to her friends, and to the world at large, that she preferred to be rich. She had her reward, and, bowing her head upon her hands, she acknowledged that the punishment was deserved.

Her first step after writing her note to Harry was to send for Mr. Turnbull, her lawyer. She had expected to see Harry on the evening of the day on which she had written, but instead of that she received a note from him in which he said that he would come to her before long. Mr. Turnbull was more instant in obeying her commands, and was with her on the morning after he received her injunction. He was almost a perfect stranger to her, having only seen her once, and that for a few moments after her return to England. Her marriage settlements had been prepared for her by Sir Hugh's attorney; but during her sojourn in Florence it had become necessary that she should have some one in London to look after her own affairs, and Mr. Turnbull had been recommended to her by lawyers employed by her husband. He was a prudent, sensible man, who recognized it to be his imperative interest to look after his client's interest. And he had done his duty by Lady Ongar in that trying time immediately after her return. An offer had then been made by the Courton family to give Julia her income without opposition if she would surrender Ongar Park. To this she had made objections with indignation, and Mr. Turnbull, though he had at first thought that she would be wise to comply with the terms proposed, had done her work for her with satisfactory expedition. Since those days she had not seen him, but now she had summoned him, and he was with her in Bolton Street.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Turnbull," she said, "about that place down in Surrey. I don't like it."

"Not like Ongar Park?" he said, "I have always heard that it is so charming."

"It is not charming to me. It is a sort of property that I don't want, and I mean to give it up."

"Lord Ongar's uncles would buy your interest in it, I have no doubt."

"Exactly. They have sent to me, offering to do so. My brother-in-law, Sir Hugh Clavering, called on me with a message from them saying so. I thought that he was very foolish to come, and so I told him. Such things should be done by one's lawyers. Don't you think so, Mr. Turnbull?" Mr. Turnbull smiled as he declared that, of course, he, being a lawyer, was of that opinion. "I am afraid they will have thought me uncivil," continued Julia, "as I spoke rather brusquely to Sir Hugh Clavering. I am not inclined to take any steps through Sir Hugh Clavering, but I do not know that I have any reason to be angry with the little lord's family."

"Really, Lady Ongar, I think not. When your ladyship returned there was some opposition thought of for a while, but I really do not think it was their fault."

"No, it was not their fault."

"That was my feeling at the time; it was, indeed."

"It was the fault of Lord Ongar—of my husband. As regards all the Courtons, I have no word of complaint to make. It is not to be expected—it is not desirable that they and I should be friends. It is impossible, after what has passed, that there should be such friendship. But they have never injured me, and I wish to oblige them. Had Ongar Park suited me, I should doubtless have kept it; but it does not suit me, and they are welcome to have it back again."

"Has a price been named, Lady Ongar?"

"No price need be named. There is to be no question of a price. Lord Ongar's mother is welcome to the place—or rather to such interest as I have in it."

"And to pay a rent?" suggested Mr. Turnbull.

"To pay no rent. Nothing would induce me to let the place, or to sell my right in it. I will have no bargain about it. But as nothing also will induce me to live there,

I am not such a dog in the manger as to wish to keep it. If you will have the kindness to see Mr. Courton's lawyer, and to make arrangements about it."

"But, Lady Ongar, what you call your right in the estate is worth over twenty thousand pounds—it is, indeed. You could borrow twenty thousand pounds on the security of it to-morrow."

"But I don't want to borrow twenty thousand pounds."

"No, no, exactly—of course you don't. But I point out that fact to show the value. You would be making a present of that sum of money to people who do not want it—who have no claim upon you. I really don't see how they could take it."

"Mrs. Courton wishes to have the place very much."

"But, my lady, she has never thought of getting it without paying for it. Lady Ongar, I really can not advise you to take any such step as that—indeed, I can not. I should be wrong, as your lawyer, if I did not point out to you that such a proceeding would be quite romantic—quite so—what the world would call Quixotic. People don't expect such things as that—they don't, indeed."

"People don't often have such reasons as I have," said Lady Ongar. Mr. Turnbull sat silent for a while, looking as though he were unhappy. The proposition made to him was one which, as a lawyer, he felt to be very distasteful to him. He knew that his client had no male friends in whom she confided, and he felt that the world would blame him if he allowed this lady to part with her property in the way she had suggested. "You will find that I am in earnest," she continued, smiling, "and you may as well give way to my vagaries with a good grace."

"They would not take it, Lady Ongar."

"At any rate, we can try them. If you will make them understand that I don't at all want the place, and that it will go to rack and ruin because there is no one to live there, I am sure they will take it."

Then Mr. Turnbull again sat silent and unhappy, thinking with what words he might best bring forward his last and strongest argument against this rash proceeding.

"Lady Ongar," he said, "in your peculiar position, there are double reasons why you should not act in this way."

"What do you mean, Mr. Turnbull? What is my peculiar position?"

"The world will say that you have restored Ongar Park because you were afraid to keep it. Indeed, Lady Ongar, you had better let it remain as it is."

"I care nothing for what the world says," she exclaimed, rising quickly from her chair—"nothing, nothing!"

"You should really hold by your rights—you should, indeed. Who can possibly say what other interests may be concerned? You may marry, and live for the next fifty years, and have a family. It is my duty, Lady Ongar, to point out these things to you."

"I am sure you are quite right, Mr. Turnbull," she said, struggling to maintain a quiet demeanor. "You, of course, are only doing your duty. But whether I marry or whether I remain as I am, I shall give up this place. And as for what the world, as you call it, may say, I will not deny that I cared much for that on my immediate return. What people said then made me very unhappy. But I care nothing for it now. I have established my rights, and that has been sufficient. To me it seems that the world, as you call it, has been civil enough in its usage of me lately. It is only of those who should have been my friends that I have a right to complain. If you will please to do this thing for me, I will be obliged to you."

"If you are quite determined about it—"

"I am quite determined. What is the use of the place to me? I never shall go there. What is the use even of the money that comes to me? I have no purpose for it. I have nothing to do with it."

There was something in her tone as she said this which well filled him with pity.

"You should remember," he said, "how short a time it is since you became a widow. Things will be different with you soon."

"My clothes will be different, if you mean that," she answered,, "but I do not

know that there will be any other change in me. But I am wrong to trouble you with all this. If you will let Mr. Courton's lawyer know, with my compliments to Mrs. Courton, that I have heard that she would like to have the place, and that I do not want it, I will be obliged to you." Mr. Turnbull having by this time perceived that she was quite in earnest, took his leave, having promised to do her bidding.

In this interview she had told her lawyer only a part of the plan which was now running in her head. As for giving up Ongar Park, she took to herself no merit for that. The place had been odious to her ever since she had endeavored to establish herself there, and had found that the clergyman's wife would not speak to her—that even her own housekeeper would hardly condescend to hold converse with her. She felt that she would be a dog in the manger to keep the place in her possession. But she had thoughts beyond this—resolutions only as yet half formed as to a wider surrender. She had disgraced herself, ruined herself, robbed herself of all happiness by the marriage she had made. Her misery had not been simply the misery of that lord's lifetime. As might have been expected, that was soon over. But an enduring wretchedness had come after that from which she saw no prospect of escape. What was to be her future life, left as she was and would be, in desolation? If she were to give it all up—all the wealth that had been so ill-gotten—might there not then be some hope of comfort for her?

She had been willing enough to keep Lord Ongar's money, and use it for the purposes of her own comfort, while she had still hoped that comfort might come from it. The remembrance of all that she had to give had been very pleasant to her, as long as she had hoped that Harry Clavering would receive it at her hands. She had not at once felt that the fruit had all turned to ashes. But now—now that Harry was gone from her—now that she had no friend left to her whom she could hope to make happy by her munificence, the very knowledge of her wealth was a burden to her. And as she thought of her riches in these first days of her desertion, as she had indeed been thinking since Cecilia Burton had been with her, she came to understand that she was degraded by their acquisition. She had done that which had been unpardonably bad, and she felt like Judas when he stood with the price of his treachery in his hand. He had given up his money, and would not she do as much? There had been a moment in which she had nearly declared all her purpose to the lawyer, but she was held back by the feeling that she ought to make her plans certain before she communicated them to him.

She must live. She could not go out and hang herself as Judas had done. And then there was her title and rank, of which she did not know whether it was within her power to divest herself. She sorely felt the want of some one from whom in her present need she might ask counsel; of some friend to whom she could trust to tell her in what way she might now best atone for the evil she had done. Plans ran through her head which were thrown aside almost as soon as made, because she saw that they were impracticable. She even longed in these days for her sister's aid, though of old she had thought but little of Hermy as a counsellor. She had no friend whom she might ask—unless she might still ask Harry Clavering.

If she did not keep it all, might she still keep something—enough for decent life—and yet comfort herself with the feeling that she had expiated her sin? And what would be said of her when she had made this great surrender? Would not the world laugh at her instead of praising her—that world as to which she had assured Mr. Turnbull that she did not care what its verdict about her might be? She had many doubts. Ah! why had not Harry Clavering remained true to her? But her punishment had come upon her with all its severity, and she acknowledged to herself now that it was not to be avoided.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LADY ONGAR'S REVENGE.

At last came the night which Harry had fixed for his visit to Bolton Street. He had looked forward certainly with no pleasure to the interview, and, now that the

time for it had come, was disposed to think that Lady Ongar had been unwise in asking for it. But he had promised that he would go, and there was no possible escape.

He dined that evening in Onslow Crescent, where he was now again established with all his old comfort. He had again gone up to the children's nursery with Cecilia, had kissed them all in their cots, and made himself quite at home in the establishment. It was with them there as though there had been no dreadful dream about Lady Ongar. It was so altogether with Cecilia and Florence, and even Mr. Burton was allowing himself to be brought round to a charitable view of Harry's character. Harry on this day had gone to the chambers in the Adelphi for an hour, and, walking away with Theodore Burton, had declared his intention of working like a horse. "If you were to say like a man, it would perhaps be better," said Burton. "I must leave you to say that," answered Harry; "for the present I will content myself with the horse." Burton was willing to hope, and allowed himself once more to fall into his old pleasant way of talking about the business, as though there were no other subject under the sun so full of manifold interest. He was very keen at the present moment about Metropolitan railways, and was ridiculing the folly of those who feared that the railway projectors were going too fast. "But we shall never get any thanks," he said. "When the thing has been done, and thanks are our due, people will look upon all our work so much as a matter of course that it will never occur to them to think that they owe us anything. They will have forgotten all their cautions, and will take what they get as though it were simply their due. Nothing astonishes me so much as the fear people feel before a thing is done when I join it with their want of surprise or admiration afterward." In this way even Theodore Burton had resumed his terms of intimacy with Harry Clavering.

Harry had told both Cecilia and Florence of his intended visit to Bolton Street, and they had all become very confidential on the subject. In most such cases, we may suppose that a man does not say much to one woman of the love which another woman has acknowledged for himself. Nor was Harry Clavering at all disposed to make any such boast. But in this case, Lady Ongar herself had told everything to Mrs. Burton. She had declared her passion, and had declared also her intention of making Harry her husband if he would take her. Everything was known, and there was no possibility of sparing Lady Ongar's name.

"If I had been her, I would not have asked for such a meeting," Cecilia said. The three were at this time sitting together, for Mr. Burton rarely joined them in their conversation.

"I don't know," said Florence. "I do not see why she and Harry should not remain as friends."

"They might be friends without meeting now," said Cecilia.

"Hardly. If the awkwardness were not got over at once, it would never be got over. I almost think she is right, though if I was her I should long to have it over." That was Florence's judgment in the matter. Harry sat between them, like a sheep as he was, very meekly—not without some enjoyment of his sheepdom, but still feeling that he was a sheep. At half-past eight he started up, having already been told that a cab was waiting for him at the door. He pressed Cecilia's hand as he went, indicating his feeling that he had before him an affair of some magnitude, and then, of course, had a word or two to say to Florence in private on the landing. Oh, those delicious private words, the need for which comes so often during those short halcyon days of one's lifetime! They were so pleasant that Harry would fain have returned to repeat them after he was seated in his cab; but the inevitable wheels carried him onward with cruel velocity, and he was in Bolton Street before the minutes had sufficed for him to collect his thoughts.

Lady Ongar, when he entered the room, was sitting in her accustomed chair, near a little work-table which she always used, and did not rise to meet him. It was a pretty chair, soft and easy, made with a back for lounging, but with no arms to impede the circles of a lady's hoops. Harry knew the chair well, and had spoken of its graceful comfort in some of his visits to Bolton Street. She was seated there when he entered; and though he was not sufficiently experienced in the secrets of

feminine attire to know at once that she had dressed herself with care, he did perceive that she was very charming, not only by force of her own beauty, but by the aid also of her dress. And yet she was in deep mourning—in the deepest mourning; nor was there anything about her of which complaint might fairly be made by those who do complain on such subjects. Her dress was high round her neck, and the cap on her head was indisputably a widow's cap; but enough of her brown hair was to be seen to tell of its rich loveliness; and the black dress was so made as to show the full perfection of her form; and with it all there was that graceful feminine brightness that care and money can always give, and which will not come without care and money. It might be well, she had thought, to surrender her income, and become poor and dowdy hereafter, but there could be no reason why Harry Clavering should not be made to know all that he had lost.

"Well, Harry," she said, as he stepped up to her and took her offered hand, "I am glad that you have come that I may congratulate you. Better late than never, eh, Harry?"

How was he to answer her when she spoke to him in this strain? "I hope it is not too late," he said, hardly knowing what the words were which were coming from his mouth.

"Nay, that is for you to say. I can do it heartily, Harry, if you mean that. And why not? Why should I not wish you happy? I have always liked you—have always wished for your happiness. You believe that I am sincere when I congratulate you, do you not?"

"Oh yes, you are always sincere."

"I have always been so to you. As to any sincerity beyond that, we need say nothing now. I have always been your good friend—to the best of my ability. Ah! Harry, you do not know how much I have thought of your welfare—how much I do think of it. But never mind that. Tell me something now of this Florence Burton of yours. Is she tall?" I believe that Lady Ongar, when she asked this question, knew well that Florence was short of stature.

"No, she is not tall," said Harry.

"What—a little beauty? Upon the whole, I think I agree with your taste. The most lovely women that I have ever seen have been small, bright, and perfect in their proportions. It is very rare that a tall woman has a perfect figure." Julia's own figure was quite perfect. "Do you remember Constance Vane? Nothing ever exceeded her beauty." Now Constance Vane—she, at least, who had in those days been Constance Vane, but who now was the stout mother of two or three children—had been a waxen doll of a girl, whom Harry had known, but had neither liked nor admired. But she was highly bred, and belonged to the cream of English fashion; she had possessed a complexion as pure in its tints as are the interior leaves of a blush rose, and she had never had a thought in her head, and hardly ever a word on her lips. She and Florence Burton were as poles asunder in their differences. Harry felt this at once, and had an indistinct notion that Lady Ongar was as well aware of the fact as was he himself. "She is not a bit like Constance Vane," he said.

"Then what is she like? If she is more beautiful than what Miss Vane used to be, she must be lovely indeed."

"She has no prentensions of that kind," said Harry, almost sulkily.

"I have heard that she was so very beautiful!" Lady Ongar had never heard a word about Florence's beauty—not a word. She knew nothing personally of Florence beyond what Mrs. Burton had told her. But who will not forgive her the little deceit that was necessary to her little revenge?

"I don't know how to describe her," said Harry. "I hope the time may soon come when you will see her, and be able to judge for yourself."

"I hope so too. It shall not be my fault if I do not like her."

"I do not think you can fail to like her. She is very clever, and that will go further with you than mere beauty. Not but what I think her very—very pretty."

"Ah! I understand. She reads a great deal, and that sort of thing. Yes, that is very nice. But I shouldn't have thought that that would have taken you. You used not to care much for talent and learning—not in women, I mean."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, looking very foolish.

"But a contrast is what you men always like. Of course I ought not to say that, but you will know of what I am thinking. A clever, highly-educated woman like Miss Burton will be a much better companion to you than I could have been. You see I am very frank, Harry." She wished to make him talk freely about himself, his future days, and his past days, while he was simply anxious to say on these subjects as little as possible. Poor woman! The excitement of having a passion which she might indulge was over with her—at any rate, for the present. She had played her game and had lost woefully; but before she retired altogether from the gaming-table she could not keep herself from longing for a last throw of the dice.

"These things, I fear, go very much by chance," said Harry.

"You do not mean me to suppose that you are taking Miss Burton by chance. That would be as uncomplimentary to her as to yourself."

"Chance, at any rate, has been very good to me in this instance."

"Of that I am sure. Do not suppose that I am doubting that. It is not only the paradise that you have gained, but the pandemonium that you have escaped!" Then she laughed slightly, but the laughter was uneasy, and made her angry with herself. She had especially determined to be at ease during this meeting, and was conscious that any falling off in that respect on her part would put into his hands the power which she was desirous of exercising.

"You are determined to rebuke me, I see," said he. "If you choose to do so, I am prepared to bear it. My defence, if I have a defence, is one that I can not use."

"And what would be your defence?"

"I have said that I can not use it?"

"As if I did not understand it all! What you mean to say is this—that when your good stars sent you in the way of Florence Burton, you had been ill treated by her who would have made your pandemonium for you, and that she therefore—she who came first, and behaved so badly, can have no right to find fault with you in that you have obeyed your good stars and done so well for yourself. That is what you call your defence. It would be perfect, Harry, perfect, if you had only whispered to me a word of Miss Burton when I first saw you after my return home. It is odd to me that you should not have written to me and told me when I was abroad with my husband. It would have comforted me to have known that the wound which I had given had been cured—that is, if there was a wound."

"You know that there was a wound."

"At any rate, it was not mortal. But when are such wounds mortal? When are they more than skin-deep?"

"I can say nothing as to that now."

"No, Harry, of course you can say nothing. Why should you be made to say any thing? You are fortunate and happy, and have all that you want. I have nothing that I want."

There was a reality in the tone of sorrow in which this was spoken which melted him at once, and the more so in that there was so much in her grief which could not but be flattering to his vanity. "Do not say that, Lady Ongar," he exclaimed.

"But I do say it. What have I got in the world that is worth having? My possessions are ever so many thousands a year—and a damaged name."

"I deny that. I deny it altogether. I do not think that there is one who knows of your story who believes ill of you."

"I could tell you of one, Harry, who thinks very ill of me—nay, of two; and they are both in this room. Do you remember how you used to teach me that terribly conceited bit of Latin—*Nil conscire sibi?* Do you suppose that I can boast that I never grow pale as I think of my own fault? I am thinking of it always, and my heart is ever becoming paler and paler. And as to the treatment of others—I wish I could make you know what I suffered when I was fool enough to go to that place in Surrey. The coachman who drives me no doubt thinks that I poisoned my husband, and the servant who let you in just now supposes me to be an abandoned woman because you are here."

"You will be angry with me, perhaps, if I say that these feelings are morbid and will die away. They show the weakness which has come from the ill usage you have suffered."

"You are right in part, no doubt. I shall become hardened to it all, and shall fall into some endurable mode of life in time. But I can look forward to nothing. What future have I? Was there ever any one so utterly friendless as I am? Your kind cousin has done that for me; and yet he came here to me the other day, smiling and talking as though he were sure that I should be delighted by his condescension. I do not think that he will ever come again."

"I did not know you had seen him."

"Yes; I saw him, but I did not find much relief from his visit. We won't mind that, however. We can talk about something better than Hugh Clavering during the few minutes that we have together—can we not? And so Miss Burton is very learned and very clever?"

"I did not quite say that."

"But I know she is. What a comfort that will be to you! I am not clever, and I never should have become learned. Oh dear! I had but one merit, Harry—I was fond of you."

"And how did you show it?" He did not speak these words, because he would not triumph over her, nor was he willing to express that regret on his own part which these words would have implied; but it was impossible for him to avoid a thought of them. He remained silent, therefore, taking up some toy from the table into his hands, as though that would occupy his attention.

"But what a fool I am talk of it—am I not? And I am worse than a fool. I was thinking of you when I stood up in church to be married—thinking of that offer of your little savings. I used to think of you at every harsh word that I endured—of your modes of life when I sat through those terrible nights by that poor creature's bed—of you when I knew that the last day was coming. I thought of you always, Harry, when I counted up my gains. I never count them up now. Ah! how I thought of you when I came to this house in the carriage which you had provided for me, when I had left you at the station almost without speaking a word to you! I should have been more gracious had I not had you in my thoughts throughout my whole journey home from Florence. And after that I had some comfort in believing that the price of my shame might make you rich without shame. Oh, Harry, I have been disappointed! You will never understand what I felt when first that evil woman told me of Miss Burton."

"Oh, Julia, what am I to say?"

"You can say nothing; but I wonder that you had not told me."

"How could I tell you? Would it not have seemed that I was vain enough to have thought of putting you on your guard?"

"And why not? But never mind. Do not suppose that I am rebuking you. As I said in my letter, we are quits now, and there is no place for scolding on either side. We are quits now; but I am punished and you are rewarded."

Of course he could not answer this. Of course he was hard pressed for words. Of course he could neither acknowledge that he had been rewarded, nor assert that a share of the punishment of which she spoke had fallen upon him also. This was the revenge with which she had intended to attack him. That she should think that he had in truth been punished and not rewarded, was very natural. Had he been less quick in forgetting her after her marriage, he would have had his reward without any punishment. If such were her thoughts who shall quarrel with her on that account?

"I have been very frank with you," she continued. "Indeed, why should I not be so? People talk of a lady's secret, but my secret has been no secret from you? That I was made to tell it under—under—what I will call an error, was your fault, and it is that that has made us quits."

"I know that I have behaved badly to you."

"But then, unfortunately, you know also that I had deserved bad treatment. Well, we will say no more about it. I have been very candid with you, but then I

have injured no one by my candor. You have not said a word to me in reply; but then your tongue is tied by your duty to Miss Burton—your duty and your love together, of course. It is all as it should be, and now I will have done. When are you to be married, Harry?"

"No time has been fixed. I am a very poor man, you know."

"Alas! alas! yes. When mischief is done, how badly all the things turn out. You are poor and I am rich, and yet we can not help each other."

"I fear not."

"Unless I could adopt Miss Burton, and be a sort of mother to her. You would shrink, however, from any such guardianship on my part. But you are clever, Harry, and can work when you please, and will make your way? If Miss Burton keeps you waiting now by any prudent fear on her part, I shall not think so well of her as I am inclined to do."

"The Burtons are all prudent people."

"Tell her, from me, with my love, not to be too prudent. I thought to be prudent, and see what has come of it."

"I will tell her what you say."

"Do, please; and, Harry, look here. Will she accept a little present from me? You, at any rate, for my sake, will ask her to do so. Give her this—it is only a trifle," and she put her hand on a small jeweler's box which was close to her arm upon the table, "and tell her—of course she knows all our story, Harry?"

"Yes, she knows it all."

"Tell her that she whom you have rejected sends it with her kindest wishes to her whom you have taken."

"No, I will not tell her that."

"Why not? It is all true. I have not poisoned the little ring, as the ladies would have done some centuries since. They were grander then than we are now, and perhaps hardly worse, though more cruel. You will bid her take it, will you not?"

"I am sure she will take it without bidding on my part."

"And tell her not to write me any thanks. She and I will both understand that that had better be omitted. If, when I shall see her at some future time as your wife, it shall be on her finger, I shall know that I am thanked." Then Harry rose to go. "I did not mean by that to turn you out, but perhaps it may be as well. I have no more to say; and as for you, you can not but wish that the penance should be over." Then he pressed her hand, and with some muttered farewell, bade her adieu. Again she did not rise from her chair, but, nodding at him with a sweet smile, let him go without another word.

CHAPTER XLIX.

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED OFF HELIGOLAND.

DURING the six weeks after this, Harry Clavering settled down to his work at the chambers in the Adelphi with exemplary diligence. Florence, having remained a fortnight in town after Harry's return to the sheepfold, and having accepted Lady Ongar's present—not without a long and anxious consultation with her sister-in-law on the subject—had returned in fully restored happiness to Stratton. Mrs. Burton was at Ramsgate with the children, and Mr. Burton was in Russia with reference to a line of railway which was being projected from Moscow to Astracan. It was now September, and Harry, in his letters home, declared that he was the only person left in London. It was hard upon him—much harder than it was upon the Wallikers and other young men whom Fate retained in town; for Harry was a man given to shooting—a man accustomed to pass the autumnal months in a country house. And then, if things had chanced to go one way instead of another, he would have had his own shooting down at Ongar Park with his own friends—admiring him at his heels; or, if not so this year, he would have been shooting elsewhere with the prospect of these rich joys for years to come. As it was, he had promised to stick to the shop,

and was sticking to it manfully. Nor do I think that he allowed his mind to revert to those privileges which might have been his at all more frequently than any of my readers would have done in his place. He was sticking to the shop; and, though he greatly disliked the hot desolation of London in those days, being absolutely afraid to frequent his club at such a period of the year, and though he hated Walliker mortally, he was fully resolved to go on with his work. Who could tell what might be his fate? Perhaps in another ten years he might be carrying that Russian railway on through the deserts of Siberia. Then there came to him suddenly tidings which disturbed all his resolutions, and changed the whole current of his life.

At first there came a telegram to him from the country, desiring him to go down at once to Clavering, but not giving him any reason. Added to the message were these words: "We are all well at the parsonage"—words evidently added in thoughtfulness. But before he had left the office, there came to him there a young man from the bank at which his cousin Hugh kept his account, telling him the tidings to which the telegram no doubt referred. Jack Stuart's boat had been lost, and his two cousins had gone to their graves beneath the sea! The master of the boat, and Stuart himself, with a boy, had been saved. The other sailors whom they had with them, and the ship's steward, had perished with the Claverings. Stuart, it seemed, had caused tidings of the accident to be sent to the rector of Clavering and to Sir Hugh's bankers. At the bank they had ascertained that their late customer's cousin was in town, and their messenger had thereupon been sent, first to Bloomsbury Square, and from thence to the Adelphi.

Harry had never loved his cousins. The elder he had greatly disliked, and the younger he would have disliked had he not despised him. But not the less on that account was he inexpressibly shocked when he first heard what had happened. The lad said that there could, as he imagined, be no mistake. The message had come, as he believed, from Holland, but of that he was not certain. There could, however, be no doubt about the fact. It distinctly stated that both brothers had perished. Harry had known, when he received the message from home, that no train would take him till three in the afternoon, and had therefore remained at the office; but he could not remain now. His head was confused, and he could hardly bring himself to think how this matter would affect himself. When he attempted to explain his absence to an old serious clerk there, he spoke of his own return to the office as certain. He should be back, he supposed, in a week at the furthest. He was thinking then of his promises to Theodore Burton, and had not begun to realize the fact that his whole destiny in life would be changed. He said something, with a long face, of the terrible misfortune which had occurred, but gave no hint that that misfortune would be important in its consequences to himself. It was not till he had reached his lodgings in Bloomsbury Square that he remembered that his own father was now the baronet, and that he was his father's heir. And then for a moment he thought about the property. He believed that it was entailed, but even of that he was not certain. But if it were unentailed, to whom could his cousin have left it? He endeavored, however, to expel such thoughts from his mind, as though there was something ungenerous in entertaining them. He tried to think of the widow, but even in doing that he could not tell himself that there was much ground for genuine sorrow. No wife had ever had less joy from her husband's society than Lady Clavering had had from that of Sir Hugh. There was no child to mourn the loss—no brother, no unmarried sister. Sir Hugh had had friends—as friendship goes with such men; but Harry could not but doubt whether among them all there would be one who would feel anything like true grief for his loss. And it was the same with Archie. Who in the world would miss Archie Clavering? What man or woman would find the world to be less bright because Archie Clavering was sleeping beneath the waves? Some score of men at his club would talk of poor Clavvy for a few days—would do so without any pretence at the tenderness of sorrow; and then even of Archie's memory there would be an end. Thinking of all this as he was carried down to Clavering, Harry could not but acknowledge that the loss to the world had not been great; but, even while telling himself this, he would not allow himself to take com-

fort in the prospect of his heirship. Once, perhaps, he did speculate how Florence should bear her honors as Lady Clavering, but this idea he swept away from his thoughts as quickly as he was able.

The tidings had reached the parsonage very late on the previous night—so late that the rector had been disturbed in his bed to receive them. It was his duty to make known to Lady Clavering the fact that she was a widow, but this he could not do till the next morning. But there was little sleep that night for him or for his wife! He knew well enough that the property was entailed. He felt with sufficient strength what it was to become a baronet at a sudden blow, and to become also the owner of the whole Clavering property. He was not slow to think of the removal to the great house, of the altered prospects of his son, and of the mode of life which would be fitting for himself in future. Before the morning came he had meditated who should be the future rector of Clavering, and had made some calculations as to the expediency of resuming his hunting. Not that he was a heartless man, or that he rejoiced at what had happened. But a man's ideas of generosity change as he advances in age, and the rector was old enough to tell himself boldly that this thing that had happened could not be to him a cause of much grief. He had never loved his cousins, or pretended to love them. His cousin's wife he did love, after a fashion, but in speaking to his own wife of the way in which this tragedy would affect Hermione, he did not scruple to speak of her widowhood as a period of coming happiness.

"She will be cut to pieces," said Mrs. Clavering. "She was attached to him as earnestly as though he had treated her always well."

"I believe it; but not the less will she feel her release, unconsciously; and her life, which has been very wretched, will gradually become easy to her."

Even Mrs. Clavering could not deny that this would be so, and then they reverted to matters which more closely concerned themselves. "I suppose Harry will marry at once now?" said the mother.

"No doubt; it is almost a pity, is it not?" The rector—as we still call him—was thinking that Florence was hardly a fitting wife for his son with his altered prospects. Ah! what a grand thing it would have been if the Clavering property and Lady Ongar's jointure could have gone together!

"Not a pity at all," said Mrs. Clavering. "You will find that Florence will make him a very happy man."

"I dare say—I dare say. Only he would hardly have taken her had this sad accident happened before he saw her. But if she will make him happy, that is every thing. I have never thought much about money myself. If I find any comfort in these tidings, it is for his sake, not for my own. I would sooner remain as I am." This was not altogether untrue, and yet he was thinking of the big house and the hunting.

"What will be done about the living?" It was early in the morning when Mrs. Clavering asked this question. She had thought much about the living during the night, and so had the rector, but his thoughts had not run in the same direction as hers. He made no immediate answer, and then she went on with her question. "Do you think that you will keep it in your own hands?"

"Well—no; why should I? I am too idle about it as it is. I should be more so under these altered circumstances."

"I am sure you would do your duty if you resolved to keep it, but I don't see why you should do so."

"Clavering is a great deal better than Humbleton," said the rector. Humbleton was the name of the parish held by Mr. Fielding, his son-in-law.

But the idea here put forward did not suit the idea which was running in Mrs. Clavering's mind. "Edward and Mary are very well off," she said. "His own property is considerable, and I don't think they want anything. Besides, he would hardly like to give up a family living."

"I might ask him, at any rate."

"I was thinking of Mr. Saul," said Mrs. Clavering, boldly.

"Of Mr. Saul!" The image of Mr. Saul, as rector of Clavering, perplexed the new baronet egregiously.

"Well—yes. He is an excellent clergyman. No one can deny that." Then there was silence between them for a few moments. "In that case, he and Fanny would of course marry. It is no good concealing the fact that she is very fond of him."

"Upon my word, I can't understand it," said the rector.

"It is so; and as to the excellence of his character, there can be no doubt." To this the rector made no answer, but went away into his dressing-room, that he might prepare himself for his walk across the park to the great house. While they were discussing who should be the future incumbent of the living, Lady Clavering was still sleeping in unconsciousness of her fate. Mr. Clavering greatly dreaded the task which was before him, and had made a little attempt to induce his wife to take the office upon herself; but she had explained to him that it would be more seemly that he should be the bearer of the tidings. "It would seem that you were wanting in affection for her if you do not go yourself," his wife had said to him. That the rector of Clavering was master of himself and of his own actions, no one who knew the family ever denied, but the instances in which he declined to follow his wife's advice were not many.

It was about eight o'clock when he went across the park. He had already sent a messenger with a note to beg that Lady Clavering would be up to receive him. As he would come very early, he had said, perhaps she would see him in her own room. The poor lady had, of course, been greatly frightened by this announcement; but this fear had been good for her, as they had well understood at the rectory; the blow, dreadfully sudden as it must still be, would be somewhat less sudden under this preparation. When Mr. Clavering reached the house the servant was in waiting to show him up stairs to the sitting-room which Lady Clavering usually occupied when alone. She had been there waiting for him for the last half hour. "Mr. Clavering, what is it?" she exclaimed, as he entered with tidings of death written on his visage. "In the name of heaven, what is it? You have something to tell me of Hugh."

"Dear Hermione," he said, taking her by the hand.

"What is it? Tell me at once. Is he still alive?"

The rector still held her by the hand, but spoke no word. He had been trying as he came across the park to arrange the words in which he should tell his tale, but now it was told without any speech on his part.

"He is dead. Why do you not speak? Why are you so cruel?"

"Dearest Hermione, what am I to say to comfort you?"

What he might say after this was of little moment, for she had fainted. He rang the bell, and then, when the servants were there—the old housekeeper and Lady Clavering's maid—he told to them, rather than to her, what had been their master's fate.

"And Captain Archie?" asked the housekeeper.

The rector shook his head, and the housekeeper knew that the rector was now the baronet. Then they took the poor widow to her own room—should I not rather call her, as I may venture to speak the truth, the enfranchised slave than the poor widow—and the rector, taking up his hat, promised that he would send his wife across to their mistress. His morning's task had been painful, but it had been easily accomplished. As he walked home among the oaks of Clavering Park, he told himself, no doubt, that they were now all his own.

That day at the rectory was very sombre, if it was not actually sad. The greater part of the morning Mrs. Clavering passed with the widow, and, sitting near her sofa, she wrote sundry letters to those who were connected with the family. The longest of these was to Lady Ongar, who was now at Tenby, and in that there was a pressing request from Hermione that her sister would come to her at Clavering Park. "Tell her," said Lady Clavering, "that all her anger must be over now." But Mrs. Clavering said nothing of Julia's anger. She merely urged the request that Julia would come to her sister. "She will be sure to come," said Mrs. Clavering. "You need have no fear on that head."

"But how can I invite her here, when the house is not my own?"

"Pray do not talk in that way, Hermione. The house will be your own for any

time that you may want it. Your husband's relations are your dear friends, are they not?" But this allusion to her husband brought her to another fit of hysterical tears. "Both of them gone," she said, "both of them gone!" Mrs. Clavering knew well that she was not alluding to the two brothers, but to her husband and her baby. Of poor Archie no one had said a word—beyond that one word spoken by the housekeeper. For her, it had been necessary that she should know who was now the master of Clavering Park.

Twice in the day Mrs. Clavering went over to the big house, and on her second return, late in the evening, she found her son. When she arrived, there had already been some few words on the subject between him and his father.

"You have heard of it, Harry?"

"Yes; a clerk came to me from the banker's."

"Dreadful, is it not? Quite terrible to think of!"

"Indeed it is, sir. I was never so shocked in my life."

"He would go in that cursed boat, though I know that he was advised against it," said the father, holding up his hands and shaking his head. "And now both of them gone—both gone at once!"

"How does she bear it?"

"Your mother is with her now. When I went in the morning—I had written a line, and she expected bad news—she fainted. Of course, I could do nothing. I can hardly say that I told her. She asked the question, and then saw by my face that her fears were well founded. Upon my word, I was glad when she did faint; it was the best thing for her."

"It must have been very painful for you."

"Terrible—terrible;" and the rector shook his head. "It will make a great difference in your prospects, Harry."

"And in your life, sir! So to say, you are as young a man as myself."

"Am I? I believe I was about as young when you were born. But I don't think at all about myself in this matter. I am too old to care to change my manner of living. It won't affect me very much. Indeed, I hardly know yet how it may affect me. Your mother thinks I ought to give up the living. If you were in orders, Harry—"

"I'm very glad, sir, that I am not."

"I suppose so. And there is no need—certainly there is no need. You will be able to do pretty nearly what you like about the property. I shall not care to interfere."

"Yes you will, sir. It feels strange now, but you will soon get used to it. I wonder whether he left a will."

"It can't make any difference to you, you know. Every acre of the property is entailed. She has her settlement. Eight hundred a year, I think it is. She'll not be a rich woman like her sister. I wonder where she'll live. As far as that goes, she might stay at the house, if she likes it. I'm sure your mother wouldn't object."

Harry on this occasion asked no questions about the living, but he also had thought of that. He knew well that his mother would befriend Mr. Saul, and he knew also that his father would ultimately take his mother's advice. As regarded himself, he had no personal objection to Mr. Saul, though he could not understand how his sister should feel any strong regard for such a man.

Edward Fielding would make a better neighbor at the parsonage, and then he thought whether an exchange might not be made. After that, and before his mother's return from the great house, he took a stroll through the park with Fanny. Fanny altogether declined to discuss any of the family prospects as they were affected by the accident which had happened. To her mind the tragedy was so terrible that she could only feel its tragic element. No doubt she had her own thoughts about Mr. Saul as connected with it. "What would he think of this sudden death of the two brothers? How would he feel it. If she could be allowed to talk to him on the matter, what would he say of their fate here and hereafter? Would he go to the great house to offer the consolations of religion to the widow?" Of all this she thought

much; but no picture of Mr. Saul as rector of Clavering, or of herself as mistress in her mother's house, presented itself to her mind. Harry found her to be a dull companion, and he, perhaps, consoled himself with some personal attention to the oak trees, which loomed larger upon him now than they had ever done before.

On the third day the rector went up to London, leaving Harry at the parsonage. It was necessary that lawyers should be visited, and that such facts as to the loss should be proved as were capable of proof. There was no doubt at all as to the fate of Sir Hugh and his brother. The escape of Mr. Stuart and of two of those employed by him prevented the possibility of a doubt. The vessel had been caught in a gale off Heligoland, and had foundered. They had all striven to get into the yacht's boat, but those who had succeeded in doing so had gone down. The master of the yacht had seen the two brothers perish. Those who were saved had been picked up off the spars to which they had attached themselves. There was no doubt in the way of the new baronet, and no difficulty.

Nor was there any will made either by Sir Hugh or his brother. Poor Archie had nothing to leave, and that he should have left no will was not remarkable. But neither had there been much in the power of Sir Hugh to bequeath, nor was there any great cause for a will on his part. Had he left a son, his son would have inherited everything. He had, however, died childless, and his wife was provided for by her settlement. On his marriage he had made the amount settled as small as his wife's friends would accept, and no one who knew the man expected that he would increase the amount after his death. Having been in town for three days, the rector returned, being then in full possession of the title; but this he did not assume till after the second Sunday from the date of the telegram which brought the news.

In the mean time Harry had written to Florence, to whom the tidings were as important as to any one concerned. She had left London very triumphant, quite confident that she had nothing now to fear from Lady Ongar or from any other living woman, having not only forgiven Harry his sins, but having succeeded also in persuading herself that there had been no sins to forgive—having quarrelled with her brother half a dozen times in that he would not accept her arguments on this matter. He too would forgive Harry—had forgiven him—was quite ready to omit all further remark on the matter—but could not bring himself, when urged by Florence, to admit that her Apollo had been altogether godlike. Florence had thus left London in triumph, but she had gone with a conviction that she and Harry must remain apart for some indefinite time, which probably must be measured by years. "Let us see at the end of two years," she had said; and Harry had been forced to be content. But how would it be with her now?

Harry of course began his letter by telling her of the catastrophe, with the usual amount of epithets. It was very terrible, awful, shocking—the saddest thing that had ever happened! The poor widow was in a desperate state, and all the Claverings were nearly beside themselves. But when this had been duly said, he allowed himself to go into their own home question. "I can not fail," he wrote, "to think of this chiefly as it concerns you—or rather as it concerns myself in reference to you. I suppose I shall leave the business now. Indeed, my father seems to think that my remaining there would be absurd, and my mother agrees with him. As I am the only son, the property will enable me to live easily without a profession. When I say 'me,' of course you will understand what 'me' means. The better part of 'me' is so prudent that I know she will not accept this view of things without ever so much consideration, and therefore she must come to Clavering to hear it discussed by the elders. For myself, I can not bear to think that I should take delight in the results of this dreadful misfortune; but how am I to keep myself from being made happy by the feeling that we may now be married without further delay? After all that has passed, nothing will make me happy or even permanently comfortable till I can call you fairly my own. My mother has already said that she hopes you will come here in about a fortnight—that is, as soon as we shall have fallen tolerably into our places again; but she will write herself before that time. I have written a line to your brother, addressed to the office, which I suppose will find him. I have written also

to Cecilia. Your brother, no doubt, will hear the news first through the French newspapers." Then he said a little, but a very little, as to their future modes of life, just intimating to her, and no more, that her destiny might probably call upon her to be the mother of a future baronet.

The news had reached Clavering on a Saturday. On the following Sunday every one in the parish had no doubt heard of it, but nothing on the subject was said in church on that day. The rector remained at home during the morning, and the whole service was performed by Mr. Saul. But on the second Sunday Mr. Fielding had come over from Humbleton, and he preached a sermon on the loss which the parish had sustained in the sudden death of the two brothers. It is perhaps well that such sermons should be preached. The inhabitants of Clavering would have felt that their late lords had been treated like dogs had no word been said of them in the house of God. The nature of their fate had forbidden even the common ceremony of a burial service. It is well that some respect should be maintained from the low in station toward those who are high, even where no respect has been deserved; and, for the widow's sake, it was well that some notice should be taken in Clavering of this death of the head of the Claverings; but I should not myself have liked the duty of preaching a eulogistic sermon on the lives and death of Hugh Clavering and his brother Archie. What had either of them ever done to merit a good word from any man, or to earn the love of any woman? That Sir Hugh had been loved by his wife had come from the nature of the woman, not at all from the qualities of the man. Both of the brothers had lived on the unexpressed theory of consuming, for the benefit of their own backs and their own bellies, the greatest possible amount of those good things which fortune might put in their way. I doubt whether either of them had ever contributed any thing willingly to the comfort or happiness of any human being. Hugh, being powerful by nature, and having a strong will, had tyrannized over all those who were subject to him. Archie, not gifted as was his brother, had been milder, softer, and less actively hateful; but his principle of action had been the same. Everything for himself! Was it not well that two such men should be consigned to the fishes, and that the world—especially the Clavering world, and that poor widow, who now felt herself to be so inexpressibly wretched when her period of comfort was in truth only commencing—was it not well that the world and Clavering should be well quit of them? That idea is the one which one would naturally have felt inclined to put into one's sermon on such an occasion; and then to sing some song of rejoicing—either to do that, or to leave the matter alone.

But not so are such sermons preached, and not after that fashion did the young clergyman who had married the first cousin of these Claverings buckle himself to the subject. He indeed had, I think, but little difficulty, either inwardly with his conscience, or outwardly with his subject. He possessed the power of a pleasant, easy flow of words, and of producing tears, if not from other eyes, at any rate from his own. He drew a picture of the little ship amid the storm, and of God's hand as it moved in its anger upon the waters; but of the cause of that divine wrath and its direction he said nothing. Then, of the suddenness of death and its awfulness he said much, not insisting, as he did so, on the necessity of repentance for salvation, as far as those two poor sinners were concerned. No, indeed; how could any preacher have done that? But he improved the occasion by telling those around him that they should so live as to be ever ready for the hand of death. If that were possible, where then indeed would be the victory of the grave? And at last he came to the master and lord whom they had lost. Even here there was no difficulty for him. The heir had gone first, and then the father and his brother. Who among them would not pity the bereaved mother and the widow? Who among them would not remember with affection the babe whom they had seen at that font, and with respect the landlord under whose rule they had lived? How pleasant it must be to ask those questions which no one can rise to answer! Farmer Gubbins, as he sat by, listening with what power of attention had been vouchsafed to him, felt himself to be somewhat moved, but soon released himself from the task, and allowed his mind to run away

into other ideas. The rector was a kindly man and a generous. The rector would allow him to inclose that little bit of common land, that was to be taken in, without adding anything to his rent. The rector would be there on audit days, and things would be very pleasant. Farmer Gubbins, when the slight murmuring gurgle of the preacher's tears was heard, shook his own head by way of a responsive wail; but at that moment he was congratulating himself on the coming comfort of the new reign. Mr. Fielding, however, got great credit for his own sermon; and it did, probably, more good than harm—unless, indeed, we should take into our calculation, in giving our award on this subject, the permanent utility of all truth, and the permanent injury of all falsehood.

Mr. Fielding remained at the parsonage during the greater part of the following week, and then there took place a great deal of family conversation respecting the future incumbent of the living. At these family conclaves, however, Fanny was not asked to be present. Mrs. Clavering, who knew well how to do such work, was gradually bringing her husband round to endure the name of Mr. Saul. Twenty times had he asserted that he could not understand it; but, whether or no such understanding might ever be possible, he was beginning to recognize it as true that the thing not understood was a fact. His daughter Fanny was positively in love with Mr. Saul, and that to such an extent that her mother believed her happiness to be involved in it. "I can't understand it—upon my word I can't," said the rector for the last time, and then he gave way. There was now the means of giving an ample provision for the lovers, and that provision was to be given.

Mr. Fielding shook his head—not, in this instance, as to Fanny's predilection for Mr. Saul, though in discussing that matter with his own wife he had shaken his head very often, but he shook it now with reference to the proposed change. He was very well where he was. And although Clavering was better than Humbleton, it was not so much better as to induce him to throw his own family over by proposing to send Mr. Saul among them. Mr. Saul was an excellent clergyman, but perhaps his uncle, who had given him his living, might not like Mr. Saul. Thus it was decided in these conclaves that Mr. Saul was to be the future rector of Clavering.

In the mean time poor Fanny moped—wretched in her solitude, anticipating no such glorious joys as her mother was preparing for her; and Mr. Saul was preparing with energy for his departure into foreign parts.

Lady Ongar was at Tenby when she received Mrs. Clavering's letter, and had not heard of the fate of her brother-in-law till the news reached her in that way. She had gone down to a lodging at Tenby with no attendant but one maid, and was preparing herself for the great surrender of her property which she meditated. Hitherto she had heard nothing from the Courtons or their lawyer as to the offer she had made about Ongar Park; but the time had been short, and lawyer's work, as she knew, was never done in a hurry. She had gone to Tenby, flying, in truth, from the loneliness of London to the loneliness of the sea-shore, but expecting she knew not what comfort from the change. She would take with her no carriage, and there would, as she thought, be excitement even in that. She would take long walks by herself—she would read—nay, if possible, she would study, and bring herself to some habits of industry. Hitherto she had failed in every thing, but now she would try if some mode of success might not be open to her. She would ascertain, too, on what smallest sum she could live respectably and without penury, and would keep only so much out of Lord Ongar's wealth.

But hitherto her life at Tenby had not been successful. Solitary days were longer there even than they had been in London. People stared at her more; and, though she did not own it to herself, she missed greatly the comforts of her London house. As for reading, I doubt whether she did much better by the sea-side than she had done in the town. Men and women say that they will read, and think so—those, I mean, who have acquired no habit of reading—believing the work to be, of all works, the easiest. It may be work, they think, but of all works it must be the easiest of achievement. Given the absolute faculty of reading, the task of going through the pages of a book must be, of all tasks, the most certainly within the grasp of the man

or woman who attempts it. Alas! no; if the habit be not there, of all tasks it is the most difficult. If a man have not acquired the habit of reading till he be old, he shall sooner in his old age learn to make shoes than learn the adequate use of a book. And worse again—under such circumstances the making of shoes shall be more pleasant to him than the reading of a book. Let those who are not old, who are still young, ponder this well. Lady Ongar, indeed, was not old, by no means too old to clothe herself in new habits; but even she was old enough to find that the doing so was a matter of much difficulty. She had her books around her; but, in spite of her books, she was sadly in want of some excitement when the letter from Clavering came to her relief.

It was indeed a relief. Her brother-in-law dead, and he also who had so lately been her suitor! These two men whom she had so lately seen in lusty health—proud with all the pride of outward life—had both, by a stroke of the winds, been turned into nothing. A terrible retribution had fallen upon her enemy—for as her enemy she had ever regarded Hugh Clavering since her husband's death. She took no joy in this retribution. There was no feeling of triumph at her heart in that he had perished. She did not tell herself that she was glad, either for her own sake or for her sister's. But mingled with the awe she felt there was a something of unexpressed and inexpressible relief. Her present life was very grievous to her, and now had occurred that which would open to her new hopes and a new mode of living. Her brother-in-law had oppressed her by his very existence, and now he was gone. Had she had no brother-in-law who ought to have welcomed her, her return to England would not have been terrible to her as it had been. Her sister would be now restored to her, and her solitude would probably be at an end. And then the very excitement occasioned by the news was salutary to her. She was, in truth, shocked. As she said to her maid, she felt it to be very dreadful. But, nevertheless, the day on which she received those tidings was less wearisome to her than any other of the days that she had passed at Tenby.

Poor Archie! Some feeling of a tear, some half-formed drop that was almost a tear, came to her eye as she thought of his fate. How foolish he had always been, how unintelligent, how deficient in all those qualities which recommend men to women! But the very memory of his deficiencies created something like a tenderness in his favor. Hugh was disagreeable, nay, hateful, by reason of the power which he possessed; whereas Archie was not hateful at all, and was disagreeable simply because nature had been a niggard to him. And then he had professed himself to be her lover. There had not been much in this; for he had come, of course, for her money; but even when that is the case, a woman will feel something for the man who has offered to link his lot with hers. Of all those to whom the fate of the two brothers had hitherto been matter of moment, I think that Lady Ongar felt more than any other for the fate of poor Archie.

And how would it affect Harry Clavering? She had desired to give Harry all the good things of the world, thinking that they would become him well—thinking that they would become him very well as reaching him from her hand. Now he would have them all, but would not have them from her. Now he would have them all, and would share them with Florence Burton. Ah! if she could have been true to him in those early days—in those days when she had feared his poverty—would it not have been well now with her also? The measure of her retribution was come full home to her at last! Sir Harry Clavering! She tried the name, and found that it sounded very well. And she thought of the figure of the man and of his nature, and she knew that he would bear it with a becoming manliness. Sir Harry Clavering would be somebody in his county—would be a husband of whom his wife would be proud as he went about among his tenants and his gamekeepers, and perhaps on wider and better journeys, looking up the voters of his neighborhood. Yes, happy would be the wife of Sir Harry Clavering. He was a man who would delight in sharing his house, his hopes, his schemes and councils with his wife. He would find a companion in his wife. He would do honor to his wife, and make much of her. He would like to see her go bravely. And then, if children came, how tender he would

be to them! Whether Harry could ever have become a good head to a poor household might be doubtful, but no man had ever been born fitter for the position which he was now called upon to fill. It was thus that Lady Ongar thought of Harry Clavering as she owned to herself that the full measure of her just retribution had come home to her.

Of course she would go at once to Clavering Park. She wrote to her sister saying so, and the next day she started. She started so quickly on her journey that she reached the house not very many hours after her own letter. She was there when the rector started for London, and there when Mr. Fielding preached his sermon; but she did not see Mr. Clavering before he went, nor was she present to hear the eloquence of the younger clergyman. Till after that Sunday the only member of the family she had seen was Mrs. Clavering, who spent some period of every day up at the great house. Mrs. Clavering had not hitherto seen Lady Ongar since her return, and was greatly astonished at the change which so short a time had made. "She is handsomer than ever she was," Mrs. Clavering said to the rector; "but it is that beauty which some women carry into middle life, and not the loveliness of youth." Lady Ongar's manner was cold and stately when first she met Mrs. Clavering. It was on the morning of her marriage when they had last met—when Julia Brabazon was resolving that she would look like a countess, and that to be a countess should be enough for her happiness. She could not but remember this now, and was unwilling at first to make confession of her failure by any meekness of conduct. It behooved her to be proud, at any rate till she should know how this new Lady Clavering would receive her. And then it was more than probable that this new Lady Clavering knew all that had taken place between her and Harry. It behooved her, therefore, to hold her head on high.

But, before the week was over, Mrs. Clavering—for we will still call her so—had broken Lady Ongar's spirit by her kindness, and the poor woman who had so much to bear had brought herself to speak of the weight of her burden. Julia had, on one occasion, called her Lady Clavering, and for the moment this had been allowed to pass without observation. The widowed lady was then present, and no notice of the name was possible. But soon afterward Mrs. Clavering made her little request on the subject. "I do not quite know what the custom may be," she said, "but do not call me so just yet. It will only be reminding Hermy of her bereavement."

"She is thinking of it always," said Julia.

"No doubt she is; but still the new name would wound her. And, indeed, it perplexes me also. Let it come by-and-by, when we are more settled."

Lady Ongar had truly said that her sister was as yet always thinking of her bereavement. To her now it was as though the husband she had lost had been a paragon among men. She could only remember of him his manliness, his power—a dignity of presence which he possessed—and the fact that to her he had been everything. She thought of that last vain caution which she had given him when with her hardly-permitted last embrace she had besought him to take care of himself. She did not remember now how coldly that embrace had been received, how completely those words had been taken as meaning nothing, how he had left her not only without a sign of affection, but without an attempt to repress the evidences of his indifference. But she did remember that she had had her arm upon his shoulder, and tried to think of that embrace as though it had been sweet to her. And she did remember how she had stood at the window, listening to the sounds of the wheels which took him off, and watching his form as long as her eye could rest upon it. Ah! what falsehoods she told herself now of her love to him, and of his goodness to her—pious falsehoods which would surely tend to bring some comfort to her wounded spirit.

But her sister could hardly bear to hear the praises of Sir Hugh. When she found how it was to be, she resolved that she would bear them—bear them, and not contradict them; but her struggle in doing so was great, and was almost too much for her.

"He had judged me and condemned me," she said at last, "and therefore, as a matter of course, we were not such friends when we last met as we used to be before my marriage."

"But, Julia, there was much for which you owed him gratitude."

"We will say nothing about that now, Hermy."

"I do not know why your mouth should be closed on such a subject because he has gone. I should have thought that you would be glad to acknowledge his kindness to you. But you were always hard."

"Perhaps I am hard."

"And twice he asked you to come here since your return, but you would not come."

"I have come now, Hermy, when I have thought that I might be of use."

"He felt it when you would not come before. I know he did." Lady Ongar could not but think of the way in which he had manifested his feelings on the occasion of his visit to Bolton Street. "I never could understand why you were so bitter."

"I think, dear, we had better not discuss that. I also have had much to bear—I as well as you. What you have borne has come in no wise from your own fault."

"No, indeed; I did not want him to go. I would have given anything to keep him at home."

Her sister had not been thinking of the suffering which had come to her from the loss of her husband, but of her former miseries. This, however, she did not explain. "No," Lady Ongar continued to say, "you have nothing for which to blame yourself, whereas I have much—indeed everything. If we are to remain together, as I hope we may, it will be better for us both that by-gones should be by-gones."

"Do you mean that I am never to speak of Hugh?"

"No, I by no means intend that; but I would rather that you should not refer to his feelings toward me. I think he did not quite understand the sort of life that I led while my husband was alive, and that he judged me amiss. Therefore I would have by-gones be by-gones."

Three or four days after this, when the question of leaving Clavering Park was being mooted, the elder sister started a difficulty as to money matters. An offer had been made to her by Mrs. Clavering to remain at the great house, but this she had declined, alleging that the place would be distasteful to her after her husband's death. She, poor soul! did not allege that it had been made distasteful to her forever by the solitude which she had endured there during her husband's lifetime! She would go away somewhere, and live as best she might upon her jointure. It was not very much, but it would be sufficient. She did not see, she said, how she could live with her sister, because she did not wish to be dependent. Julia, of course, would live in a style to which she could make no pretence.

Mrs. Clavering, who was present, as was also Lady Ongar, declared that she saw no such difficulty. "Sisters together," she said, "need hardly think of a difference in such matters."

Then it was that Lady Ongar first spoke to either of them of her half-formed resolution about her money, and then too, for the first time, did she come down altogether from that high horse on which she had been, as it were, compelled to mount herself while in Mrs. Clavering's presence. "I think I must explain," said she, "something of what I mean to do—about my money, that is. I do not think that there will be much difference between me and Hermy in that respect."

"That is nonsense," said her sister, fretfully.

"There will be a difference in income, certainly," said Mrs. Clavering, "but I do not see that that need create any uncomfortable feeling."

"Only one doesn't like to be dependent," said Hermione.

"You shall not be asked to give up any of your independence," said Julia, with a smile—a melancholy smile, that gave but little sign of pleasantness within. Then, on a sudden, her face became stern and hard. "The fact is," she said, "I do not intend to keep Lord Ongar's money."

"Not to keep your income!" said Hermione.

"No; I will give it back to them—or at least the greater part of it. Why should I keep it?"

"It is your own," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Yes, legally it is my own. I know that. And when there was some question whether it should not be disputed, I would have fought for it to the last shilling. Somebody—I suppose it was the lawyer—wanted to keep from me the place in Surrey. I told them that then I would not abandon my right to an inch of it. But they yielded, and now I have given them back the house."

"You have given it back!" said her sister.

"Yes; I have said they may have it. It is of no use to me. I hate the place."

"You have been very generous," said Mrs. Clavering.

"But that will not affect your income," said Hermoine.

"No, that would not affect my income." Then she paused, not knowing how to go on with the story of her purpose.

"If I may say so, Lady Ongar," said Mrs. Clavering, "I would not, if I were you, take any steps in so important a matter without advice."

"Who is there that can advise me? Of course the lawyer tells me that I ought to keep it all. It is his business to give such advice as that. But what does he know of what I feel? How can he understand me? How, indeed, can I expect that any one shall understand me?"

"But it is possible that people should misunderstand you," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Exactly. That is just what he says. But, Mrs. Clavering, I care nothing for that. I care nothing for what any body says or thinks. What is it to me what they say?"

"I should have thought it was every thing," said her sister.

"No, it is nothing—nothing at all." Then she was again silent, and was unable to express herself. She could not bring herself to declare in words that self-condemnation of her own conduct which was now weighing so heavily upon her. It was not that she wished to keep back her own feelings either from her sister or from Mrs. Clavering, but that the words in which to express them were wanting to her.

"And have they accepted the house?" Mrs. Clavering asked.

"They must accept it. What else can they do? They can not make me call it mine if I do not choose. If I refuse to take the income which Mr. Courton's lawyer pays in to my bankers, they can not compel me to have it."

"But you are not going to give that up too?" said her sister.

"I am. I will not have his money—not more than enough to keep me from being a scandal to his family. I will not have it. It is a curse to me, and has been from the first. What right have I to all that money, because—because—because—" She could not finish her sentence, but turned away from them, and walked by herself to the window.

Lady Clavering looked at Mrs. Clavering as though she thought that her sister was mad. "Do you understand her?" said Lady Clavering, in a whisper.

"I think I do," said the other. "I think I know what is passing in her mind." Then she followed Lady Ongar across the room, and, taking her gently by the arm, tried to comfort her—to comfort her and to argue with her as to the rashness of that which she proposed to do. She endeavored to explain to the poor woman how it was that she should at this moment be wretched, and anxious to do that which, if done, would put it out of her power afterward to make herself useful in the world. It shocked the prudence of Mrs. Clavering—this idea of abondoning money, the possession of which was questioned by no one. "They do not want it, Lady Ongar," she said.

"That has nothing to do with it," answered the other.

"And nobody has any suspicion but what it is honorably and fairly your own."

"But does any body ever think how I got it?" said Lady Ongar, turning sharply round upon Mrs. Clavering. "You—you—you—do you dare to tell me what you think of the way in which it became mine? Could you bear it, if it had become yours after such a fashion? I can not bear it, and I will not." She was now speaking with so much violence that her sister was awed into silence, and Mrs. Clavering herself found a difficulty in answering her.

"Whatever may have been the past," said she, "the question now is how to do the best for the future."

"I had hoped," continued Lady Ongar, without noticing what was said to her, "I had hoped to make every thing straight by giving his money to another. You know to whom I mean, and so does Hermy. I thought, when I returned, that, bad as I had been, I might still do some good in the world. But it is as they tell us in the sermons. One can not make good come out of evil. I have done evil, and nothing but evil has come out of the evil which I have done. Nothing but evil will come from it. As for being useful in the world, I know of what use I am! When women hear how wretched I have been, they will be unwilling to sell themselves as I did." Then she made her way to the door, and left the room, going out with quiet steps, and closing the lock behind her with a sound.

"I did not know that she was such as that," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Nor did I. She has never spoken in that way before."

"Poor soul! Hermoine, you see there are those in the world whose sufferings are worse than yours."

"I don't know," said Lady Clavering. "She never lost what I have lost—never."

"She has lost what I am sure you will never lose, her own self-esteem. But, Hermy, you should be good to her. We must all be good to her. Will it not be better that you should stay with us for a while—both of you."

"What! here at the park?"

"We will make room for you at the rectory, if you would like it."

"Oh no, I will go away. I shall be better away. I suppose she will not be like that often, will she?"

"She was much moved just now."

"And what does she mean about her income? She can not be in earnest."

"She is in earnest now."

"And can not it be prevented? Only think—if, after all, she were to give up her jointure! Mrs. Clavering, you do not think she is mad, do you?"

Mrs. Clavering said what she could to comfort the elder and weaker sister on this subject, explaining to her that the Courtons would not be at all likely to take advantage of any wild generosity on the part of Lady Ongar, and then she walked home across the park, meditating on the character of the two sisters.

CHAPTER L.

MADAM GORDELOUP RETIRES FROM BRITISH DIPLOMACY.

THE reader must be asked to accompany me once more to that room in Mount Street in which poor Archie practised diplomacy, and whither the courageous Doodles was carried prisoner in those moments in which he was last seen of us. The Spy was now sitting alone before her desk, scribbling with all her energy—writing letters on foreign policy, no doubt, to all the courts of Europe, but especially to that Russian court to which her services were more especially due. She was hard at work, when there came the sound of a step upon the stairs. The practised ear of the Spy became erect, and she at once knew who was her visitor. It was not one with whom diplomacy would much avail, or who was likely to have money ready under his glove for her behoof. "Ah! Edouard, is that you? I am glad you have come," she said, as Count Pateroff entered the room.

"Yes, it is I. I got your note yesterday."

"You are good—very good. You are always good." Sophie, as she said this, went on very rapidly with her letters—so rapidly that her hand seemed to run about the paper wildly. Then she flung down her pen, and folded the paper on which she had been writing with marvellous quickness. There was an activity about the woman in all her movements which was wonderful to watch. "There," she said, "that is done; now we can talk. Ah! I have nearly written off my fingers this morning." Her brother smiled, but said nothing about the letters. He never allowed himself to allude in any way to her professional duties.

"So you are going to St. Petersburg?" he said.

"Well—yes, I think. Why should I remain here spending money with both hands and through the nose?" At this idea the brother again smiled pleasantly. He had never seen his sister to be culpably extravagant as she now described herself. "Nothing to get and every thing to lose," she went on saying.

"You know your own affairs best," he answered.

"Yes, I know my own affairs. If I remained here I should be taken away to that black building there;" and she pointed in the direction of the workhouse, which fronts so gloomily upon Mount Street. "You would not come to take me out."

The count smiled again. "You are too clever for that, Sophie, I think."

"Ah! it is well for a woman to be clever, or she must starve—yes, starve! Such a one as I must starve in this accursed country if I were not what you call clever." The brother and sister were talking in French, and she spoke now almost as rapidly as she had written. "They are beasts and fools, and as awkward as bulls—yes, as bulls. I hate them—I hate them all. Men, women, children, they are all alike. Look at the street out there. Though it is Summer, I shiver when I look out at its blackness. It is the ugliest nation! And they understand nothing. Oh, how I hate them!"

"They are not without merit. They have got money."

"Money—yes. They have got money, and they are so stupid you may take it from under their eyes. They will not see you. But of their own hearts they will give you nothing. You see that black building—the workhouse. I call it Little England. It is just the same. The naked, hungry, poor wretches lie at the door, and the great fat beadles swell about like turkey-cocks inside."

"You have been here long enough to know, at any rate."

"Yes, I have been here long—too long. I have made my life a wilderness, staying here in this country of barracks. And what have I got for it? I came back because of that woman, and she has thrown me over. That is your fault—yours—yours!"

"And you have sent for me to tell me that again?"

"No, Edouard. I sent for you that you might see your sister once more—that I might once more see my brother." This she said leaning forward on the table, on which her arms rested, and looking steadfastly into his face with eyes moist—just moist, with a tear in each. Whether Edouard was too unfeeling to be moved by this show of affection, or whether he gave more credit to his sister's histrionic powers than to those of her heart, I will not say, but he was altogether irresponsive to her appeal. "You will be back again before long," he said.

"Never! I will come back to this accursed country never again. No, I am going once and for all. I will soil myself with the mud of its gutters no more. I came for the sake of Julie; and now—how has she treated me?" Edouard shrugged his shoulders. "And you—how has she treated you?"

"Never mind me."

"Ah! but I must mind you. Only that you would not let me manage, it might be yours now—yes, all. Why did you come down to that accursed island?"

"It was my way to play my game. Leave that alone, Sophie." And there came a frown over the brother's brow.

"Your way to play your game! Yes; and what has become of mine? You have destroyed mine, but you think nothing of that. After all that I have gone through, to have nothing; and through you—my brother! Ah! that is the hardest of all—when I was putting all things in train for you."

"You are always putting things in train. Leave your trains alone, where I am concerned."

"But why did you come to that place in the accursed island? I am ruined by that journey. Yes, I am ruined. You will not help me to get a shilling from her—not even for my expenses."

"Certainly not. You are clever enough to do your own work without my aid."

"And is that all from a brother? Well! And, now that they have drowned

themselves—the two Claverings—the fool and the brute, and she can do what she pleases—"

"She could always do as she pleased since Lord Ongar died."

"Yes; but she is more lonely than ever now. That cousin who is the greatest fool of all, who might have had every thing—mon Dieu! yes, every thing—she would have given it all to him with a sweep of her hand if he would have taken it. He is to marry himself to a little brown girl who has not a shilling. No one but an Englishman could make follies so abominable as these. Ah! I am sick—I am sick when I remember it!" And Sophie gave unmistakable signs of a grief which could hardly have been self interested. But, in truth, she suffered pain in seeing a good game spoiled. It was not that she had any wish for Harry Clavering's welfare. Had he gone to the bottom of the sea in the same boat with his cousins, the tidings of his fate would have been pleasurable to her rather than otherwise. But when she saw such cards thrown away as he had held in his hand, she encountered that sort of suffering which a good player feels when he sits behind the chair of one who plays up to his adversary's trump, and makes no tricks of his own kings and aces.

"He may marry himself to the devil if he please—it is nothing to me," said the count.

"But she is there—by herself—at that place—what is it called? Ten—bie. Will you not go now, when you can do no harm?"

"No, I will not go now."

"And in a year she will have taken some other one for her husband."

"What is that to me? But look here, Sophie, for you may as well understand me at once, if I were ever to think of Lady Ongar again as my wife, I should not tell you."

"And why not tell me—your sister?"

"Because it would do me no good. If you had not been there she would have been my wife now."

"Edouard!"

"What I say is true. But I do not want to reproach you because of that. Each of us was playing his own game, and your game was not my game. You are going now, and if I play my game again I can play it alone."

Upon hearing this, Sophie sat a while in silence, looking at him. "You will play it alone," she said at last. "You would rather do that?"

"Much rather, if I play any game at all."

"And you will give me something to go?"

"Not one sou."

"You will not—not a sou?"

"Not half a sou—for you to go or stay. Sophie, are you not a fool to ask me for money?"

"And you are a fool—a fool who knows nothing. You need not look at me like that. I am not afraid. I shall remain here. I shall stay and do as the lawyer tells me. He says that if I bring my action she must pay me for my expenses. I will bring my action. I am not going to leave it all to you. No. Do you remember those days in Florence? I have not been paid yet, but I will be paid. One hundred and seventy-five thousand francs a year—and, after all, I am to have none of it! Say—should it become yours, will you do something for your sister?"

"Nothing at all—nothing. Sophie, do you think I am fool enough to bargain in such a matter?"

"Then I will stay. Yes, I will bring my action. All the world shall hear, and they shall know how you have destroyed me and yourself. Ah! you think I am afraid—that I will not spend my money. I will spend all—all—all; and I will be revenged."

"You may go or stay, it is the same thing to me. Now, if you please, I will take my leave." And he got up from his chair to leave her.

"It is the same thing to you?"

"Quite the same."

"Then I will stay, and she shall hear my name every day of her life—every hour. She shall be so sick of me and of you that—that—that— Oh, Edouard!" This last appeal was made to him because he was already at the door, and could not be stopped in any other way.

"What else have you to say, my sister?"

"Oh, Edouard, what would I not give to see all those riches yours? Has it not been my dearest wish? Edouard, you are ungrateful. All men are ungrateful." Now, having succeeded in stopping him, she buried her face in the corner of the sofa and wept plentifully. It must be presumed that her acting before her brother must have been altogether thrown away; but the acting was, nevertheless, very good.

"If you are in truth going to St. Petersburg," he said, "I will bid you adieu now. If not—*au revoir*."

"I am going. Yes, Edouard, I am. I can not bear this country longer. My heart is being torn to pieces. All my affections are outraged. Yes, I am going—perhaps on Monday—perhaps on Monday week. But I go in truth. My brother, adieu." Then she got up, and, putting a hand on each of his shoulders, lifted up her face to be kissed. He embraced her in the manner proposed, and turned to leave her. But before he went she made to him one other petition, holding him by the arm as she did so. "Edouard, you can lend me twenty napoleons till I am at St. Petersburg?"

"No, Sophie, no."

"Not lend your sister twenty napoleons!"

"No, Sophie. I never lend money. It is a rule."

"Will you give me five? I am so poor. I have almost nothing."

"Things are not so bad with you as that, I hope?"

"Ah! yes, they are very bad. Since I have been in this accursed city—now, this time, what have I got? Nothing—nothing. She was to be all in all to me, and she has given me nothing! It is very bad to be so poor. Say that you will give me five napoleons—oh my brother." She was still hanging by his arm, and, as she did so, she looked up into his face with tears in her eyes. As he regarded her, bending down his face over hers, a slight smile came upon his countenance. Then he put his hand into his pocket, and, taking out his purse, handed to her five sovereigns.

"Only five!" she said.

"Only five," he answered.

"A thousand thanks, oh my brother." Then she kissed him again, and after that he went. She accompanied him to the top of the stairs, and from thence showered blessings on his head till she heard the lock of the door closed behind him. When he was altogether gone she unlocked an inner drawer in her desk, and, taking out an uncompleted *rouleau* of gold, added her brother's sovereigns thereto. The sum he had given her was exactly wanted to make up the required number of twenty-five. She counted them half a dozen times to be quite sure, and then rolled them carefully in paper, and sealed the little packet at each end. "Ah!" she said, speaking to herself, "they are very nice. Nothing else English is nice, but only these." There were many rolls of money there before her in the drawer of the desk—some ten, perhaps, or twelve. These she took out one after another, passing them lovingly through her fingers, looking at the little seals at the ends of each, weighing them in her hand as though to make sure that no wrong had been done to them in her absence, standing them up one against another to see that they were of the same length. We may be quite sure that Sophie Gordeloup brought no sovereigns with her to England when she came over with Lady Ongar after the earl's death, and that the hoard before her contained simply the plunder which she had collected during this her latest visit to the "accursed" country which she was going to leave.

But before she started she was resolved to make one more attempt upon that mine of wealth which, but a few weeks ago, had seemed to lie open before her. She had learned from the servants in Bolton Street that Lady Ongar was with Lady Clavering at Clavering Park, and she addressed a letter to her there. This letter she wrote in English, and she threw into her appeal all the pathos of which she was capable.

Mount Street, October, 186–.

Dearest Julie:—I do not think you would wish me to go away from this country forever—forever, without one word of farewell to her I love so fondly. Yes, I have loved you with all my heart, and now I am going away—forever. Shall we not meet each other once, and have one embrace? No trouble will be too much to me for that. No journey will be too long. Only say, Sophie, come to your Julie.

I must go, because I am so poor. Yes, I can not live longer here without the means. I am not ashamed to say to my Julie, who is rich, that I am poor. No; nor would I be ashamed to wait on my Julie like a slave if she would let me. My Julie was angry with me because of my brother! Was it my fault that he came upon us in our little retreat, where we were so happy? Oh, no. I told him not to come. I knew his coming was for nothing—nothing at all. I knew where was the heart of my Julie—my poor Julie! But he was not worth that heart, and the pearl was thrown before a pig. But my brother— Ah! he has ruined me. Why am I separated from my Julie but for him? Well, I can go away, and in my own countries there are those who will not wish to be separated from Sophie Gordeloup.

May I now tell my Julie in what condition is her poor friend? She will remember how it was that my feet brought me to England—to England, to which I had said farewell forever—to England, where people must be rich like my Julie before they can eat and drink. I thought nothing then but of my Julie. I stopped not on the road to make merchandise—what you call a bargain—about my coming. No; I came at once, leaving all things—my little affairs—in confusion, because my Julie wanted me to come! It was in the Winter. Oh, that Winter! My poor bones shall never forget it. They are racked still with the pains which your savage winds have given them. And now it is Autumn. Ten months have I been here, and I have eaten up my little substance. Oh, Julie, you, who are so rich, do not know what is the poverty of your Sophie!

A lawyer have told me—not a French lawyer, but an English—that somebody should pay me everything. He says the law would give it me. He have offered me the money himself, just to let him make an action. But I have said no. No, Sophie will not have an action with her Julie. She would scorn that; and so the lawyer went away. But if my Julie will think of this, and will remember her Sophie—how much she have expended, and now at last there is nothing left. She must go and beg among her friends And why? Because she have loved her Julie too well. You, who are so rich, would miss it not at all. What would two—three hundred pounds be to my Julie?

Shall I come to you? Say so; say so, and I will go at once, if I did crawl on my knees. Oh, what a joy to see my Julie! And do not think I will trouble you about money. No, your Sophie will be too proud for that. Not a word will I say but to love you. Nothing will I do but to print one kiss on my Julie's forehead, and then to retire forever, asking God's blessing for her dear head. Thine—always thine, Sophie.

Lady Ongar, when she received this letter, was a little perplexed by it, not feeling quite sure in what way she might best answer it. It was the special severity of her position that there was no one to whom, in such difficulties, she could apply for advice. Of one thing she was quite sure—that, willingly, she would never again see her devoted Sophie. And she knew that the woman deserved no money from her; that she had deserved none, but had received much. Every assertion in her letter was false. No one had wished her to come, and the expense of her coming had been paid for her over and over again. Lady Ongar knew that she had money, and knew also that she would have had immediate recourse to law if any lawyer would have suggested to her, with a probability of success, that he could get more for her. No doubt she had been telling her story to some attorney, in the hope that money might thus be extracted, and had been dragging her Julie's name through the mud, telling all she knew of that wretched Florentine story. As to all that Lady Ongar had no doubt, and yet she wished to send the woman money!

There are services for which one is ready to give almost any amount of money payment, if only one can be sure that that money payment will be taken as sufficient recompense for the service in question. Sophie Gordeloup had been useful. She had been very disagreeable, but she had been useful. She had done things which nobody else could have done, and she had done her work well. That she had been paid for her work over and over again there was no doubt; but Lady Ongar was willing to give her yet further payment, if only there might be an end of it. But she feared to do this, dreading the nature and cunning of the little woman—lest she should take such payment as an acknowledgment of services for which secret compensation must be made, and should then proceed to further threats. Thinking much of all this, Julie at last wrote to her Sophie as follows:

Lady Ongar presents her compliments to Madam Gordeloup, and must decline to see Madam deloup again after what has passed. Lady Ongar is very sorry to hear that Madam Gordeloup is in want of funds. Whatever assistance Lady Ongar might have been willing to afford, she now

feels that she is prohibited from giving any by the allusion which Madam Gordeloup has made to legal advice. If Madam Gordeloup has legal demands on Lady Ongar which are said by a lawyer to be valid, Lady Ongar would strongly recommend Madam Gordeloup to enforce them.

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This she wrote, acting altogether on her own judgment, and sent off by return of post. She almost wept at her own cruelty after the letter was gone, and greatly doubted her own discretion. But of whom could she have asked advice? Could she have told all the story of Madam Gordeloup to the rector or to the rector's wife? The letter, no doubt, was a discreet letter, but she greatly doubted her own discretion, and when she received her Sophie's rejoinder, she hardly dared to break the envelope.

Poor Sophie! Her Julie's letter nearly broke her heart. For sincerity little credit was due to her—but some little was perhaps due. That she should be called Madam Gordeloup, and have compliments presented to her by the woman—by the countess with whom and with whose husband she had been on such closely familiar terms, did in truth wound some tender feelings within her breast. Such love as she had been able to give, she had given to her Julie. That she had always been willing to rob her Julie—to make a milch-cow of her Julie—to sell her Julie—to threaten her Julie—to quarrel with her Julie, if aught might be done in that way—to expose her Julie—nay, to destroy her Julie, if money was to be made—all this did not hinder her love. She loved her Julie, and was broken-hearted that her Julie should have written to her in such a strain.

But her feelings were much more acute when she came to perceive that she had damaged her own affairs by the hint of a menace which she had thrown out. Business is business, and must take precedence of all sentiment and romance in this hard world in which bread is so necessary. Of that Madam Gordeloup was well aware. And therefore, having given herself but two short minutes to weep over her Julie's hardness, she applied her mind at once to the rectification of the error she had made. Yes, she had been wrong about the lawyer—certainly wrong. But then these English people were so pig-headed! A slight suspicion of a hint, such as that she had made, would have been taken by a Frenchman, by a Russian, by a Pole, as meaning no more than it meant. "But these English are bulls; the men and the women are all like bulls—bulls!"

She at once sat down and wrote another letter—another in such an ecstasy of eagerness to remove the evil impressions which she had made, that she wrote it almost with the natural effusions of her heart.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your coldness kills me—kills me! But perhaps I have deserved it. If I said there were legal demands I did deserve it. No, there are none. Legal demands! Oh, no. What can your poor friend demand legally? The lawyer—he knows nothing; he was a stranger. It was my brother spoke to him. What should I do with a lawyer? Oh, my friend, do not be angry with your poor servant. I write now not to ask for money, but for a kind word—for one word of kindness and love to your Sophie before she have gone forever—yes, forever. Oh, Julie—oh, my angel, I would lie at your feet and kiss them if you were here.

Yours till death, even though you should still be hard to me, SOPHIE.

To this appeal Lady Ongar sent no direct answer, but she commissioned Mr. Turnbull, her lawyer, to call upon Madam Gordeloup and pay to that lady one hundred pounds, taking her receipt for the same. Lady Ongar, in her letter to the lawyer, explained that the woman in question had been useful in Florence, and explained also that she might pretend that she had further claims. "If so," said Lady Ongar, "I wish you to tell her that she can prosecute them at law, if she pleases. The money I now give her is a gratuity made for certain services rendered in Florence during the illness of Lord Ongar." This commission Mr. Turnbull executed, and Sophie Gordeloup, when taking the money, made no demand for any further payment.

Four days after this a little woman, carrying a very big bandbox in her hands, might have been seen to scramble with difficulty out of a boat in the Thames up the side of a steamer bound from thence for Boulogne; and after her there climbed up an active little man, who, with peremptory voice, repulsed the boatman's demand for further payment. He also had a bandbox on his arm, belonging, no doubt, to the little woman. And it might have been seen that the active little man, making his

way to the table at which the clerk of the boat was sitting, out of his own purse paid the passage-money for two passengers through to Paris. And the head, and legs, and neck of that little man were like to the head, and legs, and neck of—our friend Doodles, alias Captain Boodle, of Warwickshire.

CHAPTER LI.

SHOWING HOW THINGS SETTLED THEMSELVES AT THE RECTORY.

When Harry's letter, with the tidings of the fate of his cousins, reached Florence at Stratton, the whole family was, not unnaturally, thrown into great excitement. Being slow people, the elder Burtons had hardly as yet realized the fact that Harry was again to be accepted among the Burton Penates as a pure divinity. Mrs. Burton, for some weeks past, had grown to be almost sublime in her wrath against him. That a man should live and treat her daughter as Florence was about to be treated! Had not her husband forbidden such a journey, as being useless in regard to the expenditure, she would have gone up to London that she might have told Harry what she thought of him. Then came the news that Harry was again a divinity—an Apollo, whom the Burton Penates ought only to be too proud to welcome to a seat among them!

And now came this other news that this Apollo was to be an Apollo indeed! When the god first became a god again, there was still a cloud upon the minds of the elder Burtons as to the means by which the divinity was to be sustained. A god in truth, but a god with so very moderate an annual income—unless, indeed, those old Burtons made it up to an extent which seemed to them to be quite unnatural! There was joy among the Burtons, of course, but the joy was somewhat dimmed by these reflections as to the slight means of their Apollo. A lover who was not an Apollo might wait; but, as they had learned already, there was danger in keeping such a god as this suspended on the tenter-hooks of expectation.

But now there came the further news! This Apollo of theirs had already a place of his own among the gods of Olympus. He was the eldest son of a man of large fortune, and would be a baronet! He had already declared that he would marry at once—that his father wished him to do so, and that an abundant income would be forthcoming. As to his eagerness for an immediate marriage, no divinity in or out of the heavens could behave better. Old Mrs. Burton, as she went through the process of taking him again to her heart, remembered that that virtue had been his even before the days of his backsliding had come—a warm-hearted, eager, affectionate divinity, with only this against him, that he wanted some careful looking after in these his unsettled days. "I really do think that he'll be as fond of his own fireside as any other man, when he has once settled down," said Mrs. Burton.

It will not, I hope, be taken as a blot on the character of this mother that she was much elated at the prospect of the good things which were to fall to her daughter's lot. For herself she desired nothing. For her daughters she had coveted only good, substantial, painstaking husbands, who would fear God and mind their business. When Harry Clavering had come across her path and had demanded a daughter from her, after the manner of the other young men who had learned the secrets of their profession at Stratton, she had desired nothing more than that he and Florence should walk in the path which had been followed by her sisters and their husbands. But then had come that terrible fear, and now had come these golden prospects. That her daughter should be Lady Clavering, of Clavering Park! She could not but be elated at the thought of it. She would not live to see it, but the consciousness that it would be so was pleasant in her old age. Florence had ever been regarded as the flower of the flock, and now she would be taken up into high places, according to her deserts.

First had come the letter from Harry, and then, after an interval of a week, another letter from Mrs. Clavering, pressing her dear Florence to go to the parsonage. "We think that at present we all ought to be together," said Mrs. Clavering, "and therefore we want you to be with us." It was very flattering. "I suppose I ought to go, mamma," said Florence. Mrs. Burton was of opinion that she certainly ought to go.

"You should write to her ladyship at once," said Mrs. Burton, mindful of the change which had taken place. Florence, however, addressed her letter, as heretofore, to Mrs. Clavering, thinking that a mistake on that side would be better than a mistake on the other. It was not for her to be over-mindful of the rank with which she was about to be connected. "You won't forget your old mother now that you are going to be so grand?" said Mrs. Burton, as Florence was leaving her.

"You only say that to laugh at me," said Florence. "I expect no grandness, and I am sure you expect no forgetfulness."

The solemnity consequent upon the first news of the accident had worn itself off, and Florence found the family at the parsonage happy and comfortable. Mrs. Fielding was still there, and Mr. Fielding was expected again after the next Sunday. Fanny also was there, and Florence could see during the first half hour that she was very radiant. Mr. Saul, however, was not there, and it may as well be said at once that Mr. Saul as yet knew nothing of his coming fortune. Florence was received with open arms by them all, and by Harry with arms which were almost too open. "I suppose it may be in about three weeks from now," he said at the first moment in which he could have her to himself.

"Oh, Harry—no," said Florence.

"No—why no? That's what my mother proposes."

"In three weeks! She could not have said that. Nobody has begun to think of such a thing yet at Stratton."

"They are so very slow at Stratton!"

"And you are so very fast at Clavering! But, Harry, we don't know where we are going to live."

"We should go abroad at first, I suppose."

"And what then? That would only be for a month or so."

"Only for a month? I mean for all the Winter—and the Spring. Why not? One can see nothing in a month. If we are back for the shooting next year, that would do; and then, of course, we should come here. I should say next Winter—that is, the Winter after the next—we might as well stay with them at the big house, and then we could look about us, you know. I should like a place near to this, because of the hunting."

Florence, when she heard all this, became aware that in talking about a month she had forgotten herself. She had been accustomed to holidays of a month's duration, and to honeymoon trips fitted to such vacations. A month was the longest holiday ever heard of in the chambers of the Adelphi, or at the house in Onslow Crescent. She had forgotten herself. It was not to be the lot of her husband to earn his bread, and fit himself to such periods as business might require. Then Harry went on describing the tour which he had arranged—which, as he said, he only suggested. But it was quite apparent that in this matter he intended to be paramount. Florence indeed made no objection. To spend a fortnight in Paris—to hurry over the Alps before the cold weather came—to spend a month in Florence, and then go on to Rome—it would all be very nice. But she declared that it would suit the next year better than this.

"Suit ten thousand fiddlesticks," said Harry.

"But it is October now."

"And therefore there is no time to lose."

"I haven't a dress in the world but the one I have on, and a few others like it. Oh, Harry, how can you talk in that way?"

"Well, say four weeks then from now. That will make it the seventh of November, and we'll only stay a day or two in Paris. We can do Paris next year—in May. If you'll agree to that, I'll agree."

But Florence's breath was taken away from her, and she could agree to nothing. She did agree to nothing till she had been talked into doing so by Mrs. Clavering.

"My dear," said her future mother-in-law, "what you say is undoubtedly true. There is no absolute necessity for hurrying. It is not an affair of life and death. But you and Harry have been engaged quite long enough now, and I really don't see why you should put it off. If you do as he asks you, you will just have time to make yourselves comfortable before the cold weather begins."

"But mamma will be so surprised."

"I'm sure she will wish it, my dear. You see Harry is a young man of that sort—so impetuous I mean, you know, and so eager—and so—you know what I mean—that the sooner he is married the better. You can't but take it as a compliment, Florence, that he is so eager."

"Of course I do."

"And you should reward him. Believe me, it will be best that it should not be delayed." Whether or no Mrs. Clavering had present in her imagination the possibility of any further danger that might result from Lady Ongar, I will not say, but if so she altogether failed in communicating her idea to Florence.

"Then I must go home at once," said Florence, driven almost to bewail the terrors of her position.

"You can write home at once and tell your mother. You can tell her all that I say, and I am sure she will agree with me. If you wish it, I will write a line to Mrs. Burton myself." Florence said that she would wish it. "And we can begin, you know, to get your things ready here. People don't take so long about all that now-a-days as they used to do." When Mrs. Clavering had turned against her, Florence knew that she had no hope, and surrendered, subject to the approval of the higher authorities at Stratton. The higher authorities at Stratton approved also, of course, and Florence found herself fixed to a day with a suddenness that bewildered her. Immediately—almost as soon as the consent had been extorted from her—she began to be surrounded with incipient preparation for the event, as to which, about three weeks since, she had made up her mind it would never come to pass.

On the second day of her arrival, in the privacy of her bed-room, Fanny communicated to her the decision of her family in regard to Mr. Saul. But she told the story at first as though this decision referred to the living only—as though the rectory were to be conferred on Mr. Saul without any burden attached to it. "He has been here so long, dear," said Fanny, "and understands the people so well."

"I am so delighted," said Florence.

"I am sure it is the best thing papa could do—that is, if he quite makes up his mind to give up the parish himself."

This troubled Florence, who did not know that a baronet could hold a living.

"I thought he must give up being a clergyman now that Sir Hugh is dead?"

"Oh dear, no." And then Fanny, who was great on ecclesiastical subjects, explained it all. "Even though he were to be a peer, he could hold a living if he pleased. A great many baronets are clergymen, and some of them do hold preferments. As to papa, the doubt has been with him whether he would wish to give up the work. But he will preach sometimes, you know, though of course he will not be able to do that unless Mr. Saul lets him. No one but the rector has a right to his own pulpit except the bishop, and he can preach three times a year if he likes it."

"And suppose the bishop wanted to preach four times?"

"He couldn't do it—at least I believe not. But, you see, he never wants to preach at all—not in such a place as this—so that does not signify."

"And will Mr. Saul come and live here, in this house?"

"Some day I suppose he will," said Fanny, blushing.

"And you, dear?"

"I don't know how that may be."

"Come, Fanny."

"Indeed I don't, Florence, or I would tell you. Of course Mr. Saul has asked me. I never had any secret with you about that—have I?"

"No; you were very good."

"Then he asked me again—twice again. And then there came—oh, such a quarrel between him and papa. It was so terrible. Do you know, I believe they wouldn't speak in the vestry! Not but what each of them has the highest possible opinion of the other. But of course Mr. Saul couldn't marry on a curacy. When I think of it, it really seems that he must have been mad."

"But you don't think him so mad now, dear?"

"He doesn't know a word about it yet—not a word. He hasn't been in the house since, and papa and he didn't speak—not in a friendly way—till the news came of poor Hugh's being drowned. Then he came up to papa, and, of course, papa took his hand. But he still thinks he is going away."

"And when is he to be told that he needn't go?"

"That is the difficulty. Mamma will have to do it, I believe. But what she will say I'm sure I, for one, can't think."

"Mrs. Clavering will have no difficulty."

"You mustn't call her Mrs. Clavering."

"Lady Clavering, then."

"That's a great deal worse. She's your mamma now—not quite so much as she is mine, but the next thing to it."

"She'll know what to say to Mr. Saul."

"But what is she to say?"

"Well, Fanny, you ought to know that. I suppose you do—love him?"

"I have never told him so."

"But you will?"

"It seems so odd. Mamma will have to— Suppose he were to turn round and say he didn't want me."

"That would be awkward."

"He would in a minute, if that was what he felt. The idea of having the living would not weigh with him a bit."

"But when he was so much in love before, it won't make him out of love, will it?"

"I don't know," said Fanny. "At any rate, mamma is to see him to-morrow, and after that I suppose—I'm sure I don't know—but I suppose he'll come to the rectory as he used to do."

"How happy you must be," said Florence, kissing her. To this Fanny made some unintelligible demur. It was undoubtedly possible that, under the altered circumstances of the case, so strange a being as Mr. Saul might have changed his mind.

There was a great trial awaiting Florence Burton. She had to be taken up to call on the ladies at the great house—on the two widowed ladies who were still remaining there when she came to Clavering. It was only on the day before her arrival that Harry had seen Lady Ongar. He had thought much of the matter before he went across to the house, doubting whether it would not be better to let Julia go without troubling her with a further interview. But he had not then seen even Lady Clavering since the tidings of her bereavement had come, and he felt that it would not be well that he should let his cousin's widow leave Clavering without offering her his sympathy. And it might be better, also, that he should see Julia once again, if only that he might show himself capable of meeting her without the exhibition of any peculiar emotion. He went, therefore, to the house, and having inquired for Lady Clavering, saw both the sisters together. He soon found that the presence of the younger one was a relief to him. Lady Clavering was so sad, and so peevish in her sadness—so broken-spirited, so far as yet from recognizing the great enfranchisement that had come to her, that with her alone he would have found himself almost unable to express the sympathy which he felt. But with Lady Ongar he had no difficulty. Lady Ongar, her sister being with them in the room, talked to him easily, as though there had never been anything between them to make conversation difficult. That all words between them should, on such an occasion as this, be sad, was a matter of course; but it seemed to Harry that Julia had freed herself from all the effects of that feeling which had existed between them, and that it would become him to do this as effectually as she had done it. Such an idea, at least, was in his mind for a moment; but when he left her she spoke one word which dispelled it. "Harry," she said, "you must ask Miss Burton to come across and see me. I hear that she is to be at the rectory to-morrow." Harry of course said that he would send her. "She will understand why I can not go to her, as I should do—but for poor Hermy's position. You will explain this, Harry." Harry, blushing up to his forehead, declared that Florence would require no explanation, and that she would

certainly make the visit as proposed. "I wish to see her, Harry—so much. And if I do not see her now, I may never have another chance."

It was nearly a week after this that Florence went across to the great house with Mrs. Clavering and Fanny. I think that she understood the nature of the visit she was called upon to make, and no doubt she trembled much at the coming ordeal. She was going to see her great rival—her rival, who had almost been preferred to her—nay, who had been preferred to her for some short space of time, and whose claims as to beauty and wealth were so greatly superior to her own. And this woman whom she was to see had been the first love of the man whom she now regarded as her own, and would have been about to be his wife at this moment had it not been for her own treachery to him. Was she so beautiful as people said? Florence, in the bottom of her heart, wished that she might have been saved from this interview.

The three ladies from the rectory found the two ladies at the great house sitting together in the small drawing-room. Florence was so confused that she could hardly bring herself to speak to Lady Clavering, or so much as look at Lady Ongar. She shook hands with the elder sister, and knew that her hand was then taken by the other. Julia at first spoke a very few words to Mrs. Clavering, and Fanny sat herself down beside Hermione. Florence took a chair at a little distance, and was left there for a few minutes without notice. For this she was very thankful, and by degrees was able to fix her eyes on the face of the woman whom she so feared to see, and yet on whom she so desired to look. Lady Clavering was a mass of ill-arranged widow's weeds. She had assumed in all its grotesque ugliness those paraphernalia of outward woe which women have been condemned to wear, in order that for a time they may be shorn of all the charms of their sex. Nothing could be more proper or unbecoming than the heavy, drooping, shapeless blackness in which Lady Clavering had enveloped herself. But Lady Ongar, though also a widow, though as yet a widow of not twelve months' standing, was dressed—in weeds, no doubt, but in weeds which had been so cultivated that they were as good as flowers. She was very beautiful. Florence owned to herself, as she sat there in silence, that Lady Ongar was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. But hers was not the beauty by which, as she would have thought, Harry Clavering would have been attracted. Lady Ongar's form, bust, and face were, at this period of her life, almost majestic, whereas the softness and grace of womanhood were the charms which Harry loved. He had sometimes said to Florence that, to his taste, Cecilia Burton was almost perfect as a woman; and there could be no contrast greater than that between Cecilia Burton and Lady Ongar. But Florence did not remember that the Julia Brabazon of three years since had not been the same as the Lady Ongar whom now she saw.

When they had been there some minutes Lady Ongar came and sat beside Florence, moving her seat as though she were doing the most natural thing in the world. Florence's heart came to her mouth, but she made a resolution that she would, if possible, bear herself well. "You have been at Clavering before, I think," said Lady Ongar. Florence said that she had been at the parsonage during the last Easter. "Yes, I heard that you dined here with my brother-in-law." This she said in a low voice, having seen that Lady Clavering was engaged with Fanny and Mrs. Clavering. "Was it not terribly sudden?"

"Terribly sudden," said Florence.

"The two brothers! Had you not met Captain Clavering?"

"Yes; he was here when I dined with your sister."

"Poor fellow! Is it not odd that they should have gone, and that their friend, whose yacht it was, should have been saved? They say, however, that Mr. Stuart behaved admirably, begging his friends to get into the boat first. He stayed by the vessel when the boat was carried away, and he was saved in that way. But he meant to do the best he could for them. There's no doubt of that."

"But how dreadful his feelings must be!"

"Men do not think so much of these things as we do. They have so much more

to employ their minds. Don't you think so?" Florence did not at the moment quite know what she thought about men's feelings, but said that she supposed that such was the case. "But I think that, after all, they are juster than we are," continued Lady Ongar—"juster and truer, though not so tender-hearted. Mr. Stuart, no doubt, would have been willing to drown himself to save his friends, because the fault was in some degree his. I don't know that I should have been able to do so much."

"In such a moment, it must have been so difficult to think of what ought to be done."

"Yes, indeed; and there is but little good in speculating upon it now. You know this place, do you not—the house, I mean, and the gardens?"

"Not very well." Florence, as she answered this question, began again to tremble. "Take a turn with me, and I will show you the garden. My hat and cloak are in the hall." Then Florence got up to accompany her, trembling very much inwardly. "Miss Burton and I are going out for a few minutes," said Lady Ongar, addressing herself to Mrs. Clavering. "We will not keep you waiting very long."

"We are in no hurry," said Mrs. Clavering. Then Florence was carried off, and found herself alone with her conquered rival.

"Not that there is much to show you," said Lady Ongar—"indeed nothing; but the place must be of more interest to you than to any one else, and if you are fond of that sort of thing, no doubt you will make it all that is charming."

"I am very fond of a garden," said Florence.

"I don't know whether I am. Alone, by myself, I think I should care nothing for the prettiest Eden in all England. I don't think I would care for a walk through the Elysian fields by myself. I am a chameleon, and take the color of those with whom I live. My future colors will not be very bright, as I take it. It's a gloomy place enough, is it not? But there are fine trees, you see, which are the only things which one can not by any possibility command. Given good trees, taste and money may do anything very quickly, as I have no doubt you'll find."

"I don't suppose I shall have much to do with it—at present."

"I should think that you will have everything to do with it. There, Miss Burton, I brought you here to show you this very spot, and to make to you my confession here, and to get from you, here, one word of confidence, if you will give it me." Florence was trembling now outwardly as well as inwardly. "You know my story—as far, I mean, as I had a story once, in conjunction with Harry Clavering?"

"I think I do," said Florence.

"I am sure you do," said Lady Ongar. "He has told me that you do, and what he says is always true. It was here, on this spot, that I gave him back his troth to me, and told him that I would have none of his love, because he was poor. That is barely two years ago. Now he is poor no longer. Now, had I been true to him, a marriage with him would have been, in a prudential point of view, all that any woman could desire. I gave up the dearest heart, the sweetest temper, ay, and the truest man that, that— Well, you have won him instead, and he has been the gainer. I doubt whether I ever should have made him happy, but I know that you will do so. It was just here that I parted from him."

"He has told me of that parting," said Florence.

"I am sure he has. And, Miss Burton, if you will allow me to say one word further—do not be made to think any ill of him because of what happened the other day."

"I think no ill of him," said Florence, proudly.

"That is well. But I am sure you do not. You are not one to think evil, as I take it, of any body, much less of him whom you love. When he saw me again, free as I am, and when I saw him, thinking him also to be free, was it strange that some memory of old days should come back upon us? But the fault, if fault there has been, was mine."

"I have never said that there was any fault."

"No, Miss Burton, but others have said so. No doubt I am foolish to talk to you in this way, and I have not yet said that which I desired to say. It is simply this—

that I do not begrudge you your happiness. I wished the same happiness to be mine, but it is not mine. It might have been, but I forfeited it. It is past, and I will pray that you may enjoy it long. You will not refuse to receive my congratulations?"

"Indeed I will not."

"Or to think of me as a friend of your husband's?"

"Oh no."

"That is all, then. I have shown you the gardens, and now we may go in. Some day, perhaps, when you are Lady Paramount here, and your children are running about the place, I may come again to see them—if you and he will have me."

"I hope you will, Lady Ongar. In truth I hope so."

"It is odd enough that I said to him once that I would never go to Clavering Park again till I went there to see his wife. That was long before those two brothers perished—before I had ever heard of Florence Burton. And yet, indeed, it was not very long ago. It was since my husband died. But that was not quite true, for here I am, and he has not yet got a wife. But it was odd, was it not?"

"I can not think what should have made you say that."

"A spirit of prophecy comes on one sometimes, I suppose. Well, shall we go in? I have shown you all the wonders of the garden, and told you all the wonders connected with it of which I know aught. No doubt there would be other wonders more wonderful, if one could ransack the private history of all the Claverings for the last hundred years. I hope, Miss Burton, that any marvels which may attend your career here may be happy marvels." She then took Florence by the hand, and, drawing close to her, stooped over and kissed her. "You will think me a fool, of course," said she, "but I do not care for that." Florence now was in tears, and could make no answer in words; but she pressed the hand which she still held, and then followed her companion back into the house. After that the visit was soon brought to an end, and the three ladies from the rectory returned across the park to their house.

CHAPTER LII.

CONCLUSION.

Florence Burton had taken upon herself to say that Mrs. Clavering would have no difficulty in making to Mr. Saul the communication which was now needed before he could be received at the rectory, as the rector's successor and future son-in-law; but Mrs. Clavering was by no means so confident of her own powers. To her it seemed as though the undertaking which she had in hand was one surrounded with difficulties. Her husband, when the matter was being discussed, at once made her understand that he would not relieve her by an offer to perform the task. He had been made to break the bad news to Lady Clavering, and, having been submissive in that matter, felt himself able to stand aloof altogether as to this more difficult embassy. "I suppose it would hardly do to ask Harry to see him again," Mrs. Clavering had said. "You would do it much better, my dear," the rector had replied. Then Mrs. Clavering had submitted in her turn; and when the scheme was fully matured, and the time had come in which the making of the proposition could no longer be delayed with prudence, Mr. Saul was summoned by a short note. "Dear Mr. Saul:—If you are disengaged, would you come to me at the rectory at eleven to-morrow? Yours ever, M. C." Mr. Saul of course said that he would come. When the to-morrow had arrived and breakfast was over, the rector and Harry took themselves off somewhere about the grounds of the great house, counting up their treasures of proprietorship, as we can fancy that men so circumstanced would do, while Mary Fielding, with Fanny and Florence, retired up stairs, so that they might be well out of the way. They knew, all of them, what was about to be done, and Fanny behaved herself like a white lamb, decked with bright ribbons for the sacrificial altar. To her it was a sacrificial morning—very sacred, very solemn, and very trying to the nerves.

"I don't think that any girl was ever in such a position before," she said to her sister.

"A great many girls would be glad to be in the same position," Mrs. Fielding replied.

"Do you think so? To me there is something almost humiliating in the idea that he should be asked to take me."

"Fiddlestick, my dear," replied Mrs. Fielding.

Mr. Saul came, punctual as the church clock, of which he had the regulating himself, and was shown into the rectory dining-room, where Mrs. Clavering was sitting alone. He looked, as he ever did, serious, composed, ill-dressed, and like a gentleman. Of course he must have supposed that the present rector would make some change in his mode of living, and could not be surprised that he should have been summoned to the rectory; but he was surprised that the summons should have come from Mrs. Clavering, and not from the rector himself. It appeared to him that the old enmity must be very enduring if, even now, Mr. Clavering could not bring himself to see his curate on a matter of business.

"It seems a long time since we have seen you here, Mr. Saul," said Mrs. Clavering.

"Yes; when I have remembered how often I used to be here, my absence has seemed long and strange."

"It has been a source of great grief to me."

"And to me, Mrs. Clavering."

"But, as circumstances then were, in truth it could not be avoided. Common prudence made it necessary. Don't you think so, Mr. Saul?"

"If you ask me, I must answer according to my own ideas. Common prudence should not have made it necessary—at least not according to my view of things. Common prudence, with different people, means such different things! But I am not going to quarrel with your ideas of common prudence, Mrs. Clavering."

Mrs. Clavering had begun badly, and was aware of it. She should have said nothing about the past. She had foreseen, from the first, the danger of doing so, but had been unable to rush at once into the golden future. "I hope we shall have no more quarrelling, at any rate," she said.

"There shall be none on my part. Only, Mrs. Clavering, you must not suppose, from my saying so, that I intend to give up my pretensions. A word from your daughter would make me do so, but no words from any one else."

"She ought to be very proud of such constancy on your part, Mr. Saul, and I have no doubt she will be." Mr. Saul did not understand this, and made no reply to it. "I don't know whether you have heard that Mr. Clavering intends to—give up the living."

"I have not heard it. I have thought it probable that he would do so."

"He has made up his mind that he will. The fact is that if he held it, he must neglect either that or the property." We will not stop at this moment to examine what Mr. Saul's ideas must have been as to the exigencies of the property, which would leave no time for the performance of such clerical duties as had fallen for some years past to the share of the rector himself. "He hopes that he may be allowed to take some part in the services, but he means to resign the living."

"I suppose that will not much affect me for the little time that I have to remain."

"We think it will affect you, and hope that it may. Mr. Clavering wishes you to accept the living."

"To accept the living?" And for a moment even Mr. Saul looked as though he were surprised.

"Yes, Mr. Saul."

"To be rector of Clavering?"

"If you see no objection to such an arrangement."

"It is a most munificent offer, but as strange as it is munificent. Unless, indeed—" And then some glimpse of the truth made its way into the chinks of Mr. Saul's mind.

"Mr. Clavering would, no doubt, have made the offer to you himself had it not been that I can, perhaps, speak to you about dear Fanny better than he could.

Though our prudence has not been quite to your mind, you can, at any rate, understand that we might very much object to her marrying you when there was nothing for you to live on, even though we had no objection to yourself personally."

"But Mr. Clavering did object on both grounds."

"I was not aware that he had done so; but if so, no such objection is now made by him—or by me. My idea is that a child should be allowed to consult her own heart, and to indulge her own choice, provided that in doing so she does not prepare for herself a life of indigence, which must be a life of misery; and of course providing also that there be no strong personal objection."

"A life of indigence need not be a life of misery," said Mr. Saul, with that obstinacy which formed so great a part of his character.

"Well, well."

"I am very indigent, but I am not at all miserable. If we are to be made miserable by that, what is the use of all our teaching?"

"But, at any rate, a competence is comfortable."

"Too comfortable!" As Mr. Saul made this exclamation, Mrs. Clavering could not but wonder at her daughter's taste. But the matter had gone too far now for any possibility of receding.

"You will not refuse it, I hope, as it will be accompanied by what you say you still desire."

"No, I will not refuse it. And may God give her and me grace so to use the riches of this world that they become not a stumbling-block to us, and a rock of offence. It is possible that the camel should be made to go through the needle's eye. It is possible."

"The position, you know, is not one of great wealth."

"It is to me, who have barely hitherto had the means of support. Will you tell your husband from me that I will accept, and endeavor not to betray the double trust he proposes to confer on me? It is much that he should give to me his daughter. She shall be to me bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. If God will give me his grace thereto, I will watch over her, so that no harm shall come nigh her. I love her as the apple of my eye; and I am thankful—very thankful that the rich gift should be made to me."

"I am sure that you love her, Mr. Saul."

"But," continued he, not marking her interruption, "that other trust is one still greater, and requiring a more tender care and even a closer sympathy. I shall feel that the souls of these people will be, as it were, in my hand, and that I shall be called upon to give an account of their welfare. I will strive—I will strive. And she, also, will be with me to help me."

When Mrs. Clavering described this scene to her husband, he shook his head, and there came over his face a smile, in which there was much of melancholy, as he said, "Ah! yes, that is all very well now. He will settle down as other men do, I suppose, when he has four or five children around him." Such were the ideas which the experience of the outgoing and elder clergyman taught him to entertain as to the ecstatic piety of his younger brother.

It was Mrs. Clavering who suggested to Mr. Saul that perhaps he would like to see Fanny. This she did when her story had been told, and he was preparing to leave her. "Certainly, if she will come to me."

"I will make no promise," said Mrs. Clavering, "but I will see." Then she went up stairs to the room where the girls were sitting, and the sacrificial lamb was sent down into the drawing-room. "I suppose, if you say so, mamma—"

"I think, my dear, that you had better see him. You will meet then more comfortably afterward." So Fanny went into the drawing-room, and Mr. Saul was sent to her there. What passed between them all readers of these pages will understand. Few young ladies, I fear, will envy Fanny Clavering her lover; but they will remember that Love will still be lord of all, and they will acknowledge that he had done much to deserve the success in life which had come in his way.

It was long before the old rector could reconcile himself either to the new rector

or his new son-in-law. Mrs. Clavering had now so warmly taken up Fanny's part, and had so completely assumed a mother's interest in her coming marriage, that Mr. Clavering, or Sir Henry, as we may now call him, had found himself obliged to abstain from repeating to her the wonder with which he still regarded his daughter's choice. But to Harry he could still be eloquent on the subject. "Of course it's all right now," he said. "He's a very good young man, and nobody would work harder in the parish. I always thought I was very lucky to have such an assistant; but, upon my word, I can not understand Fanny—I can not, indeed."

"She has been taken by the religious side of her character," said Harry.

"Yes, of course. And no doubt it is very gratifying to me to see that she thinks so much of religion. It should be the first consideration with all of us at all times. But she has never been used to men like Mr. Saul."

"Nobody can deny that he is a gentleman."

"Yes, he is a gentleman; God forbid that I should say he was not, especially now that he is going to marry your sister. But—I don't know whether you quite understand what I mean."

"I think I do. He isn't quite one of our sort."

"How on earth she can ever have brought herself to look at him in that light!"

"There's no accounting for tastes, sir. And, after all, as he's to have the living, there will be nothing to regret."

"No, nothing to regret. I suppose he'll be up at the other house occasionally? I never could make anything of him when he dined at the rectory; perhaps he'll be better there. Perhaps, when he's married, he'll get into the way of drinking a glass of wine like any body else. Dear Fanny, I hope she'll be happy. That's every thing." In answer to this, Harry took upon himself to assure his father that Fanny would be happy; and then they changed the conversation, and discussed the alterations which they would make in reference to the preservation of pheasants.

Mr. Saul and Fanny remained long together on that occasion, and when they parted he went off about his work, not saying a word to any other person in the house, and she betook herself as fast as her feet could carry her to her own room. She said not a word either to her mother, or to her sister, or to Florence as to what had passed at that interview; but, when she was first seen by any of them, she was very grave in her demeanor, and very silent. When her father congratulated her, which he did with as much cordiality as he was able to assume, she kissed him, and thanked him for his care and kindness; but even this she did almost solemnly. "Ah! I see how it is to be," said the old rector to his wife. "There are to be no more cakes and ale in the parish." Then his wife reminded him of what he himself had said of the change which would take place in Mr. Saul's ways when he should have a lot of children running about his feet. "Then I can only hope that they'll begin to run about very soon," said the old rector.

To her sister, Mary Fielding, Fanny said little or nothing of her coming marriage, but to Florence, who, as regarded that event, was in the same position as herself, she frequently did express her feelings, declaring how awful to her was the responsibility of the thing she was about to do. "Of course that's quite true," said Florence, "but it doesn't make one doubt that one is right to marry."

"I don't know," said Fanny. "When I think of it, it almost makes me doubt."

"Then, if I were Mr. Saul, I would not let you think of it at all."

"Ah! that shows that you do not understand him. He would be the first to advise me to hesitate if he thought that—that—that—I don't know that I can quite express what I mean." "Under those circumstances Mr. Saul won't think that—that—"

"Oh, Florence, it is too serious for laughing—it is, indeed." Then Florence also hoped that a time might come, and that shortly, in which Mr. Saul might moderate his views, though she did not express herself exactly as the rector had done.

Immediately after this Florence went back to Stratton, in order that she might pass what remained to her of her freedom with her mother and father, and that she might prepare herself for her wedding. The affair with her was so much hurried that she had hardly time to give her mind those considerations which were weighing so heavily

on Fanny's mind. It was felt by all the Burtons, especially by Cecilia, that there was need for extension of their views in regard to millinery, seeing that Florence was to marry the eldest son and heir of a baronet. And old Mrs. Burton was awed almost into acquiescence by the reflections which came upon her when she thought of the breakfast, and of the presence of Sir Henry Clavering. She at once summoned her daughter-in-law from Ramsgate to her assistance, and felt that all her experience, gathered from the wedding breakfasts of so many elder daughters, would hardly carry her through the difficulties of the present occasion.

The two widowed sisters were still at the great house when Sir Henry Clavering, with Harry and Fanny, went to Stratton, but they left it on the following day. The father and son went up together to bid them farewell, on the eve of their departure, and to press upon them, over and over again, the fact that they were still to regard the Claverings of Clavering Park as their nearest relations and friends. The eldest sister simply cried when this was said to her—cried easily with plenteous tears, till the weeds which enveloped her seemed to be damp from the ever-running fountain. Hitherto to weep had been her only refuge; but I think that even this had already becme preferable to her former life. Lady Ongar assured Sir Henry, or Mr. Clavering, as he was still called till after their departure, that she would always remember and accept his kindness. "And you will come to us?" said he. "Certainly; when I can make Hermy come. She will be better when the Summer is here. And then after that, we will think about it." On this occasion she seemed to be quite cheerful herself, and bade Harry farewell with all the frank affection of an old friend.

"I have given up the house in Bolton Street," she said to him.

"And where do you mean to live?"

"Anywhere; just as it may suit Hermy. What difference does it make? We are going to Tenby now, and though Tenby seems to me to have as few attractions as any place I ever knew, I dare say we shall stay there, simply because we shall be there. That consideration weighs most with such old women as we. Good-by, Harry."

"Good-by, Julia. I hope I may yet see you—you and Hermy, happy before long."

"I don't know much about happiness, Harry. There comes a dream of it sometimes—such as you have got now. But I will answer for this—you shall never hear of my being downhearted—at least not on my own account," she added, in a whisper. "Poor Hermy may sometimes drag me down; but I will do my best. And, Harry, tell your wife I shall write to her occasionally—once a year, or something like that, so that she need not be afraid. Good-by, Harry." "Good-by, Julia." And so they parted.

Immediately on her arrival at Tenby, Lady Ongar communicated to Mr. Turnbull her intention of giving back to the Courton family not only the place called Ongar Park, but also the whole of her income with the exception of eight hundred a year, so that in that respect she might be equal to her sister. This brought Mr. Turnbull down to Tenby, and there was interview after interview between the countess and the lawyer. The proposition, however, was made to the Courtons, and was absolutely refused by them. Ongar Park was accepted on behalf of the mother of the present earl; but as regarded the money, the widow of the late earl was assured by the elder surviving brother that no one doubted her right to it, or would be a party to accepting it from her. "Then," said Lady Ongar, "it will accumulate in my hands, and I can leave it as I please in my will."

"As to that, no one can control you," said her brother-in-law, who went to Tenby to see her; "but you must not be angry if I advise you not to make any such resolution. Such hoards never have good results." This good result, however, did come from the effort which the poor broken-spirited woman was making—an intimacy, and at last a close friendship, was formed between her and the relatives of her deceased lord.

And now my story is done. My readers will easily understand what would be the future life of Harry Clavering and his wife after the completion of that tour in Italy and the birth of the heir, the preparations for which made the tour somewhat shorter than Harry had intended. His father, of course, gave up to him the shooting, and the farming of the home farm, and, after a while, the management of the property. Sir Henry preached occasionally—believing himself able to preach much oftener than he did—and usually performed some portion of the morning service. "Oh yes," said Theodore Burton, in answer to some comfortable remark from his wife, "Providence has done very well for Florence. And Providence has done very well for him also; but Providence was making a great mistake when he expected him to earn his bread."

THE END.

Designed by W. J. Hennessy.

AND TURNED SHARPLY AWAY TO HIDE IT.—Page 583.

THE GALAXY.

MARCH 15, 1867.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEAD SCOUT'S ENVOY.

ACE to face with danger in the shape of one man or a dozen, Garrick's blood told. He stepped quietly down among them, laying his hand on the pommel of the leader's saddle, saying:

"There is no need of this hubbub: I am your prisoner. The ladies must pass. I give you my word, they are not responsible for my presence here. They must pass."

A whisper from Rosslyn held the old lady in check.

"A light here, Grier." The young officer stooped from his saddle, while the toll-keeper flashed his lantern over the tall man, wet, in rags, holding himself up by the saddle-bow, his breath coming with laborious rattle through his lungs. He spoke with the sharp, disagreeable tone common to him when with his inferiors.

"The carriage must go on. You have no authority to detain these women, young man."

The officer raised himself again. "Who is this fellow, Friend Blanchard?" turning to the carriage door. "Your boy, Pitt, is here before you. I came to meet you, fearing you had been imposed upon. There is as much chance that he is a Rebel spy as one of our own scouts."

The old lady pulled the leather curtain apart, enough to show her

wrinkled face with a delicate, shrewd smile on it. If it had been her wedding, or her death day, you would have seen, in all probability, the same smile of keen-witted good temper.

"Thee must ask Rosslyn, Charles. It is an estray belonging to her and to Pitt. My *rôle*, I saw, was to be blind and dumb."

The officer's horse moved. Garrick staggered; grew dizzy; the pools of yellow mud at his feet, the night, the faces about him, became unreal as a dream. He stiffened himself, hearing his own voice hoarse and far off as he spoke.

"I am among friends, then?"

"You are within the Federal lines."

"He is no spy," said the cool, careless voice inside of the carriage. "Thee must be a bad judge of stock, Charles."

"What rank do you hold, sir?" Garrick addressed the young officer as he would one of his boys at school, and the young man answered involuntarily, as promptly as if he were one.

"I am Captain Charles Otey, of the Twelfth Kentucky, serving at present on Thomas' staff."

Garrick looked in his face a moment.

"I can trust you, I think. This is a dispatch; it must go to Thomas to-night. I wanted to end my work, but——" While Otey took the bullet from his hand, his head fell against the horse's flank. They crowded about him.

"You are ill?" Otey stooped to loosen his cravat.

"No. They pushed me hard, though; and I have eaten nothing for thirty-six hours."

Grier and the men hustled together, half carrying him into the toll-house. At the door he looked back at Rosslyn.

Otey rode up hurriedly to the carriage, the bullet close in his palm.

"I must push on. I will detail a guard for you, Friend Blanchard. Corporal!" The little red-headed man was all in a tremor of excitement.

"We must look after our estray, Charles; we will stay here," with a quizzical glance backward, pushing open the door. "Thy spy is one of the Page-Randolphs: that nose is unmistakable. Rosslyn carried the witch-hazel as usual, and, as usual, found the ore."

Otey curbed his mare impatiently. "Grier! There are comfortable rooms here: it may be better for you than going further in the rain. But you are mistaken as to the Page-Randolph; I happen to know this dispatch was to be sent by Lieutenant Smalley, one of Schoepf's men."

"Tut, tut, boy! I've detected blood that I knew in the fifth remove. A room for myself and Miss Burley, Mr. Grier, and a cup of coffee. I know your good wife's coffee. And tell Mr. Randolph

I will be glad if he will breakfast with us in the morning, if he is able."

Otey shrugged his shoulders, and galloped off. Miss Burley mentally shrugged hers, and grew hot under her cloak as she followed the old lady's swift, stately steps into the low porch, and stood, afterward, by the fire inside, waiting. To her mind, she had done enough for this man, be he Randolph or Smalley. She wanted to go on, and wash her hands of him.

Ross Burley, every day, was as headlong as her blundering old grandfather in putting out her hands to anybody who was in the mire; whether man, woman, or beast, mattered nothing to her. There was a history in her fresh face. Under all the glamour of its loveliness there was a downright, honest look in it, that said, "What can I do for you? No one can need help as I once did." If she could serve you, her mother wit, the little knowledge for which she had worked so hard, her tender, delicate body, were to her only so much machinery for work. Until you, by some look like that of Garrick's to-night, recognized her beauty as not machinery. That lance rung challenge on her woman's shield; there was not an atom of the soft, tinted flesh in which her soul lay hidden that did not shrink, jealous and indignant, from the taint of homage.

It may have been some subtle remembrance of her father or mother's story that added this morbid pain to her sense of maidenly reserve. Standing now alone in the dull little parlor, she wrapped the cloak nervously closer about her. She caught sight of her face in the bleared mantel glass, and turned sharply away to hide it. Fair or foul, it was not for every man's eye to gloat on; it belonged to herself and ——. As she bent, looking into the fire, a pink flush stole up from her throat over the face; the brown eyes darkened into a dewy splendor; then she suddenly stood upright with a smile, and went forward to the opening door, shutting down out of sight the dream for which she herself had as yet no name.

CHAPTER VII.

IN, AND OUT OF THE CURRENT.

Garrick Randolph woke the next morning, with his face close on the square uncurtained window, behind which a chilly red dawn, unfolding over muddy stubble fields, lay like a picture in a frame. There was a gray horse tied by the steps outside; there were voices in the inn parlor, off which his chamber lay, and a glare of yellow candle-light levelled through the key-hole and under the door. He sprang out of bed, and began to dress, his muscles as supple and eyes as bright as if his night's heavy sleep had been a dip into some healing

water. His money had been strapped in a leather belt under his shirt; with some of it Grier had bought him clean and whole clothes; he dressed himself carefully, so that Otey, who had not looked beyond his arrogance and vagabond wet trousers and rags the night before, stood perplexed when a quiet, heavily-built man, in a decorous suit of brown cheviot, appeared in the parlor. Captain Otey held his hat in his hand; his boots were bespattered with mud; he walked impatiently, as he talked to Friend Blanchard and Miss Burley, up and down the room, in which the two sickly lights of candles and dawn struggled together.

"I have ridden hard, Friend Blanchard," addressing the Quakeress, who sat, her finger-tips crossed over her dove-colored dress. "We march in an hour. But I wished to tell Lieutenant Smalley myself that his name has been forwarded for promotion."

A queer, perplexed smile crept over Garrick's face as he gravely bowed; but his heart gave a sudden throb. He had won this reward, then, for the dead soldier? It was his first live, actual work; he turned this pay for it over in his hand as a boy might his first prize at school; it tasted for a moment like a morsel of sweet manna on his tongue. Then, not hearing Captain Otey's fluent praise of his bravery, but following him with amused, anxious eyes, "I did not expect promotion," he said, with an involuntary gesture, as if he took something in his hand. "It is—cumbersome."

He looked slowly around in his ordinary staid, grave way: the square room fixing itself in his memory, sharp and defined as a photograph; the glimmer of morning, where it had found Rosslyn's head rising out of her blue drapery, and rested there; the lithe, stately figure of the old Quakeress—her clear-cut face, with its white hair, and brilliant, questioning eyes under shaggy black brows, bent forward out of the shadow; then he turned to the little captain, coming up to him. Otey's was a peevish, but trusty face. Garrick put out his hand to detain him.

A voice like the tang, tang of a worn-out guitar broke in: "Now, Lieutenant Smalley is going to tell thee, Charles, that his name is Randolph, and that his mother was a Page."

"Yes. I never heard the name of Lieutenant Smalley until this moment. I found him dead, with his work nearly done; I only finished it. I claim the credit and reward for him; I claim the promotion for him also. You must help me in this matter, Captain Otey. I cannot show myself in the camp where he is known. I trust it to you, if there be any one who cares for him, that they know that he did good service, and died when it was done. I trust to you to keep my secret."

Ross drew a sudden breath, and half rose to her feet; Abigail Blanchard stroked her hands softly together with a fine, subtle smile; the little captain shifted his cap uneasily from one hand to another, looking up perplexed in Garrick's face.

"Impossible, sir, impossible! It is contrary to all usage or law to promote a dead man," dogmatically. "You wish no step for yourself?"

"I am not in the service."

"Well," relaxing his sandy brows as if the matter imported nothing; "it is no affair of mine. When I was a boy, I might have masqueraded also. But I will do what you wish. It is a trifle, and your secret."

"No, Rosslyn, thee need not frown; thee shall not wrong Charles Otey," when he was gone. "There is a gallant soul in the boy's little body, and a brain full of sheer common sense. But—Ach-h! Man cannot live on bread alone;" as she rose and came slowly toward Garrick, a sweet smile on the aged face, and a curious brilliance in the eyes. She stopped in front of him, quite silent for a moment, then held out her hand, saying:

"Last night I thought my old friend, Coyle Randolph, had left a son: now I know it. It is not his face only that I have found again."

Presently they sat down to breakfast together. Garrick was at home now, and possessed his soul in comfort, breathing his native air. His training and habits fitted him keenly to appreciate this woman, whom he had long known by tradition, and knew to have come to her inheritance of beauty and *esprit* in the days of Jefferson and Burr; a *grande dame* in that keen-witted circle, but who was now only white-haired Abigail Blanchard, misplacing her thees and thous with a piquant stateliness. The simple, subtle grace of a fine manner remained, as the delicate aroma with the dead flower. It made the morning air off from the muddy fields, gay, as well as fresh; it brought out all that was heartsome in the fire, the uncertain lights; it gave to the plain little breakfast the zest of a picnic.

He looked at his hands as he broke some bread, wondering if they were the same that had dragged him through the slush and mud yesterday; mud, and frosted feet, and nauseated stomach had sunk out of existence to-day—impossibilities in this world which the light, magic touches of the words of this old artist of society had summoned suddenly about him. She and the grave, beautiful girl opposite to him lived, he soon perceived, in an atmosphere of which he knew nothing. He drew his breath quickly as he gathered hint after hint, from their careless conversation, of what that atmosphere was; differing as widely from the bigoted *bonhommie* of educated Virginian life as Abigail Blanchard—with the keen insight in her liquid, hazel eyes, with the unadorned but faultless pink-tipped hands resting on the folds of her Quaker dress—did from Aunt Laura, generous, fussy and vain, the Page jewels still glittering on her wrinkled breast or fingers; or (and then the professor turned soberly to Rosslyn as to a new problem in equations) as this

girl—with her steady, brown eyes and sensitive mouth—did from the mocking, good-humored young women with whom he was at once contemptuous and awkward.

Garrick's plunge into coarse pain and activity from the heated air of his long seclusion had opened his mental pores, rendered him keenly susceptible to any new enthusiasm. Ross Burley wondered to see the broad-shouldered man who sat drinking cup after cup of strong black coffee, opposite to her, bend forward, his dreamy, blue eyes kindling like a child's at their last mention of their home life, so commonplace to her. But to the women he had known, the reality of life lay in the circuit of their county town: outside of that, the world was but a map; meaningless to them except for their geographies. This girl's education had been different; wherever her home might be, the air in it, he felt, was electric with energy; it was but a focus from which opened fields of work—fields where help was needed. There was no dormant, unused power in her brain; her companions had been men and women who entered the world as thorough-blooded competitors once sprang on the green, springy turf in the grand old games, every natural strength severely trained, every nerve pulsing with keen enjoyment; life itself a stretch before them, of which there was not an inch but should be conquered to yield to them its profit or its honor.

What if he went with them, as Friend Blanchard proposed, gayly? He had cut loose from all ties. Why not enter the service as he had vaguely purposed? She promised him a commission through the influence of her own and his father's friends. If he had a chance to breathe the stirring, vital air in which they had lived, it would be good for him, in soul and body. With all his self-satisfaction, he was uneasily conscious of this.

"It seems to me an altogether feasible plan," she said, as she ended her proposal. "We have been in Louisville for a month. I had business there, and I brought Miss Burley that she might meet a relative in the army. We return to Philadelphia at once. Thee must weigh the matter, and decide, Garrick."

It was natural for Garrick in weighing so grave a matter to remain silent; besides, he had no mind that women should suppose a man altered his whole course of life, unguided by some philosophic monitor within. So he sat, playing with his salt spoon with knitted brows, while they talked to each other, lingering over their cups as women love to do. He began to analyze the causes which had so differently affected society in the South and the North, and then he wondered how long it would take a bar of light, which shot through a knot-hole in the shutter, to disentangle itself from the paly gold of Rosslyn's hair. He waited until it had disentangled itself, then he wondered what blood she had—the Burleighs of Albany? It would need pure birth as well as the influences under which she had lived to

give her delicate head that poise of command, or to bestow the manner simple and *fin*, the like of which he had never seen before. He was a *connoisseur* in address; this bewildered, mastered him. A princess of the blood among her peers might be thus gravely natural and unconscious, but, below the highest rank, women must have an acquired polish, haughty or *gracieuse*, by which to assert themselves; that was the society maxim.

He wondered if she remembered what he owed to her? He would tell her some time when they were alone, that he had not forgotten. But she was going North—in half an hour would be gone. If he remained behind, they never, in all chance, would meet again.

Having spent a long enough time at his deliberation, he looked up with his boyish, frank smile—not at Miss Burley.

"You have prevailed," he said, holding out his hand to the Quakeress. "I will go. Though I would have taken up arms for the Government more readily if they had not invaded my State. But the Page-Randolphs must, as always, be Tories and loyal."

Friend Blanchard smiled, looking at him through half-shut eyes. "Pardon! but to us at the North thy contracted motive seems droll!"

The professor stood erect. "We differ," he said, nettled. "To me the war is a crime—beginning in misconception, and to end in ruin. While to you—"

Her hand moved suddenly, irresolutely, and trembled as she adjusted the artistic bands of white hair about her forehead, but her voice was cool and guarded. "It is something different to us—to Rosslyn and me. At home we watch the regiments march past, day after day, and fancy it is a crusade, on which they go to recover something better than a sepulchre—liberty for the slave."

Randolph laughed, good-naturedly. The eternal, miserable negro! So precisely a woman's puny view, he thought, of a great political subversion!

"You have the Northern idea of slavery," he said, courteously.

"Yes." She unlocked a travelling satchel which lay on the floor, and took out a square bit of paper with a sketchy drawing on it. "This is my idea of it, Garrick." He took it to the window. It was the picture of an office in a Northern city; a candle flared on the desk; through the window shone a harvest moon. Two or three men stood about a packing-box, on the floor, with chisels in their hands, having just opened it. Half of the lid was off. Within lay, bent double, the figure of a negro; an old and white-haired man; dead. There were the marks of the branding-iron on his forehead and back of his neck. The face was sketched with wonderful power; it told the whole history of a man who had starved and toiled to the end of the long voyage, and died in sight of land.

"Trying to escape, eh?" said Garrick, still good-humoredly, with the knowledge of slavery as it really was, typified by Cole and his twenty other fat, lazy negroes at home, to make him forbearing with this slander. "How many such fictions as this are scattered like fire-brands through the land!"

"But this is true," said Ross, in her childlike, earnest way. "There is room there, you see, for another figure. That was I."

"You? You saw this?" Randolph bent over the paper, the color changing on his face. "I am sorry to frame you even in fancy, Miss Burley, in a scene like this. Some Abolition den, doubtless."

"My grandfather's office," she said, simply. "All the fugitives from the underground railroad came there. I can show you the place when you come to Philadelphia," her eyes lighting, as if she spoke of holy ground. "I used to wait, always, thinking they might need a woman's help. And then—I wanted to see them draw their first free breath."

Abigail Blanchard watched, amused, the dumb amazement in Randolph's face. He looked, startled, at the girl from head to foot, a keener sense of her beauty forcing itself on him, and with it, the old Southern type of the Yankee, lank-legged, long-haired, with coat-tail flapping between his legs; the very man they would barrel up in Vicksburg, and "roll into the Mississip, on suspicion of running off niggers."

"I never have seen an Abolitionist like you," dryly.

She drew down her brows a moment, perplexed. "Almost all Northerners, now, are opposed to slavery. But they have not seen it as I have. Why," looking up at him, her voice sinking lower, "negroes have come to that office from every State in the South, in every disguise, in boxes, in bales, alive sometimes—sometimes dead. They have come maimed, scarred; with wounds that"—her face grew white, and her brown eyes dilated with horror. She covered them, shivering. After a while she looked up, forcing a smile. "You will think us fanatics, Mr. Randolph. You know slavery only through your own kind mastership, perhaps. But I have had the ugly fact in my hands—in my hands"—holding them out as if to shake some clinging stain from them.

Garrick only noted the rose flush in their palms, and their nervous, slight grace, smiling to himself at words which, from a man, would have been insult and cant. Beauty, after all, he thought, was that magic ointment in the old story, which made gum seem amber, or coal a diamond. Then he looked closer at the paper.

"You did this?"

"Yes," taking it gently away. "But don't look at it. Slaveholders such as you, are not more in fault than we in the North."

Randolph's thoughts were far off from slaves or slaveholders.

There was the strength, the purpose, the passion of a man in every vigorous stroke of the drawing. He held it a moment, before giving it to her, looking keenly at the pliable mould of the brow, out of which the eyes looked gentle and friendly, at the sweet, merry contour of the mouth. Yet—

"Who knows my work, knows me," he said significantly.

The color, which came and went unceasingly on Ross' face, to show how straight her words came with it from her heart, drew a sudden, hot, angry vail over her bent forehead.

"You are right, no doubt," looking up in her simple, grave manner. "Yet the work is all, I think, which the world has a right to see; or, to judge;" and, folding up the paper, she went directly away.

Randolph stood uneasy, uncertain whether she meant a rebuke or not. He did not see her again, as he and Friend Blanchard determined that it would be better for him to go alone to Louisville. He rode over to Bardstown, therefore, and from thence to Louisville, waiting for them there a couple of days.

He had leisure in that time to settle back into his old costume; rich, brown cloth, fastidiously quiet; with which the rare mud-colored antique on his large white hand, harmonized; he found, too, a couple of bottles of genuine Romano Sherry, and a 1675 edition of Dugdale's "Baronage," in an auction room, both of which he stored away in his trunk, as pleased with his luck as a child.

The city was but a gate then through which the Federal troops were pouring into Kentucky and Tennessee; regiments of muscular lumbermen from Maine: Massachusetts lawyers and doctors, with spare, watchful faces: stolid, honest Pennsylvania Dutch: Iowans, New Yorkers, men from the shores of the great lakes, and from the prairies, with brawny bodies and clear, sensible eyes, swept in endless procession down the streets, or swarmed on the boats which floated down the broad, muddy river. It was his first glimpse into the great seething whirlpool. The tall, broad-backed, fine-coated professor, with his irritable mouth and gentle blue eyes, and his formal, old-fashioned courtesy, was pushed to the curb-stone, or on the quay, by men alien to him in their creed, their past and their future. He began to be dully conscious of a mighty current sweeping by, which sucked in all the forces of the air and of life, while he lay, a bit of weed, on shore. Whether the Page-Randolphs were tories or not did not import so much, after all, perhaps. He blushed a little, too, as he thought of the sherry, and his Dugdale, as he might have done had he been detected in playing with a doll.

Friend Blanchard came at last, and they embarked on an empty steamer going up for troops to Cincinnati.

Ross Burley grew pale and shy when he came near her. It was

only the keen curiosity she felt, however. His manner had a repose in it, an exaggerated deference to women, peculiarly Southern, but new to her; it was the trait of a hero, doubtless. She relished, too, his risking his life for the honor of another man. The men she knew in the war from the North were fighting for an idea. Men generally, after their college days, cared little for each other personally; they kept their softer emotions for women. But Randolph would have died for a stranger. In her secret soul she called him Greatheart, and herself and Friend Blanchard, Mercy and Christiana. She thought how they were going now through that dark valley together, which lies close on the boundaries of hell. She had her old habit of making stories out of all that was about her.

To Randolph, the death about them was not so terrible as the spasm of turmoil. The boat floated up between banks of desolated homesteads, camps, landings heaped with army stores. In the night the red flames of burning dwellings or villages gave a ghastly light over the frozen fields; steamers met them unceasingly, with waving banners, triumphant music, laden to the water's edge with men hurrying to the battle-field; other boats swept silently before them, and in their wake, filled with gaunt-eyed spectres from the fever hospitals, or maimed wrecks of men going home to die. He was in the current, in the endless unrest and action, with no rudder in his hand.

The only point of rest was Rosslyn. He watched her, but seldom spoke. She was as a quiet Summer day in the midst of foul Winter. The invisible circle of respect and homage, too, which Abigail Blanchard's old-school etiquette drew about the young beauty suited his chivalric fancy.

Rosslyn? Rosslyn? The name had a clean, clear ring in it which became her. It annoyed him that Strebling had called some huckster whom he knew by the same. It tainted the word. For Strebling's look, even, to fall on a woman was, in Garrick's mind, to leave a stain upon her.

The days crept on.

Friend Blanchard grew restless. She sat in the mornings on the rounded deck of the boat, watching uneasily Ross' light, blue-clad figure down among the women of the deck passengers, or Garrick, haughtily alone, in his solitary walk up and down the cabin. There was a caustic, sad smile on her face.

"His brain is cobwebbed with as many musty traditions as Dugdale itself," glancing down at the old book on her lap.

Yet what would be the end of shutting up together this man and woman, young, with strong, groping instincts, ambitious purposes? On a boat, too, where the very drifting,—drifting the slow floating out of night into dawn, through day into night, would

subtly suggest a longer and a closer journey? The Quakeress' sincere eyes became wells of anxious trouble. Ross seemed to her always, a child, whose soul she had in keeping.

"What does he know of the girl, except that her eyes are limpid and her hair golden in the sun? There is antipathy between them, in their habits, their birth, in the teaching of every day of their lives. God set them apart, in the hour when He breathed life into their nostrils. If they form a marriage on the basis of golden hair and tender eyes, they will find the truth—when it is too late."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE SURGEON.

"But, my dear Miss Conrad, the man gambles!"

"That is probable."

"There is no such desperate play in Philadelphia as at Doctor Broderip's *petit soupers.*"

"But the suppers?"

Mrs. Ottley shrugged her faded eyebrows. "How should I know? Women are barred out. They are too tame a sauce to season his *ragout.* The suppers are perfection, I dare say; I have the word of the town for it. The town keeps its eyes on him and his doings. That is the reason why I am annoyed that you went to him so openly. If you had employed a third person—me, for instance—"

Miss Conrad placidly buttoned her glove.

"He is a scoffer at all religion; he never enjoys his own bitter wit except when he is sneering at things pure and holy." The lady's little hands were lifted, her little flounces rustled indignantly, and her faded little face reddened. Miss Conrad was adjusting her shawl as if she had not heard her.

"Let me urge you not to go. His turf-horses—"

"Dear Mrs. Ottley, I carried a betting-book to a course when I was but ten years old. If the man have the skill in his fingers for which he has credit, what does it matter to me, after I have used it, whether he throws dice, or tinkles a guitar with them?"

"Oh, nobody questions his skill. It is scarcely two years since he came here from New York, and his operations have been wonderful as miracles; but—" She stopped.

"That is all that I care to know."

"Nothing of the quack either, Mr. Ottley says; he rules himself within the strictest etiquette of the profession. But," she lowered her voice, "what do you say of a man who refuses to practise when the whim seizes him? who will turn away from the bedside of a wretched cripple with a coarse joke about the disease being

the only part worth scrutiny, and that the sooner such candles were snuffed out, the better? Who is he, to give life, or refuse it, according to his prejudice?"

Miss Conrad, as usual, was imperturbable.

"The man, as a man, is nothing to me. I have put great hopes in him as an oculist. It is so long since this film has been growing in Mr. Conrad's eyes—we have tried so many different physicians—I had hoped that this Doctor Broderip—"

Mrs. Ottley leaned forward, surprised and curious, from her sofa. She fancied that Margaret's face grew paler, talking of her father, and emotion might as soon be looked for in a machine of wood.

"Dear child! dear child! I can understand what a loss it is to you both! Though your father is no longer a young man, it is time to look for the decay of his faculties. Let me see! Mr. Ottley first knew your father in '39. What a mercy, my dear girl, by the way, that Mr. Conrad never married again?"

Miss Conrad's gray eyes were cool and on guard, though they never turned toward her hostess.

"How can I tell that?" with a dogged simplicity.

The lady changed her ground quickly, recovering herself with ease, finding her foot upon her native heath of gossip.

"Mr. Ottley could tell you tales of Doctor Broderip's extortion, if he pleased. There is a great outcry of praise about his free hospitals, but his wealthy patients pay for them, I can assure you. I have heard Mr. Ottley himself tell him that his hands were as merciless as the devil's, when he had a fat fowl to pluck. That was only a man's way of talking, you know, my dear. But he only returned one of his grim, cunning smiles. His look quite makes me shudder. I always think—what if I were lying mangled, fastened to a board, with that little, hard, cruel face over me, and a knife in his hand. Did not it quite make you shudder, Miss Conrad?"

Margaret paused a moment, thinking. "I believe that I do not remember his face at all," she said, slowly. "Our interview was very short. There was an ante-room full of patients waiting, and I was not thinking of his looks. I was anxious—"

Again the sudden stop, and this time Mrs. Ottley saw her put her hand up to her throat. She spoke to her, but Margaret did not answer.

The little lady fluttered to her fernery in the window, turning her back that she might not see the girl's distress. "Poor child!" she said, under her breath.

"It is so long since his sight left him," Miss Conrad said, controlling her voice. "And I feel as if to-day would be the decisive end of it all. It will all be decided to-day."

Mrs. Ottley, looking back at her furtively, saw her head bent, and her eyes fixed on the floor.

"I had not thought, Margaret," she said, gently, "how much this man's opinion would matter to you, or I would not have retailed the town gossip about him."

"Yes, it does matter. One physician after another has referred us to him as the highest authority on that peculiar disease; and whatever his sentence may be, I will accept it as final. If we could have come to him sooner— But Mr. Conrad had heard the stories you tell of his extortion. That was why the meeting between them had to be managed, even now, by a trick."

"I understand."

Miss Conrad looked at her watch. "We shall be late," she said, going to the door opening into the little breakfast room where lunch was spread. Her father, who had no mind to be cheated out of old habits, always made his dinner of that meal. He was munching his last bit of cheese, and talking vigorously and loudly to Mr. Ottley, who sat playing with his fork, and laughing. The two men were excellent chums together. They had been boys in a surveyor's corps together on the western frontier, and had an inexhaustible fund of stories in common about Indian hunts, and mounds, and tricks. They had just finished recalling one of these reminiscences of unusually strong flavor, when Margaret came in, and stood with her hand on the back of her father's chair.

"Mr. Conrad will be late," with a significant look to her host. "Come, Hugh, dear."

"Yes, Meg, yes. Well, well!" with a gruff, racy chuckle, "I never heard that story before, Ottley. But them Chippewas were genooine snakes, to be sure! I've had considerable insight into human nature, and I always said, 'For sheer deviltry, give me a red-skin; for apple-jack or deviltry, give me a red-skin.'"

"It is half education," said Mr. Ottley, laying down his napkin.

"Well—yes. Now there's yourself," leaning on his elbows on the table, his coarse, high-featured face twinkling with humor. "There never was two gawkier boys than you and me, Brooks; we was rough-conditioned throughout. I often think what thirty years has done to us. Here are you; you've got a dumpling, contented little body in a snugly-feathered nest, and all that you've learned in these thirty years is packed safe in your brain, and looking out of them keen, little black eyes of yours; you've got your operas, and your old portraits, and your marbles. And here am I. Now them saplins was alike, Ottley, in peth and rind. It's the sile that has altered them—it's only the sile."

"It was a strong, marly soil, then, that gave you your pith, Hugh," said Ottley, suddenly, with an admiring look at the old man's rough-hewn face. Margaret nodded over her father's head to him, quick and pleased, a blush coming up through her thick, white skin, which no lover's words had ever been able to stir there.

But the old Methodist, fluent enough to talk of others, was modest as a girl about himself.

"Yes, I'm tough," dryly. "We're a long-lived stock. There was my father and his four brothers, now. They lived until the sap dried up in them; they used to 'mind me of wood hardened into iron, them men. As for their opinions—well, the idees they got from their mother along with their bones, them they died with, unaltered. I couldn't fancy them men mouldering, even in their coffins."

"I shouldn't call you an obstinate man, Conrad," as they pushed their chairs back, and got up.

"I don't know. My mother's blood might tell in me. The Randalls were all loose-j'inted. But Meg here, now, she's her grandfather through and through. Meg's pethy."

She began to adjust the wisps of gray hair on either side of his face, and retied his cravat, managing to reach it with ease, as she was a tall woman, and he, short and broadly built.

"She's putting on the halter, you see, Brooks. I intended to go down to court with you, but she has heard of a bidder for that tract near Dubuque, and made an appointment for me with him this afternoon."

Mr. Ottley's fat, good-humored face grew anxious.

"I must hear the result, Miss Conrad," meaningly. "You will come back?"

"Yes."

"It is a matter of no moment. I don't care to sell. Eh! What are you doing, child?" as she drew off the spectacles that concealed his half-closed eyes, and put them in their case.

"I like it best so, Hugh. Let me have my way."

His whole face had contracted painfully. "You shall have your way, Margaret, always. But I wanted them hid; I did not wish to be an object of loathing to the passers-by," in an undertone. She turned sharply, and laid the palms of her hands on the sightless eyes. This very slight gesture from the stoical woman touched Ottley to the heart: it was as if she gathered the rough, helpless man into her very soul; put herself forever between him and all hurt. Conrad noticed it only by a change in color.

"You must not go out to your little lodge, to-night," urged Ottley. "There are two or three men coming to dine with us whom I wish you to meet, Conrad," thinking that they might relish, as he did, the old preacher's stories, as they would a mouthful of heavy tart cider among dry, light wines.

Conrad hesitated. "No, Brooks, I think not. I don't meet strangers as I used. I'm suspicious or peevish, as I was with Meg just now. It's this," touching his eyes with thumb and finger. "You can't understand, Ottley, what it is to have one of your

senses gone—how it galls. It puts me in mind of a trick we had out in the backwoods, of leaning a hickory twig loosely against a pine. The big tree always began to rot from that little pint. I just fancy old Death now leaning out of the other place with his staff touchin the one spot in my body. He's entered an appearance, eh? as you lawyers would put it," with a chuckle.

"I would not nurse such morbid fancies," said Ottley, as they shook hands.

"Morbid? As weak as a hysteric, sickly woman's! I know it." He heard Mrs. Ottley's dress rustle, and went forward to bid her good-by, standing in the doorway with his felt hat in both his hands, as she talked to him. Even with his eyes closed, the high-cheek bones, and curve of the strong jaws gave to his pale face the sagacity and keenness of a watch-dog's. He was a favorite with the little lady, as with all women: there was a quizzical gentleness in his manner to them as if they were little children. The truth is, they were so to him; all women, alike; beautiful, and innocent as children.

"You are going to consult Doctor Broderip?" she asked, in spite of her husband's frowns and nods.

"No, madam, I fear not. I thought of it. But I cannot afford to waste them few dollars I'd laid by for Meg, now that I can't work to replace them. It was the last chance. But it was only a chance, after all."

"Well, good-by, and God bless you!" said Ottley, hurrying them away from his wife out to the carriage in waiting.

"Good-by," said Mrs. Ottley. The God-bless-you stuck in her throat: it was a thin throat, covered with frippery, not used to weighty utterances: but she meant it.

Mr. Conrad gave himself up to a nap when they were seated, bidding Margaret waken him before they came to the house. She sat looking out at the houses and people on the sidewalks, remembering how her father had planned this journey for them both since she was a child. She could remember sitting on his knee by the hour to hear him tell of the adventures which were to befall them, when they came East, to the great cities. The thronged streets, the windows heaped with jewels and sheeny silks, the glitter of the fountains, the music, the trained birds, spangled Harlequin and Columbine: he had crowded them all together to make an actual fairy land for her.

They were here now, and the fairy land had resolved itself into the dull platitudes of the streets of this overgrown village; into one dreary surgeon's ante-room after another, where she sat, while his eyes had been burned and lanced, rousing no trace of pain on his sallow, set face.

He asked no questions about the new scenes around him; his

jokes, his anecdotes bore, unusually, the peculiar flavor of his camping-grounds out West; she fancied that some unexpressed feeling growing out of his blindness kept him silent; for, but a year or two ago, he had come back from a week's visit to Ottley exhilarated as a boy, with the suggestive life and ideas into which he had been plunged; sorting and combating them with his own. Every new sight or word had been like a nut then kept for him to crack and enjoy during the Winter that followed, in the evenings with Margaret, bringing some kernel of sound common sense out of each.

But, on this visit, he left his boarding-house only for the surgeon's room; listened in silence, if Margaret spoke, which she rarely did, of the concerts or picture galleries to which they took her; avoided as much as was compatible with his old-fashioned courtesy, the invitations of Mr. Ottley or his set.

Now, all this was not natural to his wholesome, hearty temperament: she knew that. What if Death had touched him in the loss of that one sense? "The big tree began to rot from that little point." She had noted those words, to-day, echoing an older fear.

As soon as this fancy first came to her, about three weeks before, she had gone to actual driving work, according to her habit; had induced him to rent a small farm on the railroad running through the valley of the Schuylkill. She had suggested to him how much might be done among the colliers near by; brought him in contact with some members of the Conference. He had pricked his ears like a war-horse scenting the battle; it was hardly a month ago, but already he had established prayer meetings, a class, Sunday visitations to the jail and alms-house, and a promising quarrel with John Berkett, who was Presiding Elder, on the question of personal sanctification. So far as revivals went, Mr. Conrad was a Methodist of the Methodists. He had taken Ottley to one on the last Sunday, and while the lawyer's half closed black eyes surveyed the audience, hiding a polite sneer, Conrad had listened to the mingled prayers, hymns, and screams with a grim, sympathetic smile.

The farm, too, filled their hands with work, though they only intended to occupy it for one year: there was a basket of new tools, and papers of seeds in the bottom of the hack now.

Farm, and alms-houses and desultory preaching, however, were but makeshifts for his old active life with the people of his bishopric, as he called the bounds of his itinerancy; where for forty years he had lived among them as stock-raiser and preacher: there was not a child in the circuit who did not know his keen, sallow face. A poor makeshift: she knew that, as he did.

It began to rain as they drove over the cobble stones; the shops took in their cheerful, gaudy drapery and the gas began to shine from their dingy recesses, the gutters splashed mud, the drops fell like dull weeping on the carriage windows and ran, trickling, down.

Margaret Conrad bent forward, her elbow on her knee, her steady gray eyes looking up at the sleeping man beside her. Her brain was crowded full of plans, hurrying eagerly forward, to fill up the gap in his life, if this last chance failed. She could so stand between him and the world, that he would never know the loss of his sight. She never over or undervalued herself, but she felt her own full strength, to-day, in will, in the very tension of her powerful muscles: she believed if Death himself were coming to this old man beside her, she could hold him back, keep him off. There was no emotion in her face: the pulses in her thick, white throat, and firm wrist were even and full, but she stooped until her face rubbed on the brawny, hairy hand flattened on his knee, thinking of the years when she had gone to sleep every night, hugging it, in her little crib. It was the caress of a dog or some animal, dumb until death to utter its love.

They turned into Broad street; in the northern part of which Doctor Broderip lived. She looked out at the steep manufactories swarming with human life, at the gaping dépôts, the rushing trains sweeping to and fro within: then the great boulevard opened beyond between a phalanx of stately dwellings, differing from the dull rank and file of Philadelphia houses, in that each looked down into the broad, miry street with a separate, independent life of its own, often full of suggestive beauty in color and outline. But the wide road, and rows of leafless trees and dwellings were but faintly sketched through the wet Indian-inky air, as a half-faded photograph.

She saw, at the end of a square, the heavy brown house of the surgeon, surrounded by wide gardens, stables, hot-houses; in half an hour she would know all: her father's life and her own would be mapped out. Any other woman would have shivered from cold, and, perhaps, begun to cry. Miss Conrad sat erect, and touched her father's shoulder to waken him. Something in his face when sleeping would have told you that he was blind: he suffered nothing to betray it when awake. She paused, thinking how many people thought he was callous to his loss. She knew the keen zest for physical life in every nerve and bone of him: she knew what a savage wrench of pain the loss had cost him, conceal it under what good-humored joke he would. He was an Indian in stoicism; but he was an Indian in his relish for the use of sight and smell, and palate, also, to tell it all. The blood of his youth had been rank and violent, she had heard; there was no decay in him now. He had nearly reached the age when life is ordinarily a burden: but he could preach his three sermons a week, walk his ten miles, and saw a load of wood with any man. The boys who served under him (for he had gone out under the first year's call), boasted that he had the nose of a pointer, and the eye of a hawk: in his Confer-

ence he was put forward as their most powerful, resolute debater; "one of God's own bull-dogs" they called him.

She remembered all this, suddenly, when she wakened him, and he started up pulling his hat over his eyes, instead of turning to the light. It never before came to her so clearly, all that it had cost him to sit down in the middle of his journey, forever in the dark, with hands and feet tied.

There was a crowd of liveried coachmen about the iron railings in front of the garden; the carriages waited, empty, in the street; their hack stopped, and Miss Conrad led her father up the narrow walk.

The ante-room into which they passed out of the mud and rain, opened to them like a bit of Summer; the light came warm and tinted through stained windows on the snowy India matting and light cane furniture; there were ivy and orchidæ drooping from the delicate panelling on the walls, feathery mosses trailing over the windows; one side of the room opened through sliding doors into a conservatory, where beds rose over beds of field grasses and brilliant flowers. A bright-eyed, graceful dog lay dozing on a crimson mat, some birds chirped and pecked at a plate of fruit, the very atmosphere was bright and perfumed as with a gale of health. Inside was a larger apartment in which half-a-dozen women, apparently attendants upon patients, waited. Beyond, extending through the entire left wing of the building, were the private operating rooms; the doors between them were, however, jealously closed.

Mr. Conrad turned his head quickly from side to side. "It is like a June day. That is the twit of a finch, do you hear, Meg? There are sweet peas and vernal grass; we have no such smell in our western fields. What kind of man is this bidder of yours? Where is the dog?" sharply, without waiting for an answer, turning his face, pointer-like, as his keen scent stood in lieu of sight to him.

"Here!" holding out his hand, which the dog instantly obeyed. "It's a thoroughbred pointer," passing his hand over its jaws.

Miss Conrad answered at random. She was listening to the carriages, as after slow delay, they rolled away one by one, the group in the waiting-room growing gradually less.

They were all gone at last. The afternoon had crept on toward evening. Her father sat silent, playing with the dog. She could perceive the gathering twilight and storm without by the heavier shadows through the artificial bloom and heat; a door at last—from one of the furthest operating rooms—opened, and the small, insignificant figure of a man in gray entered and came quickly toward them.

He bowed to Miss Conrad, and seated himself in front of her father, dexterously contriving that the light should fall directly on the old man's half-shut, unsheltered eyes.

"I have detained you tediously; I beg pardon," in a sharp, business-like tone. "But our little matter does not require long consideration. I have invested largely, heretofore, in Western lands, and always with success. What is this tract you have to sell?"

"I reckon you've bought on speculation, before?" leisurely leaning back with his thumbs in his waistcoat sleeve-holes. "Mining or oil claims, it's probable?"

"Yes."

"Then mine will not suit you," gruffly. "It is only arable land. I hold it at its maximum value. I'll not deceive you. I kept it only for my horses."

The surgeon had been bending slightly forward, his light, hazel eyes fixed on the sightless ones before him; but he sat up at this, saying, dogmatically,

"Unless your horses were mere roadsters, that herbage was too succulent. Any turf horse would grow flabby on it."

"For turf horses, I grant you," said Conrad, eagerly. "But I would use that Western grass as I would the warm blood of the Justin Morgans—to temper cold, roomy Canadian or Norman breeds, eh?"

"Morgan?" with a sneer. "A second-rate, doubtful strain of blood, do what you will with it. It is in keeping with the American character—this outcry for its inferior flash merit. It is driving all thoroughbreds to the wall."

"I know it, sir! I know it!" eagerly. "But what can I do? Time was, that my word carried weight in any training-ground in Kentucky; but I'm only on the circuit now, and—" He half raised his hand to his eyes, and let it fall. "Besides, in Ohio, where I live, and Iowa, except some drops of old Sir Archy's blood, the stables are in a poor condition."

"Kentucky? There was a horse in Kentucky in '55—Henry Perritt—"

"A three-year old! I know! Beat Lexington's time in a two-mile heat. Well, sir, he was ridden to death on the Metairie course. I owned a colt myself—one of the Timoleon stock—that promised as fair as Perritt, but he was lamed in the cars."

"Uninsured?"

"Yes. But it was not the money loss I cared for," his face flushing purple. "I was a small better; but to see them two creeturs of mine—that was as dear to me then as Meg is now—come in, winners, to the starting post, their eyes flashing, their nerves quivering! It's worth livin' for—a minit like that!"

"I have some stock I'd like to show you," said the surgeon, rising suddenly. "There are very few men that I admit to my stables, but—"

Conrad got up eagerly. "You may trust me, sir, you may trust me," with a quick, cordial laugh. "I'm more akin to the hosses than to most men I see. My hat, Margaret, my hat!"

The little surgeon buttoned his long-skirted gray coat about his spare figure, while Miss Conrad, laying her muff aside, brought his hickory stick and hat to her father. He thrust the gloves which were in the crown into his pocket, muttering something about "rubbish," then, striking his palms together,

"Well, sir, well! I'm ready! I've not seen a decent bit of horse-flesh since I came here. They say there are some pretty trotters down on the Point Breeze course, but my eyes are in my finger-ends now. I must touch them to know. How far is it?"

"But a step, and under cover."

Miss Conrad for the first time was scanning the celebrated surgeon with her opaque, gray eyes as he stood drawing a flesh-colored pair of gloves on his delicate hands. It was an insignificant, slight-featured face. "Cruel and hard?" She could hardly call it that, and yet— The confusing, hazel eyes suddenly turned on her; she was doubly perplexed.

Whatever he might be outside of his stables, so far as they were concerned, he was eager and childish as her father, she saw. The two men had struck fire on one point of contact; both their faces were heated.

"You will not find it dull to wait for us here?" Doctor Broderip said, gravely bowing to Margaret.

"Meg could not go with us?" ventured the old man.

"I would prefer she should not."

He gave no reason, and the tone was peevish and sharp.

"Surely! surely! But she's a capital eye for a horse, Meg has," as they went out through the conservatory. "She finds more music in the neigh of one than in all your opera tin-tink-ling."

There was a small door at the back of the conservatory, leading into a narrow passage which ended in the stables. The surgeon paused at the entrance. Old Conrad had pulled out a thick cigar and was proceeding to light it. Broderip touched it impatiently with his finger. "Not until we are clear of the stables, if you please. My house is at your service to smoke in, but the horses do not like it."

Conrad laughed, good humoredly. "You've the right feeling for them—the right feeling. You never use tobacco, I know," turning suddenly.

"No. How did you know it?"

"Well, now," said Conrad, crumbling his cigar and letting it fall, "it *was* curous how I knowed that. It was by my hearing. I knowed that by your voice."

Broderip made no reply. He stood with the key fitted in the

lock, looking back over his shoulder, the anxious, irritable look on his face with which a sensitive woman sees a finger laid on the habits or whims behind which she hides.

"I knowed it by your voice," in his lazy, amused tone. "It's a pecoolar voice, did you know?" turning his sagacious, blind face down toward the smaller man. "The minit you spoke I noticed it. It's sharp and wiry, but there's a deal hid under that—I wouldn't like to say what. I never heerd but one like it. When you came in to-night I said to myself—that's John Pritchard's double."

"What sort of man was my double?" the key turning in the lock.

"If you can imagine a feller miserably poor, with an inordinate hungry brain, and the nerves and longings of a woman, and no self-confidence to cover them, going about, stung and bruised at every turn, cut to the quick by every chance word—"

"Enough! enough!" laughed the surgeon. "Your spectre is ghastly. My ghost even would have a heartier look, I fancy. Here are the horses."

"But tobacco affects you as it did him, I'll wager," insisted Conrad, doggedly. "He dared not use any stimulant; it was like setting fire to veins filled with spirit."

"What became of Pritchard?" said the surgeon, carelessly, as with his hand on the old man's elbow he guided him between the stalls.

"Of John, eh? John? Well, now, do you know, the feeling on me is so strong of your likeness to him that I'd rather not tell you the end of that man. I'm a superstitious old fogy, maybe; but it would be like holding up a picture of your own death, it seems to me."

"As you will," laughing again; but the heartiness had gone out of the laugh. "Here are the horses."

It needed but a moment to drive all superstitious fancies from old Conrad's brain. The stables were high and wide, daintily kept as a lady's boudoir. There were trifles, showing a jealous care for the comfort of the animals, such as many men do not give to their wives.

Mr. Conrad had his coat collar thrown back—his shirt sleeves pushed up, and was passing his hands rapidly over the horses, giving vent at intervals to grunts of doubt or pleasure.

"Bay, this filly is, eh? How about the color of the legs? I put a good deal of stress on the color of the legs. Blazed with white? Bad! bad!"

"Now, this," said the surgeon, bringing him to a stall set apart, in which stood a chestnut colt, "this colt I bought last June. It belonged to one of the Petries, of Louisiana. The fellow thought

that its cannon-bone was injured," with a chuckle. "He gave half a dozen likely negroes for it two months before. That colt cost me, sir, just one-third of its value." The repeated derisive chuckle was distasteful to the old preacher's coarse-grained sense of honor: he pulled his hat on roughly, but said nothing. "I've his pedigree back to the Byerly Turk. Feel his back," triumphantly pointing to a protuberance behind the shoulders.

"It's the Bedford hump!" exclaimed Conrad, his annoyance forgotten. "Eclipse and Black Maria had it. Ah, ah! This is the breed, sir!" and then followed the usual jargon of clean withers, keen muzzle, broad bellows room, etc.

"So, so, my beauty!. A nutty brown, hey? There's no coarse hairs here," sliding a critical finger down the back-bone. "Satiny and cool. I'll wager, now, that colt has an eye in his head as brilliant and innocent as any woman's."

The surgeon drew the silky, thin mane through his fingers once or twice, then he led the colt back into its stall. "As a woman's? I'd be sorry if his ideas were not cleaner and honester than women's —as I know them. I saw one woman, lately," after a pause, as he adjusted a loose bed of straw, near to the horse, "who put me in mind of Prince Hal, here: I never saw but the one. She might be vicious in temper, but she was as sensitive, as honest, and as game; as loyal, too," joining Conrad, and keeping his eye fixed on his face to see the effect of his words. "If that woman once cared for a man she would run her race, without wincing, to serve his interest or pride, until she fell dead under the spur, as a thoroughbred will do."

"I could almost think I knew the woman you mean," said Conrad, carelessly. "Shall we go in? I'm obleeged to you," touching his hat with his old-fashioned politeness, "for showing me that colt. A new horse is like a new friend to me. Why, sir, I've a mare that I ride on circuit at home, and do you know, that from the day my sight left me, that creetur approached me differently? She knowed. When I can see again, I think I'll tell the good news first to old Jin; after Meg."

The surgeon had stopped, leaning against the wall, playing with a halter that hung there; he looked in a furtive, side-long way at the old man, a queer, half-subdued emotion on his face.

"Mr. Conrad," he said, with a sudden change in his voice, "I did not bring you here to look at the horses, altogether; I had another matter to talk of; a secret, in fact, not of my own, but your daughter's." He hurried on without noticing the old man's startled exclamation.

"I am a surgeon, brought necessarily in contact with the diseased, in temperament, as well as body, and I have made it a rule to shun all secrecy or deception with patients: as I would a diet of false stimulants. 'Blunt words and sharp knives,' I tell my pupils."

Conrad was silent a moment, turning his hat in a perplexed, uncertain way. "A surgeon, eh? That's a good rule for a surgeon or any man. But Meg? I don't comprehend you."

"My name is Broderip."

"Broderip? And a surgeon!"

"Yes."

"I understand," with a change of color, pulling his gray whiskers, uncertainly. "Margaret consulted you?"

"About two weeks ago she called on me."

"Poor Meg!" still stroking the bushy beard. The heat had gone out of his pale, high-featured face, and he kept the diseased eyes tightly shut. "Poor Meg," he said again, with a short, uneasy laugh.

"It is just two weeks since Miss Conrad first came to me," said Doctor Broderip, in the same subdued voice, still playing idly with the halter, and looking at it. "She came in the morning, early in the morning—I always take note of the hour when I first meet a person; it has its meaning—it has its meaning."

"Eh? I beg pardon," anxiously. "You speak low."

The surgeon looked up. "Your daughter gave me," in a suddenly sharp, business-like tone, "a clear diagnosis of the case—remarkably clear for a woman; she told me that you had refused to consult me, because—"

Conrad turned quickly. "You need not hesitate. I had not the means. Poverty is no disgrace."

The little man shrugged his narrow shoulders, and made a grimace, but Conrad saw neither. If Broderip's greedy extortion when a rich patient fell into his clutches, was as surely reckoned on in the city, as the skill and keenness of his scalpel, it was a trait of which he evidently was not ashamed.

"Miss Conrad's suggestion," he resumed, "was, that I should see you under cover of some assumed business, and so decide upon the chance of relief. I saw you to-day at her desire."

"My girl did not know, Doctor Broderip," standing stiff as a corporal, "the favor she asked, when she planned an opinion from you, clandestine-like. She's fond of her father beyond the common; and she don't stop for anything where he's concerned. We've been intimate, Meg and me, as if she was a young man. I'm obleeged that you humored her, Doctor Broderip."

"I humored her—yes," with an odd smile.

There was a long silence after this. The old man drew himself erect, his broad shoulders growing heavy to him, his hands clasped behind him, his face straight forward—like a grenadier waiting for the death shot or pardon.

Broderip, hearing his heavy breathing, lifted his sallow little face slowly from the strip of leather which he lazily twisted in

coils at his feet, a half-pitiful smile on his thin lips; he watched the old man turn toward him restlessly again and again, but he did not speak.

"You have decided on my case, then?" said Conrad, at last, in a guttural voice.

"It needed but a glance to do that, Mr. Conrad," in as gentle and tender a tone as he would use to a child.

The old man did not speak for a moment. "You have—there's no chance for me?"

"None."

Conrad turned, and suddenly walked down the stable between the stalls to a narrow window. He put out one groping hand, holding it straight before him, and stood motionless there, his back toward Broderip, who looked compassionately after him for a moment, and then hung the bridle up, carefully polishing an embossed bit of silver with his glove. He waited patiently till the old man came back, his face composed, but pale, speaking in an exaggerated, loud tone. Broderip's, on the contrary, was curiously gentle.

"There's a sharp wind outside. It yells like as if 'twas off sea."

"Yes."

"Does Meg know of the end of it?"

"No. How could she?"

"Sure enough. I wonder what—what she'll say? There's a long road for her and me to travel together now."

Doctor Broderip hesitated. "What if you spared her for a little while longer? A woman can bear any pain if you give her time for breath. Let me treat for a short time with you for your land—"

Conrad threw out his hand. "No; I couldn't act it out. Let me go home now. I'll tell her when I've had a minit to think it over. And then we'll never speak of it agin. That's the way with Meg when anything hurts her."

He walked past the little man to the door, and then recollecting himself, turned with a cordial smile, holding out his hand. "I'm a rude old hoosier. Another time I'll thank you for your hospitality, and—"

Broderip interrupted him, with a slight color marked in his sallow cheek. "There was one matter, part of Miss Conrad's plan, which I should mention," hesitating.

Conrad turned, attentive.

"She spoke," said the surgeon, with an amused laugh, "of a fee. I think she had some dread of my claims in that particular. She had an idea of making over some property of her own unknown to you."

Conrad rubbed his hands softly together, but did not speak.

"There is no fee, now. No!" lifting his hand with the irritated

pettishness of a child. "There was no cure. That is my rule. Do not interrupt me, if you please. But when your daughter left my ante-room, she dropped an ornament that she wore, a peculiar little bracelet. I have it here." He held something in his hand as he spoke, glancing at it furtively. "It suited the hour in the morning at which she came, it suited her, or my idea about her, and her errand. I would like to beg it of her. It did so fit in with my whim of the moment when I saw her, that it would be of more absolute value to me than that land of hers in Kentucky. I am full of whims," with a boyish laugh.

Conrad's shrewd face was bent toward him with as keen a scrutiny on it as though he yet could see.

"I understand you. You don't want to leave the obligation on us. It's a delicate thing to do—that."

"You do me more than justice. It is a pretty toy"—turning it over and over in his hand, abstractedly.

It might have been a charm, by the curious change which it worked on his pale, insignificant face. It grew, slowly, fine-nerved and wistful as a woman's, the protruding forehead lowered, a rare, subtle intellect looked out of the hazel eyes, which were usually but a shining, confusing mask; the mouth moved, irritable and tender.

"Keep the bracelet, surely," said Conrad. "Poor Meg has no jewels, but it may remind you of the time when the way in which you gave a favor was kinder than the kindness itself. I'll reckelect it after you do, I know."

"I'll beg it of her when I know her better. It's a delicate little toy," said Broderip again, letting it drop slowly over his fingers, in the twilight, the curious smile deepening, and driving the habitual lower from his face.

The bauble was but a string of rose-colored shells, linked with gold, but as they caught the dull light, they broke and increased it in their delicate pink curves a thousand times, until Broderip coiled up the chain carefully as though it were one of the old talismans of the genii which for him who possessed it would turn all things to gold.

A LITERARY COUPLE.

MY name is Pamela—Pamela Penfeather. I am literary. So is my husband. He writes for the "Indian Chronicle," and a sprinkling of other periodicals; and I contribute to the "Weekly Dolphin;" sandwiching a book here and there, in the intervals, as my Celtic cook and Penfeather's shirt-buttons permit.

My gift is inherited—my father was an editor. I came into the world wrapped in a proof-sheet. When I was no taller than an editor's table, I used to paste newspapers in their envelopes for the mail. When proof-readers were scarce, I read the proofs. Older, when contributors were wanting, or exorbitant in their demands, I furnished articles. When letters or MSS. of awful chirography came, I translated the heathenish characters. With the eye of an eagle, I ran over a pile of exchanges as high as my head, and pounced upon anything that concerned "our office." I mention these little items, to show you my qualifications for a literary man's wife. Also, that you may understand why I did not, when I married, bury myself in Penfeather's shirt-fronts, or crush myself under his household gridiron. On the contrary, I remarked to him on our wedding day, "Penfeather, although matrimonially we are one, literarily we are two. Marrying me, you didn't marry my pen. That is going still to wag on in single blessedness. Your divine afflatus is one thing; mine is another." This was agreed upon in that halcyon hour.

But you know what man is, and what his promises are. If you don't, I hope you never may. It was not long before Penfeather came nosing round my writing desk, which, I trust to goodness, is not so dusty as he insists on keeping his; and peeping over my conjugal shoulder, which you will agree was treating me more like a wife than an individual, remarked: "Pamela, I wish you would leave out that sentence;" pointing to my most cherished idea, with his inky forefinger, "I don't agree with you at all." "Well," replied I, "I didn't expect you would when I wrote it; but what of that?" "Only, that if you can't leave it out, I wish you would put it differently; it will ruin your article."

"Penfeather," said I, rising and sitting down on his lap, to make sure of him till I got through, "Penfeather, have you forgotten our agreement? And do you recollect a day or two since, when in your 'Indian Chronicle' article, you were running your reckless pen tilt against your bread and butter, and I reminded you of that, and that you would bring a hornet's nest about your ears from the faithful beside, did you obliterate a single pen-track? Not a bit

of it. It stood all the same as if I had not spoken. Now that's just what I am going to do. And when the storm comes, I shall stand and take it like a woman; and you need not consider it necessary to be on hand with your umbrella." Whereat Penfeather shook his head, which he combs once a week with his five fingers, and went back to his pen and his pipe for solace.

Thank goodness, my inspiration is not derived from tobacco. No. Coffee both smells and tastes better. You may know the window of my room by the morning papers that I hang out to air, from his polluting touch, before I can read them. Not that many newspapers would not be better for airing, anyhow; but that is too vast a subject for one article. When I edit a paper I will either refuse to insert smutty advertisements, or I will *not* refuse to insert a dignified, properly expressed article on "Magdalen Asylums," and "Homes for the Friendless." My ideas of contamination to the family circle may be peculiar, but, as the woman said of her hideous babies, they are *mine*.

I would not advise any woman to marry a literary husband. Mine never hears when I speak to him. He is always hatching out "an article." I was a long while finding out this, as he had a way of assenting to my remarks with a gratified nod of the head. One day it struck me, in regarding his physiognomy, that the intensity of his gaze was uncalled for, and that it was unnatural for any husband to agree so uniformly with his wife. So I sprang a trap for him by asking him his opinion on one particular point upon which I had touched in my discourse. A guilty blush overspread his hypocritical face as he stammered out, "I am afraid, Pamela, I didn't quite catch what you have been saying." My reply was womanly and wifely, and to this effect: that next time he *would* catch it!

If you knew what a trial Penfeather is to me in the marketing line! He will insist upon going himself, and such a mess as he makes of it! If the butcher pleads with him to buy the whole of a very superior sheep, he does it, rather than spend time to tell him that our family is small and hate mutton. Then the butcher, with professional keenness, perceiving Penfeather's weakness, puts off hollow-hearted potatoes and apples upon him, and persuades him to buy cabbages, which I had rather go without till I die, than smell while cooking. Then he pays for high-priced butter, and they send home low-priced; and when I go to him about it, he tosses his arms wildly above his head, and begs me to eat it, for the love I bear him, and for the sake of his "Indian Chronicle" article; the last agonizing sentence of which he is in pain with, and knows not the hour of deliverance. Then, when, with a sweetness of disposition unparalleled in the annals of wifedom, I agree to this, Penfeather, in total obliviousness of my magnanimity, will ask me, before some

visitor, at the next meal, if I call that good butter? And when I kick his stupid literary leg under the table, as I try to converse with increased animation, he says, "Dear, why did you kick my foot?" Of course I sweetly but flatly deny that I did anything of the sort.

Whenever we talk to each other, we always preface our remarks by saying, Now, Pamela, or, Now, Penfeather, I am talking *article;* so don't steal it for the "Indian Chronicle" or the "Weekly Gazette;" honor bright, now! no filching—this is *my* thunder! This gives spice to what would otherwise degenerate into stupid matrimonialities. Sometimes Penfeather brings me a criticism, in which he has been roughly handled. And never did that dear man find me wanting, in that trying hour, in sympathy. True to my sex, I allow nobody but myself to scratch his eyes out. For me—Pamela—I have long since done crying salt tears at the bidding of any critic. I shall be sorry to tell you my opinion of critics, as a body, unless you particularly insist upon it for my next article.

Penfeather and I have one peculiarity in common; we can neither of us write on fish. And lest you should misunderstand a piscatorial infirmity that our Catholic cook growls over, let me state that we cannot write after eating fish. The fact is that everything about our house is ruled in or ruled out by the family inkstand. Pork it proscribes with more than Jewish severity. Strong coffee and tea it graciously smiles upon. Soggy puddings, rich pastry, sal-anything *in* anything, it utterly repudiates. It foams at the mouth at organ-grinders and chimney-sweeps. It is convulsed at the chambermaid's creaking brogans, and "cusses" when she hums tunes while sweeping the stairs. And when, with shameless honesty, she says to visitors that we are at home when we *are*, we throw down our pen in disgust, while the moments of inspiration go by in unmeaning small talk, and with them, alas! our hopes of future "vittels."

But when that autocrat inkstand undertakes to lay down rules as to hours for retiring, singly or together, and more than all, when it insists that friendly conversation shall be suspended as soon as the gas is turned off, lest to-morrow's "article" be damaged, why then I feel impelled emphatically to remind Penfeather that though literarily we are two, matrimonially we are one.

You may like to know how we look in case you should meet us. I heard a rag-picker once remark of me that I was "bully," whatever that may mean; my talented husband, Penfeather, looks like a long-haired *ism*.

A thought strikes me! Penfeather will be sure to read this in The Galaxy. I know just what he will say. Aha! Two can play at that game. I will write Pamela up. She is a splendid subject. Ten women rolled into one, with all their kinks, oddities, and absurdities.

Now, suppose I quietly knock that little scheme of his in the head, and write myself up. Listen.

Jove! what it is to have a literary wife. I thought when I married one it would be so charming to have a companion who could understand literary labor and its necessities. Never was a poor devil so mistaken. She interrupts me in my writing, on as trivial pretences as if she herself were not the authoress of half a dozen books. A funny story she has heard from some woman, and wants to tell me. A greenback she has torn and wishes me to tinker together. A shapely pair of boots she wishes me to admire. A cork of a bottle which she has broken in her idiotic plunges to extract. An editorial in the morning paper she wants to read me, which she says won't hold water. Is not this extraordinary conduct in a writer who must know the value and necessity of peace and quietness?

This is not all. When my wife, Pamela, has done writing, her head is on fire, her cheeks burn, and she is wild for the fresh air and a long walk to cool herself down. Now, when I have done writing I want to lie off and smoke. The idea of exercising is perfectly disgusting. The more I write the more I want to sit still and smoke; in fact, I often smoke while I *am* writing. Now, Pamela is persuaded, and tries to persuade me, that every puff of smoke, under such circumstances, is a nail in my coffin. I can't see it. She says that instead of quieting me, as I affirm, it only makes me irritable and intense, and that Walker and Webster will soon be unable to furnish me words to express my feelings on any subject. You, who are no doubt a smoker, can see the feminine flimsiness of such arguments. Besides, if a man wants to smoke till he looks like an old parchment, why not? Let her be satisfied with looking well herself.

Again, I thought it would be so delightful to have a wife who had an opinion of her own on every subject, who read and thought for herself, and was not a mere echo. By Jove! I've changed my mind on that point, too. Pamela is the most insatiate gobbler of newspapers. She wants to know the political pros and cons of everything. She digs into isms and ologies in the most helter-skelter fashion. She rushes round into primary schools, and Magdalen asylums, and ho ses of correction, and pokes into tenement-houses, and station-houses, and prisons, and wants me to right every existing abuse before tea. As she is very excitable, *this* goes to her head, too; and then I have to devise some means of quieting her, and a new means, by Jove, each time, for she hates duplicates.

You must begin to have a faint glimmering what a wearing life I lead, and that my spare habit is not owing to smoking, as she affirms.

Again: marrying a literary woman, I hoped to attain the dream of my bachelor days: perfect immunity from broom, dust-pan and

scrubbing-brush in my "den," as she is pleased to call it. Vain delusion! Pamela is *rabidly* neat. She herself wipes the finger-marks from off the paint on my door. With an emphatic ugh! she flourishes her feather-duster over my tobacco-besprinkled desk, scattering my most vital memoranda, pencilled on bits of paper, to the four winds, as she "arranges" my desk. Then she empties my coat-pockets of valuable papers, hunting for lucifer matches, with which, with woman's usual correctness of statement, she affirms they are always crammed, because she *once* found *one* there! Then she swoops off any new book in my room which I have brought home for reference on some important point, and at the agonizing moment I need it, she is in some out-of-the-way corner, down stairs, "seeing what is in it." Newspapers and magazines share the same fate, till I solemnly wish that woman didn't know her alphabet. The more a woman knows, the more she wants to know, and the more uneasy she is. Put that in your note-book.

Then—what sacredness is there about a man's literary wife? Do people address her as *Mrs.* Penfeather? Not at all. It is, There goes Pamela, and How dy'e do Pamela? and Have you read Pamela's book, or article. Every whipper-snapper writes letters to her; and who knows what she answers? She has requests for her autograph, and her picture, and a lock of her hair, till she gets so confoundedly inflated that no matrimonial cord will hold her down. She has piles of correspondence, both before and since her marriage. Yes, sir, *since!* Only the other day, I showed a fellow who called to see her the door, and he had the impudence to say, as he was going down the front steps backward, "To day, sir, is yours; the future is mine!" Pamela only laughed till her buttons flew, and said it was a good joke. Ah! sometimes I see a woman; dove-eyed—and milk-and-watery of speech; satisfied with dough, and darning, who never reads book or newspaper, who would like me better the snarlier I was, and I sigh!

For what purpose that intense creature, Mrs. Penfeather, was created, I shall never know. She wants a man's freedom, and independence of expression, and action, and yet a bigger baby never warmed its pug nose against a mother's bosom. It is most extraordinary. Alas! she is so stormy, and I so adore repose. At the idea of Pamela and repose, I laugh hysterically! Thoughts of a colleague have occasionally entered my mind, in insane moments. A colleague! I should need a dozen, with a relief-guard at that. One to talk to her. One to walk with her. One—no, six—but what is the use of dwelling on impossibilities? Here she comes, with a bright, red spot on each cheek. That tells the story. That's the effect of the "divine afflatus." She has done writing. Her head is on fire. I must walk out with her to cool it. With one last, longing look at my pipe, and my sofa, I go!

PAMELA PENFEATHER.

ZISCA'S DRUM.

An Echo of Bohemia.

JOHN ZISCA, sustained by his fierce Hussite warriors, armed with iron flails, carried on the war against the Emperor Sigismund with signal ability and success; and the total loss of his eyesight proved no obstacle to victories. Dying, he ordered his soldiers to abandon his body to the birds of prey, and to convert his skin into a drum. According to tradition, this latter injunction was obeyed; and by the mere sound of that ghostly instrument, great victories were won.

Lo! where the storm of Hell's leagued powers
In groaning clouds of battle lowers;
Lo! where the pennons of Crosier and Crown
Over our valleys flaunt and frown!
Stand as a rock,
O little flock!
God, and the soul of holy Huss,
Still shall uphold and strengthen us!
Princes and prelates! what are they?
Winnowed by Truth's strong eaglepinion,
Soaring aloft in Christ's dominion,
They shall be swept as chaff away.
Stand as a rock,
O little flock!
With fiery zeal and iron will,
The blind old Zisca leads us still.
Those earthly orbs Jehovah sealed
To fill with clearer light from heaven,
Still, still survey the battle-field,
Where godless hosts, in panic driven,
Shall shock in ruin wild and red!
Vain is their hope. He is not dead—
He leads who victory ever led!
They come! they come!
Bring forth the drum!
Zoom! Rat-a-tat!
Zoom-zoom! Rat-a-tat!
Zoom! Zoom! Zoom!

Stand! by the Flesh of Him we eat—
Whose Blood we drink—our Rock and Trust—
Stand! by the Christ, whose bleeding feet
Triumphant trod Death in the dust!
Taborite! Calixtine! lo, where come

Antichrist and his hordes of greed,
To spoil our land, strike Conscience dumb,
And bid afresh our Saviour bleed!
Stand as a rock,
O little flock!
Stern Tabor's chieftain leads the van—
His blind orbs every hero scan—
Then let the hail
Of the iron flail
Fall on the butchers of holy Huss!
God and old Zisca war with us!
The foe—they come;
Sound, sound the drum!
Zoom! Rat-a-tat!
Zoom-zoom! Rat-a-tat!
Zoom! Zoom! Zoom!

Zoom! Lo, the royal cheeks that blushed
'Neath martyr's glance in Council hushed,
Blanch at the blind old chieftain's call,
As back from stake and fiery round,
The shafts of perfidy rebound
To smite that accursed whited wall.
Zoom-zoom! Lo, the vultures and wolves abhorred,
That feed on the chosen of the Lord—
They turn to fly; and Crosier and Crown
In dust and gore are trampled down!
Zoom! Zoom! Zoom! They strike no blow—
They fly—they melt like the sun-smit snow!
See! the lightnings of blind old Zisca's eye
Are scorching with wrath their shattered ranks—
The thunders of his avenging cry
Hurl panic upon their flying flanks.
On, on to the shock,
O little flock!
Let the blood-stained hail
Of the iron flail
Drive forth in shame from our fatherland
Tyrant and Antichrist, hand in hand.
Hark, hark the cry—
They fly! they die!
Beat, beat with glory now the drum,
The drum, the blind old Zisca's drum!
Zoom! Rat-a-tat!
Zoom-zoom! Rat-a-tat!
Zoom! Zoom! Zoom!

C. A. M.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

HOW THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE.

THE few people who care to say only what they mean, and who therefore think about what they say, must sometimes be puzzled by the stereotyped reply which is often made to an objection—"Well, he, or that, is an exception, and you know the exception proves the rule." This reply is made with calm triumph, as conclusive of the question at issue, and is usually accepted in silence—with an air of indifferent acquiescence on the part of the thoughtless, but, on the part of the more thoughtful, with a meek expression of bewilderment. The former are saved from the trouble of further mental exertion, and they are content; the latter feel that they have been overcome by the bringing up of an axiom which always stands ready as a reserve, but the truth of which, admitted as indisputable, they would like very much to be able to dispute. In fact, this assumed logical axiom infests discussion of all kinds, from that of the legislature and the bar, to that of the primary political meeting, and it pervades the every-day talk of men, women and children. It appears in the writings of historians, of essayists, and of polemics, as well as in those of poets, novelists and journalists. A senator will use it to destroy the effect of an instance brought forward which is directly at variance with some general assertion that he has made. "The case so strongly insisted upon by the gentleman does apparently show that all women do not desire the passage of a law permitting them to wear trousers. I admit the preference of Miss Pettitoes for petticoats. But, sir, her case is an exception, and we all know that the exception proves the rule." The axiom enters even into the word-skirmish of flirtation. "How dare you assert," says Miss Demure to Tom Crœsus, defiance on her lip and admiration in her eye, "that women now-a-days are all mercenary! Don't you know that is an insult to me?" "Ah, but Miss Demure," replies the weakly struggling Crœsus, "you're an exception; and you know the exception proves the rule." Whereupon the lady submits with charming grace to the conqueror, having within her innocent breast the consoling conviction that she is playing her big fish with a skill that will soon lay him gasping at her feet. There is no turn which this maxim is not thus made to serve; and this use of it has gone on for one or two centuries, and people submit to the imposition without a murmur.

An imposition the maxim is, of the most impudent kind, in its ordinary use; for an exception never proved a rule; and that it

should do so is, in the very nature of things, and according to the laws of right reason, impossible. Consider a moment. How can the fact that one man, or one thing, of a certain class, has certain traits or relations, prove that others of that class have opposite traits and other relations? A says, "I and C are white; therefore all the other letters of the alphabet are white." "No, they are not," B answers, "for I am black." "Oh, you are an exception," A rejoins, "and the exception proves the rule." And A and most of his hearers thereupon regard the argument as concluded, at least for the time being. The supposed example is an extreme one, but it serves none the less the purposes of fair illustration. For in any case, of what value as evidence upon the color of the alphabet, is the fact that B is black? It merely shows that one letter is black, and that any other may be black, except A and C, whom we know to be white. But of the color of the remaining twenty-three letters it tells us nothing; and so far is it from supporting the assertion that because A and C are white all the other letters are white, that it warrants the inference that some of them may be black also. And yet day after day, for at least a hundred and fifty years, men of fair intelligence have gone on thoughtlessly citing this maxim, and yielding to its authority when used exactly as it is used in the case above supposed.

But although an exception does not and cannot prove a rule, the word being used in its ordinary sense, the exception does prove the rule, the word being used in its proper sense. The fallacious use of the maxim is based on the substitution of a real substantive, that is, a substantive meaning a thing, for a verbal substantive, that is, a substantive meaning an act. The maxim, as we have it, is merely a misleading translation of the old law-maxim, *Exceptio probat regulam*, which itself is, if not mutilated, at least imperfect. Now, *Exceptio probat regulam* does not mean the exception, i. e., the thing excepted, proves the rule, but the excepting proves the rule. *Exceptio* was translated, and rightly enough, exception. But what was the meaning of that word when the translation was made? What is its primitive meaning now? Any good dictionary will tell that it is the act of excepting or excluding from a number designated, or from a description. *Exceptio* in Latin, exception in English, means not a person or a thing, but an act; and it is this act which proves a rule. But we, having come to use "exception" to mean the person or the thing excepted, receive the maxim as meaning, not that the excepting proves the rule, but the person or thing excepted; and upon this confusion of words we graft a worse confusion of thought. The maxim, in its proper signification, is as true as it is untrue in the sense in which it is now almost universally used. I have said that, if not mutilated, it is at least imperfect. I am unable to cite an instance of its use in any

other form than that under which it is now known; but it exists in my mind, whether from memory or from an unconscious filling up of its indicated outlines, in this form: *Exceptio probat regulam, de rebus non exceptis;* i. e., the excepting proves the rule concerning those things which are not excepted. The soundness of the maxim in this form, and the reason for its soundness, will be apparent upon a moment's consideration. Suppose that, in a book of travels, we should find this sentence: "Here I saw large flocks of birds in the corn-fields cawing and tearing up the young corn. I also observed that, in one flock, two of these birds were white." The conclusion warranted by this statement would be, that there were crows, or birds like crows, in the country visited by the writer, and that these crows were generally black. The writer would not have said that the birds were black, but his exception of two which were white would go to prove that, "as a rule" (according to our idiom), the birds were black, or at least not white. His exception of the two would prove the rule as to the others. So, if the correspondent of the London "Times," writing from Washington, and describing an entertainment at the White House, should say: "President Johnson's rooms were crowded with Democratic members of Congress, and with some moderate Republicans; but I also noticed Mr. H. and Mr. S., two well-known Radicals. I have also observed that these two gentlemen, in debate, did not speak of Mr. Johnson as a brute and a despot." In this case, nothing would be affirmed of the Radical members in general; but the correspondent's exception of Mr. H. and Mr. S. would give all the weight of his evidence to show that Radical members did not visit the White House, and that, in debate, they generally spoke of the President as a brute and a despot. But Mr. H. and Mr. S. would not be the exceptions that proved the rule. Their presence at the White House, their language in debate, would and could prove nothing except as to themselves and as to the possibility of there being others like them. But the exception, i. e., the excepting of them by the correspondent, would prove the rule as to the others not excepted. *Exceptio probat regulam, de rebus non exceptis.* Again, if we knew nothing about the elephant, but were to learn that the King of Siam, when he wished to ruin a courtier, distinguished him by sending him a white elephant—a present which he could not refuse, although the provision for the proper lodging and attendance on the beast was sure to eat up a private fortune—we should be told nothing about elephants in general; yet we should know, without further information, that they were dark-colored, because of the implied exception of the white elephant.

The maxim in question is akin to the other law-maxim: *Expressio unius, exclusio alterius;* i. e., the expression of one [mode or person] is the exclusion of another. This maxim is no legal fiction or

refinement; it is dictated by common sense, and is a guide of action in daily life. If we see on the posters of a museum or a circus, "Admission for children accompanying their parents, Fifteen cents," we know at once that children without their parents are either not admitted at all, or must pay full price. Children themselves act intuitively upon the reasoning embodied in this maxim. If a parent or a teacher should go to a room full of children and say, "John may come and take a walk with me," they would know, without being told, that all except John were expected to remain. They know this just as well as any lawyer or statesman knows that, when a constitution provides for its own amendment in one way, that very provision was meant to exclude all other methods. The child and the statesman both act upon what may be regarded as an axiom of reason, which needs no proof, and which is expressed in the maxim: *Expressio unius, exclusio alterius.* Both this maxim and the one which is the subject of the present article are based upon the intuitive perception common to men of all times and races, and which is developed, as we have seen, in the very earliest exercise of the reasoning powers, that an exclusive affirmation implies a corresponding negation. A rare modern instance of the proper use of the maxim, that the exception proves the rule, is furnished by Boswell in one of his trivial stories about Doctor Johnson. It was disputed one evening, when the Doctor was present, whether the woodcock were a migratory bird. To the arguments in favor of the theory of migration, some one replied that argument was of little weight against the fact that some woodcocks had been found in a certain county in the depth of Winter. Doctor Johnson immediately rejoined, "That supports the argument. The fact that a few were found shows that, if the bulk had not migrated, many would have been found. *Exceptio probat regulam.*" If it were not rare to find woodcocks in England in Winter, the presence of these would not have been particularly noticed.

An equally striking modern example of the common and unwarranted use of the maxim is found in the following passage in Cowper's "Tirocinium, or Review of Schools:"

> See volunteers in all the vilest arts,
> Men well endowed with honorable parts,
> Design'd by Nature wise, but self-made fools;
> All these, and more like these, were made at schools.
> And if by chance, as sometimes chance it will,
> That, though school-bred, the boy is virtuous still,
> Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
> Prove rather than impeach the just remark.
> As here and there a twinkling star descried,
> Serves but to show how black is all beside.

That is to say, a few virtuous school-bred men prove, not that virtuous men may be bred at school, but that the rule is, that

school-breeding is dangerous to virtue! The succeeding illustration is worthy of the reasoning. The star in its isolation contrasts strongly with the blackness in which it is isolated; but what connection has its existence with the darkness of the firmament?

The common use of this maxim is worthy only of idiots; for it involves idiotic reasoning. For example: It is generally supposed that all men are totally depraved. But we find that A is not totally depraved. Therefore, as A is an exception, he proves the rule of total depravity. That such an application of the maxim should be made day after day among people of moderate sense for generations is striking evidence on the one hand of the way in which the modification of meaning in a word may cause a perversion of an established formula of thought; and, on the other, of the supineness with which people will submit to the authority of a maxim which sounds wise and has the vantage ground of age; especially if they cannot quite understand it and it saves them the trouble of thinking. Let any man invent such a maxim, and use well good opportunities of asserting it, and he may be pretty sure that his work, if not himself, will attain a very fair degree of what is called immortality. The failure of such a maxim to be accepted as conclusive would indicate the disuse of that peculiar mode of reasoning which would claim this failure itself as an exception which proves the rule, and the reëstablishment of the other mode which claims that, in general, the excepting proves the rule concerning that which is not excepted.

Richard Grant White.

GEORGE SAND AND HER WORKS.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE mere statement of the leading facts, and our enumeration of the chief works, of Madame George Sand's life, make evident that she has been a great personal force in literature and society; and it is manifestly important that we should understand her relation to the multiform life of the French people, and her place among European or Continental writers; for it is a serious mistake to take George Sand as a representative French writer, as typical of the French spirit, as that spirit is narrowly and vulgarly understood by feeble, facile, and trivial writers, with whom it is sufficient to characterize a thing as "Frenchy" to stigmatize it as the embodiment of abominations and the centre of mockery, immorality and sentimentalism.

Even the "Saturday Review," guarded in its praise as it is, and English in the most exclusive sense, allows its critic to be warmed into ardor, and to speak with creditable fervor of the genius of George Sand. It says: "In France, of all the novel-writers of the last twenty years, the most instructive, the most genuine, the most original, is George Sand. . . . . Her best works remain, and will long remain, among the most characteristic and the most splendid monuments of that outpouring of French literature the period of which happened to be exactly coterminous with the duration of constitutional government in France." It further remarks, "that France in recent years has grown sadly demoralized, and that *George Sand has no successor*," and that while she cannot be called Parisian, or considered as the exponent of French society and French wit, "she alone represents that strange union of nobleness and poetry and elevation with wild morality which is so astonishing to English readers, which exists only on the Continent, and the existence of which it is so difficult and yet so necessary to realize if we are to understand France and the Continent of which France is still the moving spirit." Whoever fails to find in her writings that which is "historically characteristic of her nation," though she has not Gallic wit, and Gallic gayety, does not sympathize with the spirit of France as expressed by her most impassioned men.

Commonly, in our idea of French men and French writers, we associate triviality, gayety, mockery and playfulness. A serious

* The article here printed formed a portion of the article on George Sand which appeared in THE GALAXY for February 1, and was mislaid until too late to appear in connection with the portion then published.—EDITOR GALAXY.

Frenchman is something we no more imagine than a sentimental American. Yet George Sand is preëminently a serious writer, and has a noble mind. Guizot himself is not more serious than George Sand. It is therefore very important that we make this distinction, that George Sand is not the Parisian writer—the writer who best represents the common idea of "French style and spirit;" she is rather a continental mind that uses the French language. Her work has an infusion of the German spirit, but shows the dominance of the love of form which belongs to the Latin race. George Sand is French in her ideas, in her courage, in her ardor; she is continental in her comprehensiveness and in her sympathies. The only class in France with whom she can be justly associated is the artistic class, that is, the class who address the world, who wish to correct vulgarity, who at all times have resisted the prosaic and material lives of money-getting men. Among novel-writers George Sand has often been called the literary expression of the artistic spirit. It is unquestionable that she has understood best, and sympathized most deeply with that spirit; but to most persons such a definition of her work limits it to the idea of the beautiful and the impulse of lawlessness. But as a writer she cannot be so limited. She has made her works expressive of the whole scale of modern life—its religion, morality, and sentiment of the beautiful. Yet not once has she consented to the mercenary or prosaic spirit of modern life. Her whole effort has been to react against the mercenary and prosaic, and it was this reaction which outraged and made uncomfortable more prudent persons. The great charm of her works is their spontaneity, their unforced fulness of expression; and their chief trait is flexibility. George Sand's mind may be characterized as noble, flexible and lucid.

I recollect that Lowell, in his admirable criticism of Carlyle, remarks that the radical deficiency of Carlyle as a great literary fact is an inadequate sense of *form*. Because of this deficiency, Carlyle despises art, especially metrical art, and is at times so wilful and violent in his style. Take the antithesis of Lowell's criticism; apply it to Madame George Sand; say she has a vast and vital appreciation of form; that she is firm, large, lucid, and, though ample, not diffuse, and you have spoken the best words to describe her genius. Carlyle, without her passion for the beautiful, without her love of the harmonious, but with extraordinary power to grasp particular facts—in love of the effective a kind of literary Rembrandt; like him, full of poetry; like him, startling us with his abrupt, dusky and obscure gradations, and losing us in his vague and empty and black immensities and veracities, is the literary antithesis of Madame George Sand. She is an artist—an artist as understood in Greece, in Italy, in France. Her genius for form is as striking and powerful as it was small and weak in Jean Paul Richter.

It is not my purpose to set forth her peculiar socialistic opinions. She has had various convictions, and she has expressed each in its turn with force and felicity. To know them, we must go to her works; and we must not content ourselves with one only—for her books are so many phases of belief, so many aspects of truth, and it would be injudicious to study one exclusively. I introduce George Sand and her works to the readers of this magazine as a great literary artist and a noble mind. As an example of genius, harmonious and unrestrained, and a woman, I do not know her peer among contemporary names. And one of the most beautiful facts about her works is the dominance of the benevolent spirit. You recognize the *maternal* element as strongest. She yearns to do good, to influence, to ennoble, to stimulate; and by common consent, she is the noblest mind that, among European writers, has used the novel as a means of acting on the great reading public. As woman, wife and mother, she was initiated into the great disorders of modern society, and she has spoken to Europe from the sacred and inviolable rights of that triple bond of honor.

I do not judge her by the world's law, for I think of it as Romeo persuaded the poor apothecary to think of it. I judge George Sand by the aim and the result of her life, and pronounce both noble.

But, after all, I must frankly say I do not know how to make a full, or rather an adequate expression of "the noblest mind of our epoch," as Edmund About calls the mind of George Sand. To render my conception of her genius, I must expose myself to the charge of writing an eulogium for criticism. It is easy to resist eulogy and distrust enthusiasm, but it is not easy to resent the ardent eloquence, the beautiful form, and the expansive spirit of a great writer.

I have spoken of Madame George Sand's ideas: I have yet to speak of her rendering of nature. Critics that reject utterly her opinions and detest her convictions are charmed by her delineations of nature. I will not say her word pictures; she is not to be charged with the vice of mere descriptive writers. In "Lettres d'un Voyageur," perhaps the most expansive and unrestrained expression of herself, chiefly written from Venice, Geneva, or some *châlet* in the Alps, you will discover exquisite sentences that render aspects of nature vividly and tenderly. She sees with the eye of an artist and with the emotion of a poet. Having left Venice to pass through the Alps on foot, she sought refuge in a grotto. She had left Venice in dejection—a world of illusions in ruins about her wretched heart. She came out of the grotto "oppressed by a frightful sadness." Now, remark the power of nature over her, and the charm of her description:

But the sky was so pure, the atmosphere so soothing, the valley so beautiful, life circulated so young and so vigorous in that rich nature of Spring, that I

felt myself revive little by little. Color had vanished, and the sharp contours of the mountains were softened in vapor as behind bluish gauze. A last ray of sunset struck the vault of the grotto and threw a fringe of gold to the mosses that carpet it. The wind shook above my head cords of ivies twenty feet long. A brood of redbreasts suspended themselves, chattering, to its delicate festoons, and were rocked by the breeze. The torrent that rushed from the grotto kissed, as it went, the primroses scattered upon its banks. One swallow came out of the grotto and flew through the sky. It was the first I had seen this year. It took its magnificent flight toward the large rock at the horizon; but on seeing the snow it came back, like the dove of the ark, and sank in its retreat, there to wait one day more of the Spring.

Or this:

Sing, Beppa, sing with that beautiful guttural voice which becomes clear and pure like the sound of a crystal bell; sing with that indolent voice that knows so well how to passion itself, and resembles a lazy odalisque, who lifts little by little her vail, and ends by throwing it off entirely to bound white and nude into her perfumed bath; or rather resembles a sylph asleep in the balmy mist of twilight, and who unfolds little by little her wings to ascend with the sun in a burning sky. Sing, Beppa, sing, and then go. Tell your friends to move their oars like the wings of a bird of the sea, and to carry you away in your gondola like a white Leda upon the brown back of a wild swan.

These are pictures in phrases; they reveal the artist.

This morning I was breathing with voluptuousness the first breezes of Spring; I was looking at the first unfolding of flowers. The mid-day sun was already warm; there were vague perfumes of violets and of fresh moss scattered along the paths. The chaffinch warbled around the first leaf buds, and seemed to invite them to open. Everything spoke to me of love and hope. I had so vivid a sentiment of these benedictions of heaven that I felt like kneeling down upon the tender grass and thanking God in the effusion of my heart.

We have no English writer comparable to George Sand as a literary artist. Charlotte Brontë occasionally approaches to the intense fervor and the impassioned, full, flowing eloquence of her style. But the seductive, mournful, voluptuous elements of her style? Where can you discover anything to match it in its leading traits? She literally *seduces* the mind with her words, and as Heine, unquestioned master of the means of expression, felicitously writes, "she has naturalness, taste, a strong love of truth, enthusiasm, and all these qualities are linked together by the most severe, as also the most perfect harmony. The genius of Madame George Sand has an amplitude exquisitely beautiful. Whatever she feels or thinks breathes grace, and *makes you dream of immense deeps.* Her style is a revelation of a pure and melodious form." Such is the judgment of the man called, after Göthe, by Mathew Arnold, the first literary artist of his time.

Thackeray, English to the core of his heart, in no way subject to Madame George Sand, chaste and reserved, yet clear and vivid in his use of language, and without any excesses of expression, describes her style as follows:

Her style is noble and beautiful, rich and pure. She has an exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. Her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. . . . . She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charm of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.

George H. Lewes, fifteen years ago, remarked the deep impression George Sand made on Europe. He declared that the severest criticism must conclude with the admission of her standing among the highest minds of literature, and, after commenting on her extraordinary eloquence, he finally said:

But deeper than all eloquence, grander than all grandeur of phrase, is that forlorn splendor of a life of passionate experience painted in her works. There is no man so wise but he may learn from them, for they are the utterances of a soul in pain, a soul that has been tried. No man could have written her books, for no man could have had her experience, even with a genius equal to her own. . . . . Both philosopher and critic must perceive that these writings of hers are original, are genuine, are transcripts of experience, and as such fulfil the primary condition of all literature.

In the last sentence, Mr. Lewes touches upon the truth that literature is essentially autobiographic, and in its essential is not fictitious, but real. The vulgar idea of imaginative power makes readers marvel at the mere inventive faculty which creates the marvellous, but leaves these same readers inert before imagination, acting upon life. Yet it is none the less true that literature—yes, the highest literature—is autobiographic, is imaginative, and deals with conditions of personal experience; although, in the *form* of its expression, it adopts the current literary fashion of the time. Job, for example, is one of the most ancient, noble and remarkable examples of autobiography that rises above the mere *narrative* form, and is intensely reflective, visionary and moody. Need I repeat the eulogy pronounced by Burke, and declare the strength and fullness of Job's imaginative power? Nothing less than literary short-sightedness, therefore, could refuse to recognize imaginative power in a work because it is autobiographic, or expressive of moods. It cannot be necessary to develop this thought, since, with the exception of Homer and Milton, it is clearly proved by the great names of Dante, Göthe and Byron, without wandering upon the host of writers that follow the example of those three great masters in the art of telling us in verse what they suffered or enjoyed in life.

One of her own countrymen describes her language as "pure, strong, dazzling, free in its allure in spite of the care of perfection."

The finest pages of criticism by Madame George Sand are to be found in "Histoire de ma Vie." One chapter of the story of her life is devoted to Eugéne Delacroix, which, as an appreciation of

art, and as a tribute to a noble man, is delightful to read, and from which I select the following pregnant sentence: "The only art works on art of any value or use, are those which endeavor to develop the qualities of the sentiments of great things, and which enlarge the sentiment of the reader." Her paper on Delacroix is a model of what such a paper should be. But selecting from her works is like selecting from the vast and varied world of nature. One is disturbed with the consciousness of having portrayed too much or not enough to develop the dominant spirit of what we have enjoyed. I know that I have not spoken of the range of her dramatic genius, of the pastoral sweetness and simplicity of her stories of peasant-life; that I have not left myself space to speak of the *women* she has made live in my mind; and yet the women of George Sand are typical and natural as Shakespeare's women. I may best express her power to render character by saying that she combines the best traits that distinguish Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. She has the energy and intensity of the first—the comprehensiveness and lucidness of the last; Charlotte Brontë's largeness and vigor of style in depicting men and women—George Eliot's definiteness, naturalness and minute analysis, when she chooses to care for details.

Remark the sublimity of the following description of a passage in the Alps:

Look where we are, is it not sublime, and can you think of aught else but God? Sit down upon this moss, virgin of human steps, and see about your feet the desert unrolling its grand depths. Have you ever contemplated anything more wild and yet more animated? See what vigor in that free and vagabond vegetation, what movement in those forests which the wind bends and undulates, in those troops of eagles brooding incessantly around the misty summits and passing in moving circles like large black rings over the white, watery sheet of the glaciers. Do you hear the noises that ascend and descend on every side? The torrents weeping and sobbing like unhappy souls; the deer panting with a plaintive, impassioned voice, the breeze that sings and laughs among the heather, the vultures that scream like frightened women; and these other noises, strange, mysterious, indescribable, which rumble deafening in the mountains; these colossal masses of ice which crack in the very heart, these snows rolling down and carrying sand with them; those long roots of trees which grasp the earth and work to split the granite; these unknown voices; these vague sighs which the soil, always a prey to the pains of labor, emits through its half opened loins; don't you find all this more splendid, more harmonious than the church or the theatre?

Or take the following, which suggests a figure thrown by the hand of a master artist against a lurid and visionary background:

O Lelia, exclaimed the poet, struck with superstition, are you not that terrible and unfortunate phantom? How often you have appeared to me as a type of the unspeakable suffering in which the spirit of inquiry has thrown man. With your beauty and your sadness, with your *ennui* and your scepticism, do you not personify the excess of pain produced by abuse of thought? That moral power, so developed by the exercise which art, poetry and science have given it, have they not bent and prostituted it to every impression, and to every new error?

Instead of clinging faithful and prudently to the simple faith of your fathers and the instinctive carelessness which God has placed in man for his repose and for his conservation; instead of shutting yourself up into a religious life, without pomp, you have abandoned yourself to the seductions of a philosophic ambition. You have thrown yourself into the torrent of civilization which was rising to destroy, and which, for having run too fast, has ruined the foundations of the future.

Or for something tender, sad, exquisite and dreamy, take this:

That night the hermit feigned to sleep profoundly and did not open the door to Sténio. . . , . . But at the end of an hour he went to the bank of the lake. The moon had set; you distinguished nothing at the bottom of the abyss but a mournful vapor spread over the reeds like a shroud. A profound silence reigned everywhere. The odor of the irises rose feebly over the tepid and careless breeze. The air was so soft, the night so blue and so peaceful, that the sinister thoughts of the monk were involuntarily effaced. A nightingale began singing with a voice so suave, that Magnus, dreamer, stopped to listen. Was it possible that a horrible tragedy could have for theatre so calm a spot, so beautiful a Summer night?

Finally, let me give you one of Madame George Sand's wisest utterances. It is from the preface of "Jacques," one of her saddest books; and I may say the prefaces to successive editions of her works are models of criticism and judgment:

Let us try to be saints, and if we succeed we will know all the more how difficult a thing it is, and what indulgence is owed to those who are not yet saints. Then we shall acknowledge that there is something to be modified either in law or in opinion; for the aim of society should be to render perfection accessible to all, and man is very feeble when he struggles alone against the mad torrent of custom and of ideas.

Of all the grand figures that yet remain witness to the genius of the ancients, and seem to look down as from inaccessible heights, the Venus of Milo is, without question, the most expressive, ideal and heroic type of woman. That grand and noble figure—armless, yet proportioned as only the ideal and heroic figures of the ancients were proportioned—that face at once impassioned and mournful, of a transcendent dignity, and impressive in its silentness, seeming at once brooding and penetrating, calm and inscrutable, dwarfs all the ideals of antiquity, save those of a later epoch that came from the mighty hand of Michael Angelo.

"The ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo," as Heine tenderly calls her, is like the mother of the world. Helpless to save, she broods over the world, sad, serious, firm, while the frail and petulant children of to-day come and go under her mighty shadow. This grand, mournful and beautiful figure, maternal yet not old, calm and yet impassioned, not capricious nor frivolous, to me seems an adequate type of the genius of Madame George Sand. The large, luminous and serious beauty, the majestic sadness and brooding stillness, the dignity and calm of the heroic statue, are traits that have their counterpart in her writings and genius.

EUGENE BENSON.

A BY-WAY OF HISTORY.

JEANNE DE HALLUIN DE PIENNE, maid of honor to Catherine de Medici, was passionately loved by Francis de Montmorency, the eldest son of the celebrated Constable of France, and one of the most elegant and accomplished young noblemen of the court of Henry II.

The lady, who, says the chronicler, "was of high birth, beautiful and virtuous," was just entering on womanhood, and seems to have ardently reciprocated the passion of her lover, then in the twenty-first year of his age, and he made her a formal promise of marriage, concealing the engagement, however, from his parents, whose opposition he feared. Whether or not they would, under any circumstances, have consented to the union, is doubtful; for although Mlle. de Pienne was of good descent, she was not equal in rank to the heir of the Montmorencys; but, after the secret engagement had lasted nearly six years, King Henry II. formed the design of marrying his natural daughter, Diana, of France, widow of the Duke of Castro, to the son and heir of his favorite, the Constable; and the prospect of this brilliant alliance blinded the old courtier to all considerations save those of interest and ambition. Says Brantôme, somewhat quaintly:

When Monseigneur le Connestable . . . announced to his son the marriage he had arranged for him with the natural daughter of King Henry, and notified him of the wedding day, Monsieur de Montmorency answered that he could not agree to it, as he was already engaged to Mademoiselle de Pienne. The worthy man (*bon homme*) was astonished," etc.

The Constable now endeavored to break the contract, and, being in high favor at court, induced the King to use every means in his power to render null and void any promise that Mlle. de Pienne might prove that she had received from his son.

Legal proceedings were commenced, and on the 5th of October, 1556, the lovers were subjected to an interrogatory at the Palace of the Louvre. According to the record:

Jeanne de Halluyn, the first called, testified that she was in the twentieth year of her age, and that, five or six years before, Messire François de Montmorency had promised her marriage in the Palace of St. Germain, their words being, that he took her for his wife, and she took him for her husband. He had proposed it frequently before, but she had refused, because he was very young, and she feared to offend the Connestable. . . . There were no witnesses, and she had not told it to any relative. . . . She would not confess it now if the said Sieur de Montmorency had not already mentioned it. That he had written to her while he was in prison, but she had burnt his letters; that he had repeated his vows since his release, in the Abbey of Vauluisant, and even the day before, at the residence of the Connestable. . . . She added that she

did not know that the said marriage was clandestine and forbidden, but thought that the said sieur was at liberty to marry, even though his father and mother were living, because *le mariage est de Dieu, et les ceremonies de l'Eglise.* For the rest, she referred to the Sieur de Montmorency. The testimony of this seigneur was similar to hers. After stating that he was twenty-six years of age, he confessed all, even to having promised the very evening before to marry her. . . . These depositions were sent to Rome, with all that could be found in the way of authorities from Holy Writ and the Fathers of the Church, against marriages contracted without the consent of the parents.

And the Pope, Paul IV., was solicited to grant M. de Montmorency a dispensation from his promise to Mlle. de Pienne.

It appears from the above that Montmorency was imprisoned during some part of the proceedings, but whether it was on account of the force used against him, or whether, as is more probable, his love was less strong than his ambition, whichever it may have been, it is certain that, to his eternal shame, and, there is reason for believing, to his life-long regret, he consented to sacrifice his affianced wife to the widow of De Castro, and even went to Rome to solicit the Pope in person.

But the Pope was himself plotting an alliance between the King's daughter and one of his own nephews. Hence, instead of at once assenting to the wishes of the monarch, and by his own authority relieving the faithless lover from his vows—as he had recently done in a similar case—he covertly interposed every obstacle in his power, referring the affair from conclave to conclave, detaining Montmorency month after month in Rome, "amusing him with hopes, and finally sending him before a convention of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, theologians and doctors, under pretext of rendering the decision more judicial."

Bayle observes:

In order to appreciate the influence that family interests had over this Pope, it must be borne in mind that Paul IV. wanted to obtain for his nephew the hand of the natural daughter of Henry II., and that he could not succeed if he declared the promise made to Mademoiselle de Pienne to be void. We see that, in this instance, he was desirous of restricting the papal authority, and of being deprived of a privilege of which he would have been jealous enough under other circumstances. The interest of his family was of more importance to him than the rights of the papacy.

The King was indignant at the Pontiff's double dealing and delay, especially since at that very time he was engaged in forming a league with his Holiness against Spain, and at once sought other means for the accomplishment of his designs. He promulgated an edict declaring null and void all clandestine marriages, and shut up the unfortunate Jeanne in the convent of Filles Dieu, in Paris.

Now nothing would strengthen the Pope's plot more than for him to be able to assert that Mlle. de Pienne desired the consummation of the marriage. So, in order to disprove this, her adversaries determined to inveigle her into making a renunciation of all claim

on Montmorency. But to obtain this from her it was necessary to make her believe that the Pope had already granted the dispensation. Her unworthy lover did not scruple for this purpose to write to her this falsehood. Here is his letter. It is as dry and harsh as the *billets-doux* he had previously written to her were tender and loving:

MADEMOISELLE DE PIENNE:—Having become aware of the error that I thoughtlessly committed, and regretting having offended God, the King, Monseigneur and Madame la Connestable, I have confessed what took place between us to our Holy Father the Pope, and asked forgiveness of his Holiness, who has had the goodness and mercy to grant it, as well as a dispensation which was necessary to me in order to possess my former liberty, of all which I have been anxious to inform you. Now, in order to disengage us from our present embarrassments, I hereby retract and reject all promises of marriage that have passed between us—of which, for that matter, the dispensation frees us—and beg you to do the same for me, and thereafter take any course that you may judge conducive to your welfare, for I am resolved to have no more communication nor correspondence with you; not because I have ceased to hold you in esteem as a prudent, virtuous and noble lady, but in order to fulfil my duty, and to avoid the misfortunes that would otherwise come upon us, and above all to give occasion to his Majesty and to the aforesaid seigneur and lady to overlook my offence, to enable me to make reparation, to endeavor to render myself worthy of their consideration and to comply with my obligations to them according to the commandment of God, whom I pray to watch over you.

Done at Rome, February 5th [1557].

He whom you will find at your service,

MONTMORENCY.

It is impossible to read this cold and cruel letter without a feeling of contempt for the weakness, and of indignation against the baseness that could inflict it upon a beautiful and affectionate girl whose only fault was that she had given her heart to one who did not deserve her love.

The document has a disagreeably legal aspect. Possibly—let us say probably—it was not actually written by Montmorency, but was merely signed by him. The last line gives strong evidence of this. It comes after the date, and is entirely different in tone from the rest of the letter, which is brought to a fitting close in the preceding line. It looks as though it had been dashed off in a moment of lingering, regretful tenderness before appending the signature. Perhaps some sort of constraint was used, perhaps the faithless lover may not have read the words to which he affixed his name. For the sake of human nature let us give Montmorency the benefit of whatever doubts may tend to palliate the selfish heartlessness of his conduct.

We will now quote from Bayle:

Francis de la Porte, a gentleman in the service of Montmorency, together with a Master of Requests and a Secretary of the King, accompanied by two notaries, proceeded to the convent where Mlle. de Pienne was confined. The doors were opened to them by virtue of an order signed by the King's own hand. The

young lady was brought before them, and after she had read aloud the letter of M. de Montmorency, the Sieur de la Porte said to her: "Mademoiselle, what I am about to say to you is by the direct order of M. de Montmorency. You perceive by the letter you have just read, how much he regrets having so greatly offended God. He has humbly asked to be forgiven by his Holiness the Pope for the sin he committed in entering into a marriage engagement with you, and has craved a dispensation therefrom that both he and you may be at liberty to marry whoever and whenever you choose. All which our Holy Father the Pope has granted, and thereby given you both entire freedom of action. . . . I hereby declare by authority of M. de Montmorency that he relieves you from all the vows or promises of marriage that have heretofore bound you to him, and request of you, for his sake, that you will now make a similar declaration in regard to him."

To this the said De Pienne with tears in her eyes and sobbing bitterly replied as follows:

"Monsieur de la Porte, I should much prefer that the rupture of the engagement between M. de Montmorency and me should come from him, rather than from me. He shows clearly by the words he has authorized you to address to me, that his heart is less loving than that of a woman. Has he not often vowed that he would rather die than forsake me? He has grievously deceived me, and I now perceive that he would rather be rich than noble."

This answer containing nothing positive, the Sieur de la Porte returned to the charge, and insisting strongly on the papal dispensation, asked for a more definite declaration. To which the said demoiselle, weeping as before, replied in these words:

"Alas, Monsieur de la Porte, what answer would you have? Has Monsieur de Montmorency really had the heart to write me such a letter?"

This second answer was as vague as the first, but the third question was so precise that the respondent could not avoid coming to the point.

"Sir," said she, "since it is the wish of Monsieur de Montmorency to take back the promise of marriage by which we are engaged, and to leave me, I cannot prevent him from doing as he chooses, nor have I any desire to do so. I can have no will that is contrary to his."

The Sieur de la Porte was not quite satisfied with this third reply, and by dint of persistence finally extorted the following:

"Since Monsieur de Montmorency has released me from my engagement to him, I declare to you that if he were a king's son or a prince, having written to me as he has done in the letter you brought to me, I would not marry him, and I now release him. Nevertheless, I am astonished at the manner in which he has written to me in the letter you have just shown me, and cannot believe that it was really written by him, since he has been accustomed to address me in another style and in very different language."

De la Porte answered that he had seen M. de Montmorency write the letter with his own hand.

On taking leave of them Mlle. de Pienne tried to make some excuses for the tears they had seen her shed, but in spite of all her efforts to maintain a show of pride, grief, humiliation and regret appeared in every word.

"*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," says the proverb, and Francis de Montmorency gave an exemplification of its truth. After having through weakness or vanity consented to break his plighted word to the woman he loved, for the sake of a king's illegitimate daughter, and having, by the fraud and misrepresentation of that dastardly letter, induced her to release him from his obliga-

tions to her, he now descended still lower in iniquity, and, to hasten the accomplishment of his designs, committed downright perjury.

On his return from Rome, he swore before the principal members of the King's Council, and attested in writing, that there had never really been any contract of marriage between him and Mlle. de Pienne, but merely an understanding between them to cause it to be believed that there was one, in order to induce the Constable to consent to their union. That he had confessed to the Pope more than was true, and had asked a dispensation from him because he supposed the document would have been granted without hesitation, and he would thus have been spared the mortification of acknowledging that he had previously been guilty of a falsehood; but, having found the Pope unexpectedly obdurate, he had made up his mind to divulge the whole truth.

In what a network of lies had a low ambition led the high-born Montmorency to entangle himself! The gallant and accomplished courtier, the impassioned lover, has fallen, fallen, fallen, till he stands confessed a weak, vain, heartless man—a grovelling perjurer.

The Pope still withholding his dispensation, the King resolved to carry his point without the Apostolic sanction; so in spite of Pope and cardinals, and by virtue of the law declaring secret marriages null and void, Francis de Montmorency and Diana of France were married in the month of May, 1557. The ceremonies were conducted with the greatest magnificence and rejoicing.

"If this marriage," says an advocate of the Montmorencys, "was advantageous and glorious in a worldly point of view, it may be justly doubted if it was agreeable to God, since it was contracted with more violence than justice, and in spite of a contract of affection between Francis and Jeanne de Halluin."

For his perfidious conduct in this affair, Francis de Montmorency was publicly held up to scorn by the Cardinal of Lorraine, a member of the family of Guise, the hereditary enemies of the Montmorencys, who posted him in writing as a "*parjure, reprochable en jugement et degradable de tout point d'honneur.*"

More bitter still was the upbraiding of "the still, small voice" of conscience, and years after his brilliant marriage, when King Henry, the Pope and the great Constable had passed away from earth, and he had become the Marshal Duke de Montmorency, stung by remorse, and attributing to the vengeance of his incensed God the fact that his union with the King's daughter was unblessed by a living child, he humbly and in deep contrition sought from the new Pontiff Pius IV. absolution for the great wrong of his youth.

The absolution was granted, says the chronicler, "but while it gave repose to his conscience, his marriage remained none the less sterile."

JOHN H. PELL.

PICKPOCKETS.

THAT "one half the world does not know how the other half lives" is a saying as true as it is ancient. Especially is the saying applicable to the residents of large seaport towns, where a mixed population, comprising all nationalities and all colors, has an existence. How the individual members of these large communities obtain their daily bread is known to few beside themselves. Many resort to criminal means to accomplish this, and the varied phases of rascality are by them reduced to sciences, and are conducted upon scientific principles. Crime thus becomes a matter of "high art." There are several clearly defined criminal "professions," each one having its skilled practitioners, every one of whom is as ambitious of achieving a reputation, or of being known as the chief "artist" in his particular branch, as is the doctor, the lawyer or the divine of acquiring popularity in his profession. Such criminal "professions" are gambling, burglary, counterfeiting, shoplifting and pocketpicking. There are those who as deliberately speculate upon the chances of getting rich or of obtaining a living by adopting these criminal callings as others speculate upon the rise or fall of stocks in Wall Street. They estimate what proportion of the population is careless, reckless, improvident or verdant enough to fall a prey to sharpers; also, what are the chances of detection, and with what degree of certainty does punishment follow detection. The greater the population, the more victims; and the more corrupt the governing classes, the fewer the chances of punishment. Taking these points, and many others, into consideration, your intelligent professional rascal exhibits as much care in selecting his field of operations as would a newly-fledged physician or a freshly-diploma'd lawyer. New York offers especial inducements to rascals of all classes. In addition to its large resident population, it is the great point to which the steps of travelling strangers tend, and where Europe lands its thousands upon thousands of ignorant emigrants annually. The chances of punishment for crime in New York—where prize-fighters are sent to Congress, where pickpockets sit in the city councils, and where rowdies and shoulder-hitters occupy the bench—are decidedly in favor of criminals. A stranger, a short time since, catching a thief stealing from his pocket, caused his arrest, and accompanied the officer and prisoner to the police court. The stranger was intensely disgusted to find the magistrate chatting familiarly with the prisoner, and far more anxious to obtain a chew of tobacco from him than to entertain a complaint against him.

The most dangerous of all these classes of criminals is the professional pickpocket. He comes upon you in such unexpected places, under such a pleasant guise, and has such insinuating ways withal, you fall a victim to his artistic skill while admiring the beauty of his face and figure, or envying the elegant twirl of his jet-dyed moustache. As they are the most dangerous, so are they the most numerous class of our public depredators. They are mostly young men, their ages varying from fifteen to twenty-five years, and who, having been born of drunken parents, in the garrets and cellars of overcrowded tenement houses, and having been street vagabonds from their infancy, uncared for by parent or friend, forced from babyhood to supply their own wants, early acquire a knowledge of the world, of men and things, and a degree of "smartness" and dexterity which renders them expert thieves and dangerous neighbors in a mixed assemblage. They are, by nature and by education, opposed to honest labor, and would reject with scorn any offer calculated to subject them to manly toil. There are others who, well educated and tenderly reared, have become criminals through having been tempted beyond their strength. But, having once become members of the profession, they sink to the level of their companions, adopting their manners and their habits, their superior advantage having no other effect upon their class than to make the individual possessor a little more hardened and depraved than his fellows. A remarkable instance of this educated depravity was Charley Knox, familiarly known in the profession as "Little Tips." He was the son of respectable, well-to-do parents, and eight years ago was, at the age of eighteen, bookkeeper for a prominent banker in Wall Street. He was a handsome young man, of good address, and enjoyed the utmost confidence of his employer. Fast companions by degrees introduced him to their vices, and he soon became a frequenter of billiard-saloons, gambling-houses, and places where he was required to spend more money than his salary warranted. Getting into debt, he yielded to temptation and stole $4,000 from his employer. He was detected, but in consideration of his parents and his evidently sincere repentance, he was not prosecuted. He went to New Orleans, where he obtained an excellent situation, and had apparently resolved to lead an honest life in future. One day he met in the street a New York acquaintance who knew the circumstance of his Wall Street appropriation. This man immediately informed the employer of young Knox of the affair, and the consequence was the young man was discharged. Turned friendless into the street, his reputation blasted, Knox became reckless, and immediately adopted the calling of a pickpocket. A few days sufficed to change him from a sober, steady, industrious and well-meaning bookkeeper to a companion of thieves, and finally to a thief. Without further regard

for himself or his friends he plunged desperately into his criminal career, and is now known as one of the most expert pickpockets in the profession. "Little Tips" speaks with great bitterness of the acquaintance who "gave him away" in New Orleans, and says that but for him he would have redeemed himself and lived an honest life instead of being a candidate for state prison.

Professional pickpockets have a fancy for fine clothes, but their taste leads them to adopt rather the "loud" and "flashy" styles of dress than the quiet and respectable. They rejoice in neatly-fitting suits of varied hues, spotless linen, gaudy neckties, sparkling pins and ornaments, and stovepipe hats—always hats—tall, glossy, silk hats, generally with a wide mourning band upon them—hats which are neither graceful nor elegant, but which, worn by them jauntily upon one side of the head, give them the appearance of "fast boys." Numbers of these young men may be seen any day upon Broadway, gathered in little knots on their favorite corners, smoking their cigars impertinently, and staring impudently at passing ladies. The external appearance of the professional pickpocket is similar to that of the professional gambler, and they are often seen together in familiar conversation.

Time was when our most skilful pickpockets were Englishmen, and those individuals, fresh from European cities, were wont to look with scorn and contempt upon our native-born bunglers. But at the present time the most adroit pickpockets in this country are those who claim to be Americans, but who are in reality Irish-Americans—persons born in this country of Irish parents. There are, of course, some full-blooded Americans in the profession, and these are counted among the most expert and successful. The universal Yankee mind, however, was created for greater things than abstracting uncertain sums from pantaloons pockets, or fumbling in the folds of lady's skirts for precarious pennies. When it does stoop to criminal pursuits, it is more likely to manifest itself in the way of bank forgeries, bank burglaries, embezzlements, or in the formation of petroleum bubbles or wild-cat banking institutions. It seeks rather a collective than an individual swindle, and the greater the hazard and the more obstacles encountered, the greater the zest, and the more energy and determination thrown into the enterprise. It is only the irrepressible Yankee who has failed in contemplated gigantic swindles who descends to picking pockets.

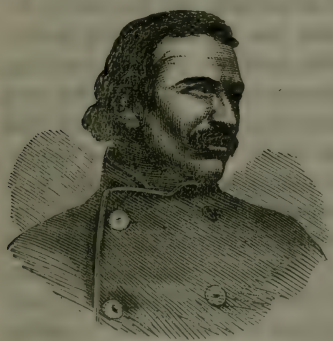
Pickpockets usually work in gangs of three or four, although a few of the most expert prefer to conduct business without a partner. These gangs operate in crowds, assisting each other in such manner as circumstances may require. Where people congregate in large numbers, there look for pickpockets. A procession is their delight, a large fire a thing of joy, a popular wedding or a funeral a god-

send. No place or occasion is so sacred as to inspire them with reverence. Twenty New York professionals attended General Scott's funeral at West Point, fluctuating from steamboat to hotel, and from hotel to procession, even picking the pockets of the mourners while they were at the grave weeping for the nation's loss. At a camp meeting held on the shores of Long Island, a reverend gentleman, while on his knees exhorting sinners to repent, was robbed of his wallet by an irreverent professional, while a weeping sister on the anxious seat was deprived of the means of drying her eyes by a felonious scoffer. At a diamond wedding at Grace Church, two of the bridesmaids and many of the spectators were surreptitiously relieved of their watches and ornaments by ladies as fashionably dressed as was the bridal party. The various railway depots and steamboat landings of New York, where crowds of strangers are constantly arriving or departing, are fine fields for pickpockets to work, and abundant are the harvests they gather therein. The felonious gang joins the bustling crowd, pushing, jostling and jamming, one covering the movements of another, and all bent upon plunder. A victim once selected, he is pushed and annoyed by two or three of the gang, while the dexterous digits of another dip lightly into his pockets and secure the coveted wallet. Instantly it is passed by the pickpocket to his "cover" or confederate, and before the besieged stranger recovers his equanimity his treasure has flown. Should he become immediately conscious of his loss, he would not have the hardihood to suspect the well-dressed, highly-perfumed, meek, modest, and retiring-looking gentleman at his side of having robbed him. It is a weakness of humanity to look for crime only in rags. All places of public amusements, public meetings, the street cars, the ferry boats, or wherever crowds of people collect, there is where pickpockets do most abound. It is in bustle and confusion that they are enabled to work most successfully. It is in accordance with our Republican ideas to put our trust in the masses of the people. And hence, an individual whose suspicious nature would cause him to watch you as closely as if you were a thief while engaged in a quiet conversation with him, will rush headlong into a bustling and hustling crowd without thought of pocketbook or watch. He sometimes trusts too much to the integrity of the masses, and returns from his encounter with them, shorn of his treasures and also of his confidence.

These gangs of pickpockets are well known to our detective police, who do not hesitate to disperse them whenever they encounter them. A short time since, car and stage pickpockets became so numerous, and were so bold and reckless in committing their depredations, that it was not safe to travel about the city by any of the public conveyances. To remedy this, special detectives were detailed for the cars and stages, and instructed to arrest any and all

pickpockets wherever seen. This raid of the police on the numerous gangs speedily had the effect anticipated, and they were broken and scattered. While the police had no *right* to arrest these depredators unless they caught them committing a theft, yet as they had the *power* to do so, they exercised it without stint, and many were the 'car buzzers" they led captives to police headquarters. Once in custody, their photographs were immediately taken, after which they were released with a warning not to be caught again. The photographs thus obtained, together with accurate descriptions of the originals, were sent to the various police stations, and to such other cities as were likely to be visited by the thieves.

Many of the pickpockets made serious objections to leaving their photographs in the hands of the police, and not unfrequently refused to sit for them. John Ryan, otherwise known as "Johnny the Greek," one of whose pictures adorns this article, was one of the obstreperous ones. "Johnny" is a stalwart young Irishman, about twenty-two years of age, exceedingly expert in his profession, his record in the detective office stamping him as an "A 1 super twister"—which being translated means that he is a most dexterous pilferer of watches; "super" signifying watch, and "twister" designating the manner in which it is detached from the safety guard.



JOHNNY THE GREEK.

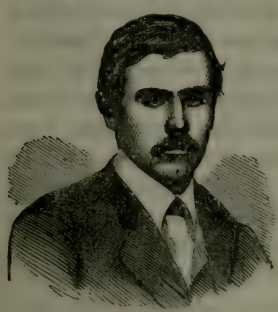
"Johnny" was one of the victims of the car raid, and on being taken to the detective office, positively refused to sit for his picture. He was taken to the gallery, however, and placed in front of the instrument, where his facial gyrations for a time baffled the skill of the artist. At length one of the detectives placed himself behind "Johnny's" chair, seized that obstreperous individual by the ears, holding him down by main strength while the artist performed his part of the task. But this picture was not deemed sufficiently accurate to enable the policemen to recognize so dangerous an expert, and strategy was resorted to in order to secure a better one. "Johnny" was directed to put on his overcoat and return to the police office, and was given to understand that the attempt to photograph his Grecian features was abandoned. He stood quietly in conversation with the officer for a few moments, arguing upon the injustice of policemen generally, and while so engaged, and entirely unknown to him, the artist secured a first and somewhat better picture, which is introduced as the second of our series. "Johnny" was very much chagrined when he was shown this really excellent likeness, and threatened vengeance dire if it was publicly exhibited.

The individual pickpocket, or he who conducts his operations without the assistance of a confederate, is similar in manner and appearance to those who constitute the gangs. Instead of working in crowds, however, and under cover of a rush and jam, he adopts a more quiet and reserved mode of accomplishing the same object. He it is who insinuates himself into the seat next you in the street car or the stage, and with much ostentation produces a morning paper and appears to be engrossed in its perusal. At the same time his cloak, or the loose shawl, or linen duster he carries, or even the paper he holds, serves as a cover to hide the manipulations of his agile fingers. While your attention is occupied with your paper, or by the panoramic view of streets afforded by your passing stage, his dexterous digits are exploring the recesses of your pocket and making free with its contents. Very often he is provided with a delicate little knife with a razor-like blade, with which he quietly slits your garments until having reached the desired wallet, he exultantly draws it forth through the extemporized opening. Ladies are more frequently robbed by this mode than gentlemen. The manner in which their expansive crinoline distributes their clothing when taking seats in public vehicles enables the pickpocket, unperceived, to slip his hand up under the dress until the pocket is reached, when a sudden but delicate application of his knife places all within at his disposal. This knife-blade is occasionally concealed in a finger ring, and an amusing story is told in reference to the making of such a one. A pickpocket, well dressed and gentlemanly looking, called into a manufacturing jeweller's store in Broadway, and ordered one of these ring-knives made after a pattern furnished by himself. The ring was made according to order, and when the thief called for it the proprietor of the establishment had the curiosity to ask its use. The thief candidly explained to the astonished jeweller, at the same time practically demonstrating how delicate an operation it was to use the instrument successfully. The gentleman was obliged for the information given him, received his pay for the ring, and blandly bowed his smiling customer to the door. Shortly afterward he discovered a clean, neat slit in his pantaloons, and further investigation showed him that his pocketbook had been abstracted. While explaining the use of the ring the thief had adroitly executed the robbery, thereby affording most convincing proof to both himself and the manufacturer that the ring was satisfactorily made.

A few weeks since a Virginia clergyman suffered an arrest and a long detention by the authorities in consequence of the operations of one of these knights of the knife. A pickpocket in a Broadway stage who had cut a lady's pocket in an attempt to obtain her pocketbook, thinking himself observed, abandoned the enterprise and hastily left the stage. As the thief departed, the lady

arose and spread out her garments, as ladies will do when the opportunity is presented, and in so doing, her wallet, unobserved by her, fell upon the seat. The Virginia clergyman entering the stage at this time, seeing the pocketbook, and not knowing to whom it belonged, picked it up and concealed it in his breast pocket. A lady sitting opposite to him saw this movement, and thinking that he had taken the wallet from the pocket of his fellow-passenger, gave the alarm, and the clergyman soon found himself in the custody of an officer, charged with being a pickpocket. Appearances were certainly against him—the lady's pocket was cut, her money gone, and the stolen property was found in the clergyman's pocket. That gentleman suffered a long detention, his examination, owing to his profession and position, exciting much attention. His parishoners, and the associate clergymen of his parish, forwarded to the magistrate certificates as to the irreproachable character he had previously borne, and expressing the utmost confidence in his integrity. Still, appearances were so strongly against him that he would inevitably have been convicted as a pickpocket had it not been for the testimony of one or two detective policemen. These gentlemen, called to the stand as experts, testified that the lady's pocket had unquestionably been cut by a skilful professional pickpocket, and not by a novice. As it was, the clergyman's case had to go before the grand jury, and he is now on bail, awaiting their action.

James Johnson, *alias* "Jimmy the Kid," a correct likeness of whom accompanies this sketch, is one of the most expert of all New York pickpockets. The term "kid," in thieves' jargon, is used to designate a child. Johnson acquired the title from the fact that he has been a thief from infancy. He was first arrested when seven years old, and from that time forth has been a shining light in the profession. He is about twenty-five years of age, was born in this city, and if he ever had any parents at all they were natives of the Emerald Isle—at least it is fair to suppose they were, out of respect for the "sweet brogue" which "the Kid" indulges in. Jimmy was always a vagabond, friendless in his infancy, homeless and hungry in his youth, and compelled all his life to provide for himself as best he could. From a petty pilferer from store doors and tenement-house areas, he has gradually advanced in the profession until he has but few rivals. His brother, a little younger than himself, was also a thief, and was shot by an officer a few years since with fatal effect. "Jimmy the Kid" is now doing the State service at Sing Sing in consequence of some of his eccentricities.



JIMMY THE KID.

Pickpockets have their drinking saloons, or "lushing kens," as they are denominated in the thieves' vernacular, where they assemble during their hours of leisure to drink their liquor and discuss such matters as are of interest to them. These saloons are usually conducted in an orderly manner, and, to all external appearance, are as respectable as any drinking saloons can be. The rigid enforcement of the Excise law will have a tendency to break up these places of rendezvous, inasmuch as no individual keeping a resort for thieves will be able to procure a license. The conversation carried on by the frequenters of these places is a peculiar mixture of flash sentences and strange oaths, and is perfectly unintelligible to the uninitiated. So extensive is this jargon that thieves can converse freely by means of it, introducing no words of English save such as are vulgar or profane. Except for this the thieves' jargon might almost be said to have achieved the dignity of a distinct language. Nearly all the words are derived from the Gipsies, their signification being somewhat changed by being modernized and transplanted. A gentleman formerly possessing an enviable reputation as a detective policeman, has compiled a volume called a "Thieves' Vocabulary," a work of considerable size. It is considered a valuable aid to persons about to enter upon a criminal career. Much of the "slang" in general use, encountered too frequently in the street, and even in the drawing-room, had its origin among thieves, and was invented by them to conceal rather than to express their thoughts. When pickpockets assemble in their saloons they drink and smoke and swear and chat like other sociable people, relating their adventures, talking of absent friends, and concocting new schemes for defrauding the public. Detective officers frequently visit these places in search of information or of some one who is "wanted." They are always recognized and civilly treated, and frequently obtain, while in unrestricted conversation, information which will lead to the apprehension of some thief or the recovery of stolen property. If his object be to make an arrest, and the individual he seeks be present, no opposition to his capture will be offered. Thieves depend more upon "the law's delays" and the law's technicalities for their escape from difficulty than upon brute force.

There is an intimacy existing between the pickpockets and the detectives which is seemingly improper, but which, under our present system of laws, is natural and apparently necessary. They meet and chat together familiarly, talk over the times and the news of the day, exchange information regarding mutual acquaintances, and by this means the detective keeps informed as to the whereabouts of the different members of the profession. Some of the officers are popular with the pickpockets, and they often give them information which leads to the recovery of stolen property. It is

seldom, however, that a pickpocket will "give away" a friend, or furnish information which will lead to his arrest. It is only when actuated by a feeling of revenge that the old adage of "honor among thieves" is violated in this particular. They will quarrel and fight and swindle each other when dividing the spoils, but it must be a quarrel to the death that will cause one to betray another to the officers of the law. The fraternizing of officers with public offenders is doubtless all wrong, but it is the fault of the law and not of the officer. He may be morally certain that the man with whom he is conversing is a thief; that he has committed hundreds of offences for which he has never been punished; that he has no means of obtaining a livelihood except by stealing; yet, until he is prepared to go before a magistrate and charge him with some specific offence, and substantiate his charge by good and sufficient proof, he must not venture to lay a hand upon that felonious individual. The person of a professional pickpocket is as sacred in America as is that of any honest citizen, and he who deprives him of his liberty without warrant of law must be prepared to suffer the consequences. There is no statute providing for the punishment of a person for simply having a bad character. So, while the officer is forbidden to lock up a well-known thief, the next best thing he can do with him is to use him for the overthrow of others, until others, in their turn, shall lay him low.

Pickpockets seldom accumulate large fortunes, although there are a few gentlemen of elegant leisure and an abundance of means who owe their pecuniary success to the dexterity of their felonious fingers. As a class they dress well, live in a happy-go-lucky style, having plenty of money to-day and none to-morrow, spending their ill-gotten gains with a lavish hand, and not unfrequently making liberal donations to our public charities. They occupy furnished rooms and live at restaurants, or board in private families, according as their fancy dictates or means permit. The free-and-easy manners of some of them have made them popular in the wards in which they live, and when this occurs they are readily induced to enter the political arena. Men who, at one period of their lives, were professional pickpockets, and who had been at various times in the custody of the police, have not only filled responsible clerkships under our city authorities, but have been candidates for aldermen and councilmen. In one instance, at least, the pickpocket was elected, and took his seat in the board without protest from the other members. He found the society congenial, and the public was unable to distinguish any difference between his conduct and that of other city officials. It would be a curious study to trace out the direct influence which confessed criminals exercise in this city in the administration of city affairs.

All pickpockets are gamblers. No sooner does one get some one

else's money in his purse than he hastens to the gaming table and there transfers it to the pockets of sharper rascals than himself. They are kind to one another, seldom turning the cold shoulder to a sick comrade or to one in distress. As a rule, they would much prefer to be honest citizens, but circumstances and their own folly having made them criminal, they take pride in their profession and strive to excel.

Each pickpocket has his mistress or "moll" as she is termed, who not unfrequently exercises a good influence over him, restraining him from what she terms "evil courses"—i. e., drunkenness and excessive gambling. Some of them are themselves pickpockets, and work harmoniously with their lords and masters. More frequently, however, they are young girls taken from the working classes, who have been induced to step aside from the paths of virtue by their felonious lovers, whose pleasant manners and good address have won their maiden affections. To many of these, taken as they have been from their places of weary and ill-requited toil, when brain and body have become exhausted by the incessant labor of day and night—the remuneration for which scarcely serves to keep soul and body together—the step from the workshop to the life of idleness, even though it be a sinful one, is not only a seeming elevation in the social scale, but to them is one in reality. Society will nod and smile upon the well-dressed woman, regardless of her reputation, while it bestows only its frowns upon honest, starving industry in a ragged petticoat. The pickpocket and his "moll" will live together for years with no more clashes and broils than would naturally and necessarily ensue were they legitimately married. During this time the woman at least will remain true to her unhallowed vows. She may know and object to the profession of her lover, but when, by reason of it, he gets into trouble, there is no friend who will do so much for him as his "moll." In many instances her first infidelity to her adopted spouse has been committed for the purpose of releasing him from prison. The winning smiles of a pretty woman are irresistible, and even judges are human. When, finally, the outraged law claims the pickpocket, and the prison doors close upon him for a term of years, she who has been to him all that a faithful wife might have been, may be forced to adopt another husband temporarily as a means whereby she may live; but her affections cling to her first love, and no sooner is he released from his incarceration than, "forsaking all others, she cleaves only unto him." Children often result from these unions of convenience, but both parents shrink with real horror from the thought of their offspring following the nefarious calling of the father. A pickpocket walking in Broadway a few days since with his little boy, a beautiful child four years of age, said to a detective, "If I thought that boy would ever be what I am, as dearly as I love

him, I would this minute, with my own hands, dash his brains out against the curb-stone." Such children are sent away from home before they are old enough to realize their surroundings, and the parents look forward to the day when a "big haul" shall enable them to retire from the business and rear their children respectably. One of the wealthiest farmers in his county, living with his family, respected and honored, in Connecticut, a few years ago was a penniless pickpocket, seeking victims in Broadway. A plethoric pocketbook which he "acquired" from a stranger enabled him to speculate in oil stocks, and he soon accumulated a snug little fortune. His "moll" immediately took him and the children to the country, instead of permitting him to squander his money in gambling. There are one or two others who have thus retired, but the "big hauls" to the profession are like angel's visits. The police authorities keep a record of all such persons, but do not disturb them so long as they continue to "live on the square."

The female pickpocket is the counterpart of the male of the same species—"loud" in her dress, her manners and her conversation. We have so many "loud" women now-a-days, however, that she is not so easily distinguished from honest people. She likes a social glass occasionally, and sometimes, when chatting in the places of resort provided for her class, will take more than is good for her. Like all other women under similar circumstances, she then becomes boisterous, quarrelsome, and occasions the policeman much trouble while on the way to the station-house. She avails herself of the privileges of her sex, and is obstreperous.

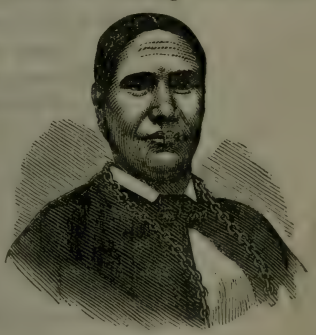
Hell hath no fury like a woman *corned.*

She is opposed to living a life of single blessedness, and having fixed her affections upon one of the sterner sex—usually an expert thief or a shrewd gambler—she takes him to her heart, regardless of priest or parson. She is familiar with the thieves' vernacular, and not particularly fastidious in the matter of profanity. Indeed, should occasion require, she can "swear you a round dozen oaths with the vehemence of a gentlewoman." Her mode of conducting operations is similar to that adopted by the male pickpocket—always seeking a crowd and always pushing and intruding. She haunts the fashionable stores, and while ladies are overhauling goods under pretence of buying, she spreads the ample folds of her dress upon the seat next them, and fishes in the almost unfathomable recesses of dark pockets for wallets. Being a woman, she knows whereabouts in a lady's dress the pocket should be—a man never could find it. While the male pickpocket, working alone, is forced to carry an overcoat, a linen duster, a newspaper, or something of the kind, to conceal the movements of his hands, the latest Paris fashions do away with that necessity on the part of the female, and her delicate fingers perform their pilfering duty unperceived beneath the folds of her ample cloak or flowing shawl.

Our likeness of "Mag Kelley" is from a photograph which she most unwillingly contributed to the collection at police headquarters. Mag has been an exceedingly expert and successful pickpocket for many years, of the class denominated "stage buzzers," her time being mostly spent in stages and cars, and occupied in the robbing of passengers. She was at one time a remarkably handsome woman, but bad whiskey and a generally dissolute life have destroyed all traces of her former beauty. She has been arrested a great many times, and a few weeks since she was brought to court, ragged, drunken, filthy and badly beaten withal, and sent to Blackwell's Island as a vagrant. A few months' imprisonment will work the whiskey out of her system, after which she will be in excellent condition to resume her criminal career. Mag has as many *aliases* as she has had lovers, and in the days of her beauty they were not few, but embraced among their numbers members of the bar, criminal judges, and at least one *quasi* clergyman.

MAG KELLEY.

"Mother" Edwards, as may be inferred from the accompanying likeness, is a jolly, good-natured woman, "fat, fair and forty." The photograph from which the engraving is taken does not do her justice, for the reason that she had an objection to sitting for it, and being in durance vile at the time, she was not in her usual good humor. Mother Edwards was once an honest married woman, and has several children to remind her of those happy days. Some difficulty which arose between herself and husband caused her to leave him, and having herself and children to support, she adopted the profession of a pickpocket. She became exceedingly expert, and as she has always been forced to steal for a large family, her depredations have been numerous. When Mother Edwards chances to fall into the hands of the police, she treats the affair as a good joke, makes herself comfortable in her cell, and always has a pleasant word for visitors. She has been convicted once or twice, but her punishment has been trifling compared to her offences.



MOTHER EDWARDS.

There are many young girls in the business, but they can scarcely be called professional, as they have other means of obtaining a liveli-

hood and pick pockets for pastime. While the morals of the female pickpocket are not to be commended on general principles, she still has some womanly pride left, as also something which she calls self-respect. Like the majority of her sex, she looks unpityingly upon those unfortunate thousands whose sad faces we see flitting by us by gas light, plying their terrible trade at all hours of the night. She holds herself far superior to these, and looks upon her own shortcomings as mere eccentricities of her genius. Notwithstanding her contempt for those we call fallen women, the female pickpocket almost always ends her career among those she has scorned during her prosperity, and like them, becomes addicted to drink, and finally dies in some charitable institution.

Professional pickpockets, of either sex, usually possess a degree of sharpness and intelligence which, exercised in the channels of honest industry, would make them successful as honest business men and women. It is but seldom that one reforms, although a few who served honorably through the war have declined to return to their old profession. But where the army reformed one professional thief it made a dozen, or graduated as adepts those who were but novices before. The first step in crime once taken, the paths of rectitude seem obliterated, and the return to them impossible. The cry of "thief" once raised against an unfortunate, society sets out in full chase, and the poor fugitive is driven further and further away from the right, until death alone seems merciful. Our Christianity forgets that he is human, and

> That tho' so deeply stained in sin
> He is our brother yet;
> Heir to the selfsame heritage,
> Child of the selfsame God,
> He hath but stumbled in the path
> We have in weakness trod.
>
> CLIFFORD THOMSON.

THE ALCHYMIST.

NO occult art is mine; no subtle skill
By chemical analysis defined;
My laboratory is the unwalled will,
My workshop is the mind.

Simple my implement: within the bowl
Of this smooth-stemmed and amply carved retort,
I press the potent weed, which is its soul,
As to the brain is thought.

Next, to the dry narcotic, brown and sweet,
I touch the living, slow-consuming fire,
Whose kindling breath the mingling atoms meet,
And burn with hot desire.

Now, through the amber tip my lips inhale
The warm, ambrosial vapor; soft and slow
The fragrant currents enter and exhale,
With dreamy ebb and flow.

And lo! transmuted by the breathing balm,
The troubled mind an effluence distils;
Passion and vain desire grow instant calm,
And peace my being fills.

Borne on the scented cloud, like doves in air,
The torments of the earth no more intrude,
Imagination wings through visions fair,
And love and memory brood.

Thine, too, the boon of inexpensive ease,
Wan, weary student of the midnight oil;
Thine, lonely helmsman, sailing soundless seas;
Thine, strong-armed sons of toil.

O rare retort; O Alchymy divine,
That can with simples misery transmute,
Turning life's bitter dregs to pleasant wine,
Its ashes into fruit.

ARTHUR FLEMING.

REMINISCENCES OF A PARISIAN ATÉLIER.

"VIVE *le nouveau!*" "*Salutons le nouveau!*" "*Ecrasons le nouveau?*" shout the students! Encircling the unfortunate *nouveau* who has crossed the Rubicon of art-life with the threshold of their *atélier*, faster and faster they fly, whirling more madly than the Hellenic choregraphists in the Pyrrhic dance of old. They roar—they howl—they mew—they chatter—they grin! While the unfortunate new comer, like the prisoner around whom the Indian braves, with brandished tomahawks, perform their savage war-dance, appeals to his tormentors in vain. He is jeeringly told that *les demoiselles* Pity and Mercy do not lodge at that number. If he presumes to stand upon his dignity, a pail of cold water poured over his consequence lays his pride in the dust. Should his philosophy render him proof against the cooling application, and his self-esteem remain unquenched, he is reduced to what his fellow students are pleased to call his "proper level," by being kicked down stairs; or should their humor take a more sarcastic turn, he finds himself elevated to a position in accordance with his lofty demeanor, by being strapped to the top of a ladder, run up through the skylight, and left to enjoy that undisturbed survey of sublunary things represented in this instance by innumerable chimney pots, so highly conducive to that sublime mental condition which should characterize the philosopher! When he is lowered from this perilous eminence, the ghastly skeleton in the corner yonder, who wears an old felt hat, cocked jauntily over the gogglo eyes, which have been facetiously inserted in its empty sockets, and who sports a pair of cavalier boots, is pointed out to him as all that remains of the last presumptuous youth who dared to enter this den, not of lions, but rather of raging chimpanzees and hideous orang-outangs—this studio where the devotees of painting are congregated to acquire the art by which fleeting beauty is to be transferred to the glowing canvas, and the angelic dreams of poets portrayed in hues celestial and forms seraphic!

O! disillusioned youth! if thou art not condemned to leave thy bones, as they tell thee thy predecessor did, to rattle an accompaniment to every shout of drunken revelry that resounds within these grimy walls, how many of thy fair ideal forms of innocence, and purity, and hope, and fame, and immortal glory, will be stripped of their vital part, burlesqued, degraded, and defiled, until of all their life and beauty there remains but a grinning skeleton to taunt thee with holy memories of the past!

Not only a school of painting, but a school of democratic license,

is a Parisian *atélier!* Of what a ruffianly mob is the society of that select club, for the acquisition of art knowledge, composed? Wretched youths, collected from the four quarters of the globe, and from every class of society. You find a degenerate marquis seated upon the three-legged stool to your right, and a sometime professional mountebank, or wrestler, perched upon the very rickety eminence on your left. English, Americans, Germans, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Greeks, Wallachians, and even a Persian, graced the halls where we indulged in many a feast of Bologna sausage and a flow of sour wine.

There were three celebrated *atéliers* in Paris open at the time to which we refer (1858, '59, '60, '61)—Couture's, the favorite of the English and Americans, Le père Picot's, and Gleyre's. It is of the *atélier* Gleyre that we are writing.

The specialty of Couture's *atélier* was color, and the members of the rival establishments sneered at the Couturiens as amateurs and *flaneurs*, and declared that they concocted their color-effects as a cook his sauces: by a given receipt.

Le père Picot was a mere creature of the academy, and his students were accused of toadying to the professors in the most abject manner, and of being slow coaches, quite behind the age, who painted according to the dogmas of David and his *confrères*, at the time of the Empire.

The *atélier* Gleyre prided itself upon being the *linear*, if not lineal, descendant of the *atélier* of the great Paul de la Roche, who selected M. Gleyre, his favorite pupil, to succeed him.

The *atélier* Gleyre, as well as that of Picot, was located in the Quartier Latin, but Couture resided upon the more fashionable side of the water. This alone was enough to deprive the Couturiens of any right to the title of students; which, indeed, they were not anxious to claim. The gentlemen who honored M. Couture with their presence in his *atélier* were already artists; they did not go to a master to learn their trade, as the students of the Quartier Latin; they merely passed a few hours, now and then, in perfecting their style. The poor fellows of the Latin Quarter were, in their eyes, as the scum of the earth; their works were not paintings, but at the best dismally tinted drawings and crude designs.

M. Gleyre was the idol of his pupils, as a painter, a philosopher, and a man. He was a stern republican, and would accept no commissions from the Imperial Government, although he had been a personal friend of Napoleon III. previous to the *coup d'état.* Moreover, he declined to submit to the caprices and favoritism of the "hanging committee," and refused to send his works to the annual exhibitions at the Palais d'Industrie. In consequence, his name is not so familiar to the general public as his undoubted genius would lead one to expect; but among the *élite* of the art

world he ranks second to none. The purity and precision of his style equals, if it does not surpass, that of Flandrin and Ingres, the great academicians; while for depth of thought, delicacy of invention, and novelty of treatment, Gleyre stands quite alone among the classicalists. Few who have visited the galleries of the Luxembourg will fail to remember his exquisite creation, "l'Illusion Perdu." A phantom barge, freighted with ideal shapes, that chant the requiem of the day, floats before the eyes of a poet, who sits, with his lyre fallen by his side, gazing dreamily upon the receding vision.

M. Gleyre's last great work, "Hercules at the Feet of Omphale," purchased by Messrs. Goupil & Co., has been admirably photographed, and is familiar to the art-lovers of both hemispheres.

The *atéliers* of which we speak are not the studios where the masters themselves paint, but schools organized somewhat after the fashion of clubs. Each member pays an admission fee and a monthly subscription, which covers the various expenses of rent, fuel, models, and in most cases of tuition; but M. Gleyre's devotion to his pupils is a work of pure love: he receives no compensation, and invariably refuses all costly testimonials of gratitude and affection. A man of antique virtue, indifferent to popular opinions, governed only by his love of the beautiful and true, living like an anchorite, yet lavish in charities of which few beside the recipient ever hear, he keeps aloof from all strife, and scorns the honors of the world as sincerely as a Socrates or a Cato.

Some of his pupils have proved worthy of such a master. The two most promising and successful among the artists of France and England are *anciens élèves de l'atélier* Gleyre—the celebrated Gerôme of Paris, and Frederic Leighton, who, though he can scarcely number more than thirty years, is already an associate of the Royal Academy, London, and more distinguished than many of the academicians themselves. The graceful and elegant Hamon, whose delicious little picture, "*Ma sœur n'y est pas*," is the delight of all who appreciate the *genre classique*, and a host of other distinguished artists have also figured upon the roll of the *atélier* Gleyre.

M. Gleyre's great merit as a teacher is his conscientious respect for the individuality of the pupil. He never forces upon the student any favorite mannerism or system, but develops the natural talents of each youth so skilfully that his originality is preserved. It is for this reason that one finds among the artists who have studied under Gleyre the greatest contrasts of style, and not one is an imitator of his master.

It was the custom of M. Gleyre to visit the studio, where his pupils assemble to study from the life-model, about twice a week, and to spend an hour in correcting their drawings; the rest of the time the students were left to themselves. Their liberty was not

even hampered by a code of laws; every question that arose was put to the vote, and decided by a show of hands; if the division was about equal, the treasurer, the only officer, was appealed to; if his voice failed to settle the dispute, each man seized the stool upon which he sat, fell upon his nearest opponent, and the battle raged until one party was forcibly ejected. With these quarrels, which rarely occurred—for the French student is remarkably good-natured—the patron, as M. Gleyre was called, never interfered.

One of the customs of the studio compelled a *nouveau*, or new comer, to offer an entertainment in accordance with his means; if, however, he was evidently very poor, this ceremony was dispensed with, and the students would club together to pay his subscription fee. On one occasion a Wallachian applied for admission. He certainly did not look aristocratic, though it afterward appeared that his father was a prince. *Le Wallach*, as he was dubbed, was not lavish in his expenditure, and becoming indignant at the treatment he received, exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, in my own land I am a prince!"

"Aye," answered one of the queerest birds of the studio, Berthier, an ex-*coiffeur*, "but here nobody is prince, save he who acts like a prince! So do something princely—say something princely—pay something princely—or down with your title!"

To which "*Bravo—bravo—bravo, Berthier, a bas le Wallach—pas de prince nigaud!*" resounded on every side; and then was sung the famous song of *Ca ira* and *Pour les aristocrats on les pendera*, with a noise and confusion, a clinking of glasses, and an accompaniment of dismal howls that made the "Wallach" turn pale.

One day a young Southerner who had been *attaché* to one of the United States legations in Europe made his appearance. He was a handsome, well-bred youth, who evidently had a very good opinion of himself (which by the way his works have since justified), and not realizing the ultra democratic tendencies of the *atélier*, he indulged in a few touches of the "spread eagle," which were highly misplaced. At this cue the French students began to play off their practical jokes upon him (which, to their credit, be it observed, are scarcely ever indulged in when the *nouveau* is a foreigner). Our friend from Louisiana did not take kindly to the game, especially when an immense pail of water was poured over him *à l'improviste*. He showed an intense desire to single out an antagonist, and punish one, at least, of the offenders; but, as this is never allowed, he was obliged to yield to the force of numbers, and execute a retreat more hasty than dignified. The ex-*attaché* went home to monsieur, his papa, a venerable gentleman of the old school, who forthwith called upon M. Gleyre, and declared that if his son received such treatment again, the young gentleman would appeal to that American arbitrator—the revolver—and blow out the brains of his dastardly assailants.

M. Gleyre smiled seriously at the idea; it struck him as such a very singular manner of settling his scholars' love of a little innocent pleasantry; but, perceiving that both the old gentleman and his son were in earnest, and that the joke, if persisted in, would lead to the most unpleasant consequences, the master bethought him of an old pupil, who knew the French students well, and was half an American himself; and to this gentleman he sent the angry youth to be calmed down.

The young fire-eater called, poured forth his grievances, and asked what was to be done?

"Ah," said the referee, "you propose going to the *atélier* to-morrow, with a loaded revolver in your pocket, do you? Why! you would be torn to pieces before you would have time to fire the second shot. You must not think that Frenchmen are such cowards as to stand that sort of nonsense."

"But," urged the Southerner, "what am I to do? I will not be frightened into abandoning my studies by a crowd of blackguardly ruffians, and I will not go there to be insulted and maltreated."

"The remedy is simple enough. Engage a waiter from a neighboring restaurant to precede you with a tray charged, not with loaded revolvers, but with full bottles and empty glasses. Say that you come to subjugate *la belle France;* drop all that nonsense about the dignity of a man and the self-respect of a gentleman; above all, say no more about slavery, and, my word for it, they will hail you prince of jolly good fellows, who knows how to take a joke, and how to retaliate like a man and not like an assassin; remember that you are a student; forget that you have ever filled the important post of *attaché* to the United States Legation at ——, and when you put your foot in the color-pots and oil-cans, learn to do as painters do!"

The treaty of peace was concluded as advised, and all

Went merry as a marriage bell,

but far more noisily.

It was customary in these *ateliers* not to call anybody by his name, but to give him some appellation descriptive of his physical or national peculiarities. In looking back, after the lapse of a few years, it is scarcely possible to remember the real name of any of one's fellow students. There was "Le Cagneux," or the knock-kneed; "Le Boiteux," or the limper; "Le Sourd-muet," or the deaf and dumb; "Le Bossu," the hunch-backed dwarf; "Paolo Veronese," thus sarcastically nick-named after the great colorist, because he employed none but the dingiest hues; "Cayenne," named after the penal settlement where his father was an official; "Bonaparte," so called from his marvellous resemblance to *le petit caporal.* A Pole, with an unpronounceable name, and a very sweet temper, was always known as "Sucredolski," a corruption of *sucre-d'orge,* barley sugar.

A joke frequently perpetrated was for one of the most heavily-bearded students to personate M. Gleyre when a stranger called to see the master. If the visitor proved to be an applicant for admission, he would, with great gravity, be put through some such interrogatory as the following: "What is your age?" "Your birthplace?" "The social position of your family?" "The nature of your education?" "Do you go to confession regularly?" "Do you believe in miraculous interposition in the case of Jonas in the whale's belly?" "Do you subscribe to the Newtonian theory of perspective, or do you accept that of La Place, who argues that the ratio of reduction in the object is in proportion to the celerity of the vortical motion of the solar system?"

The unhappy youth from the country would generally admit, with some trepidation, that he was not familiar with either of these systems. He was then sternly told that it was a subject upon which he must be able to form an opinion before he attempted to acquire the sublime art of delineating the noble proportions of the human frame, and was sent to one of the principal booksellers to ask for "the Treatise on Aerial, Terrestrial and Solar Perspective," by M. Apollonius Rhodius, and told, if the clerks should not remember the title, he was to beg to see one of the firm, and say that he was sent by M. Gleyre to purchase the work in question.

More than one unfortunate youth has made himself a laughing-stock by attempting to execute this commission.

Sometimes the applicant for admission would be graciously received and politely requested by the supposed M. Gleyre to call at the Louvre and tell the *suisse*, whom he would find at the door, to send without delay the *arms* belonging to M. Gleyre's cast of the "Venus of Milo." The reader will of course remember that the said celebrated Venus is minus those appendages.

This *suisse* is a pompous personage, who wears an immense cocked hat and a gorgeous livery, profusely garnished with gold lace, and has moreover an irascible temper. He at once imagines himself the subject of the joke, and his indignation may be conceived, as well as the merriment of the wags who are watching the denouement of the farce at a distance.

Mirza, the Persian, was once placed in the most embarrassing position by these jesters. Like all Orientals, he was exceedingly courteous in his address and very punctilious in all matters of etiquette. He had the *entrée*, through the Persian ambassador, to the highest circles.

Mirza was naturally anxious to make himself master of the various subtle *nuances* of the French language, and once asked the meaning of *Et ta Sœur?* the refrain of an atrocious song quite unfit for ears polite, though often sung by the students, and which was Greek to him.

"Oh," answered the incorrigible Descroix, "it is simply the most elegant form of saying, 'How do you do?'"

That evening Monsieur Gerôme gave an entertainment, to which the *élite* of the art world were invited, and also our friend, Mirza.

Upon entering the brilliant *salon*, Mirza perceived Gerôme in conversation with the Duke de ——— and one or two of the most dignified and illustrious personages of Paris. Approaching his host with an affable smile, Mirza made a low bow and said, "*Bon soir, Monsieur Gerôme!*" and then, in a still more insinuating tone, and endeavoring in vain to conceal his gratification at having mastered so elegant a phrase, he mysteriously uttered the cabalistic words, "*Et ta sœur?*"

Gerôme stared with undisguised astonishment at his guest, who, thinking that he had perhaps spoken in too low a tone to make himself understood, repeated his kind inquiry in a louder voice.

"Sir," exclaimed the enraged artist, "what am I to understand by this gross insult?"

Thinking that he had mispronounced the phrase, Mirza again repeated, smilingly, "*Et ta sœur?*"

This was too much! Gerôme rang the bell and ordered the servant to show the gentleman to the door.

Mirza, bewildered and amazed, protested in vain that he only meant to say, "*Et ta sœur?*"

The host, to whom the refrain was doubtless familiar enough, turned his back upon him, and the pompous servant conducted the culprit to the door.

Some of the most cruel jokes, however, were perpetrated upon outsiders.

One day, when a female model was posing (and it will be remembered that the studies in these *atéliers* are ordinarily from undraped nature), one of the most unscrupulous of the jesters met in the street an old lady carrying a green umbrella, who asked him if he knew where a Ma'me Michaud lived?

"Oh, yes," answered the young reprobate; "I know her very well; she lives at No. 20, *premiere étage, la porte à droite.* I am going to the house, and, if you wish it, will accompany you."

The old lady, charmed by his gracious manner, and his frank and amiable countenance, at once accepted his guidance, delighted at so easily reaching her destination.

Arrived at the studio, he opened the door, exclaiming, "*Une dame qui desire voir Ma'me Michaud.*"

The unsuspecting old lady complacently walked into the room, and, her vision being defective, took out her glasses, deliberately proceeded to adjust them, and slowly looked about her, evidently amazed by the sight of so many young men. When her eyes fell upon the poor girl standing motionless and garmentless upon the

platform, she uttered a prolonged shriek—with a spasmodic action opened the green umbrella to shield her from the shameful sight, and poured forth a torrent of abuse upon the wretch who had beguiled her, the miscreants by whom she was surrounded, the abandoned girl, their victim, and with the umbrella still held before her, retreated, threatening vengeance.

The peals of laughter had not subsided, when the clink of arms and the tread of heavy boots were heard upon the staircase; the door opened, and a couple of *gens d'armes* entered, accompanied by the old lady, still protected by her *parapluie pudique.*

The minions of the law perceived at a glance that they were in an artist's studio, and turned to the old lady to explain.

Now came the most amusing part of the scene: she would hear nothing—listen to no explanation—this was a den of iniquity, and must be suppressed at once. The girl should be arrested, the students should be arrested, the *gens d'armes* themselves should be arrested, if they refused to arrest everybody else. She made such an uproar that a crowd began to collect in the court-yard, and as she resolutely refused to withdraw, and persisted in asserting her feminine prerogative of free and, in this case, abusive speech, the ludicrous scene ended by the *gens d'armes* being compelled to arrest the old lady herself!

The greatest sufferer was poor Marie, the model, who had been endeavoring to conceal herself behind an easel, and was dreadfully overcome by this attack. And she had just cause for indignation, as it is contrary to studio etiquette to introduce any one who is not connected with the profession while the model is posing.

Those who are unacquainted with the details of studio life are generally inclined to attach a greater degree of opprobrium to female models than some of them merit. In many cases, these *enfans d'atélier* are born in the profession—have posed from infancy—and, not having been taught to look upon the fact as implying any shame or disgrace, they do not understand that it is necessary to dispense with the sense of modesty simply because they lay off their raiment.

Marie, to whom we have just alluded, was one of a family of seven daughters, all models. The father and mother were ex-models, the children posed from babyhood, and in all probability the family profession, with their parents' fine proportions, will descend to their children as their only inheritance.

The best class of models do not, as a general rule, visit the students' *atéliers*, and the models of Paris are not usually so respectable as those of London. Many of the English models are comparatively well educated, and never by word or look betray the slightest consciousness that they are treading upon dangerous ground when they step upon the "throne" of the painting room.

Indeed, we know of one model living in London who plays admirably upon the piano, sings charmingly, and speaks French with an accent that most young ladies of Belgravia might envy. We recently heard this accomplished young person exclaim, in allusion to her fondness for the stage, that she would long since have become an actress were it not that her parents objected to her entering a profession which they considered degrading. According to this young lady, a model occupies a higher social position than an actress, and, indeed, in these days of the "Black Crook," the two professions seem to be sometimes combined. We have no doubt that if the present rage for picturesque, undraped effects continues, the stage will soon be sufficiently elevated to enable our models to adopt the profession without outraging the sensibilities of their fastidious parents.

Ion Perdicaris.

POETS.

SOME thunder on the heights of song, their race
Godlike in power, while others at their feet
Are breathing measures scarce less strong and sweet
Than those which peal from out that loftiest place;
Meanwhile, just midway on the mount, his face
Fairer than April heavens, when storms retreat,
And on their edges, rain and sunshine meet,
Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender grace;
But when the slopes of bright Parnassus sweep
Near to the common ground, a various throng
Chant lowlier measures—yet each tuneful strain
(The silvery mirror of earth's perfect song)
Blends with that music of the topmost steep,
O'er whose vast realm the master minstrels reign!

Paul H. Hayne.

CAPTAIN TOM'S FRIGHT.

"I TELL you, I never was so frightened in my life," said Captain Tom Kestle, filling his brierwood and ramming home the tobacco with a bit of stick, "excepting once," he added, reflectively.

"How was that, captain?" said I, detecting indications of a yarn, "let's have it if it is worth telling." The captain lit a cedar splint at the fire and proceeded to ignite his pipe, the flame of the dry stick bringing out his strong, quiet features and grayish hair and beard in relief against the black woods behind him.

Cannot some modern Rembrandt take for his subject the head of a fine-looking soldier as he lights his pipe at night? Hundreds of times has the picturesque effect caught my eye and made me wish that it could be fixed on canvas. Our fire had been suffered to die out at sunset, save such smouldering embers as would attract no hostile eye, and only threw a dim, red glow over the half-dozen officers crouched around. We were just behind the crest of one of those passes in the Virginia mountains, which were taken and lost so many times during the war for the Union. We had a section of light artillery, five or six companies of infantry, and a mounted orderly or so, and were instructed to hold the position for twenty-four hours at all hazards. Looking up the stony road from where we sat under the cedars, one could just see the outline of our two field-pieces where they stood pointing over the crest of the hastily constructed parapet, and about them the dim forms of the gun squads waiting for the expected firing of the pickets some two hundred yards down the slope beyond.

The cold mountain wind swept over the ridge and down through the rustling cedars to the now empty and blackened redoubt which we had carried the day before. Captain Tom had led the assault, and it was the story of his experiences therein that he had just finished with the remark as to his comparative fright on that, and a former occasion. The captain had the coolest way of talking about his personal frights, a way which we all understood perfectly, for most of us had too often seen him in action to believe his astounding accounts of his own cowardice. I actually believe that to this day, many a casual hearer of his yarns thinks that Captain Tom was the coward he painted himself, for often would a stranger ask, after hearing him narrate some of his exploits, how such a shameless sneak could remain in service with honor.

This time, for instance, I had seen the captain with my own eyes lead his men through the bed of the stream under a galling spatter

of canister and musketry, form them under the bank—he standing the while on a rock exposed to the fire of a hundred Rebel riflemen—then, with a magnificent rush and scramble, take them over the parapet and into the redoubt, he being the first man over by at least six or eight paces, and hauling down their bunting with his own hands.

In his own account, the captain figured somewhat as follows: "I formed the men well back in the woods, behind some big trees, feeling all the while as a man does when he is swimming in deep water and sharks are round. I gave the word 'forward' and marched at their head like a hero until the Rebs began to pepper us as we came out of cover. Then away went the men with a cheer into the water. I got behind two of the biggest men in the company and made out to cross the water without much exposure except from wet feet. The men formed somehow or another under the bank, and I stood behind a big rock." I suppose this to be the rock I saw him standing *on*. "Then presently they gave another cheer and up they went. My first sergeant prodded me on with his bayonet—the fellow seems to like me and be jealous of my fair fame—and somehow I got over the parapet, and seeing that there was no more fighting, I marched up to the flagstaff and hauled down their colors with all the dignity of a sergeant-major. I tell you, I never was so frightened in my life—excepting once." This "excepting once" was an addition to the captain's usual formula for closing his yarns, and checked by its seriousness the laughter which commonly followed. "Well," said he, in answer to my question and request, "we're all pretty good friends here, and I don't mind telling you now, although the yarn involves the reason why my hair is gray, as you see it. But I haven't visited those confounded outposts for the last two hours or so. I say, Charley, would you mind going with me? If there's one thing I'm more afraid of than another, it is visiting outposts at night, and I'll swear I've had more of it to do than any other man in the corps."

I, of course, gladly accompanied him. I was an aide on the division staff, and had been sent up with this detachment to bring instant news of disaster should any occur, as well as to report all events of importance from a headquarters point of view. I was always willing to be on hand if anything was going on, for I well knew that, disaster or not, I should be cross-examined by the general the moment I reported at headquarters.

This night of which I am writing, with perhaps half a dozen others, is marked in my memory, and stands distinct from all the nights of long and weary campaigns, not so much for its imminent peril as for the wild picturesqueness of its accessories. We turned our backs on the fire, and stumbled from among the dimly-illumined cedar trunks into the dark road, walked up past the picket rope

where the artillery horses stood, ready harnessed, champing their bits, past the black caissons, up to the parapet where the gun squads crouched behind the slight shelter, and the two cannon looked over into the darkness beyond, ready to shatter the mountain stillness with their roar. Behind us a dim glow on the air showed where our little force lay under the woods, and beyond was the black, empty darkness of the wide Shenandoah Valley, unillumined by a single light save the fires of one or two detachments of the Federal Army, while away to the southward a red glow lit up the horizon where the two great tidal waves of Union and Secession were chafing as they met, and where, very likely, shots were ringing and flames roaring in the night. Near us, however, all was stillness, and we crossed the embankment and walked silently down the steeply-sloping road. We advanced some two hundred yards, and then paused as we heard an ominous doulbe click. The captain whistled softly, and was answered from the direction of the click. We advanced, and a whispered consultation with the vedettes assured us that all was right, although one of them had heard voices, apparently a long way off down the mountain. We passed on to the other posts, and in the course of half an hour were once more seated at our fire, and the captain was charging his inevitable pipe preparatory to the promised yarn.

"Well, fellows," began he, "I feel sort of confidential to-night—a strange feeling for me, by the way, and I think some great piece of luck must be awaiting me as a consequence. However, I think I will tell you the story, although I never told it to a living soul before, and the very thought of telling it now sends a chill up the small of my back, so you mustn't be astonished if I turn childish before I get through. You must know that in the Summer and Fall of 1850 I was, in my profession of engineer, rebuilding a long bridge on the Sunset and Great Western Railroad. My station was ten or fifteen miles from any town, and I had a gang of thirty or forty of the wildest Irishmen you ever saw caught, beside the sober mechanics who did the joiner work on the bridge. A pretty lonely life I led, for there was hardly any one with whom it was a pleasure to associate for any length of time, though perhaps that was to some extent my fault, for I was always rather distant and reserved with the men, more from a fear of seeming to intrude, or from the opposite horror of seeming to court popularity, than from any other reason. My station was at the end of a long and perfectly straight stretch of road. I suppose there must have been fifteen miles of track without a curve of any sort, save that which belongs to the surface of the earth. As the line neared the river an easy grade raised it a few feet, so as to carry the roadway of the bridge clear of floods. Rather more than half way up this grade was a cut-off or side track, crossing the river on a temporary trestle-work, and

intended to remain only while the main bridge was undergoing its repairs. This cut-off was set at a very acute angle, so that the speed of passing trains was scarcely checked while crossing the river. One could stand on this little grade and see the approaching trains at least a dozen miles off, when the air was clear, as they came tearing across the prairie and up the grade and over the bridge, whirling past us a momentary glimpse of the world and its life. Perhaps the conductor, if he was a clever fellow, would throw us off a package of papers. That was all we knew of outside life, for none but 'gravel trains' condescended to stop at our little station. Our quarters consisted of a cluster of board shanties, with one of more luxurious build for me, all located for convenience of getting water, a quarter of a mile above the bridge, where the banks of the river were accessible.

"Those of you who have Irishmen in your companies well know that whiskey naturally gravitates to their vicinity, and almost always of a Saturday night a supply was on hand in our little community, on which the week's wages were pretty certainly expended. Saturday night was always distinguished by a tearing spree, which invariably terminated in a free fight, but as the combatants were usually too drunk to do much harm to one another when the fighting time came round, no material damage was ever done. There was one among these fellows with whom, from the first, I had foreseen trouble. A thick-set, surly dog he was, Pete McGee by name, and a "Fardowner" by birth. He had always some fault to find about his pay, was always grumbling, was continually shirking his work, and was withal a mighty drinker, and when drunk a mighty man to lead the crowd. Our antipathy to one another seemed to be led to a climax by fortune, and I had good reason to believe that twice already had Pete instigated an attack on me in my house, said attacks having been easily repelled by sundry discharges of my revolver at a high elevation.

"One day I was watching the labors of a gang who were shovelling dirt out of a drain which had been filled by a recent storm. I noted that Pete was shirking frightfully by taking a mighty small quantity of earth on his spade, and throwing it as short a distance as possible. He saw that I noticed him, and by a muttered remark to his companions he let them know that he did. In a few minutes I saw that the whole gang had word of the shirking of Pete and my observance thereof. I made up my mind to have it out with him, for the sake of discipline. I had with me a three-and-a-half-foot stick which I always carried for measuring purposes, a good, stout, hard cane of hickory, of which, thanks to a long residence with an old English backwoodsman, I knew also the use in self-defence.

"'Pete,' said I, 'if you don't do your full share of work from this time on, your name goes off the roll to-morrow night and you leave

by the next train.' Pete stopped work and looked at me a moment from under his shaggy brows, then leaned his spade against the ditch-side, hitched up his trousers, removed his dudeen from his mouth and stuck it in his hat, and then climbed slowly out of the ditch. Pete's shillalah and brown jug were never far from him, and he walked coolly toward them, remarking, 'Ye dirty spalpeen! I'll brak' the head of ye shure as me name's Pete McGee, an' ye may tak' me name off the roll and be damned to ye.' In an instant he had his bit of black thorn in his hand, and knocking off his hat, pipe and all, he tightened his belt and came toward me, as ugly looking a specimen as you would wish to meet. I heard a man remark, 'Boys, here's a discussion wid shticks, shure enough,' and saw the hands stop work and watch the progress of events with the enthusiastic interest of Irishmen when they become aware that a fight is approaching. My authority was at an end if I backed out, whereas if I made a good fight I might retain my authority, even if whipped. So I glanced round to see that there were no rolling stones or the like to step on, and made up my mind to fight it out. 'Pete McGee,' said I, as he drew near, 'you'd better think twice before you do it.' 'Hould yer tongue, will ye? I've stood yer tyranny long enough,' was the only reply I received, and in a moment Pete had struck. I had parried, and we were at it. If any of you have happened to see quarter-staff play on board a man-of-war, you will appreciate the game. Some hundred men take the sticks at a time and pair off in two long lines on the main deck. Very often any two men who have a quarrel settle it by getting opposite one another and pitching in. I have seen some pretty sharp fights at such times. Pete was evidently an old hand at the sticks, and had doubtless figured in former days at many a county fair in the old country. So I stood on the defensive, catching blows like flail-strokes, aimed at head, leg and side with astonishing rapidity. Pete was evidently surprised at finding me *au fait* with the sticks, and in truth I had all I could do to keep him from breaking my head. As it was, he gave me an ugly crack on the left shoulder, and hit me slightly elsewhere once or twice before I let him know that I could strike.

"At length, emboldened by my continued attitude of defence, he attempted to break my guard and head at the same time by a downward blow nearly corresponding to the seventh cut of the broadsword exercise. It is no joke to parry a blow of that kind struck by such a wrist as Pete had, for a slight deflection of the blow will disable your knuckles, and if you are not up to the dodge, your own stick will be driven down on to your head, which will probably end the fight. That blow, however, sealed Pete's fate. I received it on my stick held over my head and sloping sharply just clear of my left shoulder, in fact, slightly touching it. He tried to check his blow, but had put his heart too much in it; his

shillalah glanced harmlessly past my shoulder, while with a quick turn of the wrist and forearm, I laid the whole weight of my blow fairly on the crown of his head, and Pete McGee measured his length on the ground, while an involuntary 'Hurray' rose from the balance of the workmen, who forgot, in their enthusiasm for the science, that their own champion was defeated.

"Pete worked like a Trojan after that, and I even grew more popular with the hands, except when they were in liquor. It is a great thing among such fellows to know that in muscle and pluck the 'boss' is not inferior to the best of them. Two weeks passed after my battle-royal with Pete, and Saturday night came. The men were paid off, and the usual consumption of the 'crature' began. I examined my revolver, all six barrels were properly capped, and the points of the six bullets showed as I revolved the cylinder, standing where I could catch the last light from the west. A squad of the hands strolled by as I stood at the window. I returned their 'good evening,' and heard the word 'revolver' passed among them as they went on, showing that they noted my employment. I laid my pistol on the centre-table and leaned on the window-sill, watching the light fading in the west, smoking my pipe, and scarcely noticing the entrance of a woman who did my housekeeping for me. She went in and out as usual, 'redding up' the room for the night, and finally bade me good-night and took her departure. I presently made all fast, and seated myself for a quiet evening with my pipe and books. By-and-by I began to hear the mirth at Pete's shanty, away at the other end of the street, waxing fast and furious. I heard the noise until near ten o'clock, when I turned in and was soon asleep.

"The next sound I heard was a stunning blow on my door and a confused murmur of voices outside. To seize my revolver and jump into my trousers was the work of an instant, and on the repetition of the blow I called out 'Stand clear outside! I'm going to fire through the door.' The second blow had nearly dashed in the frail pine boards, and as I spoke the third shattered the door, and I could see by the dim starlight a dozen heads and sticks pressing through the doorway. Aiming at the leader, I pulled trigger, and heard the click of the hammer on the capless cone. Quick as thought I tried two more barrels, hurled the useless revolver at the nearest head, and seizing a chair smashed it to pieces on the next. Then came a sharp crack or two over my own head, and the stars faded away, the dim room vanished in greater darkness, and I was senseless. How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell, but it could not have been long, for when I first felt the damp, cool air blowing over my face I could hear the retreating steps and drunken laughter of a party of men who I concluded were my late assailants. Gradually my senses grew clearer. I

found, first, that I was bound tightly hand and foot. Presently I opened my eyes. I lay on my right side, my head resting on a cold, hard substance. Then I distinguished the rush of water afar off, against the piers of the bridge. As my eyes became steadier I saw that the cold substance on which my cheek rested was a railroad track. I could see a few yards of it, with its companion rail, on which my feet rested. Beyond and around was the dark prairie, and a quarter of a mile away twinkled a solitary light in one of the cabins. All this I stupidly realized as my stunned faculties returned, when suddenly the frightful question flashed upon my mind: 'Has the night-express passed?' In an instant every sense was acutely awake. I was lying bound to a cross-tie; my head, slightly raised, rested on a rail. I was not very near the head of the bridge, but far enough up the grade to look out over the prairie.

"Evidently Pete had planned a vengeance terrible indeed. Yet how did I know but the train had passed? I twisted my neck till the cords cracked, and made out to see the 'all right' signal twinkling at the bridge. I shouted and yelled for help, but the more earnest I became the more every one within hearing would think my shouts only the maudlin cries of some drunken Irishman. The signal man at the bridge could not leave his station for any ordinary cause, and certainly the cries of a drunken man on a Saturday night were not extraordinary. All this passed through my mind as I shouted, until my strength was gone. Then I lay and silently thought. My servant must have removed the caps from my pistol. Why should she? What cause for such treason had I ever given her? Why had I located the cabins so far from the track? Think as I would the stern fact of my situation remained, and I could only hope that one o'clock, and the train too, had passed.

"But now low down, on the very edge of the black horizon, my eye caught a faint red gleam. Too often had I watched the trains to doubt for a moment. I knew the very spot at which that dreaded light would appear. So then twenty minutes, at the very longest, provided no accident happened, was the lifetime remaining for me. I strained every fibre to break my bonds or twist my neck clear of the track, but the rope was too strong, and a couple of stakes driven, one on each side of my neck, forbade any motion except a slight lateral one. In the intensity of my muscular strain I had shut my eyes. As I opened them I saw before me, nearer, brighter, steadier, the shining reflection of the advancing train. Again I shouted, again I strained, but to no purpose. Then I lay and watched the light, as I had often done in happier times, until it seemed to me that my brain must give way. I closed my eyes and tried to pray, but that fearful light shone through my eyelids and banished every other thought. And now a faint yet terribly distinct rumble began to fill the air; it seemed as though my inmost

soul felt that sound. Yet I remember noticing the most trivial things—a cricket that sang near by, a toad that climbed on the rail, a prowling cat that came suddenly upon me and ran frightened away—for even in that fearful moment a sense of the ludicrous was alive, and I was conscious of a feeling of amusement as the creature scurried off. But, meanwhile, the faint rumble had grown louder, and I even fancied that I could perceive a slight vibration of the rail on which my head rested, and of the ground on which I lay. I think that about this time I must have become insane, for I only remember hearing my voice in impotent shrieks, and feeling my limbs, as it were, those of another man, straining themselves to be free. All the dreadful particulars of my approaching death whirled through my brain during these few moments. Once I fancied I could hear footsteps coming toward me from the bridge, and hoped wildly that they would reach me in time. But now I could see the red reflection of the lamp on the long, straight track, and the thunder of the train was drowning all other sounds. Once more I strained every muscle till the very flesh seemed to tear, one final cry I gave for help from God or man. Then I opened my eyes—closed in my agony—and looked silently at my destruction. For one dreadful instant I saw the silver mirror of the reflector, and felt the earth tremble under the roaring train, and then as the mighty engine rushed upon me, nature gave out, and amid a crash of sound, and a red glare of lamp and fire, I swooned.

"The wheels of the night-express had passed within a foot of my head. I had been bound on the straight track over the bridge, and the train passed me on the 'cut-off.'"

Captain Tom ceased. Hardly any comments on the story were made by the group of officers; for, after a moment of breathless stillness, the sharp crack of two or three rifles, which seemed to have been waiting for the end of the story, rang out over the ridge. In a moment the officers were running toward their respective commands. With a quiet though eager haste, the infantry were manning the rifle-pits, and the gunners stood with lanyards pulled taut, ready to fire at the word.

Fifteen minutes later, I was tearing down the stony road, my horse's hoofs striking fire to the accompaniment of a rattling of rifles from the mountain-side behind me. Before I left, I had looked an instant on the dead face of Captain Tom, who fell at his post like a hero as he was.

I had barely time to mount and run for it as the gray-clad Johnnies swarmed over the parapet and captured our little band. We had been overpowered by the advance of a division of Stonewall's army, and I thought myself lucky to be able, by dint of hard riding, to reach the grand guard of our division half an hour before Stonewall's cavalry drove in our pickets on the Shenandoah.

C. L. N.

THE BANKERS OF THE POOR.

THE poor, we are told, we have always with us, and so, in fact, at present, we have. And yet that this is the natural and inevitable condition of things it is impossible to believe. There was a time when periodic plagues were supposed to be as natural and inevitable, and it is not many years since Lord Palmerston excited the pious horror and sectarian wrath of the religious portion of Edinburgh by suggesting the cleaning of the streets as a much more certain defence than prayer against an expected visitation of the cholera.

The plague of poverty is amenable to the same common-sense treatment. Self-interest on the part of society, if well understood, would lead to a well-directed movement to aid those who are struggling against it. As it is now, however, the tendency is rather to help thrust them down than aid them in struggling up.

As the poor, by the system of middle-men in trade, are obliged to pay the highest prices for the poorest qualities, and by our tenement-house system, the highest rents for the poorest accommodations, so by our system of pawnbrokers, the bankers of the poor, they have to pay the largest interest for the smallest loans. To borrow from a bank, upon good credit, is reputable, but to borrow from a pawnbroker upon a watch is not. The transaction in both cases is exactly the same. In both cases only as much is lent as the lender feels certain the securities left on deposit will bring in any event, and in both cases the loan is made for a definite time at a certain rate of interest. In the one case, however, the law undertakes to arrange this rate, and to give what protection it can to the borrower. But in the other, though the borrower stands much more in need of what protection the law can give, he is practically left to the tender mercy of the money-lender. And that the quality of this mercy is not strained, will be made most terribly manifest to any one who will pay a visit, either for business or curiosity, to any one of the numerous pawnbrokers' offices in this city.

In England the business of banking for the poor is left entirely in the hands of private enterprise, and the same abuses we meet here are prevalent there. The business falls generally into the hands of the unscrupulous, and though there are some legal regulations, as there are here, for that matter, they are wholly inoperative. In the first place the persons wronged by excessive charges are the poor, and the very condition which forces them to have recourse to the pawnbroker deprives them of the means to seek the uncertain and expensive redress of the law. The business there is conducted

as it is here. Any person going into a pawn shop is brought into contact with a class of persons whose simple presence is an insult. Of all the phases of money-lending, at best a hardening and debasing business, that of the pawnbroker is the most so. A peculiar cast of countenance is acquired by the professional money-lender, a grasping, cormorantish look, which may be noticed in a less degree in a landlord, particularly about the present time of year, and which often degenerates into a greedy and insolent leer. I do not say this in any spirit of disrespect to the class, who may be in their domestic relations the best of fathers and husbands, but I state it as a fact.

In England, as here, there are grades in the profession. The lowest is that marked by the customary sign of the three gilded balls—which are said to be derived from the Medici coat of arms—three gilded pills—but which signify now that it is two to one in favor of your being cheated if you trust yourself into their lair. Then there is a higher grade, who call themselves agents, or simply brokers, without the pawn, but who omit it only in their nomenclature, and never in their transactions. Some of these represent the capital of joint-stock companies, keep an office, and drive about on their professional visits in handsome broughams with high-stepping horses, and tigers rough with buttons. You send for them and they will come to see you; you want to borrow such a sum, and offer such a security; if your security is about double the amount you ask for they will take your note at a short date with a bill of sale, and the interest is about a shilling in the pound, that is, only about seventy per cent. a year.

This branch of the business has not reached as large a development here as in London, though it bids fair to do so in time. At present the class of expectant heirs, spendthrift sons, and extravagant rich-poor people is even larger in England than here. Still, however, New York can boast of two or three offices, where a lady could leave her diamonds for a short time without exciting any scandal. The peculiarity of the pawnbroking in New York and London is that the sale of unredeemed pledges is managed in a way not to obtain a fair value for the goods, but almost as though with the intention of making them sell low. The pledges are sold at public auction, but there is no real public display of them beforehand; there is no attempt made to excite a real competition, to attract outside buyers, and make them sell at fair prices. The pawnbrokers prefer to buy them in themselves and sell them afterward. This is so much the case that almost any pawnbroker will give more for the absolute purchase of any article offered him than he will advance on it.

A recent article in "London Society," entitled "An Evening with my Uncle," by James Greenwood, the author of the "Night in the Workhouse," which excited so much attention last year by its

realistic truthfulness, will show the workings of the English pawn-broking system. Or let any one interested in this matter visit any one of the pawn shops in this city, and remain there half an hour. If his heart is not moved at the scenes of distress this short experience will show him, then he may be confident that nature has fitted him for the position of clerk in one of these establishments.

In France, Italy, and elsewhere on the continent, this business is managed very differently. There the Government assumes the position of banker for the poor. A description of the manner of conducting this business in Paris will show the difference between their system and ours, and will serve at the same time to describe the institutions all over the rest of Continental Europe, which were modeled after that in Paris. In the first place, the offices of the *Mont de Piété*, as the pawn-shops of Paris are called, are always situated in some large and spacious building, which is kept scrupulously neat and provided with sufficient accommodation for those who come there for business. As you pass in you are provided by the porter with a numbered check which gives you your turn. The French are a whole generation ahead of us in understanding how to avoid hurry and crowding, and the people are so habituated to the etiquette of such occasions, that wherever there is a crowd their first instinct is, not like ours—to try and push through to the front—but to immediately form a line and wait each for his turn. Passing up with your check, you are ushered into a waiting-room provided with settees, and when your number is called you step up to a window, and handing in the article you wish to pledge, will be told as quickly as possible what sum the *Mont de Piété* will advance upon it. If you choose to take this sum, you are furnished with another ticket, on presenting which to another officer, you receive the money, after having given your name, address, occupation, and the evidence that you are the person you represent yourself to be. This is an easier matter to do in Paris than here, since all Frenchmen and French women have their "papers"—that is, their certificate of baptism, tax receipt, or some equivalent—furnished by the police magistrate of their quarter. For a foreigner, a passport or a letter directed to himself would be quite sufficient. Your identity being settled, the money is given you, and with it a ticket telling with French accuracy what you have pawned, how much was advanced to you upon it, how much interest you will have to pay, and how long the loan will remain open before renewal. When you go back to redeem your property, about the same forms must be repeated, special stress being laid upon the proof of identity.

The unredeemed articles are generally sold at public auctions held, at stated periods, in one of the halls of the *Mont de Piété*. If at the sale the articles bring more than was advanced on them, the excess is returned to the pledgers. If these can not be found,

the money goes to their legal representatives, and in case no one stands in this position, it reverts, with the profits of the institution, to the Government. The interest charged is but trifling, and the care taken of the articles pawned is so great that it is a very common thing for owners of expensive furs and Winter clothing to put them in the *Mont de Piété* during the Summer, where they know they will be taken excellent care of and preserved from moths for a very slight charge. The *Mont de Piété* is also the safest place where a person about to leave Paris for a short time can deposit any valuables he does not wish to take with him, or to leave with servants or friends. The entire institution is really a blessing to the poor. The dealings are fair, the charges are reasonable, nor does its use necessitate a loss of one's self-respect.

A knowledge of the superior advantages of the European plan over our own, together with the perfect security and profitable character of the business of pawnbroking, have induced some gentlemen in Boston to establish a Pawner's Bank. Some account of this experiment and its unexpectedly great success, viewed simply as a pecuniary speculation, will unquestionably be of interest, and may influence the establishment in New York of some similar institution.

The Pawner's Bank was incorporated in 1859. By its charter, it is to be governed by the laws relative to banks, as far as they apply to it. It is forbidden to be a bank of issue, but is allowed to loan only on pledge of goods and chattels. Its capital is limited to $300,000, to be raised in shares of one hundred dollars, and it has the power of borrowing upon its own notes, not to exceed the amount of its paid-in capital, and for periods not exceeding a year. When fifty thousand dollars was subscribed and one-half of it paid in, the bank was authorized to commence business. Its rate of interest was made uniform, and forbidden to exceed one and one half per cent. a month. It was allowed to loan four-fifths of the appraised value on gold and silver ware, and two-thirds of the value of all other goods and chattels. Its management was put in the hands of seven directors, five of whom were to be elected annually by the stockholders, one to be appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts, and one by the Mayor of Boston. These directors constituted a board, who should elect one of themselves president, and such other officers as they thought necessary. The loans were limited to a year, with power to redeem at any time within that period. If the property was not redeemed at the end of the year, it is provided that it shall be sold, the surplus kept a year for the owner, and if then not called for, it shall go into the "profit and loss fund," which shall be drawn upon to make good any losses from failure of title or any other cause, and which shall be balanced every January, and the balance remaining be distributed, during the first three months of the year, among the needy of the city, in fuel, under

the direction of the board. The whole sum earned each year shall thus be disposed of at the end of the year. The interest paid the stockholders shall never exceed eight per cent. The president and directors are to report every October. In 1865 the power was given the bank to loan four-fifths of the appraised value upon deposit books in savings banks, or United States or Massachusetts bonds, and in case the savings bank books were not redeemed, it was made optional with the directors not to sell them at public auction.

In January, 1860, the bank began business. In the first annual report, the directors say that though they started with giving one, two or three months' credit, they found the custom in the old world was best, of giving six months' credit, and that they had found that "borrowers of small sums, and on what would ordinarily be considered the poorest class of property, are the most prompt to redeem their pledges. The class of borrowers who take the longest period of the credit allowed them, are those who borrow in the largest sums, and on the highest and best classes of property.

"At first the mere pittance of interest that we demanded of the borrowers, when they came to redeem their loans, was looked upon with incredulity, our interest on a small loan of five dollars for a week being two cents, where ordinarily the borrower had been in the habit of paying from twenty-five to fifty cents.

"We have had the pleasure, in a great many instances, of helping parties to means to take their property from other hands, where it was pledged at ruinous rates of interest, and we have every reason to believe that our bank has had a favorable influence in mitigating the charges on such loans in other quarters, and in lessening the number of places of business in that department." From the report of the directors in 1862, the following facts appear: The bank, since its creation, had loaned $494,947 73, and the interest paid on loans for the year was $16,620. The number of articles pawned was estimated at 267,045. The whole number of loans made by the bank was 18,413. Out of every hundred loans, sixty-four were of ten dollars and under. On an average, thirty-seven out of every hundred loans paid an interest less than twenty-one cents, twenty-seven less than eleven, and on four out of each hundred the interest was only one cent. The average length of the credit taken by the borrowers was three months and sixteen days. The average amount of interest received on each loan was one dollar eighty-eight cents and five mills, and the average amount loaned each person $21,91.

The report made in October, 1866, which states the condition of the bank on the 4th of the month, at 7 P. M., shows that the business of the bank had steadily increased. That the semi-annual sales show that "borrowers have been liberally dealt with; while the regular payment of interest and redemption of loans, proves that this class of business may be as legitimate and safe as any other." The

bank this year paid a dividend of eight per cent. in two semi-annual instalments, and was still able by its increased earnings to make an addition to the salaries of its officers. The December before, the directors, being authorized by the stockholders, had voted to increase the capital stock to $150,000. Of this proposed addition only $12,000 had thus far been subscribed, "though the whole could readily have been taken had the amount been needed." From this report we learn that the total amount loaned reaches $1,231,739 75, while the total amount of loans paid in was $1,131,580 25. The interest on loans for the year was $16,571 72. The estimated number of loans was 674,473. Seventy-three out of each hundred of the loans were for ten dollars and under, and five out of each hundred paid an interest of only one cent. The average length of credit taken was three months and twenty-two days; the average interest on each loan $1 42, and the average amount of each loan $22 81. The bank keeps all goods outside of its own vaults and safes, insured.

The amount of the pecuniary benefit of this institution to the poor of Boston can perhaps be calculated, but it is impossible to over-estimate the amount of moral good it has done, by teaching them habits of self-reliance and self-respect. The bank treats them fairly, and their transactions with it are those of simple, straightforward business. There is no degradation in dealing with it, nor anything more humiliating in proposing a loan to it, than there is in offering a note for discount to any regular bank. Its business is utterly removed from the degrading associations connected with pawnbroking and with the wholly vile character of the persons engaged in it. And it is singular that an institution of this kind could have been in operation so long, and so successfully, in Boston, without being imitated in New York. As it now stands, it would be cheaper for any one who wished to borrow one hundred dollars upon the pledge of goods, to make the trip to Boston simply for this purpose, rather than do it here. While, if the express companies would undertake the charge of carrying the goods there, and negotiating the loan, they could charge a handsome fee for so doing, and still make it so much more for the interest of those who frequent the pawn shops here, as to give them a large business.

That the poor in this city are thrifty is evident from the flourishing condition of the numerous savings banks. Without exhaustive minuteness in collecting statistics of the number and condition of these institutions here, any one who walks about our streets will plainly see that some ten or twelve of these institutions have found their business sufficiently profitable to enable them to expend their surplus, or a part of it, in expensive bank buildings. It would seem that if in any bank the excess of profits belonged to the depositors it should be so with savings banks, and yet in this city the capital

invested in expensive buildings, occupied only by savings banks, must reach millions in value. Now, if the directors of these banks had invested a portion of the money which belongs to the depositors in buying a lot and putting upon it a building that would improve the real estate and bring such an enhanced rent as would diminish the necessary office expenses of the bank, or perhaps abolish them entirely, no fault could be found. But this is not the case. These banks occupy the buildings entirely, though how they manage to do so is a mystery except to those who have some time been favored with an inside view of the management of some benevolent institution. The excuse that such a building is justified by the increased air of stability it gives the bank, and which attracts a greater amount of business to it, cannot hold, since the business which enabled them to gather together money enough to pay for such a building out of their profits was obtained before they had such a building, and often while their accommodations were of a very confined and unostentatious character.

Further than this, the funds collected by savings banks are almost without exception invested in Government and State securities, or mortgages upon real estate. These securities, as a rule, pay seven per cent. The bank, however, gives to its depositors an average of five. The other two per cent. is partly in these expensive buildings and in the bank "reserves." To possess an expensive building, and to manage an enormous reserve, delights a certain class of people, since it reflects a kind of importance upon themselves.

The original idea of a savings bank was to benefit the depositors, not to gratify the directors. Now, as has been proved by the Pawner's Bank in Boston, the business of lending small sums upon articles left in pawn is perfectly safe, and can be made to pay an interest of eight per cent. a year. Why, then, should not the bank which gathers its money from the poor, and the bank which lends its money to the poor, be one and the same institution? There is nothing against this combination, but everything in favor of it. It would most certainly be a great saving, and to the class who can least afford useless expenditure. If the money locked up in uselessly extravagant buildings for our savings banks and in their reserves, and extorted from the poor in the guise of interest by the pawnbrokers of this city, could be saved by such a simple combination and kept in circulation among the class from whom it is all taken and to whom it really belongs, it would amount to a very large annual sum, and would be of incalculable benefit to them. It will be done some day. Who will be the first to reduce the scheme to practice, now that it is suggested?

EDWARD HOWLAND.

MISS DIX, AND WHAT SHE HAS DONE.

WHO is Miss Dix? The name has, for over a quarter of a century, been a household word in our land as a symbol of philanthropy, of mercy, of unselfish, heroic devotion in alleviating the sufferings of humanity. Yet how little does the public know of her personality, her habits, where she was born, or where she resides. Like Shakespeare, she has lost her individuality in the greatness of her work. Her presence is felt but not perceived, just as a single grain of subtle perfume fills a whole room, but is itself unseen. Still, Miss Dix is no myth, but only a flesh-and-blood marvel. When her achievements are stated in the aggregate, they suggest miraculous power, but are, in fact, a practical illustration of what one woman can do in thirty years, when inspired by a noble purpose and working unceasingly for the good of the race.

She has been instrumental in establishing thirty-two public hospitals for the insane—one in Rome, one in Dalmatia, another on the Isle of Jersey, one in Nova Scotia, one in Newfoundland, and the remainder chiefly in our own country. With the episode of four years and a half of service in the military hospitals during the Rebellion, this stupendous labor constitutes the story of her life. Her career as a philanthropist is all that the world has any right to know, and yet, apart from any vulgar curiosity, it feels a natural desire to learn something of the *personnel* of this angel of mercy. Her *carte de visite* is seen in none of the shops, few people seem ever to have met her, and the sketch given of her in the "American Encylopædia" is very incorrect, was written by one who never saw her, and even misstates the place of her birth.

Boston is the city of her nativity. Her grandfather was a physician, but her father, owing to delicate health, never adopted a profession. General John A. Dix is not, as is often stated in the papers, her brother, but is a near blood relative. Miss Dorothea L. Dix was once a young lady of the American Athens, in affluent circumstances, and, like a thousand others, in a situation to lead a life of aimless ease. Like John Howard, she had, when young, a very frail and impaired constitution. She was sent to England, and on several voyages to warmer climes, to recover her health. When she first arrived in Liverpool, she was prostrated with illness, and it was eighteen months before she was able to be borne in the arms of her nurses to the home-bound ship. It is probable that she rescued herself from chronic invalidism by her strong will and the inspiration of the philanthropic labors which she began before her girlhood was ended.

One Sabbath, as she was coming out of Doctor Lowell's church in Boston, the steps were crowded in front, and she overheard two benevolent gentlemen talking about the horrible condition of the jail in East Cambridge, where there were a number of young prisoners awaiting trial. Early that week, although under the care of a physician, she visited this institution, and there found, in addition to the other inmates, thirty insane persons in the most wretched state of filth and rags, breathing a pestilential air, shut up in dark, damp cells, and receiving no treatment whatever. The surroundings of the others confined there were not much better. She began her task by conducting religious services in the jail on the Sabbath, which had been wholly neglected. Soon after, she set about relieving the physical sufferings of these unfortunate outcasts of society. As the accommodations for the insane were insufficient in her own State, she applied to its Legislature, and on the facts being brought to their knowledge, an appropriation was made for enlarging the capacity of their asylums. In her younger days Miss Dix was very intimate in the family of William Ellery Channing, the celebrated Unitarian divine, but it does not appear that he gave direction to her philanthropic enterprises, for while sympathizing fully with their purpose, he rather opposed her exhaustive exertions on the ground that she would destroy her health. But she had received a thorough education, which had taught her to rely on her own powers, and when her resolve had been deliberately formed, opposition only increased its strength. After her success in Massachusetts she went on a visit to Washington, and while there examined into the condition of the insane, and found sad need of reformation. She called on John Quincy Adams, then a Representative in Congress, after having held the highest office in the gift of the nation, and the sympathies of the "old man eloquent" were at once excited. He secured, at her suggestion, the passage of a bill making a very adequate appropriation for the care of the insane in the District of Columbia.

Her life-work was now fairly begun. She comprehended its scope and magnitude, she prosecuted it with system, practical method, and indomitable energy. With a quiet persistency that excited no opposition, and a persuasive earnestness which won the support of those whose aid she required, she gave up home, friends, quiet; renounced the literary leisure for which she had a decided taste, the joys of domestic life, the fascinating pleasures of society —she consecrated everything which had in it any element of selfishness to the service of humanity.

In 1843 she visited every county alms-house in the State of New York, and early the next year presented a memorial to its Legislature as a basis for asking an appropriation for hospitals, to meet the pressing needs of the indigent insane, the most helpless and wretched of the victims of misfortune.

This document was submitted January 12, 1844, and is one of the most interesting and carefully prepared papers in the public archives of the State. After stating some of the most loathsome and revolting facts in regard to the situation and abuse of these poor creatures which she had discovered on her tour of inspection, she says:

"Is this a condition of things to be tolerated in a Christian land, in the very heart of a community claiming to take rank for elevation of moral principles and high-minded justice? I am persuaded that it is unnecessary to dwell upon this subject; it must be enough that these evils are known to exist, for legislation to guard against their continuance." She then proceeds to give a minute and detailed description of the insane asylums of the State, their management, number of patients, their relative capacity, and system of treatment. Then follows, in order, a sketch of the alms-house of every county, and especially with reference to the condition of the insane. In concluding this voluminous document, so full of facts and figures, her suppressed earnestness breaks out into a glow of genuine eloquence: "Look abroad: is not that real which I show? And if true, if real, if you are, in the adoption of your State seal, ambitious, without being vain-glorious; if you are great without conceit; if you are just without speciousness; if your noble motto is not a bitter satire on your acts, then am I more than justified in the confidence, transcending hope, which inspires me while urging the claims of the most dependent and most miserable portions of the community. Now, amid the many acts, the various deliberations, which consume time in your stately Capitol, consecrate a portion to the highest, most enduring interests—to perpetuating the truest glory of a people aspiring to glory—the truest prosperity of a people eager to be prosperous—the truest good of a people emulous to advance! So shall the genius of your State reiterate with exulting voice your sublime motto, EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!"

These burning words were uttered when Miss Dix was a little past thirty years old, and show that enthusiasm in her nature which at this later day seldom exhibits itself in speech. Now her manner suggests power held in reserve.

The result of this noble appeal was not *then* to obtain "four" or "six" new hospitals as she recommended, but she did secure an appropriation for a large addition to the Utica Asylum, which greatly augmented its capacity and accommodations.

Miss Dix continued her philanthropic labors in this field with untiring assiduity, travelling through every State east of the Rocky Mountains, visiting all their jails, alms-houses, prisons and insane asylums, making herself thoroughly acquainted with their condition, and applying to their legislatures to secure the needed appropriations and reform. Her success in accomplishing these ends has

been truly wonderful, and in this way she has contributed largely—in most cases being the original projector—in the establishment of hospitals for the insane in Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, North Carolina, Rhode Island and New Jersey.

But she did not stop with invoking State legislatures to the help of suffering humanity. In 1848–9, she memorialized Congress, asking an appropriation of 5,000,000 acres of the public land to endow hospitals for the indigent insane; but the measure was not then successful. In 1850, she renewed her appeal and demanded 10,000,000 acres for the same purpose. The committee of the House to whom the memorial was referred made a favorable report; the bill received the requisite vote, but failed in the Senate for want of time. Still, she did not despair. Four years later, we find her engaged, with her usual dauntless persistency, in the same endeavor. In April, 1844, such a bill as she asked passed both Houses of Congress, appropriating 10,000,000 acres of the Federal domain to the several States, for the erection of hospitals for the insane. To the disgrace of President Pierce be it said, he vetoed this philanthropic measure, pretendedly on constitutional grounds, though he had assured Miss Dix personally that her scheme would receive his approbation and support.

About the year 1854, Miss Dix visited Europe, travelling extensively on the continent, through England, Ireland and Scotland, making herself thoroughly conversant with the condition and management of the jails, prisons and hospitals of the countries through which she passed. She also procured legislative appropriations for the better care of the indigent insane from several foreign governments, and was instrumental in establishing the celebrated asylum on the Isle of Jersey. When this measure was before Parliament, an English paper of the time says that a member, in a speech on this subject, remarked that it was humiliating to his nation that this long-needed reform should have been suggested by a foreigner, that foreigner a woman, and the woman a dissenter. Her heresy consisted in being a Unitarian. Miss Dix travelled in Russia, received several honorary medals there, and met Florence Nightingale in the military hospitals of the Crimea, where she made careful observations and became familiar with a new phase of active benevolence, little dreaming how soon she was to dispense the same kind offices among the sick and wounded heroes of her own country. It was a beautiful coincident, that these two sisters of the world's charity, representing two hemispheres, the old and the new, should be allowed to meet face to face and shake hands in token of the fact that their names are linked immortally in the bright record of merciful deeds.

Returning to her native land in 1859, she immediately resumed her chosen mission here, for which she was now better prepared by

her enlarged experience, and has continued in it, with the exception of an interim of four years and a half, occasioned by our civil war, and which will be briefly mentioned hereafter. In the Winter of 1865–6, she obtained an additional appropriation of $100,000 from the New Jersey Legislature to extend its State Asylum for the Insane, and the same year $35,000 from Connecticut for a similar purpose, with a view to increasing the sum to $100,000, as the money was needed. In 1847, she secured the foundation of the first institution for the insane in Indiana, and this Winter (1867) she has visited this State to ask its Legislature for a further appropriation of $345,000 to provide for the increased wants of this class of unfortunates, which twenty years have developed in the rapidly growing population of the great West.

The care and treatment of the insane, and the true character of their disease, is still a subject on which the public is very poorly informed. Classes which cannot speak for themselves are long in obtaining a hearing. In ancient times, as the New Testament abundantly proves, lunatics were believed to be possessed of evil spirits, and this superstition still prevails in Southern Europe. To appreciate Miss Dix's work, a brief retrospective view of the condition of the insane in the past will be necessary. It is within eighty years that the first attempt to ameliorate their sufferings and bring them within the range of human sympathy began. Previous to that, and even within the last thirty years in our land, they have been shut up in loathsome dungeons, deprived of light, warmth and pure air, left to wallow in reeking filth, manacled and chained, as if their misfortune were a most heinous crime, for which they must endure this fiendish punishment.

Miss Dix herself has seen these poor creatures tortured with iron collars and groaning under the weight of galling chains. But near the beginning of the present century, the learned Pinel, of Paris, cast the light of science upon the mystery of insanity, and revealed its true nature as a physical malady, which was often subject to proper medical treatment. He commenced a radical reform in the public management of these unfortunate sufferers, which soon aroused the philanthropic impulses of his people, and the movement soon extended to England and our own country. The progress of this benevolent idea has been slow but constant. It has received its greatest momentum from the prolonged efforts of Miss Dix. To Pinel, who, amid the horrors of the French Revolution, devoted himself to this humane work, belongs the honor of discovering this new field of philanthropy; but she has tilled it to its utmost corner.

According to the census of 1860, there were in our States and Territories 23,999 insane persons, of which 4,317 were in New York, or nearly twice the number in any other State. Among the pre-

disposing causes of insanity, the most prominent are hereditary transmission, ill-health, domestic unhappiness, religious excitement and intemperance. But, lest any complacent bachelor should find consolation in one of these specifications, it may be added that the statistics show that the *single*, during the age most liable to the malady, are much more frequently insane than the married. Thus, of 29,250 patients treated in France in 1853, whose condition as to marriage was known, 18,078, or 61.80 per cent., were single, 8,493 were married, and 2,679 widowed.

As to the occupations which are productive of insanity, the learned professions are probably most prolific. "Soldiers and sailors" are placed first on the list, but the large number of this class is doubtless owing to the fact that immediate provision is made for their removal to a hospital when they lose their reason, so that the number is more fully reported. The number of insane professional men in France in 1853 was one in 562. Artists were most predisposed to lunacy, judges and lawyers were next, while professors, authors, and editors were fifth on the list. Among the very lowest on the scale enumerated are office-holders, who seem inclined to a cheerful view of life, and don't want to create a vacancy by any suspicion of being out of their heads. The period of life most subject to this terrible visitation is between the fortieth and fiftieth years, when the cares, anxieties and uncertainties of our careers are at their climacteric height. The prevalence of the disease is much greater than in former ages, owing to the intensified character of modern civilization, with its exhaustive drain on the nervous system and brain, with a corresponding diminution in the muscular organism. Miss Dix estimates the number of insane in our population to be about one in eight hundred, but the curability of the disease is greater than is popularly supposed. The lowest estimate, based on careful statistics, shows that of cases treated within one year from their inception, from 60 to 70 per cent. recover; of those who are taken in charge immediately by physicians making insanity a specialty, and practising in a hospital, as many as 90 in 100 are cured. Of all the patients received into the public institutions of the United States, recent and chronic, the average of cures is not far from 40 per cent., and the average life of an insane person confirmed in the condition, is eighteen years.

It will be observed that the probabilities of recovery decrease as the disease progresses. What was at first diseased action soon gets to be diseased organization, and there is then little hope. Insanity should be treated when its preliminary symptoms are clearly recognized. There is no more sacred duty to the dearest friend on earth, wife, husband, daughter or son, than to take them at once to a hospital, where they can be scientifically treated, when reason first totters on her throne, and not wait until she is finally deposed.

From this cursory view of insanity, its claims upon the practical philanthropy of the age are clearly apparent. With all that has been done for these helpless, reasonless sufferers, the work is by no means finished. New York is behind most other States in the relative adequacy of her provisions for this most unfortunate class of her population. In the Empire State there are now nearly two thousand insane persons who cannot be admitted to the public asylums for want of room. The well-known institution at Utica, with only capacity for five hundred patients, is crowded with six hundred, and is daily refusing pressing applications for admission. The asylum at Ovid is not yet opened, and the county and private institutions are nearly all full. The Hudson River Asylum for the Insane has been located by a legislative commission, two miles north of the beautiful city of Poughkeepsie, and the State of New York will be asked this Winter to make an appropriation of $100,000 to commence the erection of the buildings necessary to carry out this public charity. The institution will be devoted principally to the cure of the insane, and will be the receptacle especially of recent cases, though chronic patients will be admitted. This enterprise, which will be a complete success, is one of the last to which Miss Dix has for years devoted her untiring energy. Her idea will soon take shape in an imposing edifice.

This paper was begun with a firm resolution to say nothing personal, save in the most general way, of this estimable woman, who has always striven so determinedly to avoid all notoriety, all exhibition of her own individuality, which she chooses to have absorbed in her great work. Still, a beautiful philanthropic career can not be so easily grasped by our admiration, until it becomes incarnate in some particular person. We wish to see the humanity as well as the divinity of a noble life. Here, then, is Miss Dix; a sedate, kindly-expressioned lady in black, really about fifty-five years of age, but looking younger. Rather above the medium size, and when standing, presenting a commanding figure. Her hair is yet very dark, and the few silver threads are only observable in the strongest light. Her eye, the distinguishing feature, strikes you at first as black, it is so clear and lustrous when she speaks, but it is in fact gray. Her face is attractive, and while denoting strong character, is lighted up by a very conciliatory smile, which seems to ripple about the eyes rather than the lips. She dresses in black and with a becoming severity of style. About the neck she wears a white gauze kerchief, crossed in front and fastened with a gold cross. On her fingers are a variety of odd rings, none very valuable except the one with the brilliant pearl. They all look like souvenirs of the past, are evidently presents, and worn from some pleasant association connected with her benevolent mission. There is a witching persuasiveness in her voice, and a clear, confident precision in her

accents which have the most convincing effect on the listener. Any one who hears her speak, can understand why her tones are so quieting and imperative to the insane, whose wildest ravings she has often controlled by the magic talisman of her voice and the perfect composure of her manner.

So appears Miss Dorothea L. Dix, as she sits at an alcove of the State Library in Albany, answering her numerous letters, which she does in a bold, masculine hand, and with much celerity. She is only found here for a few days or weeks during the session of the Legislature, and senators and members of Assembly are frequently dropping in to consult her about the new asylum.

She unfolds her plans to them with logical precision, and earnestly asks their support for the philanthropic appropriations which she asks for the care of the insane. One secret of her great success is that she is never importunate, never thrusts herself in people's way, and when the scheme for which she has labored has been brought before the public, and later, when it becomes an accomplished fact, she has entirely dropped out of notice, allowing others to enjoy the honors.

She has no home but her country. She travels alone, stops at hotels, and declines the numerous tenders of private hospitality, invitations to dine and tea, which would monopolize the time which she has devoted to the one grand purpose of her life. To all applications to take part in fairs and festivals, or to be present at public demonstrations, she uniformly says, No. Her letters are usually addressed to Trenton, N. J., where she has a room in the insane hospital which she aided in founding; but she only stays there a few weeks during the whole year. Miss Dix is literally a cosmopolitan and her only home is where she happens to be laboring in her philanthropic mission. As she never asks or receives any donation for her own use, it may be presumed that she receives an annual income from her private investments, which places her beyond any anxiety about her own support. In her habits, she is very methodic and regular, rising at 5 o'clock in the morning and retiring at 10 at night. With all her intense devotion to her main work, she has indulged in some little episodes of charitable labor. She had a decided taste for literature, and in 1829 there appeared in Boston, anonymously, the "Garland of Flora," of which she was the author. Her favorite studies in girlhood were geology and botany, and she seldom returns from a Summer walk without a bunch of flowers or a brief extract from the great store-book of nature. But her pen soon took a practical and reformatory turn, and she subsequently published several books for the instruction of children, among which were "Conversations about Common Things," "Alice and Ruth," and "Evening Hours." She also has written a variety of tracts for the benefit of prisoners and convicts.

Having once witnessed a shipwreck at Au Sable Island, a little dot of land off the stormy coast of Nova Scotia, where only a few rough sailors can live, the incident at once suggested another humane idea to her mind. She came home, and in two or three of our principal cities raised the means, and sent five modern life-boats to the island for the rescue of those who every year are, near this point, left at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Her work in the great Rebellion can only be generalized. On the 19th of April, 1861, she was in Washington with a yearning sympathy for the soldier who must receive wounds and suffer from the diseases of the camp while in the service of his country. This demand was for the time superior to that which had engrossed her whole thought for over twenty-five years. She nursed the Massachusetts volunteers who were wounded in the streets of Baltimore, and who shed the first blood in defense of the nation. She made the first hospital clothing, distributed the first vaccine matter, and was the pioneer of that glorious sisterhood of American women whose noble deeds shoot up like bright, exotic flowers along the scarred and blackened path of war. She had almost plenary power conferred upon her in the administration of the hospitals, removed and appointed nurses at will, and had general supervision of this department of the service. Her immense labors in this field absorbed her whole time and energy for four years and a half, and form an essential feature of this dark, fearful period of our national history.

Some two years ago a few brave, generous Union officers conceived the idea of erecting a soldiers' monument at Fortress Monroe. Soon after the effort started, it drooped, like most other projects which rely upon popular gratitude. Miss Dix was besought to take charge of the enterprise and carry it on to completion. She at first declined, considered and consented. She promised the committee one thousand dollars, if she had to pay it herself. Stewart, the merchant prince, gave her two hundred dollars for this purpose, and Jay Cooke, the celebrated banker, five hundred dollars more. The fund is nearly raised. Ere long, a plain sienite shaft, in the form of an obelisk, seventy feet high, and resting on an elevation of thirty feet, will stand at Fortress Monroe, like a silent sentinel beside the moaning ocean, whose bosom seems to echo the dirges of the heroic dead. So, through the circling centuries, the noble example of Miss Dix will rise above the level of humanity, beautiful in its chaste simplicity, glorious in its inspiration, and, like a light-house looking out with kindly eye on the great sea of the world's wretchedness and woe, will still beckon the shipwrecked sufferer, drifting helplessly without rudder or compass, into the sheltering haven of humane regard!

L. J. Bigelow.

NAPOLEON III. AND THE PRESS.

THE Emperor Napoleon is doubtless more alive to the influence of the press than any sovereign in Europe. He better understands what may be accomplished through its efforts, and from his first advent to power up to the present time, one of his chief cares has been the control of the French journals.

His Majesty's government has been staunchly supported by three journals. The one, "Le Moniteur Universel," is the acknowledged organ of the French administration, and is hence official. The semi-official are the "Constitutionnel" and the "Patrie," the former being more important and open in its vocation, the latter being what I may term a journalistic guerrilla. The "Moniteur" is under the ostensible management of two gentlemen well known as journalists in Paris, Messieurs Turgan and Dalloz; the latter, being the junior, attends more particularly to the commercial administration of the paper, while M. Turgan is the chief political editor—*le directeur politique*. In reality, however, these are but lay figures, or at best, secretaries. The Emperor manages the "Moniteur," through his Chief of the Press, a person known in Paris as the *Chef du Division de la Presse*, this *Division* being a "bureau" in the palace of the Minister of the Interior, which office was established years since by order of the Emperor to serve as a check or spy upon the daily journals of Paris, and in fact upon all journals published throughout the French Empire, copies of which the managers or directors must perforce, under a penalty for non-compliance, send to the department in question. The Paris journals, up to the date of the late proclamation of Napoleon concerning the press, were obliged to submit to the censor above referred to a copy before public circulation, and could not issue a single number except at the peril of warning and fine until permission to do so had been obtained from the *Chef de la Presse*. All telegrams, all political matters, in short the entire contents of the papers, were subjected to supervision, and in many instances the lynx-eyed official discovered in queer, out-of-the-way places, in stories, in theatrical reports, even in advertisements, matter which he considered offensive, and which was repressed ere the journal could appear. This important and all-powerful individual is, so far as journalism is concerned, in reality, as I said above, the editor of the "Moniteur," and by his orders and directions the more important announcements in the journal are made up. Frequently, weeks pass by without his finding it necessary to trouble the Emperor about the paper; but then some knotty subject arises, and the *Chef de la Presse* may be seen in

attendance at the Tuileries. He is always admitted at once to the presence of his Majesty, and the difficulty discussed. Between them they arrange the form of publication which they deem the most likely to be effectual, and then Messieurs Turgan and Dalloz receive the manuscript in those large square envelopes bearing the great red seal of the Cabinet, and understand its importance. The proofs are sent to the Emperor himself for correction. All the Imperial decrees, discourses, acts of grace or pardon—in short, all the purely official intelligence first appears in the "Moniteur." But it often happens that this journal is the last to publish very important and significant matters. The reasons for this reticence are obvious. The French people have learned to look upon the "Moniteur" as the mouthpiece of the Emperor, and they attach so much weight to its least statement, that great care must be taken not to create impressions which might be injurious to the administration. So, until the Emperor or the *Chef* has given orders, the official organ is oftentimes strangely silent.

The "Constitutionnel," the leading semi-official journal in Paris, is edited ostensibly by M. Paulin Limayrac; but here again the real manager of the paper is the *Chef de la Presse.* Monsieur Limayrac each day visits the Minister of the Interior and the *Chef.* He obtains his orders, gets his notes, his subject for a leading article, and returns to the office of the "Constitutionnel" to make a show of authority which his associate editors are well aware is not truly vested in him. He is the representative of power, not the power itself. The semi-official journal receives, like the "Moniteur," a subvention from the Government, and has the additional benefit of being allowed in many instances to publish news of great political significance and importance in advance of other Paris journals, thus acquiring a prestige which adds to its weight as an organ of the administration. It frequently happens that the "Constitutionnel" is ordered to broach subjects which are afterward discussed by the "Moniteur," but which it is feared might too greatly perturb the public mind were they at once taken up by the official organ. This being a well-recognized fact in Paris, I might say throughout Europe, the mention of any subject by the "Constitutionnel" at once gives it that weight which the public accord to matters understood to be under the supervision of the Government. If the matter in question provokes too much opposition—if, through their countless *mouchards* or spies, the authorities ascertain that the people are adverse to the measures treated in the semi-official journal—the obnoxious propositions are allowed to die away, and at some opportune moment the "Moniteur," in a sharp official paragraph, chides the "Constitutionnel" for having started a matter which cannot be approved of by his Majesty. If, on the other hand, the idea advocated by the semi-official organ seems to please the

people, the "Moniteur" takes it up, and it then assumes official importance.

In the above manner the "Constitutionnel" renders great service to the Emperor and his ministers, and accordingly its editor and the staff at his orders are decorated and receive liberal salaries. They are men of ability, and through the direct influence of the court are well received in society. These advantages naturally render them devoted adherents of the Napoleonic dynasty. The "Constitutionnel" is owned by a number of gentlemen, who form a society or company, and hold shares in the property. They divide the profits of the journal, which are comparatively enormous, as beside its subvention its income from advertisements is large. The notorious Paris banker, Mirès, was the principal owner of the "Constitutionnel" some years since, and at one time he endeavored to turn the journal against the Government, which would not favor some of his moneyed schemes. The *Chef de la Presse* quietly resisted this. He instructed Monsieur Limayrac to pay no attention to Mirès, to receive no orders save from himself, and to refuse admittance to any new director or editor whom Mirès might send to the office of the journal. To his intense astonishment and indignation Mirès found himself deprived of the right to do as he pleased with his own property. He came to the office and stormed and threatened. Monsieur Limayrac paid not the slightest attention to him, and on one occasion actually caused the messenger to put him into the street. Finding resistance unavailing, Mirès gave up the struggle, concluding, doubtless, that in France the liberty of the press was *une plaisanterie amère*. Connected with the "Constitutionnel" is a Monsieur Boniface, an old, white-haired gentleman, who is known as the *Gerant* or Secretary. He has been for years in this position, and his duties consist in signing those paragraphs or articles which the Government desire it to be understood are semi-official. A leading editorial, signed Boniface, comes, as the public know, from the Minister of the Interior or the Emperor himself, hence these publications add still more to the importance of the journal.

The "Patrie," as I said above, is the scout or guerrilla for the Emperor's government. Its duties are not always pleasant, but then the subvention it receives is liberal. The "Patrie" is made use of by the Emperor as follows: It starts subjects which the "Moniteur" dare not touch, and which, if they appeared in the "Constitutionnel," would at once acquire too much importance. The "Patrie" makes the first essay. If the subject proves unpopular, the journal starting it receives the most scathing rebukes from the official organ. It is called to account, threatened with *avertissement* (official rebukes, three of which cause the suspension of a journal), and otherwise abused and maltreated. It is indignantly repudiated by the administration, ridiculed, belittled and scolded in all sorts of

ways, denounced as a mischief-maker, and the offensive subject is then dropped forever, or at any rate until some more favorable turn of the popular mind is supposed to have taken place. The "Patrie," it will be understood, is thus at times placed in the most unenviable light, and its editors lampooned and laughed at. But Monsieur Delamarre, the editor and proprietor of the journal, always bears these little incidental outpourings of official indignation with the utmost complacency and patience. He is aware that, as often happens, the subject to be broached may prove popular, whereupon the "Patrie" revels in the fact that its suggestions are taken up, first by the semi-official organ, and lastly by the "Moniteur," which vie with each other in praises of its patriotism and usefulness to the Empire's best interests. When ordered to purposely publish false news, to make false statements that the Government may assume the virtuously indignant tone, or that the Emperor may come out with one of his well-turned phrases in favor of universal peace and the largest liberty, the "Patrie" renders its editors very miserable. The sarcasms of journals which can never hope for a sup of Imperial pap, of writers and journalists who are not and dare not hope that they ever will be decorated, mercilessly quiz and jeer at the "jackals of the 'Patrie,'" but spite of it all the editors of that queerly managed journal find consolation in the certainty of future emolument or honorary distinctions, and I may add here that these expectations are sooner or later fulfilled.

The "Patrie" was thoroughly in favor of the late Davis Confederacy, because it had received hints not to be disregarded concerning the wishes of his Majesty on that subject. Naturally enough, Napoleon desired the success of the Rebellion. The dismemberment of the Union was a matter fraught with the deepest interest to him. The results of such an eventuality might be to place between his forces in Mexico and the administration of our Government a formidable obstacle—a Power of which he might become the ally. So he deemed it best to educate the public mind in France, to warp it toward his views of the struggle between the North and South. He was well aware that France had a traditionary good feeling toward the United States as a Republic; and to combat this by degrees, the semi-official and official press in Paris went to work with more or less effect, but with undoubted bitterness and energy. The "Patrie" led off in this nefarious design. Its first efforts were tempered with apparent solicitude for the welfare of the "Great Republic," but as reverses were undergone by the forces of the North, its tone became more and more insolent and malignant. In its ardor it made the most stupid blunders about this country, displayed the most lamentable ignorance of its resources, even of its geography; but with the masses in France, this passed unnoticed. They were deceived and led astray by the misrepresentations of this

journal, and taught to look upon the people of the North as so many tyrants, the people of the South as so many victims. The writers of the "Patrie" did their work with all the more zeal from the fact that ex-Commissioner Slidell made a liberal use of Rebel gold with those who would accept it, while the more honorable were fêted by the wily Rebel agent in the most sumptuous manner. His magnificent suite of apartments in the Champs Elyssees became the rendezvous for the *élite* of the *litterateurs* of Paris, and there these talented gentlemen learned from the lips of the beautiful and fascinating daughter of the Commissioner what "monsters" the men of the North were. Of course these writers from guests became friends, and then they made the best use of their opportunities in the press, and the ball set rolling by the "Patrie," was taken up by the "Constitutionnel," and then the "Moniteur," and the devoted North soon had no advocates save in the opposition journals. During that dark period of this country's history when the Rebellion seemed upon the point of success, the influence of the "Patrie" vastly increased, as it published so much "exclusive" Southern Information. At the close of the war the "Patrie" was forced to moderate its tone, and received some rather severe reprimands from the "Moniteur" for advancing unfounded theories concerning the United States; but the Mexican question, one much more important to France, absorbed public interest throughout the Empire, and the vagaries of the "Patrie" passed out of mind. Americans, however, will long remember the mischievous, malignant misrepresentations of this journal, although it was less to blame than those who gave it the *mot d'ordre.*

The late modifications made by the Emperor Napoleon in the laws concerning the French press will doubtless not change the character of the three journals mentioned above. They are even more necessary to his Majesty than at any former period of his reign, now that he has so evidently lost ground in the estimation of the French people, who understand that he is as fallible as other human beings. He will now require the most continued and determined advocacy of the press, and will of course make the best use of his semi-official and official journals, which will have many bitter attacks to answer. The moment it becomes apparent that the liberty granted to journalism is a reality, and not a mere "idea," the opposition journals will assault every act of the Government, and the "Patrie," "Constitutionnel," and "Moniteur" will then find ample employment for their able editors. The French public, however, will know just what weight to attach to their publications, and doubtless, even in this country, the true character and relations of the journals in question will be duly appreciated.

H. A. Delille.

MR. SWINBURNE: A SKETCH.

THE following interesting letter to the Editor of THE GALAXY gives a pleasant picture of the traits of the modern pagan English poet, Charles Algernon Swinburne:

To the Editor of The Galaxy.

SIR:—The paragraph on Mr. Swinburne in the last number of THE GALAXY contains some slight inaccuracies. Mr. Swinburne is not yet twenty-eight years old. If I remember right, he can be but little more than twenty-six. His face is not such a one as "may be found by the dozen in any New England college." I write this under the venerable red-brick walls of Harvard, and have not seen a face like Mr. Swinburne's here, or, indeed, anywhere else. The mouth is feminine, the brain regions of the head massive. Nor does he belong to the upper-middle class. In justice to the aristocracy, I must put him in his right place, since you have attempted to define it. He is the son of Admiral Swinburne; his mother is Lady Jane Ashburnham. The Swinburnes are one of the oldest families in England; the Ashburnhams are historical. His parents not only belong to the aristocracy, but to a very exclusive set within it, composed of Catholics of old blood, who form a clique of their own somewhat like that of the ancient Codini families at Florence.

Mr. Swinburne was educated in France, in the Ultramontane fashion, and went afterward to Eton, then to Oxford. While at the university he commenced a correspondence with Charles Baudelaire, a French poet (something between Shelley and Edgar Poe) almost unknown in England, and whose poems had been suppressed by the paternal government in Paris. Mr. Monckton Milnes met Mr. Swinburne about this time (at all events when he was a mere lad), and even then declared that he had discovered the poet of the future. They have remained most intimate friends ever since. After leaving Oxford, where he did not take a degree, he paid a visit to Florence, on a kind of pilgrimage to see Landor. Since his return he has lived for the most part in London. He has the strength of mind to abstain from that scented crush called London society, but enjoys the "country-house season," which is a very different thing. He is chiefly intimate with artists, especially Dante Rossetti, with whom he lived at one time in the semi-rural retirement of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; and I believe that he is on terms of friendship with Mr. Ruskin. He is a great admirer of Captain Burton, the African explorer, who, in his early French education, his interrupted Oxford career (I believe it was at the same college), and his intense hatred of established religions and moral codes, resembles him. I am not aware that Mr. Swinburne has much taste for the brainless dancing girls who fill up the English *salon*, and who have nothing to recommend them but personal beauty, polished manners and agile limbs. He is of opinion, I believe, that *women* are the only fit company for a man of intellect, and that old women are the best.

It is scarcely necessary to mention Mr. Swinburne's great acquirements as a linguist. His Greek verses prefixed to "Atalanta," the Latin hymn in his early plays, his French songs in "Chastelard," speak for themselves (the pseudo quotation from an old French chronicle prefixed to the "Leper," was

written by himself), and he can also write verses in Italian. His reading has been prodigious. Young as he is, he has mastered the spirit of European literature, and is intimately conversant with its details. He has even plunged into obscure by-paths, not like crotchety antiquarians who love the dark simply because it is not light, but in a genuine search of forgotten gems. Occasionally he has recommended a work which I had never heard of, and which I found always worthy the perusal. He has a fine taste in art, as all true poets have, but he has also a technical knowledge, which is rarely found in lay critics. Hazlitt and Ruskin, it must be remembered, painted before they wrote. Mr. Swinburne has not studied science, but takes an interest in the large questions of the day. He has been seen more than once at the meetings of the Anthropological Society, listening with delight to the fearless discussions of that advanced body.

I have heard some of his acquaintances declare that he is wanting in reverence, and even in appreciation, and therefore is no true poet. But this is not the case. He is the most passionate intellect lover that I ever met. He admires most intensely Landor, Baudelaire (whose poems even in the emasculated form are very splendid), Balzac, whom he considers, since Shakespeare, the greatest master of the human heart, and Henri Beyle Stendhal. He declares that Ezekiel intoxicates him; Isaiah he regards as an inferior poet. He considers Edgar Poe the literary genius of this country; praises especially the "Raven," the "Bells," and some of his tales. He is fond of reciting Matthew Arnold's "Merman" poem. He is not an enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson or Browning, and expresses great scorn for all poets of inferior degree. He has studied with attention the voluminous works of the Marquis de Sade, who wrote in the last century, and who was imprisoned in the Bastille for expressing his moral and religious convictions. Mr. Swinburne also appreciates those whom most people appreciate—Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, etc. It seems to me that he is catholic in his literary tastes, and is only singular in his ill-proportioned esteem for such writers as Landor, Baudelaire, and the ill-fated French nobleman before mentioned; but these aberrations of taste (if such they really are, which I do not dare to affirm) may perhaps be explained by the doctrine of elective affinities.

Some men are poets only upon paper. Mr. Swinburne is a poet in character. He is not as other men are, and yet is never guilty of affecting eccentricity. He does not converse; he is either silent (it is the silence of an observer), or, like Coleridge, pours forth. When excited, his flow of language and splendor of imagery are alone sufficient to prove that he is a genius. He is willing to recite his poems before publication. His voice is monotonous—he *intones*—but it is very earnest.

Before this last volume came out, he kept the celebrated poems in a fireproof box, in loose sheets, and, plunging his arm in up to his elbow, used to bring out his favorites. Have you heard "Sappho?" was a common question among his friends. "Sappho" was the name that "Anactoria" went by. We did not think that he would ever dare to publish this poem with "Dolores," "The Leper," etc. They have been ingeniously defended upon moral and artistic grounds by Mr. William Rossetti, Mr. Grant White, and by Mr. Swinburne himself. They are, I think, absolutely indefensible. But they cannot be shaken down. The poor old lady in the "Athenæum," who is taster-in-chief to Mudie's Library, may shriek shrill anathemas, or weep milk-and-watery tears. There they stand—stark-naked monsters smeared

with dirt and blood—and there they will remain for many long years as monuments in English literature.

It is certainly a singular event, this boy (for in years he is no more) flying at the virtue of the British public, seizing it by its throat and bringing it down upon its knees. A splendid example of the power of mind over morality But now that he has achieved this feat, it is to be hoped that he will leave the doubtful regions of art. If he really does take the Balzac view of his vocation, and consider it his duty to illustrate not only the sober, practical, old-fashioned, time-honored vices of mankind, but also those abnormal passions which bloom for the most part unseen, except by those who search for them, he must acknowledge that it is not artistic to dwell upon these exceptions, and to revert continually to them. Balzac has painted but one "Valerie," written but one "Fille aux yeux d'or." Mr. Swinburne has done full justice to "Jupiter Sanguinarius" and "Venus Dentata." But I presume he will not indulge us with a whole gallery of Furies. One of his critics, and no mean one, did not hesitate to say that he is mad, and that he cannot help writing on these subjects. Mr. Swinburne's insanity will probably take some other form after this. The author of "Atalanta" and "Chastelard" cannot at least be accused of monotony in his ravings. We shall yet hear great utterances from this poet, whose chief defect appears to be a want of tenderness; but then it must be remembered that he is very young.

Should any of Mr. Swinburne's friends see these remarks, I trust that they will not consider them in bad taste. They relate purely to his *intellectual* private life. They must also understand that there is just at present an imperious demand on the part of the American public to learn something about "the new poet" behind the book; and all demands are sure to be supplied in some way or other. This intense curiosity is purely American; we have nothing like it in England; and it is not of a low, snobbish, Paul Pry order, but appears to be a sign and symptom of admiration, perhaps a desire for a key. It is impossible to understand a writer thoroughly till one has read his books by the light of his biography. It is necessary to know something of his disposition, of his tastes, and, above all, of the circumstances which have influenced his life. I see no harm, then, in feeding this want, so far as it can be done without violating the sanctity of private life.

I remain yours, obediently,

W. Winwood Reade.

Cambridge, February, 1867.

NEBULÆ.

—— An article in the present number of The Galaxy gives some entertaining facts about pickpockets, and portraits of some of them, taken from the celebrated "Rogues' Gallery" at the Metropolitan Police Headquarters. It is here referred to for the sake of making a single suggestion to the public: When you are to enter a car or crowd infested with these thieves, *turn your pockets round inside of your trousers*, so that the twist in the cloth of the pocket shall shut off its contents from the external opening. This simple precaution effectually locks your chattels from the delicate dip of the pickpocket's fingers.

—— The old adage that "murder will out" has been accepted with little doubt by the mass of mankind for centuries. And, indeed, the numberless instances in which murders, to the perpetrators of which at first there seemed not the slightest clew, have been traced by accident, or by patient and ingenious investigation through a train of circumstances, and the guilty brought to justice, seem to warrant this belief. But in almost all these cases it will be found that the discovery was due to some failure on the part of the murderer to take precaution which, to persons of ordinary intelligence and self-possession, would seem obvious and of the first necessity. Often, too, the weight of conscious guilt has proved too much for the criminal to bear, and has led to confession. The truth is that this old adage, like not a few others, is a vague and sweeping generalization based upon insufficient knowledge. The fact is that murder does not always out. This is shown by a few very striking and comparatively recent instances. The murderer of Dr. Burdell has yet to be discovered. He was stabbed to death in his own house, which was situated in a populous and highly respectable quarter of New York; the deed was done in the evening, when people were passing in and out of the house, in which at the time were half a dozen persons; and yet, although suspicion attaches strongly to one of these, there is no evidence against any one on which even to go to a jury. A few years ago a young woman was found murdered in a field near Newburgh. Her body was identified as that of a girl who was leaving the town for the country, and while on the road was taken, at her request, by a man into his wagon. Among other witnesses her own brother identified her body, by minute particulars, and after two or three days investigation, the case seemed as clear as possible against the man into whose wagon she was taken. When, lo! one morning the girl who was supposed to have been murdered herself walked into Newburgh, and to this day it has not only not been discovered who was the murderer, but who was the murdered—an uncertainty about which there is a peculiar horror. Still longer ago, but within the memory of men yet young, two other mysterious murders excited much attention in and about New York. One was of a girl known as "the pretty cigar girl," who was saleswoman in a little tobacco shop in Broadway, next the Hospital grounds. She was a very pretty creature, and had one of the loveliest figures that ever man looked upon. One morning her dead body was found, full of stabs, in the

Elysian Fields at Hoboken, and we believe that no grave suspicion, even, ever fell upon any person as her murderer. The other case was that of a sporting man, named Colton, if we remember right. He was shot on a Summer afternoon, or at least at early twilight, when all objects were plainly visible, on the northeast corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, where there was then a hotel. The sound of the shot was heard, and the man was picked up before he was dead, although he was shot through head or heart and died almost instantly, and yet the utmost endeavor failed to discover his murderer, or even to bring circumstantial evidence enough against any person to warrant the preparation of an indictment. His unsuspected murderer may read this paragraph. It is plain enough that murder will not always out.

—— If we may believe the stories that we read in some newspapers, the country people and the inhabitants of inland cities are beginning to complain of a falling off in courtesy to women on the part of New Yorkers. That Americans of any latitude should be other than polite, attentive and even tenderly careful, of women of all conditions is hardly credible except upon good and unmistakable evidence; and this accusation is therefore worth examination. It is said that the fact that a man in a crowded railway car does not give up his seat to a woman points him out as a New Yorker. We are told that men who have given up their seats to women merely because of their sex have been asked, "Are you a New Yorker?" Now it is not improbable that there is some foundation for this novel accusation, aside from the fact that many who call themselves New Yorkers because they happen to live between Spuyten Duyvel and Castle Garden, are by no means Americans. Nor is it necessary in admitting this to admit that New Yorkers are in any way lacking in deference to the weakness, the charms, and the many tender claims of womanhood. New Yorkers have of late years been schooled into a treatment of this question which must soon prevail in all cities in which there are street railways, which is to say all the cities in the country. The railway companies, by their failure to provide for the accommodation of the public, and by instructing their conductors to take passengers as long as they can be packed by main force into the cars, have compelled gentlemen to face the question whether they shall allow corporations to trade upon American gallantry. Here is a case in point. A car already over-crowded was stopped and a lady taken in and "passed forward" by the conductor with the cry "Room for a lady there." She squeezed in and was allowed to stand. A man who was standing himself soon said to another who kept his place "Can't we give this lady a seat? Americans are always polite to ladies." "Certainly," was the reply. "I won't stand; but I'll walk with pleasure to accommodate a lady. Conductor, I'll give my seat to this lady; but my fare is paid, and so of course she will not pay." The conductor didn't see it in that light; but he thought that some gentleman would like to give the lady a seat. "Ah," said the gentleman, "the point is then that I shall give up my seat, not to oblige a lady, but to enable you to make an extra five cents" (for this was three or four years ago); "now I don't see that." At this the lady herself laughed good-naturedly. It seems as if this touched the vital point of the whole matter. In case of accident, in any emergency, few men, no gentleman, will hesitate at yielding place to women. But when this deference to the weaker sex is used by monopolies as part of their stock in trade, men resent it in the only manner possible. Women as well as men have come to understand this; and the better bred among the former are now those who

either refuse to enter a crowded car, or who do so with no expectation of displacing a gentleman for the benefit of the company. It was in New York that this pressure was first brought to bear upon male gallantry, and therefore New Yorkers are the first to act upon the new etiquette in other places. But it will spread inevitably with the diffusion of railway travel and the accompanying greed of railway companies, until the latter are compelled by public opinion to make better provision for their passengers. Then the normal American politeness will again manifest itself; and men will feel that they can serve a woman without submitting to and encouraging an imposition.

——Legislative bribery, and its satellite, lobbying, have become the most grievous political evil of the country. They are destroying public virtue and sapping public honor. That a member of the New Jersey Legislature should be sent to the State Prison for bribery is not in itself alarming. For in all communities there will be some dishonest men, and of these one might very easily get into a State Legislature. The sorrow and the shame is that bribery is known to be so common and so difficult of detection and punishment, that this case, in which detection was possible and was followed by punishment, was spoken of generally with a sort of satisfaction. Worse than this: no sooner was the bribed legislator punished than his fellow legislators passed an act which would have instantly relieved him from the consequences of his transgressions and have made like offences easy and unpunishable. A veto prevented this shameful act from becoming a law. The case in question was trivial in its circumstances and derives its chief importance from the fact of the detection and punishment of the offender. For, strong as the public conviction is that legislative bribery has been reduced to a system under the deft management of lobby agents, it is remarkable how little is publicly known of cases in which bribes have been received or asked. Individuals of course know all about the matter, but they keep their knowledge to themselves, or at least it does not get into print. The following cases of recent occurrence have come within the personal knowledge of the present writer. A bill "with money in it" had passed one branch of a certain legislative body, and had been reported to the other, in which position it remained so long that those who were interested in it began to fear that it would not be taken up, when one day a gentleman appeared in New York for the purpose of raising a certain amount of money which was "necessary" to the passage of the bill. The money was produced and within forty-eight hours the bill was passed without a dissenting vote or voice. In another case the agent of the lobby was not quite so successful. The secretary of a wealthy and influential association was waited upon by a man also of wealth and well known in New York, who proposed to procure for a consideration, not the passage of a bill, but actually a veto of a bill which had passed one house and was expected to pass the other. His proposition was laid before the association, and by resolution, unanimously passed, was "rejected with scorn and contempt;" and of these terms as well as of the rejection he was informed when he called for his answer. We mention these cases because we know of them not by report, and because every case made public must help to bring on that public action that will at last relieve us of this curse and purge us of this corruption. The chief difficulty in the way is in the public or a part of the public itself. Corporations and mere money-making men find it to their interest to be able to procure the passage or defeat of laws by management and

money. It has become a part of the business that they love to do if they can do it profitably. They regard the money set apart for legislative purposes as they do any other investment, and they look upon their lobby member as they do upon any other business agent. They keep a legislator as Day and Martin kept their poet. The system is expensive, but it can be made to pay; and above all it can be managed just like business of any other kind, on calculations of profit and loss, which is its chief recommendation. What wonder that the managers of conscienceless corporations, whose only consideration is how to carry their point and declare their dividend, prefer the business-like arrangements of lobbying and bribery to the uncertainties consequent upon legislative honesty and considerations of public interest! Such a rejection of an offer as that mentioned above is probably an isolated case in the recent history of corrupt legislation. The offer is generally jumped at and the money paid down. Therefore it is that second-rate village lawyers and men who have failed in business expend more to get into legislatures than their pay would be for a whole session, and after paying again more for their daily personal expenses at the capital than their whole honest official receipts, come out of this wonderful business at the end of a few years with a handsome balance in the bank, houses and land, and shares in all sorts of companies. The greed of riches which is destroying us will cause this corruption to go on until the demands of the lobbyists become too grievous to be borne; and then refusal will bring about what refusal might bring about now—reformation in act if not in principle.

—— The publishers of an elegant edition of "King René's Daughter"* express some surprise in their prefatory notice that the American press has issued so small a number of the foreign poems which are intimately known throughout Europe. They refer probably to the works of the minor poets of the continent; for they cannot be ignorant of the fact that the great poets of all countries are as widely known and as highly appreciated here as they are in any land in which the various languages in which they wrote is not that of the people. This is plainly their meaning when they say that there are many of the poems to which they refer which have gone through several editions in each one of the principal European languages, and which yet have not been printed in America at all. Yet when, as a part of their plan for the supply of this deficiency, they propose to publish Göthe's "Herrman and Dorothea," and even Molière's "Tartuffe," we are somewhat puzzled to know exactly what they do mean, and are led to expect from them an offer to make us acquainted with "Don Quixote," the meritorious production of a Spanish author named Cervantes, "The Arabian Nights," and "Faust," written, as we hear, by a German poet named Göthe; although, when they introduce us to the latter, we hope that they will obtain from Messrs. Ticknor and Fields the right of using the translation made by Mr. Brooks, who lives in a part of America called Rhode Island, because it is far the best English metrical translation that has been made. The only other metrical version to be compared with it is the one made by Theodore Martin, the translator of the very lyrical drama which is the occasion of our remarks. And supposing that Mr. Martin has done his work as skilfully as he is wont to do it, we must express our surprise that he should have wasted his time in translating "King René's Daughter." There is no special fault in the poem.

* King René's Daughter, a Danish lyrical drama, by Henrik Hertz. Translated by Theodore Martin. New York: Leopold & Holt.

It is constructed well enough, and written well enough. Two things only are lacking to make it really admirable—interest and ideas. We have no fault to find with it, except that it is insufferably dull and vapid. It is made up of the sort of dialogue in verse that might be written by the reverend principal of a young ladies' school as an exercise in reading for his pretty pupils; his purpose being not to arouse either their minds or their passions, and yet to satisfy them to the best of his weak ability, and so far as it was strictly proper, with a little mystery, and a little love-making, and very "lovely" sentiments; the grand result being a book which they would praise, while it bored them to death, and left them in a state of mind that would cause them to seize upon "Les Misérables" or "Laus Veneris," and devour them with the greed of famished creatures. The story of this drama is as follows: René, King of Provence, who lived about 1400–1475, married Isabella of Lorraine, and claimed the succession in Lorraine in right of his wife, which was disputed by the counts of Vaudemont, powerful nobles with whom he was in consequence, through most of his life, constantly at war. At one time, when he was a prisoner of war on parole, he proposed that the dispute should be settled by a marriage between his daughter Yolande, or Iolanthe, and a son of Count Antonio, of Vaudemont. The proposal was accepted, and, after some delay, the marriage took place. The author of this play has invented a strange story to account for the delay, which, with a poet's license, he much lengthens. He supposes the state betrothal to have taken place in Iolanthe's infancy. Then he burns down King René's palace. To save Iolanthe's life, she is thrown out of a window and caught upon cushions as she falls. She is saved, but,

> **through fear or injury from the fall,**
> **Suffice to say the child had lost her sight.**

This not very ingenious contrivance gives the poet his situation at the opening of his drama. Iolanthe's blindness has been kept a state secret; and she has grown to young-womanhood in concealment, surrounded only by a few trustworthy attendants, and in utter ignorance of her blindness! A Moorish physician, Ebn Jahia, has undertaken her cure, and does effect it—by a charm, of course. But before Iolanthe receives her sight, two strange young men break in upon her seclusion, and have an interview with her, in which one of them falls in love with her and wins her by his voice and manner, and at the same time discovers that she is blind—only, however, by her giving him a white rose when he asks for a red one, and a red when he asks for a white one. This stranger, who is Count Tristan de Vaudemont, to whom Iolanthe is betrothed, is as ignorant of her identity as she of his. He leaves her, determined to repudiate his father's contract, and to return in force and carry off Iolanthe. He does both, and breaks in upon King René, whom he has never seen, while he is reading the letter in which the marriage is declined. Of course there is an explanation; Iolanthe recovers her sight, and everybody is made happy. The much-talked-of unities of time and place were never better preserved than they are in this short drama, the supposed action of which all takes place in one stage-scene—Iolanthe's garden—and in the time occupied by the real action. But it is worthy of special note that the play gains by this unity neither in illusion nor in interest. In fact, if this remarkable unity were not pointed out, it would be unnoticed by the uncritical reader. The simple truth is that the unities of time and place are of no account whatever in estimating the value of a dramatic work. If the spectator or the reader

can suppose himself to be in one act in France, he can just as easily, and just as satisfactorily, suppose himself to be in the next act in England. It would have been very much easier for Mr. Hertz's readers to allow him to transport them at will all over the world, and indeed beyond it, as Göthe does in "Faust," than for them to accept the situation on which the whole action of the play turns—that the heroine had grown up to womanhood among friends and attendants without knowledge of her blindness, without hearing or guessing that there is such a thing as light, or color, or vision. But this absurd postulate being granted, the author might have made a play of some interest, either by its action, by its characters, or by its poetry. He has done it by neither. The action is tame from its failure to awaken any solicitude for the fate of either of the personages, even upon a first perusal. The personages have no character at all; but are mere lay figures moving like puppets through the story. Iolanthe is a nice young woman, very well behaved, who has the misfortune of being blind, but who fails somewhat through her ignorance of her affliction to awaken our sympathy. King René is a model heavy father or *père noble;* and Tristan is a knightly lover who might be made to order by any person capable of writing sense and creditable verse. Not one of these personages reveals a peculiar trait of character in speech or in action; which is to say that not one of them is dramatic. Of the poetry, the following passage is a fair specimen. King René and Almerik, his principal attendant, are watching the Arabian physician as he treats Iolanthe for her blindness:

René. See, Ebn Jahia
Has waken'd her. Slowly her eyes she raises;
She speaks—yet speaks as in a dream, while he
Looks down observantly into her eyes.
Now he doth lay the amulet once more
Upon her bosom—and she sleeps again.
Almerik. How singular!
René. Most singular! This Moor
Possesses powers that fill me with alarm.
He comes. Now leave us, Almerik. Yet stay!
Hence to the palace. Here I must remain.
Soon as a letter comes from Tristan, haste
And bring it here to me.
Almerik. Adieu, my liege.
[*Exit. Enter Ebn Jahia.*
René. My Ebn Jahia, com'st thou like the dove
That bears the olive branch? Thou lookest grave.
And as thine art, unfathomable all,
How shall I construe what thy looks impart?
Ebn Jahia. I have the strongest hopes, my noble liege.
René. I'st so? Oh, thou'rt an angel sent from heaven.

And so forth, and so forth, and so forth, all through the drama, except when Tristan sings a love song, when there is a little gleam of lyric inspiration; which, however, vanishes when Iolanthe in her turn sings a song which ends—

Say have the airy
Tenants of ether
Taught you their strains?
Strains so enchanting,
Flowing so wildly, etc.

When she stops this hey-ding-diddle stuff, Geoffry, Tristan's companion, exclaims, "What lofty poesy!" He was older than Tristan, was not in love with Iolanthe, and he ought to have known better. Beyond this model commonplace of verse there is nothing even to strike the attention, except the scene in which Iolanthe is brought in with her sight restored; and in that we have only the mere well-known facts put into dull verse, that to the eye unaccustomed to light and untrained in seeing, light is painful and the objects of sight seem almost to touch the eye. There is nothing more. And what could be expected of a poet who writes in a passage which he intends to be of the first dramatic interest, such speeches as, "How singular!" "Most singular!" "I have the strongest hopes, my noble liege!" which is much like—

First Lord. My noble liege, what wilt thou have for breakfast?
King. Eggs, sir; and see that they are boiled quite hard;
I hate soft eggs all stirred up in a goblet.
And see I have some toast; and take good care
That my Souchong is drawn full fifteen minutes;
Less brings not out the flavor.
First Lord. Will my liege
Take his accustomed walk this lovely morning?
King. I fear, to day, I shall not have that pleasure.
A constitutional is recommended,
I know well; but I'm a king anointed,
And I hate all things constitutional.

This passage is not quite as elevated in its subject as many in "King René's Daughter" are; although we suggest that the political turn given to the King's speech in the last line indicates genius of no mean order; but there is little poetry in "King René's Daughter" which is of much more value, or much more above the level of mere machine-made verse than this chat about breakfast. We have noticed this play at greater length than we should have done on account of any intrinsic quality bad or good that it possesses, because it has some European reputation, and because it presents, in its English form, at least, a model of a kind of poetical writing of which a great many people are capable, and which therefore all people should avoid. If man or woman cannot write what has more meaning or moves more feeling than this does, then in heaven's name let man and woman hold their peace, at least in this country. For it is worthy of special remark that we whose literary produce is so small and so rarely above mediocrity are, in our cultivated classes, of all people the least tolerant of literary mediocrity. We all read, and we read incessantly; but our literature is either such as is to be found in a "Dime Novel" or the "New York Ledger," or it is the production of first-rate authors. The presses of London and Paris pour out month after month floods of books, novels for instance, which are intended for the cultivated classes and which are read by them, which, although they are to be had for nothing, are never republished here because they would not be read by any body. We buy Scott and Dickens by the tens of thousands of copies; we buy Thackeray, and Hawthorne, and Trollope, and Irving, and George Eliot; we buy Macaulay, and Motley, and Prescott, in quantities which are regarded as fabulous by European publishers, but for the minor writers of Europe we care little or nothing; so little that it is not worth while for our publishers to reprint their books, even although they are free of copyright.

In London, not long since, forty-six novels were offered for subscription within thirty-five days. Of these, probably not half a dozen would have brought a publisher here his outlay for types, paper and presswork. In Europe many books are published. Here we demand many copies of a few books. Europe is a garden to our cultivated readers, who refuse all but the fairest and richest fruit, who, in fact, eat only the sunny side of the foreign peach. The inferior fruit must find its market among the people by whom it is produced. Mere elegance and pretty harmlessness, like that of "King René's Daughter," find little favor in America. People in general are either below it or above. The former find it tame because it is not coarse and strong-flavored; the latter because, although not coarse, it is, what is worse, weak and flavorless. Because it is neither hot nor cold, they spew it out of their mouths.

"Bent down, holding her hands to the blaze."—Page 669.

THE GALAXY.

APRIL 1, 1867.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

CHAPTER IX.

COYLE RANDOLPH'S WILL.

ABIGAIL BLANCHARD determined to remain on the boat while it made its uncertain way up the Ohio, in preference to travelling by railroad.

They were long, cold, drowsy days which followed. The air was heavy with the gathering December snows; the sky overhead was opaque and gray. The little stern-wheel, Messenger, ploughed herself a path but slowly through the masses of mud and ice which choked the broad, sluggish river.

The old lady and Rosslyn found a cosy corner for themselves every day on deck, where, cloaked and hooded, they could see the yellow foam which curdled out into the water as they floated along; or above that, where the pearly twilight and the soft glimmer and sparkle of the falling snow filled the air to the very ends of the earth. Low, sullen hills crouched along shore; between them there were glimpses of open, rolling slopes of wood and pasture, white and silent in the snow, or of stern mountain peaks, with the gray smoke from the farm-houses at their base, blown and drifted across their sides. But it was all dumb, dim, white, and phantasmal as a country seen in sleep.

"Let us alone!" cried the old lady, with a childish shrug of delight, when Randolph proposed they should land and go by rail to their journey's end. "I will not lose a moment of my Sabbath day. This is drowsy old music, played over and over again, making one,

> With half shut eyes, ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half dream."

The voices of the crew could seldom be heard above in the little cabin, which, with its quiet, its cheerful compactness, its two or three easy chairs drawn about the wood fire, crackling in the open stove, made a home picture inside of the shifting, cold landscape without.

The professor used to look around it with keen, boyish enjoyment. "We have left this miserable, bloody work quite behind us," he used to say every day to Friend Blanchard, stroking his beard complacently, at which she only smiled.

Yet, when even she was glad of the momentary respite in which to take breath, could Garrick be blamed if he rejoiced to find his muscles and brain alike sinking down again into their normal stupor? This hurly-burly of work or war might be needed for the masses, but the cultured soul grew in quiet, or, as he expressed it, to Abigail, "The plebeian Jacob cheated and wrestled for his blessing, but Abraham waited patient until the evening, and the gods came and abode with him."

At which she laughed again; nor even replied, when he assured her sententiously, that "Too great action was the curse of the North; it had destroyed their social manners, as well as their politics and religion." None of the crude notions of the young fellow would tempt her into argument to break the quiet of her holiday.

So the long, cold, dreamy days crept by. In all his life afterward, Garrick Randolph looked back on them as lifted up, and set apart from all the years before; a light, like that of their own crimson sunsets shining through the snow, a sound, like that of the inarticulate music which floated sometimes to him off from shore, giving a strange, unreal glamour to them. Yet, under the snow and sunsets, and slow, drifting silence, there was an undefinable something, a pain and pleasure, restless, causeless, coming and gone like the wind; an unknown heat in his blood, an unknown thirst for he knew not what; a vexing, goading disquiet which charmed and annoyed him.

Yet they were commonplace, monotonous days enough, apparently. He came out from his stateroom to the quiet little breakfast with Rosslyn and her friend; then he paced the deck or sat by the fire, studying the new theory of forces, until the afternoon's long, inconsequent talk with the Quakeress, while she sat wrapped in her cloak on

deck, the keen black eyes and white hair set like a picture in the fur hood; Rosslyn beside her.

He very seldom talked with Miss Burley. But he flattered himself that he had an artist's eye, and for that reason liked to note how the frosty wind had brought out the clear crimson tint on her cheeks, or to watch her step as she paced the deck. Sometimes she sat in the cabin, and sewed at some dainty white stuff while he and Friend Blanchard held their long gossips.

She was a very simple-hearted girl, he thought, easily read as a page in her own Bible, and just as pure. She had no petty little blushes or affectations with which to recognize him as a man, young, and not unattractive. He had been used to such little decoys. The last of the Page-Randolphs was a hero among his kin, and he had cause to know it. But this girl spoke to the tobacco-spitting captain or Sam, the cook, with just the same simple courtesy. It did not nettle him. It was the reticence, yet hospitality of manner of a princess of the blood, as he said before. Her birth, doubtless, gave it to her. Some day, perhaps, the king's son would come; the hero who always ends the fairy story, and the princess would grow shy and distant; even vain, maybe, like other women, and jealous, lest her beauty should not be rare in his eyes.

In the long, drowsy evenings, playing chess with the old lady, glancing now and then across the glowing coals at this rare beauty, he had nothing better to do than to wonder what manner of man the coming hero would be. Every day, as he saw her in new lights, his fancy about him changed. Sometimes, when he was in his berth, the boat rocking him gently to and fro, and the throbs of the engine sounding beneath him, he could not sleep for thinking of it.

About the same period, by a curious coincidence, Garrick Randolph, for the first time in his life, began to cherish occasionally an ill opinion of himself.

Now, Friend Blanchard never argued, and took but a dull interest in the antagonism of forces; what could they do but gossip? She belonged, however, to the high Brahmin caste of gossips; the world had been a picture gallery for her, and if you looked back at it through her eyes, you saw groups, posed and draped with an artist's touch, wonderful for their absurdity or pathos. She humored the young man too; photographed the Randolphs and Pages for him for two or three generations back. They had been influential, cultured, easy-livers; chivalric, also, according to the Southern code. When traits such as these were patent in her anecdotes, the professor would be apt to call her attention to the marked family features in his own face, his father's chin, his Uncle George's nose, with an unconscious vanity which keenly amused the old lady. She spoke of it to Rosslyn.

"That pride seems to me natural and proper," the girl said, with-

out smiling. She was leaning over the deck-railing, her grave, brown eyes fixed on the water. "You taught me yourself that vice or virtue comes to us from our fathers in the blood. Why should he not thank God if his is clean?" She looked down at her own wrist, with the milky veins crossing on it; looked at it long and curiously, while the Quakeress watched her shrewdly from behind. After a while, she said: "Who is the Strebling that Mr. Randolph calls cousin?"

"James Strebling, of Alabama. Does thee know him, my dear? A flaccid, feeble fellow. His blood now, if you talk of blood, is too pale material out of which to make either a sinner or a saint."

"No. I do not know him," said Ross, still looking at her wrist. After a minute or two she gently closed and unclosed her hand; the muscles under the fine flesh were like steel; the life throbbing in her broad bosom and through her lithe, delicate limbs was keen and genial, and exhilarated, as the spirit of pure wine.

"*I* am not flaccid. I will perforce be either a sinner or a saint," she thought to herself. After a while she suffered the unclean thing to drop out of the world, so far as her memory of it was concerned, according to her old habit, and began walking up and down, thinking of the unusual pleasure of the sunshine in the air, but more of some shirts she was making for her grandfather, singing in an undertone to herself.

The Quakeress looked after her with a fond, quizzical smile.

"The sky is blue, and the sun shines, to-day," she said. "What other good news has thee heard, Rosslyn?"

Ross laughed, but presently she came and sat down on a coil of rope at Friend Blanchard's feet, quite silent for a little while, then she looked up quietly.

"You know that story I told you once? of——"

"I know! Thee need not name it, my child," her sensitive old face in a tremor, as she stroked the girl's shining hair. "Has anything hurt thee, Ross?"

"James Strebling was that man. But *I* do not know him. It is the Burley blood that is in my veins, and that is good and pure," lifting her face proudly.

The next evening, when they were sitting by the stove together, Randolph brought up the subject of the Streblings again, but Ross was not in hearing. The old lady was in the mood for gossip.

"It was a curious chance that kept thy property out of Jeems Strebling's hands," she said.

Randolph flushed as if from a blow in the face. "I do not understand. What claim had he upon it?"

"Thee has never heard the story?" with surprise. "I am sorry that I mentioned it then, Garrick. No claim, in my opinion; yet there were many to cry out at one time that he had not a claim, but a

right to all thy father had to give thee outside of the homestead."

"What do you mean, Friend Blanchard?" uneasily shifting his position.

She poised her finger-tips together, looking with her black, bright eyes in the fire—relish of expectation all over her piquant, wrinkled face. "It is a long-ago matter, and there is no need of filling thy memory with old stories. But if thee will— Thy father was no favorite with his father, thee knows?"

He shook his head. She had put her finger on the raw flesh when she touched the inalienable honor or dignity of his family. Perhaps she knew it, for she kept it there maliciously.

"Coyle Randolph was but as other Southern boys. There was nothing which I should not tell to his son. He had a trenchant wit, sang a good song, drank good wine, betted heavily on his horse; these things are costly, thee knows. They cost his promise of success at the bar, they cost a duel or two, and more money than his father would furnish, at the last. I was there, a young matron then, visiting Laura Page. It was a miserable succession of duns, of tyrannical rebuke on thy grandfather's side, and fierce rebellion on his son's. The end of it was, that Coyle Randolph left the plantation, swearing never to return, and that day, while in the heat of his passion, his father disinherited him."

"He threatened it, you probably mean. The Randolph property is large, but I value it chiefly because it never was alienated from the direct line. It came intact from father to son."

"It was alienated that night, Garrick. I know it, because, unwillingly enough, I was one of the witnesses to the will. By it the entire property was devised to his nephew, James Strebling, with the exception of the house, which belonged to Coyle from his mother. But only the shell of the house. The old man was merciless. The old furniture, which for you, Garrick, is precious with memories, the pictures, the plate, every trifle which gave the boy name or place, was taken from him. He was left a beggar."

"It was but a passing whim. How long was it before he destroyed the will?"

She hesitated. "This occurred but a month before thy grandfather's death. I do not know when he destroyed the will. He died suddenly, as thee has heard, in the night, and alone. Up to that day, he had shown no sign of relenting."

Randolph turned sharply a dull, perplexed look on her. "Do you mean that the will— I do not understand."

"Nor do I," briskly. "It was muddy ground throughout. I never could find a clean path through it. The will was in a cabinet in thy grandfather's chamber, to which only he had access. He, and his body-servant, a negro named Hugh."

"O, I know Hugh!" with a look of relief, as if he had touched

land at last. "Hugh is on the place now—he's a sort of odd hand, carpenter, locksmith, what not. He has a knack for tools or machinery."

"The same man. Well, when the old man died, Hugh was in the room before any of the household. Thy father was at the county races near by, and reached home that night. When search was made for the will, it was gone." She had grown interested in her own story, and leaned forward, her eyes still on the fire, her hands slowly tapping together. "The will was gone. Now, where did it go?" looking up abruptly in Randolph's face. "Coyle said that it had been destroyed when his father's affection returned to him. But it never returned. There was no relenting to the last day—no relenting," slowly shaking her head.

"What became of the paper, then?"

"Many persons believed," the words dropping out slowly, "that the negro alone knew. He was brought up with Coyle, they were foster-brothers, indeed, and it was thought that, on finding his master dead, he had made way with the paper, and kept his own counsel."

The story was a startling and suggestive one to Garrick; it had touched him deeper than he cared to show—touched him most, in this new picture of the frank-faced, sturdy young fellow who sang a good song, and told a good story, and betted and fought with the best; who had been a grave, temperate, shrill-voiced old man when Garrick had known and loved him. He almost fancied he was standing yonder in the gathering shadows, nearer akin to himself than ever before.

"I like to hear you talk of my father as a young man," he said, with an unsteady smile. "It is as if he had come back to tell me something of himself which he had forgotten to do when here."

Abigail Blanchard's eyes lighted as she watched the heavy figure of the man opposite to her, his head drooped on his chest, the red firelight playing over the sensitive, credulous face.

"I am thankful," she said energetically, "that no hint of such a suspicion ever reached your father. His idea of honor would have made him surrender the property to James Strebling, if he had been convinced the will was destroyed by the negro, and not by the old man."

"Certainly. What else was there for him to do? The property must have gone to Strebling."

After a while, he said slowly, "But few people ever understood my father—there are some men always at odds with the world. But you interpret him rightly," his face kindling.

"Coyle and I were children together." She said no more, and he sat motionless, his hand upon his mouth; nothing broke the silence but the driving sleet against the windows on the hurricane deck

above. He took up the tongs at last, and drove them against the wood in the grate, a shower of fiery sparks flickering out into the darkness.

"Your story clings to me like a nightmare," rising with a forced laugh. "What if James Strebling stood in my place—held even my negroes, say? Why, they have been born and died side by side with the Randolphs for generations! Think of Bob Strebling the master of the garden my father and mother planted, of the chairs on which they sat, of their faces on the wall, of their dead bodies in their graves!" The thin cabin floor creaked under his heavy steps as he paced up and down.

"Here are the lights and Rosslyn. Let the old story go with all nightmares."

But he walked on without heeding, stopping at last in front of her. "I wish I had known that fellow Hugh had ever been a favorite of my father's. He's had but a rough berth of it in his loft over the wood-shed, I'm afraid. My overseer always thought that, if the worn-out, out-door hands got their rations, it was enough, without coddling them, and I left matters to him too much—too much. I've had more hard study laid out for me than most men. It was my proper work, in fact. I put the rest aside."

She did not reply, but turned to Rosslyn, who came in all aglow and laughing from the cold, and bent down, holding out her hands to the blaze.

For the first time Randolph took no note of her presence. "That old fellow, Hugh, had a wife who belonged to Strebling," he said, "and one or two children—a boy about my age—Sap. I remember it all now. They were sold or died, I forget which; at all events he never took another wife. He has been a silent, stoop-shouldered old negro, pottering about the carpenter's shop since I can first remember. He used to turn tops for me, and rig my boats. But I preferred to hang about the other old gray-heads, who cracked their jokes or sang while they rubbed down the horses. I wish I had known this fellow was a favorite of my father's."

"It is not yet too late. Let the matter wait," said Abigail Blanchard, gently.

She found the simple-hearted Kentuckian tedious at times. He turned one idea over and over, like an overgrown boy, until it was worn to shreds. She wondered to see how patiently Ross listened to his prosing. But Ross' palate was fresh. She had not tasted so many kinds of wine as the old society gourmand.

Once, however, several days afterward, Randolph's talk became worse than tedious to the girl. It cut her like the lash of an ox-thong. It was in reference to this very subject of the will, to which he went back uneasily, day after day.

They had reached Pittsburg, and were standing on the deck,

watching the crowd of drays and workmen on the wharf, when he pointed to a stolid-looking porter, rolling a barrel over the plank below.

"Now, if that will had been found," he said musingly, "I should have been as sheer a beggar as that boor. In worse condition, perhaps, for I would have had tastes and wishes ungratified, which he never knew."

"Thee could have earned thy bread and butter," dryly.

He shrugged his shoulders, stroking his golden brown whiskers with his large white hand.

"I never discovered the advantage which accrued to a man from the necessity of working for his daily livelihood. Whatever energy it develops could have been called out by nobler motives. The mean economy and cares of poverty degrade a man. They degrade a man invariably, and harden a woman."

Rosslyn turned sharply. The professor looked at her with a calm, reflective smile. "How pure and soft were the brown eyes suddenly lifted to his! They were new to him every hour. Inexplicable meanings were those which gathered in them." He went below, muttering some line of Schiller's, of how that her *Blick* was *himmlischmild*, and some other adjectives which he would not have had hardihood to use to himself in English.

Now, neither Ross Burley's eyes or temper were *himmlischmild* just now, when the people to whom she belonged were attacked. But the unconscious Randolph, when he joined them in the dépôt while they were waiting for the train, half an hour later, only thought how pearl-like her singular purity and fairness shone among the coatings of soot, and foulness of the room about her. He directed her attention to the throng of men outside of the wide door, cracking their whips, rolling barrels of oil, beating on the wheels of the engine. He could not let the subject go. It was the Southern creed, after all, which he had drawn in with his mother's milk. "Talk of working for daily bread?" he said. "The more I see of the North, the more I am convinced of the necessity of a fixed aristocracy for this country. I mean a class that need not expend its strength for the means of subsistence, who can serve as a model and arbiter for the others. Such an one can only come from generations of culture. There must be thorough breeding, from the brain, to the motion of a hand, or the control of an eye. We have chosen our rulers from among tailors and rail-splitters long enough."

Ross Burley's head fell at that. There was not a slip-shod servant-girl or greasy porter hurrying by, who was not akin to herself in birth and breeding. Usually she was not slow to defend her order; what ailed her to-day that her face lost all trace of courage, and her eyes seemed weighted with dulness? Yet something she must say.

She put her hand on a little girl who stood near her with a basket of musty cakes, her clothes smeared with soot and the rank oil.

"Now, the Bourbon blood might be hidden even under that," she said, smiling.

Garrick gave the child some money, and pushed her away. "Never. Coarse sights and sounds, such as such people know, leave marks which never wash away, Miss Burley. Vulgar training is the damned spot that will not out, whether you put its possessor in the White House or the Tuileries. That is fact, theorize as you please."

Miss Burley made no answer. How could she? In the market and alleys where she had lived, she had known sights and sounds which would bring a blush to this young man's cheek. His memory was like snow beside her own. He had been born heir to education and refinement which she had coined the best days of her life into hard cash to buy. And yet—

They were in the train at last, driving beyond the furthest suburbs, along the narrow, black line that girdled the glittering ridges of snowy hills, and the endless duller white slopes between.

She remembered that she had crossed the mountains through yonder gap on a Winter's day like this, long ago. It was a different way of travelling, and different company! Her heart swelled under her jacket, her throat choked. If she could sit down now, up in her make-believe house in the great Conestoga wagon, and put her head again on the broad old knee!

She thought of him as she had seen him down yonder, two weeks ago, in the door of his tent, waving his old hickory stick to her good-by; and when she ran back for another kiss and hug, how he had laughed at her!

"Cheer up, little sister!" he said. "Yer grandad 'll come safe out of this trouble, you count on that! Why, who've you got but me? Ther's just you an' me in the world, Rossline!" He broke down at that, though he laughed louder. But she had seen the tears lodged in his black, stubbly cheeks.

Ross felt the tears now on her own face. She muffled herself up in her vail. "God counts him of as noble birth as any of them!" she cried, hotly, to herself. The "Good Man," as she had called Him long ago, was juster and more liberal! He had another honor by which to test men than learning, or their birth among pictures and music, and in the midst of delicate living. He knew whether or not the stains of those old days had gone into her soul, never to wash away! He had been one of her order; it was they by whom He had been loved, they watched Him at the cross, they died for Him! The earth was His now, and the fulness thereof—these great slopes—the snow that hid them—

Ross, like all unreasoning women, lapsed at a touch from one

depth of feeling to another. She grew suddenly quiet; her heart filled with the strength, with the very glow and sparkle of life. It was as if they had pushed her into the outer ditch, and she had found Him there. She held His very hands—her feet rested on His great world with her old sense of firm right. It did not matter so much if some of His people were fouled in their cradles with oil or with vice!

Looking up, she saw Garrick's earnest, boyish eyes riveted on her face, and smiled brightly back at him. She knew the abyss between them now, and she never would suffer herself to forget it. With her own place, she was content.

Shortly after which he leaned back, and fell asleep, satisfied that he had found some of the "Bourbon blood" in the world, at last, in her. His own possession of it, he never had doubted.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

The Japanese thrust a gritty mould into the shell of the oyster, which checks its life slowly. But when the bloodless thing is dead, they find in the shell a pearl in the likeness of one of their gods. There is such a mould thrust somewhere into the lives of all of us—human oysters—if we only know what use to make of it. It came first to work this "sea change" in Garrick Randolph's life, in a day which he spent among the mountains.

The matter was ordinary enough. The snow had drifted into the ravines, and half a dozen transportation trains lay blocked at Harrisburg, filled with troops. This was on the 24th of December.

"I will not take Rosslyn further until the way is clear," Friend Blanchard said, decisively. "There is a village two miles before us where the mountains are gathered in as solemn state as the dead kings in Hades. We will spend our Christmas at Rockville."

Randolph assented courteously, secretly chafing, according to the manner of men, at being checked in the middle of his journey. The Quakeress was a charming old woman, and Miss Burley as charming in another view. But he had left home to do a man's work. Was he to spend his life dallying by their sides, gipsying through the country in this fashion?

They stopped at a little lath and plaster house, looking like a rabbit's burrow, under one of the mountains. Rosslyn was sent inside to treat with the woman.

"Miss Burley is skilful at managing those people," said Garrick loftily. "She speaks to everybody in their own *patois*, like a born diplomat."

"She looks at everybody through their best trait, so all the world stands at ease with her," said the old lady, sharply.

There were only women to treat with; the men were gone to the war. They were not sorry to make a little money, or to find Christmas coming to the gate with such an unexpected jolly face. They gave up their two or three rooms, clean and bare and cold, and went to work with zest, to build great fires in them, and to bring out their sheets and blue woolen counterpanes to spread on the piled feather beds. Besides, Ross' good humor and delight were infectious. The whole little house began to glow, what with the novel warmth, and flash of the fires, and her fun and laughter, up stairs and down. "She believed Christmas himself lived among these mountains," she told the old lady, rubbing her hands, and turning out the contents of the valise to find her a looser house dress, her eyes dancing. She went out with Jane, the whey-skinned, sour-looking house-daughter, to find a monster turkey in some of the neighboring farm-houses, and brought her home, both of them laden, their faces red and bright. Jane's mother, who was over the stove, her skirt tucked up, cooking a famous supper, made an excuse to bring her into the little kitchen (as clean as a Shaker meeting-house) so that grandmother might hear her voice.

"And her face is just as sweet," said Mrs. Baldwin, as she put on the griddles for the batter-cakes. "It's got the genooine look in it, besides the pink and white and the yallar hair. Our Jane might have bin like her if sh'd had that bringin up."

"Seems as if I'd heerd that v'ice afore," said the old woman, clicking her knitting-needles slower, "an' I'm never mistaken in a v'ice. Seems as if I'd heerd that afore."

Rosslyn went out again, her curls thrust up under a woolen cap, to the pine forest about the base of the mountain, and came back laden with branches of cedar, the scarlet fire-bush, and long wreaths of green, delicate colt's foot. She made two or three journeys, Jane helping her, and then they tacked it up about the little parlor.

When Garrick came down for tea, between the green wreathing the walls, and the still, glowing bed of coals in the grate, and the white little supper-table in the middle, and the vine-draped windows framing the wild, desolate landscape without, the quiet waiting-room was as warm and heartsome a home picture as one would see in a lifetime. It touched him oddly, with as much annoyance as pleasure. This girl carried home about with her, he believed. He had no mind just now to believe anything to her credit, or to think of her in any way. He had been nervous and irritable during the last two days, angry as a fly who fears its feet are caught in the web. This woman, or any woman, was nothing to him, he said to himself as he stood there waiting. If they had gone on, he would have bidden her good-by in Philadelphia by this time, and there would have been the end of it. His twinge of pain at the thought but made him angrier.

He was not going to marry a brown eye, and pink cheek! He was a man of long experience and reflection. He had his ideal of a wife, his rules of the birth and training and character-requisites. Unalterable rules; and just then, the supper came in. Jane told him that the Quaker lady was tired and cold, and would take tea in her own room.

"Miss Burley?"

Miss Burley was out.

He walked hastily to the window. The great shadows of the mountains had brought twilight already over the white wastes of snow, marked here and there only by a sunken fence or a brown stream creeping down to the river.

Where was she? It was a lonely, hill country. Even if there were no danger, she was but a childish, superstitious girl, he thought, and would be frightened at the solitude, and these uncanny shadows. He went to the door, anxiously, but saw her at that moment coming slowly up the road. Then he went hurriedly back to the fire; he had done all that courtesy demanded; but he bent over so that he could watch every step which brought her nearer. Her most careless motion always seemed to him as if it kept time to some music which he could not hear.

Presently she came in. He had never seen her in a house dress before. The loosened curls, the soft, sweeping folds of clear blue, the lace, like foam about her arching throat—well, it was a novel, pretty picture—what more? If Ross had heeded him, she would have thought the professor grim and peevish under his heavy politeness; but she did not notice him further than by a friendly smile. The shadow of the mountains was on her; she was silent and subdued.

Randolph placed her chair at the table, moved it again, nervously, opposite to his own. He wondered if she remembered that it was the first time they had ever been alone together; he wondered if she remembered that she had saved his life?

When she sat down behind the little coffee urn, and began to fill his cup, he thought that if his ideal wife had ever been found, she would probably have filled the central place in this scene to-day. She was to have been an olive-skinned, fragile woman, with coils of black hair, and a Greek nose. She would have been southern in birth and feeling; sensible; taking an interest in science. *She* never would have haunted the terminus of an underground railway for stolen slaves!

Ross was quiet, indifferent; the novel pleasure of the day was gone, apparently, for her. He saw her glance now and then out at the graying valley below, where the dumb river lay motionless and patient under the drifting sleet, while the black, gigantic mountains shouldered each other, looking down.

"They seem like ghosts crowding about a grave," she thought, with a shiver.

He noted the darkening trouble in her eye with a fierce jealousy. What was she thinking of? What did he know of the million fancies and plans under that broad forehead; what her hopes were, whom she hated—or—loved? He was not of her kind; he had never even looked into the world she lived in; he was but an awkward book-worm; he had wasted over retorts and crucibles the years that might have made him a man worthy to be her friend. He did not know why he should address her coldly and formally, making every little courtesy of the table seem a covert rap intended to keep her at her proper distance; but he did it, and Ross, after a look of mild surprise, lapsed into silence, the look in her eyes growing more absent as she ate her supper, and watched the melancholy clouds gather about the pale, watery sunset.

An acute pain shot through his temples as he gulped down his strong coffee. He went on, according to his habit, turning the one idea over, and over, although it was one that tortured him. He never had known her true self—he never would. He was at liberty to look at the fair mask of hair, and eyes, and color, and to admire it: any boor on the street could do the same. But for her secret thought, her confidence, her love—she held them hid away, kept for their master —— He choked: the drops he was swallowing grew bitter as gall to him. He resolutely bent his head, and when she spoke to him, answered with averted eyes.

The little fire crackled, the sleet, blown by the wind, struck sharply on the window pane: they fell into silence. In a word, the professor was struggling desperately to recover his old self. His senses were for the moment cleared, and he saw a different man taking possession, as it were, of his body; where were his reason, his prudence, his unalterable rules vanishing? The heat, the jealous passion that fevered and racked his brain, alarmed and disgusted him. The old fastidious, complacent spirit was not so far dead in him, that it could not sneer at the new comer angry and resentful.

He had meant some day to fall in love, and to marry. All men did so. But there should first have been an acquaintance of a year at least; love should have been based on a thorough respect, a keen sympathy in all tastes and opinions—

What was she thinking of now? The dark pupils of her eyes widened, and her forehead knitted as if she held back tears. She rose with some trivial apology—she was going away indifferently; what did it matter to her that they were alone for the first time? that the great silent mountains, the deserts of snow, even the little, warm, cheerful room seemed to shut them in from the world.

They two, alone, together.

Ross was not going away. She only went to the window. She

had hard work to keep back the troublesome tears, as he guessed: tears, however, with which love and lovers had nothing whatever to do.

The truth was, that the awful solitude of the place oppressed her; and the gloom, the silence in which these great monarchs of the world had stood for ages together. The snow, too, whose gray reservoirs, without a sound, had flooded the sky, blotting it out, was not the old, familiar snow of which she had been used to make balls or giants, long ago, in the days of Joe and the old Conestoga. This was the very realm of silence and of sorrow. Now Ross, in the grain, was a practical little body; she had to find for the vague trouble in her mind a reasonable cause. So it came to pass while she was eating her supper that she was picturing the miserable Christmas that her grandfather would spend, wishing she had found a larger turkey to go in the box which she sent him from Louisville. She had a plan for next Christmas—if the war was over—and it was the thought of that next Christmas, which brought the tears up, and made her go to the window lest she should be suspected of crying.

Garrick followed her. They stood side by side; he looked down at the tender curve of her mouth, the truth-telling eyes. Why should he leave her to be the wife of another man? What if he were awkward, and almost a stranger to her? She came so near—so near. Her look, her little shy ways, her voice, were all akin to him—belonged to his own soul, his own long solitude and silence, as if they two stood alone in a foreign world, far from their native country.

Love? At the first bold entrance of the thought, a great quiet came to him, a delicious repose; it was as if the checked current, seething against its barrier, angry and turbid, had broken through at last, and spread gently over a land which would be forever green and sunny.

If she never loved him, if they parted there never to meet, it would not undo this which was done. He loved her. Now, in true love, there is always a great content and completeness, though it starve and die unreturned, knowing that, in some world beyond this, the recompense is sure.

When Garrick heard Rosslyn speak, he listened as if to inarticulate music. It surprised him, when he came out of the depth of his own emotion, to find that she was talking of nothing but the grass outside. She knew nothing of him or his love—she might never care to know.

"The seed-grass looks like pearl-sprays with this hoar-frost on it," she said; "and see this brier," throwing up the window to break a twig of it. When she turned to show him how the thorns were sheathed in ice, her moist eyes were yet heavy, her cheeks

flushed—the hoar-frost had showered from the shaken bush in glittering sparks over her golden maze of hair.

He took the bough mechanically, and gave it back, his eyes fixed on her face.

"Miss Burley" (his voice surprised himself, it was so quiet and grave), "once, when I first knew you, I said that, if ever I spoke with you alone, I would tell you that I knew what you had done for me, and that I did not forget it."

Ross drew down her brows, perplexed. "O, you mean the drive from the ford?"

He colored. "It saved my life."

"I would have done as much for any one. I incurred no risk. Besides, it is Pitt who deserves your thanks, if any are due."

She stood, playing with her frosted twig, an invisible wall of ice about her; no passion or force of his, he thought, could break it down.

And indeed, beyond looks, the meaning of which Rosslyn was too slow-witted to interpret, the professor had treated the young girl, so far, with the just, mild consideration which he used to his pupils; he was a painstaking, somewhat patronizing protector, but no more.

What her secret idea of him was by this time, only she knew, or ever will know; whether she still thought of him as Greatheart, and herself as Mercy, or whether she shrewdly suspected him of being a prig and a pedant.

Finding that she continued silent, having forgotten, apparently, all that he had said, Garrick forced an unsteady laugh, though there was no laugh in the grave, anxious eyes looking over her head at the whitened window panes.

"In the old romances," he said, "the adventure always begins by the rescue of the maiden's life by the knight. A life saved serves a good purpose in the opening of a story."

"What good purpose?" she said, carelessly. "To the story, I mean?"

Randolph paused. "It breaks down the barriers of ceremony, the insincere rules of society—sweeps them away as prolix rubbish. It gives to the story the chance of a fairer ending." His voice sank meaningly. "They stand together no longer knight and maiden, but face to face as man and woman."

She turned, startled at the change in his tone, and as she listened an astonished pain gathered in her face.

"The bond between them removes them into a world of truth and reality—"

She moved—he put out his hand to detain her, raising his voice hurriedly—"Into a world where there is something deeper than the courtesy and badinage which you and I have known—hate and love."

Ross stood silent a moment. There were times when she had the power of great reticence; her simple, serious manner, which openly said, "Thus far I go, but no further," was to a man like Randolph an impregnable barrier.

"We have been taught in different schools," she said, smiling. "Now, to me the forms of society are altogether useful, and not insincere. They would be a pleasanter bond than any uneasy sense of gratitude—to me."

"You wish me to forget what I owe to you, then?" abruptly.

"You owe me so little!" with a slight gesture of her fingers, as if she threw something away. "But if it were more—Friend Blanchard would tell you that there was no yoke so light or so galling as that of gratitude. And as for me, I should not wish to be compelled to choose as my friend for life the man who chanced to drag me out of the under-tow or the burning house. He might not be at all a comfortable companion with whom to walk in your world of realities."

He was in no humor for jest. For the first time, she found his indolent face stern and immovable. She tried to pass him, but he did not perceive her.

"See!" moving her hand as though she lifted something from his shoulders. "I take off all weight of gratitude to me. You shall not impose any yoke upon yourself if I can help it. I must go to bid Friend Blanchard good-night, now."

"One moment, Miss Burley—"

Ross drew back; when she saw how earnest he was, she stood quite still, her breath coming quicker, and her face a little pale. Garrick read it with a keen impatience. It angered him that she did not comprehend his feeling and respond to it, though, in truth, the suddenness of its heat and passion startled himself. Since he was a child, every shade of opinion or emotion which he chose to express had been watched and discussed with eager interest by his father or Aunt Laura. Now, at this great crisis of his life, when his very soul, he thought, was going out into an untried existence, he was left alone, and the woman for whom he risked all stood by, blind and indifferent. It was therefore more the petted old bachelor, grown stiff in his own habits and whims, that spoke to Rosslyn again, than the boy beneath, who, for the first time in his life, was learning to love.

"It is impossible that you do not understand me," he said, petulantly. "I have no wish to force my gratitude on you. The service probably was nothing to you, but it imported much to me and to those who care for me. But I have no wish to force my gratitude —no. It was another desire. I express myself ill—I have known so few women—having lived so much alone," he hesitated, and then caught her frank, brown eyes resting curiously on his.

"I do *not* understand," gently. "I am both dull and blunt, my grandfather says. You must use blunt words to me. Can I serve you again, Mr. Randolph?"

Garrick laughed; a cordial, eager laugh; something in the straightforward, brilliant eyes had called his manhood up alert and strong; there was no hesitation now—

"You can serve me, surely. You talked a moment ago of choosing a friend—choose me. Let us find some quiet path in that world of realities, and go walking in it together, testing the world and testing each other. What do you say?" holding out his hand, forgetting to smile in his grave eagerness.

She did not speak, though her lips moved once or twice. She watched him searchingly, doubting her own idea of his meaning.

"I know so little," he said, "of any world where men and women dare to show themselves to each other as God made them. I have lived among books, among acids and salts. I have had no friendships nor loves among women, as other young men. I have looked at them through a kind of religious glamour as men did in the old chivalric days. Suffer me to be your friend. Suffer me to come near you."

Ross was looking wistfully out of the window. She gave a queer, absent little nod. "My friend? *My* friend? I know how that must end—I know."

Randolph bent forward, his eager, breathless lips apart. "I only ask to be your friend—now," in a gentle, explanatory voice, as if he talked to a child. "I do not wish to urge you, or to be coarse, or rough. Perhaps I should not have said even this until you were under the shelter of your own home—I know how much it is for me to ask. But you have seemed so near, so different from all other women," looking away from her; talking to himself of her. "And I am not made of stone—not made of stone."

He said no more, watching the erect little figure, the sweet yet strong face turned full toward the only light in the room. There were no shy blushes nor smiles on it: on the contrary, he fancied it had a worn, shrunken look in the last few moments which he had never seen before; yet, never had it seemed to him so womanly or so helpless.

Now, in that moment there was a curious remembrance strong in her mind.

Ross Burley lived in the hearts of a great many men and women; her life was too healthy and sunny and full of affection not to have drawn toward it many weaker, hungrier natures. She gave to them as a hill spring gives water, lavishly, without money and without price. But from love such as she read in this man's face, when it had come to her before, she had turned away, pained and dumb. She never talked of it, or of marriage, to the young girls who were

her companions; their chatter seemed coarse and worldly. But one night long ago, sitting by her grandfather on the floor, she had spoken to him of it; gravely, as she might of her dead mother or of Christ; it was that night which she thought of now.

"I do not know what love is," she had said. "But neither do these men. No; they do not know!" shaking her head as she looked in the fire.

Old Joe smoked his pipe out slowly before he answered her, then he spoke in an uncertain way, thrusting his finger in the bowl.

"Some day you'll know, Rossline. I'll be glad when I've heerd that day has come, although— I'll be glad—for you see a woman's veins is jest half dried up without husband and child of her own." He stopped a moment, and then lifting her face by the chin, looked her steadily in the eyes as he said, "Rossline, ef that day ever should come, remember that them as love is born agin. You've ben different from others; there's bin hurts you've had. Ye're to leave all behind—*all*. Ye're to take no smut nor stain to him as calls you. Cleavin' unto him, says the Good Man, an' forsakin' father an' mother an' house. Rossline, that'll mean yer grandad along with the rest." She had laughed at the time, thinking he jested. But he had not laughed; had grimly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and after a while had drawn her on to his knee, saying, "Ye're mine yet, Sweetheart. But ye're to put me away with the rest. Mind them words of mine. Maybe some day they'll make yer way clear."

Why did all this come to Ross Burley, now? This man had only offered her friendship, yet no lover that had sued to her had so challenged the very secrets of her soul. She struggled against exposure, she would not have her inmost fancies dragged to the light thus. But before all other thoughts, were her grandfather's words on that night. She understood them at last. Was the time ever to come when she must choose between him and any other?

She roused herself with a sort of shiver when Randolph's face came between her and the light.

"You will suffer me to be your friend? What if we learned to know each other in all sincerity, face to face. It would but—"

She threw up her hand hastily. He stopped.

"It is a very ordinary thing that you ask, I know. Most women form such compacts. But I am a stranger to you. What do you know of me?"

All that there was to know, came freshly to her with the words; the misery, the shame that began before she was born; the years of abject poverty; the years of struggle, every one of which, however praiseworthy in itself, would be an iron bar between her and this man.

"It is too early to ask for friendship," she said, turning away; "there is too much to learn of me."

"For leave to learn it, then?" with a quick step forward. "See; my life is open to you, every day of it—and my thoughts; they are both weak and trivial enough, God knows. But I think that something has entered into them which will make them noble and true—if it will stay."

Ross blushed and laughed nervously. After all, she was childish in some things, and his honest, awkward gestures, his earnest, boyish eyes touched her home. And then it was so difficult for her to feel always guilty for James Strebling's crime. He only asked to be her friend, what right had she to deny him? But he should be warned.

"I cannot forbid you to stand nearer, or to criticise me," she said. "But it is better that men and women should look at each other always through your religious glamour, I think. When they come face to face, they see ——"

"They see—what?"

"Stains, which no water will wash away."

"I do not understand you," after a moment's startled pause.

But the bitter emphasis was gone already from her good-tempered, happy face. "No matter, Let me go now. Give me time. But if you will read one line, you must read all. I will keep nothing back."

He did not seem to hear her, but stood listening with an indulgent smile, as to a child's talk. Once he stooped, and took the branch of brier from her, with a hungry impulse to hold something which she had touched. When he breathed carelessly on it, the silvery crust of frost disappeared from the stem and seed vessels, and trickled down, soiling his hand. He threw it away.

Ross nodded to it meaningly. "You brought it too close. There is nothing of it now but a broken bough, and a blot of muddy water. You are warned."

He laughed triumphantly. "I am not afraid."

But Ross looked down at it again, as if it bore for her some peculiar meaning.

"I do not like ill omens," she said, gravely, at which Garrick smiled again complacently. Her little whims and ignorances were very charming in his eyes.

When she went away, he accompanied her, holding the door open with his usual stately politeness, bowing low.

"Good night, my friend."

"Good night."

He did not offer his hand again. She was glad of that. How he had thrown down the bit of brier under foot, when it only smirched his fingers! He should know whose hand hers was before he touched it again. She walked heavily up the stairs, thinking how once the man whose child she was, had drawn on his dainty gloves because her fingers smelled of fish-brine.

When she came to her own room, she stopped, leaning her head and arms on the bureau, looking into the square bit of glass. Was it her fault that she had been born poor, and with these damned spots on her which nothing would take away? She looked at the clear-cut, delicate face, at the reasonable soul in her eyes. After she had made herself this, was she to give up all the chance of life? Were these men, father and lover, to thrust her aside for that which was no crime of hers?

Yet as she looked, a comfort began to come to her from her own features. "Nature stamped me a Burley," she said. "I thank God for that." She began to make ready to pay her nightly visit to Friend Blanchard, and as she moved about, her grandfather's old words came to her persistently, how that the day would some time come when she would choose to leave him behind. Him, and the old life of which he was a part.

"That day will never come," said Ross Burley. "Never."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RECORD OF A LIFE.

Friend Blanchard sat reading by a lamp in her little chamber. The one square window was uncurtained, and outside, a single white mountain peak glowered down on her through the night, like a solitary spectre, keeping watch. At another time the solitude, and the terrors of the night and mountain would have been subjects to appreciate and enjoy, as she would the tragic music of the march of men going to battle, but now she had something else to think of. She had heard the faint murmur of voices below, then Rosslyn's foot upon the stairs. When she passed into her own chamber, the old lady laid down her book, her eyes kindling under their black brows as she watched the door impatiently.

When the tap for which she waited came, however, and Ross entered, she began to read placidly, after a keen glance at her.

"There is your chair, my child."

In the long silence that followed, the older woman looked at the young one once or twice, furtively, as she turned a page.

"I think it has come," she thought, with a jealous, fierce contraction of her mouth and nostrils. Her love for the girl was something between a mother's sense of possession, and the gallant admiration of a man. She scanned again and again the figure by the fire, with the soft, white folds of the woolen wrapper falling about it, the wavy, golden hair knotted back, the blue-veined, bare feet thrust into slippers. "Randolph has spoken to her. There is a look in her face that was never there before. Rosslyn is gone out of my world," with a sarcastic smile.

But her eyes ached. She put her book down, and unpinned her cap strings. She had not known how much of her daily bread this girl had furnished in the last eleven years. And old age is hungry. When the cap was laid aside, she stood up suddenly, and, going over to her, stooped and kissed her on the forehead. Ross smiled, but the color came to the faces of both women.

"You never kissed me before."

"No. Women disgust me with their indiscriminate fondlings. Thy person was thine own. But thee has been as dear to me, Ross, as the child of my own body."

"I was not that. I owe you more than birth, I think. You made me, after the fashion in which Caspar Hauser was made by those who found him."

"Rosslyn?"

She put her hand on Ross' forehead, pushing back her head and looking into the pale face with its spot of scarlet heat on either cheek, and the steady, piercing eyes.

"Rosslyn, thee is not wont to nurse morbid fancies."

"It is not morbid," gravely, moving gently away. "But I am apt to forget what I was, or, remembering, to be ashamed of it. I understand why the nuns found it necessary to use the lash on their own bare flesh sometimes. Friend Abigail—" She stopped abruptly.

"What is it, Ross?"

"Nothing," after a short pause; "only the name which your people chose to be called by. It never struck me before. Friend? *Friend?* That means so much," looking up, her eyes growing uncertain, and dim.

"Yes. It means more than any other word," watching her shrewdly as she sat opposite to her on a low settee. "When God gives a friend to a woman in her husband, or lover, or child, He has little more to give her—here."

"I can understand that," said Ross, slowly. She had a thick, gray-bound book in her lap, something like a day-book. Her hands were clasped over it. Friend Blanchard took off her watch. As she wound it, she looked askance at the mouth, sternly shut, and averted eyes.

"Can I help thee, Ross? Thee has some trouble to-night."

"No," with a forced smile. "I was only thinking of the gifts, which you say God has for women. But one woman cannot have all; one must give something up."

"No," laying down the watch. "One cannot have all. But God gives us a choice."

"A choice? Yes, there is a choice." She was silent a while, then lifted the book and began to unclasp it.

"What is it that thee has there?"

"Some old drawings of mine that you have never seen," chang-

ing her seat so that she could hold the book open before them both. "I wanted to look at them, and show them to you to-night."

"Yes." She asked no questions, carefully avoided Ross' face; following her gravely, as she turned over the leaves to the first page.

"You know what this is?"

"I think so. Yes. A stall in the Pine Street market. But it was not so wretched a place as you have painted it."

"Wretched?" said Ross, thoughtfully. "Did I make it that? I did not intend that. I go down there often, and they give me such a cordial welcome! Those people were very kind to me—they are kinder to each other than any other class. See, here is where the old Conestoga used to wait for me every evening. I never hear such bells as ours, now. This is Scheffer's boy to the right. He is a butcher out in Spring Garden. He calls his eldest girl for me, Rosslyn Comly. He works hard to keep his old father and mother in a certain idle state—that is his sole pride. He is a God-fearing and helpful man, with a vein of tenderness under all, though he has spent his life in killing beeves. His dirty face used to symbolize all misery and vice to me. It would do so to Garrick Randolph now."

"Yes," said the Quakeress dryly. "It always will."

Ross had spoken in a low, constrained voice, as if she repeated a lesson. She turned the leaf.

Friend Blanchard smiled. "Thee has made the old Quakeress, in her sober carriage, look like Cleopatra under her purple sails."

Ross did not laugh. "No colors would paint you as you seemed to me that day. It was a Summer day—do you remember? Fifteen years ago, now—I was eating my bread and cheese here by these fish barrels, when you drove slowly by in the pleasant evening light. Oh, the loathing that came to me at that moment of myself and my place! I followed you then—"

Friend Blanchard put out her hand and closed the book.

"Enough of this," authoritatively. "What does it mean? What purpose will it serve?"

The young girl stood up, her mouth more set and stern.

"It means that it is good for me to go back and see myself as I was then. It means that I was in danger to-night of forgetting the child that left her stall, and followed you through the crowded streets to your home, full of a hungry discontent, asking you what she should do to grow like you. It is better for me to remember, beyond that, what might have been my fate, if you had turned me away—" She raised her head irresolutely, and let it fall, her skin growing gray and dry. "What I might have been—"

"Stay, Rosslyn!"

"I do not know. I was so filled with shame. That old stain on me was so heavy to bear. It is heavy sometimes now—"

Friend Blanchard put her trembling hands together to steady them. "Thee forgets Who sent thee to me, Rosslyn. Who had thee in care."

Ross grew pale slowly. "I do not forget. He was like us. *He* was one of us," under her breath.

"Why should thee think of those days with bitterness then?"

"I am not bitter," said poor Ross. "Only sometimes—. Well," with a sigh, "God knows what I would be if I did not go back sometimes to the place and people where I belong. I might begin to talk of Bourbon blood," with a faint smile. "So I made these pictures, and have kept them. They are studies from nature which no book can furnish me. Do you remember this?" holding the leaf open at the picture of a girl of ten or twelve years old, tawdrily dressed, with rouge on her cheeks and mock pearls strung through her hair.

Friend Blanchard colored. "It is a caricature."

"No," said Ross, her eyes beginning to lighten into their old pathetic humor as she looked at it. "That was Rosslyn Burley left to herself. It was the end of your experiment of the first year. My grandfather took me from the market, and sent me to the public school. At the end of the year I was to come to you—and it was in this fashion that I went." She held the picture closer, her mouth twitching with a smile, but her eyes were wet when she looked up.

"That miserable dress was the result of so many struggles and ambitions for that poor little girl!" she said. "It was the best she knew, and she did it. Beyond what you see here, whatever I am, came from you."

"No. Thee did not owe it to me that God gave thee the artist's eye and hand, the talent which brought all else with it. I wish thee to be clear on one point, Rosslyn," gravely. "Thee owes me nothing beyond advice and sympathy. I took care of that. I meant thee should be free from any obligation which it might annoy thy husband to remember. I have often wished for an opportunity to tell thee this. Thy education was paid for at first by thy grandfather, and afterward by the sale of thy designs. Thee is indebted to no one for the help of money."

"I am glad of that," heartily.

She turned over the leaves of the book rapidly. It was a thick volume, and well filled; on every page one or two studies.

"I never kept a diary, I am so dull a writer; but I think any one could read my life here. It seems plain to me. Here are the days before I knew you, and bits from the School of Design; there are receipts from the engravers who employ me, and faces of people whom I know—"

She paused there. There were many of these last, as many vile

as pure—the vacant and ignorant, with the noble, and the commonplace, ennobled by resolute purpose. Something which she read in all of them brought the healthy tone back suddenly into Ross' voice. "These faces here are—people who love me, I think," she said gently, closing the book.

The old lady, seeing how the rigid lines had softened out of her face, and hearing her voice cheerful and full again, leaned back in her chair, and fell easily into the prosy current of moralizing with which she usually closed the day. "After all," she said, "life is but a long battle with circumstances for all of us. Thee has thine enemy there in visible form, Rosslyn."

"Yes, it is all here," she said, quietly. "One might guess at even the birth of James Strebling's daughter, from the pages of this book."

There was a long silence. Suddenly Abigail raised herself in her chair with energy, holding out her hand. "Rosslyn," she said, "give me that book. It is unjust, unjust, that the sins of the father should fall on the children. Some day thee will wish to marry, and thee has no right to carry disgrace to thy husband."

"No, I have no right."

"Destroy the book, and conceal thy birth. The rest will not matter."

Ross shut the clasps of the book securely. She tried to speak, but did not.

Abigail still held her hand outstretched. "I am an older woman than thee. I know the value of what thee is giving up. I know what a woman needs."

Ross' chin began to quiver, and her fingers to move unsteadily over the cover; but she held it firm. "There is a great deal of comfort to me in these old days," she said. "I will tell no lie about my life. I will lose nothing—but a friend who will not like its story, perhaps. And one cannot keep all. One must let something go."

And that night, when her door was locked upon her again, there came to her the words of her grandfather, already made so plain, and then she knew that, whatever friend or true lover she gave up, it would not be the old man on whose knee she had sat, on whose breast her head had lain, and in whose heart she was so securely held.

MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL DINNERS.

FRENCH cookery was simple and rather coarse until the sixteenth century, when Catherine de Medici, wife of Henry II., and niece of Pope Leo X., brought with her Italian cookery, as well as Italian vices, diplomacy, fashions and manners.

From that time (about 1550), the king, queen, and nobles of both sexes, vied with one another in devising the best dishes. Charles IX. invented the *Fricandeau à l'oseille* (a piece of round of veal served in a *purée* of sorrel). Except roasting, it is certainly the best way to prepare veal.

Then came Henry IV. (about 1589), who applied himself to making broth, and devised the *Consommé à la Reine* (chickens simmered, till cooked, in beef broth). It was after a grand dinner one day to some country nobles, and in answering a toast, that he pronounced that famous sentence which made him so popular with the peasantry: "I hope that the day is not far off when all my subjects will have the *poule au pot*" (a chicken in the soup kettle with beef to make broth).

Pot is the name of the earthen kettle used in France to make the national *Pot au feu.*

At the beginning of the seventeenth century a new gastronomer appeared, the great Cardinal de Richelieu, who, in travelling, used to carry no less than sixty persons with him for supplying his table. The Cardinal was as fond of feasts as Sardanapalus, and had a Heliogabalian appetite. He is the deviser of that splendid sauce, the *Mayonnaise*, known all over the civilized world.

Under Louis XIV. cookery made great progress. It became French instead of purely Italian, as it had been before. French cooks began to give up using so much oil, oranges, olives, etc., with nearly every dish. Instead of oil they used butter. Many things have a more delicate and agreeable flavor when *sauté* with butter than they have when *sauté* with oil. Louis XIV. allowed his cooks to wear swords and a costume nearly resembling that of a lieutenant of the guard. Vatel, by the way, ran his own sword through his heart, and not a dagger, as reported in some cook books.

Under the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the *petits soupers* carried French cookery to its zenith. The kings, as well as all the courtiers, invented various dishes; it is since that time that we have dishes named *à la Condé*, *à la Conti*, *Soubise*, etc.

Here is a bill of fare of a dinner given during Lent, and therefore without meat, as the court, no matter how corrupt in morals, used to follow strictly the ceremonial rules of the Roman church:

TWENTY-EIGHT POTAGES.

Two of profiterolles; 2 bisques of crawfish; 2 turtle soups; 2 of muscles; 2 of soles; 2 of smelts; 2 juliennes; 2 purées of asparagus; 2 of lentils; 2 of truffles; 2 of mushrooms; 2 of fish eggs; 2 of artichokes, and 2 of white onions.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Petits pains stuffed with roe; olives; truffles; mushrooms; oysters; petites bouchées of fish.

RELEVÉS.

Two dishes of four pikes each; 2 of four trouts each, garnished with oysters; 2 of two carps each, garnished with onions and Parmesan cheese; 2 of two shad each, garnished with sorrel; 2 of two dab fish each, stuffed with truffles.

ENTRÉES.

Four dishes of sea-dragon, broiled and served with orange juice; 4 of soles, garnished with crawfish; 4 of broiled salmon; 2 of red mullet with sauce; 2 of turbot, served in white sauce; 2 of sea eels; 4 perches in salad; 2 of pikes, garnished with oysters; 4 of fish pies; 4 pies made with livers of different fishes; 2 of carps, garnished with crawfish; 2 of cold salmon; 2 large turbots, served cold; 2 large salmons, served cold also; 8 dishes of carps, trouts, shads and dab fish, served with jellies.

ENTREMETS.

Four dishes of artichokes glazed; 2 cakes stuffed with filberts; 2 almond pies; 4 dishes of mushrooms fried in oil; 4 of salad; 4 of lemons and oranges in salad; 4 of stuffed crawfish; 4 of turtles; 4 of fried frogs; 4 of fried roe; 4 of muscles stewed in wine; 4 of fried oysters; 2 of asparagus à l'huile; 4 of broiled artichokes; 4 of fritters of apples, pears, strawberries, acacia blossoms, etc.; 4 of green peas au jus; 4 of crème à la Chantilly; 4 of truffles, served with a wine sauce.

The above assortment of dishes was accompanied by at least forty different kinds of wine, and by cakes and fruit of every kind for the dessert. Any one might keep Lent and fast with such a dinner.

At another dinner, but not in time of Lent, given to Louis XV. by the Duke of Orleans, the following were used: 100,809 pounds of beef and mutton; 29,045 birds (poultry and game); 3,071 pounds of ham; 10,552 pounds of bacon and lard; 14,039 pounds of fish; 36,464 eggs; 6,663 pounds of butter; 150,096 pounds of bread; 80,000 bottles of wine; 20,000 gallons of *vin ordinaire;* 800 bottles of Rhine wine; 1,400 bottles of cider; 3,000 bottles of different liqueurs, ratafia, etc.; 8,000 pounds of sugar; 2,000 pounds of coffee; 1,500 pounds of chocolate; 80 pounds of tea; 65,000 oranges and lemons; 15,000 pounds of sweetmeats; 150,000 pears and apples; 2,000 fine sugar plums.

Four hundred cooks, pastry cooks and confectioners were employed for two weeks to prepare it.

Napoleon, although anything but a gastronomer, commenced giving grand dinners as soon as he became First Consul (1802), and had the best French cooks. Then came the festivities upon his victories, and at his marriage with Maria Louisa, in 1810, on which occasion a dinner was given to over three thousand persons. Another and similar one was given about a year after, to celebrate the birth of the King of Rome.

Talleyrand, the great diplomatist, used to give more *recherché* dinners than Napoleon himself; but Talleyrand was a gastronomer, and used to make his bills of fare with his head cook while drinking a cup of chocolate or camomile every morning.

The fall of Napoleon brought in a new order of things and a new series of festivities. Louis XVIII., knowing very well that a man, though he be an emperor, a king, a general, or a diplomat, is of a much milder and kinder disposition after a good dinner than when fasting, gave to the Allies the most sumptuous dinners that could be devised, beside supplying their private kitchens with the best cooks that could be found.

To give our readers an idea of those dinners, we will describe parts of what was used for one of them; the account is accurate, for it comes from the pen of the great Carème himself: "One hundred cooks were employed for ten days. They used 6 beeves, 75 veals, 250 sheep, 800 turkeys, 3,000 fat chickens, 1,000 partridges, 500 hams, 300 smoked beef tongues, 200 pounds of sausages, 1,000 meat pies, 1,000 babas and sponge cakes, 1,000 large carp, 1,000 large pike, beside vegetables, fruit, etc. During the dinner, 10,000 gallons of wine and 20,000 bottles of Macon wine were drunk."

The Prince Regent of England, afterward George IV., as well as all the Allies, became a proselyte to French cooking, and as soon as he was installed in his Brighton pavilion, sent for Carème, and began to live in truly gastronomical style.

We will treat our readers with the bills of fare of two dinners given by the Prince:

FIRST DINNER.

POTAGES.

Potage à la Monglas; potage garbure with cabbage; potage of rice à la Crécy; potage with mushrooms à la russe.

RELEVÉS.

Matelote of fish with Bordeaux wine; trouts au bleu; turbot, lobster sauce; perch au vin de Champagne; ham, Madeira sauce; goose stewed with carrots; chicken à la Périgueux; loin of veal à la royale.

ENTRÉES.

Fillets of chicken à la Maréchale; whitings sautés aux fines herbes; timbale of maccaroni à la Napolitaine; leg of veal à la jardinière; salmon au beurre de Montpellier; pheasants sautés with truffles; chicken in fricassée; fillets of rabbits; hashed chicken à la Maréchale; sweetbreads sautés à la Provençale; wings of chicken glazed with chicory; boned partridges; ducklings in haricots; chicken à la reine; little birds au gratin; mutton chops à l'irlandaise; fillets of woodcocks à la royale; plovers à la Bourguignotte; chicken legs à l'indienne; mutton pâtés à l'anglaise; pheasant with carrots; chicken with purée of celery; chicken à la ravigote; fillets of partridges à la Pompadour; emincé of chicken au gratin; ribs of beef with glazed onions; chicken sautés à la Provençale; salmis of quails, Madeira wine; escalops of chicken with truffles; salad of pikes and oysters; carps with anchovy butter; lamb chops glazed; vol au vent of quenelles; wings of chicken with mushrooms; pigeons à la Mirepoix; fillets of voles; fillets of small birds.

LARGE CAKES.

Brioche with cheese; nougat à la francaise; Ruin of Antioch (cake); Syrian villa (cake); biscuit with orange; croque en bouche with filberts; Chinese villa (cake); Ruin of the Turkish Mosque (cake).

RÔTS.

Woodcocks; wild ducks; chickens; small birds.

ENTREMETS.

Truffles stewed; jelly of oranges; spinach au jus; lobsters au gratin; pains à la duchesse; apricot cakes glazed; Bavarian cheese with filberts; beans in purée; apple pudding au Muscat; mirlitons with lemon; bouchées of currants; scrambled eggs with truffles; potatoes à la Hollandaise; punch jelly; mushrooms à la Provençale; turnips with sugar; jelly au rum; cucumbers à la Béchamel; stuffed lettuce; paniers with sweetmeats; Génoises au café; Charlotte à l'Américaine; cauliflowers with Parmesan; celery à l'espagnole; cream with pineapples; soufflé of apricots; gateaux feuilletés; oysters au gratin; carrots à la flamande; citron jelly; truffles à l'Italienne; soufflés of apples; soufflés of chocolate.

SECOND DINNER

POTAGES.

Potage of chicken à la moderne; potage of health au consommé; potage à l'anglaise; potage of rice à la Crécy; potage of pigeons; potage of karick; potage à la D'Orleans; potage of celery with consommé.

RELEVÉS.

Perch à la Hollandaise; trout à la Génoise; eels à la crème; pike à l'espagnole; soles with truffles au gratin; turbot, shrimp sauce; whitings fried; sturgeon with champagne; wild boar mariné; chicken à l'anglaise; fillets of beef à la Napolitaine; pheasants stuffed with truffles; turkey à la moderne; saddle of veal à la Monglas; perdrix aux chaux; quarter of lamb en rosbif.

ENTRÉES.

Chicken sautés à la D'Artois; sweetbreads glazed with chicory; thrushes au gratin; chicken à la reine; rabbits en lorgnette; quenelles of chicken; quail à la Mirepoix; mayonnaise of partridges; tongues à la Clermont; chicken à l'Italienne; chicken en demi devil; ducks à la bigarade; salmon au beurre de Montpellier; chicken à la royale; fillets of lamb à la Toulouse; rabbits, bay leaf sauce; blanquette of chicken; rice à la Monglas; ducklings à la nivernoise; pheasants sautés à la Périgord; partridges sautés au supréme; chicken à l'Orly; nouilles à la polonnaise; deer in escalops à l'espagnole; chicken with tomatoes; snipes à l'espagnole; chicken à la Bellevue; fillets of soles in aspic; calf's brains à la Milanese; escalops of small birds; chicken glazed with cucumbers; pheasants à la Richelieu; chicken salad; ham with spinach; wings of chicken à la piémontaise; pigeons with crawfish; chicken à la maquignon; vol au vent à la Nesle; mutton chops with purée; chicken à la Pompadour; vol au vent à la reine; pâtés of larks; croquettes à la royale; ducklings à la Luxembourg; fishes à la Orly. Eight large cakes representing different villas and castles.

RÔTS.

Forty-eight woodcocks covered with salt pork; 12 turkeys; 24 pheasants; 24 fat chickens with water cress; 24 teals served with lemon; 24 chickens served à la reine; 24 young chickens fed with aromatized grain; 48 quail covered with salt pork.

ENTREMETS.

Cucumbers stuffed; currant jelly; waffles with raisins; spinach à l'anglaise;

lobsters in shell; tartelets of apricots; jelly of marasquin; scrambled eggs with truffles; turnips à la Chartres; apple pudding with rum; cauliflowers à la mayonnaise; truffles broiled; fanchonnettes with filberts; jelly with citrons; cake with mushrooms; celery à l'espagnole; jelly with curaçoa; cakes with almonds; potatoes à la Lyonnaise; petits pains à la duchesse; pannequets à la Chantilly; mushrooms broiled; lettuce, ham sauce; cheese with apricots; cakes à la Dauphine; salsify in salad; shrimps; cakes glacés; jelly of strawberries; chards à l'espagnole; soufflés of apples; soufflés à la vanille.

Beside all the above dishes, two hundred plates of dessert were served, including fruit, cheese, sweetmeats, jellies, candies, etc.

To judge of the appetite of the "First Gentleman in Europe," we give the bill of fare of one of his dinners when dining alone:

POTAGES.

Potage au chasseur made with hares; potage consommé with vermicelli.

RELEVÉS.

Turbot, lobster sauce; sea eel à la Hollandaise; chicken with cauliflowers; quarter of lamb à la maitre-d'hôtel.

ENTRÉES.

Chicken sauté; breasts of ducklings à la bigarade; leg of veal larded, served in a purée of sorrel; pheasant, truffle sauce; chicken in fricassée; mutton chops sautées à la minute; chicken, poivrade sauce; vol au vent à la reine; pheasants boned à l'aspic; lobster in shell, Madeira sauce.

RÔTS (ROAST PIECES).

Two woodcocks covered with salt pork; chicken with water cress.

ENTREMETS.

Cabbage à la D'Artois; apple fritters; potatoes fried; eggs of plovers; artichokes à la vinaigrette; petits pots au fumet; cheese with apricots; cake with almonds; jelly of oranges; tartelets of cherries.

DESSERT.

Petits soufflés au café; wine; different plates of fruit, jellies, etc.

Louis XVIII. of France, and the Prince Regent, were the only two men then known to be able to eat as much as a Russian noble.

The Russian emperor, Nicholas, was also a proselyte of French cookery. Beside his crown, he inherited the kitchen and the cooks of his brother Alexander, and though the latter was fond of good cooking, Nicholas excelled him.

The feast given during the eight days following his coronation (September 2, 1826), and by his special order, can not be surpassed in munificence.

Two hundred and forty tables were served, each with a roast sheep, a large cake, thirty chickens, four geese, four ducks, two hams, sixty pounds of boiled beef, one hundred and forty loaves of bread, apples, pears, plums, jelly, etc. Nearly two hundred thousand persons partook of the viands. It is estimated that about 2,500 muttons, 15,000 pounds of beef, 8,000 chickens, 1,000 geese, 1,000 ducks, 1,000 hams, 16,000 gallons of beer, 16,000 gallons of hydromel, and 10,000 gallons of wine, were consumed.

Thus, the poor, deluded people of Europe are baited and caught by their good and benevolent sovereigns.

Napoleon III., while Prince President, resorted to the same means to make himself popular, and with the same success. Everybody remembers his famous review of troops in the plains of Satory, which was followed with a liberal supply to the soldiers, of champagne, saucissons de Lyon, cigars, etc.

There are, in Paris, at the present day, four leaders and supporters of gastronomical science, viz.: Napoleon III., Rothschild, Dr. Veron, and M. Charles Monselet.

Alexander Dumas has also some pretensions, and has invented many dishes. Rothschild is the most fortunate of all of them, having in his kitchen the greatest culinary artist living, M. Guignard.

Many tempting offers of money and honors have been made to M. Guignard, by princes and crowned heads, but he prefers his present wealthy employer, who treats him more as a friend than as a paid employé.

Napoleon's cook, M. George, is probably next to M. Guignard, and is treated as kindly as the latter, by his imperial employer.

Dr. Veron, and MM. Monselet and Dumas, have good cooks, and often make experiments with them.

The last dishes invented by Dr. Veron are: Salmis of breasts of quail; game with essence (essence of game used instead of brôth); fillets of chicken stuffed with ortolans and truffles.

Alexander Dumas has devised the following salad: Put in a salad dish, a yolk of egg, boiled hard, with a tablespoonful of oil, and make a paste with it; then add a few stalks of chervil, chopped fine; a teaspoonful of tunny, mashed; same of anchovy, pounded; a little French mustard; a small pickled cucumber, chopped fine; the white of the egg, also chopped fine, and a little soy. Mix the whole well with two teaspoonfuls of wine vinegar. Then add two or three steamed potatoes sliced, a few slices of beets, same of turnip-rooted celery, same of rampion, salt and Hungarian pepper to taste. Move gently for twenty minutes, then serve.

French cookery is just as much appreciated in America as in Europe. The old belief that French dishes are too highly seasoned, which was started by two different classes of persons, but each for the same purpose—self-interest—is dying away every day. There are too many Americans going to France every year, to keep up the old prejudice.

The two classes we allude to are: the professional cooks of the country; who, when asked for a French dish by the master or mistress, add about twenty times too much pepper to their ordinarily too much peppered dishes, and send them to the dining room as genuine French cooking.

The others are, certain compilers of receipt books; who in order to attract attention to their theories, and sell their books, define, with all the rhetoric at their command, "French cookery," as illustrated by the cooks of this country.

We are sorry to say, that as a consequence of all this, hundreds of dyspeptics are made every day.

A French cook, in this country, commands from sixty dollars to two hundred dollars a month; others, from fifteen dollars to thirty dollars. If first-class restaurants, or hotels, could have the same kind of cooking done by ordinary cooks as they have by French cooks, they certainly would not pay such high wages.

There is at least as much difference between a dish prepared by a French cook, and another and the same prepared by another cook, than there is between a broiled steak and a fried one, or between baked meat and roasted meat.

PIERRE BLOT.

ENTERED INTO REST.

O, MY friend, O, my dearly beloved!
Do you feel, do you know,
How the times and the seasons are going;
Are they weary and slow?

Does it seem to you long, in the heavens,
My true, tender mate,
Since here we were living together,
Where dying I wait.

'Tis three years, as we count by the Spring-times,
By the birth of the flowers.
What are years, aye! eternities even,
To love such as ours?

Side by side are we still, though a shadow
Between us doth fall;
We are parted, and yet are not parted,
Not wholly, and all.

For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach,
Though I miss the old pleasant communion
Of smile, and of speech.

And I long to hear what you are seeing,
And what you have done,
Since the earth faded out from your vision,
And the heavens begun;

Since you dropped off the darkening fillet
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright!

Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought;
I have lived what has seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought,

Since the time when our path grew so narrow,
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went on alone.

For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
As journeying on:
Not as one who is dead do we name you:
We say, you are gone.

For how could we speak of you sadly,
We who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty
Grew over your face!

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
In the great light of morn?
Or fashion a shroud for the young child
In the day it is born?

Yet, behold! this were wise to their folly
Who mourn, sore distressed,
When a soul that is summoned, believing,
Enters into its rest!

And for you, never any more sweetly
Went to rest, true and deep,
Since the first of our Lord's blessed martyrs,
Having prayed, fell asleep!

PHŒBE CARY.

PACKETARIANS.

THEY are a curious folk, the Packetarians. Theoretically, people admire them, but practically they despise them. The world has tacitly agreed to regard them as men of noble and heroic character; while, if the world knows anything at all about them, it knows that they are for the most part villains, and very commonplace, vulgar villains at that. In common with those drunken, dirty savages, the red men, they are idealized by the ignorant, and decked out with brave ornaments of poetry and romance, but the stubborn facts of dirt and rascality remain, in spite of theory and imagination.

But perhaps I had better define the term Packetarian, since it has not yet been dignified by the attention of lexicographers.

A Packetarian is a sailor, yet a sailor is not necessarily a Packetarian. The genus sailor may be divided into three distinct species; the man-of-war's-man, the whaleman, and the Packetarian. The names of two of these species are definitions in themselves, but the name Packetarian embraces not only the seamen who man the sailing packets that cross the stormy Atlantic, but also those who sail on board the Californian and Australian clippers. These men differ widely from their brethren of the navy and the whaling fleet, and rightly regarding themselves as the aristocracy of the ocean, hold their humbler kindred in contemptuous pity.

The distinguishing characteristics of these three species are from the differences in their seafaring experience. The discipline of a man-of-war is peculiar, and its unvarying, inflexible routine affects the character of the men who are governed by it. The discipline of the whaler can scarcely be said to have any existence. The captain generally knows his crew thoroughly, for they are usually his fellow townsmen, and as a whaling voyage lasts for months and frequently for years, the relation of the captain to his crew has very much of a family and patriarchal character. But on board a swift packet, or a sharp clipper, the treatment of the sailors is entirely different. The captain's first, last and only care is to make a quick passage. Hence he drives his ship to the utmost, and in driving his ship necessarily drives his men. Prompt, instant, intelligent obedience is exacted, for the speed and safety of the ship depend upon the unhesitating rapidity with which the officer's orders are obeyed. The Packetarian is thus trained in quite another school than that of the frigate or the whaler. He is quick, bold, self-confident, reckless. He is preëminently the fast man of the ocean world, and it is his ambition and pride to be called a "wild Packetarian." He is the

best practical seaman that sails the sea, but he is likewise the most lawless and conscienceless of men.

For the last ten years the race of Packetarians has been steadily decreasing. The steamers have fatally injured the packets, and the Panama railway has damped the ardor of the clipper captains. In a few more years the Packetarian may share the fate of the Dodo, and vanish from the face of the earth, or rather, of the water. Packet ships still swarm at our wharves, and the fact of their existence implies the fact that they are manned by sailors, but it by no means follows that they are manned by Packetarians. It is the education of the packet ship that makes the true Packetarian, and not the mere fact of belonging to a packet's crew. As a man may pass through college and fail to become an educated man, so many a sailor makes a voyage on board a packet, and yet is never entitled to be called a Packetarian. Once, three-fourths of the crew of a Liverpool liner were Packetarians; now three or four much-prized specimens are the utmost that a captain can hope to find among his crew. Clearly the Packetarian is doomed, and so let me try to sketch him briefly, before he passes away forever.

Theoretically the Packetarian is a free agent, and ships on board of whatever vessel he may select. Practically he is the veriest slave, and is bought and sold by his boarding-house keeper. The manner in which this is done is somewhat as follows:

The Packetarian has been ashore in New York for six or eight days. During that time he has been pretty constantly drunk, and his money is now nearly gone. This fact becomes patent to his landlord, who keeps a miserable den of a sailor's boarding-house in Cherry street, and he thereupon determines that Jack must get a ship at once. So, having judiciously reduced him to that stage of drunkenness in which the victim is able to walk, but is quite unconscious of what he is doing, the landlord takes him to a shipping office and guides his hand while he makes his cross to the shipping articles of a Liverpool packet. He is then taken back to his boarding-house, made helplessly drunk, his advance wages taken by the landlord in payment for alleged claims for board and extras, and he is given in charge to a boatman and rowed off to his ship.

When he reaches the vessel—which has hauled out into the stream to prevent the escape of the sailors already secured—the Packetarian, who is far too drunk to stand, is hoisted on board by means of a line made fast around his body. A chest, a canvas bag and a mattress are hoisted up after him, and carefully searched for concealed liquor by one of the mates. He is then pushed down into the forecastle, and his worldly goods pitched after him. He lies wherever he may happen to fall, and sleeps the sleep known only to the drinker of strychnine whiskey.

In the course of six or ten hours he awakes, searches his chest

and bag for his whiskey bottle, and finds that it has been removed by the careful foresight of the mate. Whereupon he sits still for a time and contemplatively curses his fate; ascertains from some more sober shipmate the name and destination of the vessel, and finally staggers up on deck, and seeking the mate, begs for a little whiskey. The mate, if he is a wise man and understands the management of sailors, measures out a glass of liquor and gives it to the man, who then announces that he is ready to "turn to."

The ship is fairly at sea by the time the crew are sufficiently sober to do their duty. After the tug-boat has cast loose from the ship the men are mustered on the forecastle, and the first and second mates proceed to select their respective watches, each choosing a man in turn. During this ceremony the true Packetarian has an opportunity to display his self-appreciation by contemptuously cursing his shipmates. He derides their personal appearance, and hoots at the idea that they are fit companions for a Packetarian. So well understood is this peculiarity of the Packetarian that it is the best passport to the favor of the officers, and inspires the crew with a profound respect for his superiority; such an idea as that of resenting his conduct never entering their humble minds. "There are twenty-eight men, altogether," remarked a mate to his subordinate, when the crew were first mustered. "Twenty-eight men," contemptuously commented a sailor—"twenty-eight *things* I call 'em!" "I'll take that man," cried the mate, at once recognizing in his contemptuous speech the lofty soul of the Packetarian.

The popular impression as to the character and personal appearance of the sailor is that he is a bluff, honest-looking fellow, with a countenance much bronzed by exposure to wind and weather; that he invariably dresses in a blue jacket, white trousers, tarpaulin and pumps; and that while he is as innocent and simple-hearted as a child, he is much addicted to the use of strange and barbarous oaths, whereby he evinces a deep-rooted antipathy to his timbers, toplights, and other curiously-named portions of his physical frame, the exact location of which is not laid down in any merely popular treatise upon physiology. So pure and honest is he, that at his death he doubtless shares the fate which was in store for the youthful Wackford Squeers; he goes "right slap to heaven, and no questions asked."

Far different is the Packetarian of reality from the sailor of fiction and of the stage. His face is certainly bronzed, but it is also ruddied over with the glare of the burning rum that is consuming his body and his soul. He certainly swears, but then he uses the hard, cruel, perfectly intelligible and wholly unpoetical oaths of the bully and the prize-fighter. And in point of dress, alas, how unromantic is his appearance!

Usually he wears a blue or red flannel shirt, never putting on a

coat, except in the coldest weather; a pair of very ancient and greasy pantaloons patched on the comprehensive principle of the more patches the merrier; and a pair of heavy boots with soles half an inch in thickness, designed to protect his feet from the bogs and swamps that are well known to abound on ship-board. As to a covering for his head, he is by no means particular, but prefers in pleasant weather to wear a Bendigo, which is a skull cap formed of eight pieces of differently colored cloth, and is usually manufactured by himself in spare moments on Sunday afternoons. When thus arrayed, sprinkle him liberally with grease and tar, and you have the Packetarian, as he presents himself to the eye of the flesh.

Careless as he is as to his dress during six days in the week, he respects the seventh by making, if possible, an elaborate toilet. On the morning of that day, a bucket of water is passed down into the forecastle, and applied to what the Packetarian recognizes as the only legitimate use of that element—once so harmless, until perverted by the temperance people. His ablutions ended, he shaves, "bends" a clean shirt, and finishes his efforts at self-ornamentation by borrowing a comb from the fortunate possessor of that article, and reducing to order the masses of his hair, tangled by a week's neglect. When arrayed in his new and brilliant Bendigo, he ascends to the deck, and leaning against the bulwarks smokes a contemplative pipe, or flirts with some fair daughter of Erin who may chance to be among the steerage passengers.

Need anything be said as to his moral character? He is nearly always a drunkard, generally a bully, and frequently a thief. There are honest and upright men among the Packetarians, but they are the exceptions, and I speak now of the class and not of exceptional individuals. So common among them is the custom of appropriating the effects of weaker shipmates, that the name of the celebrated Black Ball line of Liverpool packets has become among sailors a mild synonyme for larceny, and complaint is daily made in the forecastle that clothing, tobacco or other property, has been blackballed by some larcenous member of the crew.

As has been said, not all the crew of a packet are Packetarians. There exists also the oppressed and despised "Rainicks"—name of unknown origin and contemptuous signification. Among these are comprised all who from inexperience or stupidity are not deemed worthy to rank as Packetarians. The "Dagos," which term includes the natives of the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, whose ignorance of the language renders them unable to do their duty, form a sub-division of the Rainicks. It is the Rainicks who suffer from the brutality of ill-tempered officers.

Concerning the ill-treatment of the men by the captain and mates, there is something to be said on both sides. As a rule, no true Packetarian is struck or otherwise maltreated by his officers, for the

simple reason that he is able and willing to do his duty without the persuasive influence of the fist, the rope's-end or the belaying-pin. But in the case of men who have shipped and received their advance wages as able seamen, and who, after the ship is fairly at sea, are found unable to perform a single one of the duties which they have been hired to do, is it to be wondered at that the officers are indignant at the cheat which has been put upon them? Sometimes, out of a crew of thirty men, the bulk of the duties belonging to the able seaman, the reefing, handing and steering, must be done by the half-dozen Packetarians who may be found among them. The rest of the men cannot steer, are of little use aloft, scarcely know the names and position of the running rigging, and are, besides, too stupid by nature, and too imbruted by rum to perform any duty with intelligence. The mate, who finds his orders neglected, becomes enraged, and beats and kicks the men—unwisely, it must be confessed, but not unnaturally, all things considered. True, there are officers who in deliberate cruelty are fiends incarnate, and who are indiscriminate in their brutalities; but ordinarily none but those who cannot or will not do what they have shipped and are paid to do—none but the incapable or the mutinous, feel the weight of the belaying-pin or the handspike.

Not many years ago, a clipper ship sailed from New York, bound to San Francisco. When she reached her port, nearly thirty of her crew were missing, and such was the popular indignation against her officers, that the authorities had great difficulty in protecting them from the mob. Of the merits of the case I know nothing, except from hearsay. The officers were men whose previous reputation had been that of "hard" men, but they claimed that the crew had mutinied and attempted to take possession of the ship, and that, in self-defence, they had killed the missing men.

I have made at different times four passages across the Atlantic under the command of one of the officers of that noted clipper, during two of which passages I was in his watch. I can state with absolute truth that I never knew him to strike a sailor who did his duty. When men refused to go aloft at his order, or hindered the working of the ship by their stupid inactivity, he was quick, hard and cruel; but I never knew an instance in which a good sailor had reason to complain of his severity.

There are a few officers in the packet service who love brutality and maiming and murder as though they were absolute devils; but with such men I have never personally come in contact. There are stories told concerning men now living—stories which there is no reason to doubt—which, in cold-blooded, deliberate cruelty, surpass anything to be found in the annals of the Inquisition.

Young people who have read Marryatt and Cooper and Michael Scott often imagine that it is a pleasant thing to be a sailor. The

Packetarian forcibly though inelegantly expresses his idea of the romance of a sailor's life by the forecastle proverb: "A man who goes to sea for pleasure ought to go to hell for pastime." In spite of the exaggeration common to most proverbs, this one contains a world of prosaic truth. The sailor's life is that of the Irish hod-carrier, *plus* the necessity of working at night as well as in the day, *plus* the danger of fire, shipwreck and falling overboard, and *plus* the discomforts of the forecastle. No one thinks of becoming a hod-carrier for pleasure, and yet it is an easier and pleasanter life than that of a sailor. At sea the sailor leads a life of hard, almost uninterrupted labor, and of almost constant danger; and on shore his highest pleasure is found in the most brutal and debasing debauchery. Precisely in what consists the romance of his profession, I acknowledge that I have never yet been able to ascertain.

Passengers of a poetic temperament, who have witnessed the process of reefing topsails, are accustomed to grow enthusiastic when speaking of the wild excitement of the scene. It may be a very nice thing to contemplate from the deck, but it is an entirely different affair to those who actually do the work. Picture to yourself a Winter's storm on the coast. Reluctantly the captain, who has carried sail to the latest moment, gives the order to reef. After the halyards are let go, the men square in the yard so as to shake the wind out of the sail, but the frozen braces refuse to run readily through the blocks. A few men then station themselves at the reef-tackles, and the rest of the crew hurry aloft. The rigging is covered with a coating of ice that chills you to the bone as you cling to the cold, hard shrouds. The yard, too, is icy, and the foot-ropes are stiff, and crackle and sag irregularly and with sudden slips under your weight. Perhaps you are the first aloft, and are to pass the weather earing. If so, you sit astride the extremity of the yard-arm, and, steadying yourself by leaning against the lift, pass and knot the earing as soon as the reef-tackles are hauled out. Meanwhile your fellow-shipmates are tugging at the reef-points, leaning over the slippery yard, baffled by the stiff, icy sail, hampered by the frozen reef-points that refuse to be knotted, while from the deck the officers hurry them by encouraging shouts, or still more quickening oaths. Were the biting wind, the handling of the frozen sail, the danger of falling into the wild water, or, still worse, on to the hard, unyielding deck, all undergone under a sudden impulse of noble, self-sacrificing bravery, there might be a certain fierce pleasure in riding the yard-arm or hauling at the bellying sail; but to do this for fifteen dollars per month is not in the least romantic, but is simply very hard work for very poor pay. While I was before the mast, I never remember to have remained on deck when the topsails were flapping to the wind and the reefers were called away, unless on duty at the wheel or on the lookout; but I never yet saw the pleasure in reefing topsails in a Winter's gale.

Hard work is the Packetarian's usual habit when at sea; but he has his hours of relaxation. In pleasant weather, one of these is the dinner hour. The watch sit on their chests in a sort of circle. The salt pork or beef is placed in a small tub on the floor among their clustering boots, and each man seizing it with one hand, cuts off a portion for his own use with his sheath-knife, and rapidly eats it, using his left hand as a fork to steady the meat in his private pannikin. Dinner being over, pipes and tobacco are produced—pipes whose stems have been reduced to an inch in length by repeated breakages, and tobacco in the form of plugs, which last is prepared for smoking by being shaved up into fine pieces by the knife, and then rolled in the palm of the hand. Under the soothing influence of the tobacco, the men wax musical. Some one is called upon for a song, which he at once proceeds to sing in a very loud voice, the rest of the watch coming out in great strength in the chorus, a knowledge on their part of the tune being considered quite immaterial, provided only it is sung sufficiently loud. Thus "lightly fly the moments fledged with music," until the dinner hour is over and the voice of the mate is heard in the unwelcome summons, "Turn to, all of ye!"

As a nation, we are proud of our merchant navy and of American seamen. Many people may be surprised to learn that, out of the crew of an average-sized packet ship, not more than three or four are of American birth. Nevertheless, every Packetarian claims to be an American, and will readily fight any man who dares to doubt his assertion. An Irishman with a brogue as rich and strong as ever gladdened the ear of an enthusiastic Fenian will sign his name John Smith, of Boston, and will swear that in Boston he was born and bred.

A curious collection of names might be made in a packet's forecastle. Rarely, if ever, is a man called by the name that he has signed to the ship's articles. I have had scores of shipmates whom I never knew except by some such name as Turpentine Jack, Whiskey Johnnie, Charcoal, Shakety Jack, Dublin, Limerick, or Liverpool. You might fancy that these men were South Sea Islanders, were you to judge by their names and their curiously tattooed arms; but, like the shipwrecked man who knew he was in a Christian land as soon as he caught sight of a distant gallows, you need merely listen to the oaths that swarm from their lips to know that you are "among Christians!"

The warm-hearted generosity of the sailor is a matter of implicit faith with those who have no personal acquaintance with him. As a matter of fact, the Packetarian is usually as hard-hearted and unfeeling as a man can well be. I once knew a poor fellow whom the crew had nicknamed the "Churchyard Deserter," on the ground that his appearance indicated that he ought to be in some resting-

place for the dead rather than among the living. One night the watch below were awakened by the dismal groaning of the poor wretch, who informed them that he was dying. With curses at his inconsiderate interference with their slumbers, and with the pleasant request that he would "die and be d—d," the men turned over and composed themselves again to sleep. The man would have died utterly unheeded had it not been for one bright Irish boy, who leaped from his bunk, and running to the dying man's side, besought him in pathetic accents to "lave him his chist."

I have just read over what I have written, and though it may seem to bear hardly upon the sailor, I cannot see wherein I have failed to write the exact, impartial truth. Wretched, degraded, lost as are these miserable men, they are all the more entitled to the sympathy of better and happier men. How to change their condition for the better, I confess I cannot see. It is certain, however, that in aiding them, the first step must be to place their precise condition before the public. Those who regard Long Tom Coffin as the type of all sailors, will never believe that they need to be aided, reformed, cared for. Writing as I have done, I have yet felt the keenest sympathy with those who were so long my comrades and brothers, in the days when Ocean was our hard, stern step-mother. And to-day there are no men whose misery touches me more profoundly than does the apparently hopeless wretchedness of the reckless, shameless, godless Packetarians.

AN EX-PACKETARIAN.

ENGLISH SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

IN the declining years of the Commonwealth a select fraternity of learned men were in the habit of meeting at the Warden's lodgings, Wadham College, Oxford, for the purpose of discussing various novel problems, such as the circulation of the blood, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the improvement of telescopes, the abhorrence of nature for a vacuum, and the laws of gravitation. These men sprang direct from the brain of Francis Bacon, who has since had the double misfortune of being charged with dishonesty by his biographers, and of being defended by Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

The *novum organum* and the advancement of learning inspired them with the desire of examining the mysteries of nature, and of emancipating themselves from that "dead philosophy of words," the logic of the schools; while in the "New Atlantis" the scientific society, as it exists in the present day, is prophetically described.

The Invisible College (as they called themselves) was composed of Royalists, and was not altogether innocent of intrigues in favor of the Restoration. In 1659 they moved to London, and continued to meet at Gresham House till it was turned into quarters for Monk's soldiers. But in the year of the Restoration their meetings were revived, and in 1663 they were incorporated as the "Royal Society for the Promoting of Natural Knowledge," under a charter from the King.

In those early days the Fellows were not entirely free from the superstitions of the age: they went out in the morning to collect May-dew, made use of the divining rod, and believed in witchcraft, touching for the Evil, and the medicinal properties of the horn of the rhinoceros or unicorn. The transfusion-of-blood theory having sprung up, a medical F. R. S. selected the blood of a sheep to inject into the patient's veins, because, as he explained, the sheep was symbolical of the *Agnus Dei.* However, they did much for true science even then: Evelyn contributed a paper on the anatomy of trees; Wren was making experiments upon the pendulum; Robert Boyle upon the air-pump; and a commission was dispatched to the Peak of Teneriffe.

Now, while these philosophers were knocking at the door of Truth, and peeping through the key-hole, a certain Cambridge professor opened it and let them in. Isaac Newton was proposed by the Bishop of Salisbury in virtue of his mathematical abilities, and, while yet a very young man, sent them a telescope of his own invention, which was immediately adopted throughout the scientific

world, and which, with but slight modifications, is still retained. He was afterward elected President, and held that office for twenty years, regularly attending the meetings of the Society.

Soon after their incorporation, the Fellows began to dine together, according to the custom of Englishmen, and the King sent them venison. He also presented them with a mace, said to have been the identical bauble refused by Oliver Cromwell, and a pair of loadstones. He always displayed an interest in their proceedings, sometimes suggested methods of investigation, and once won a wager "on the compression of air by water," which proved that his scientific abilities were of no mean order; but if he preferred the laboratory to the council-room, he preferred Nell Gwyn's apartment to the laboratory.

At the close of the seventeenth century the Royal Society had struck roots throughout the whole world of cultivated mind: the younger Winthrop had corresponded with it from his peaceful library in New London; Sorbière had written an account of it; Leuwenhoeck had presented his microscopes to it; William Penn had been admitted among its members. It had published many volumes of the "Philosophical Transactions," and had revealed to the world the gigantic discoveries of Newton; it had taken into its lap the infant science of geology, and had dandled the steam-engine of Savery upon its knee; it was unconsciously nurturing the growth of sciences then unknown:—that of electricity, for instance, was born from this society, and in the eighteenth century Benjamin Franklin was presented with the Copley medal and made a Fellow, without payment of the usual fees. It was to the "Philosophical Transactions" that he contributed his memoir on the immortal paper kite.

Hitherto nothing had come amiss to the Royal Society: it had labored in every region of knowledge; in the atmosphere, and in the skies, in the crust of the earth; among the flowers, and the beasts, and the fowls of the air; in the language, the races, the maladies, and in all the mechanical arts of man. Sir Hans Sloane presented his zoölogical collections to the society, and Sir William Jones his oriental manuscripts. Herschel handed them a new star, Sir Benjamin Brodie an eccentric disease, Woodward showed them fossils, Captain Cook gave them astronomical observations from a newly-discovered world; they endorsed Davy's safety lamp and Babbage's calculating machine; and as early as 1699 they had sent a traveller to explore the interior of Africa. But it soon became apparent that one society could not embrace so many sciences, and others were originated. Earliest among these were the Medical Society (1752), the Linnæan (1788) and the Royal Institution (1790); they were quickly imitated, and it is marvellous how many of these societies now exist, especially when it is remembered that the dead languages are still preferred to the living sciences in all the English

schools, and that it is considered less disgrace to a gentleman to be unacquainted with the commonest terms in geography, physiology, etc., than to make a false quantity. How long this is likely to last, it is difficult to say. It is of course perfectly right and proper that no young man should be allowed to enter the Church till he has spent four years at the university, and imbibed a good, sound, classical education; but why should *I* have been brought up in ignorance of the language I speak, the body I wear, and the planet I reside in, that I might be made conversant with Apollo's beauty, Hercules' muscles, Juno's jealousy, Aphrodite's peccadilloes, and Jupiter's adventures as a goat? If this kind of knowledge is essential to theologians, let it be confined to them; the layman is not called upon in after life to conjugate the verb τυπτω or to describe the *demi-monde* of rakish goddesses and celestials about town.

But the Royal Society—to return from this fiery digression—is the parent of all these associations, and holds a position of its own. The F. R. S. is a real diploma which, of late years especially, has been very carefully dealt out; a certain number of vacancies are annually filled up, and the council select from the candidates those whom they consider most worthy of the honor. But as for the F. R. G. S., F. L. S., F. Z. S., F. A. S. L., F. R. S. L., F. E. S., F. C. S., F. R. A. S., with almost any other letter or letters intermediate between F. and S., which some writers carry behind their names in title-pages like a tail, they simply indicate that the bearer subscribes regularly to the society whose initials he thus makes use of. Societies are therefore composed more largely of patrons than of working members; and as their expenses are frequently heavy, this can scarcely be avoided, though a distinction might be made between the member who subscribes money and the member who subscribes money and talents too.

The small societies appear to be attended chiefly by old gentlemen, to whom it is a kind of mild evening party, and who are sometimes able to get up and say something which would not be tolerated elsewhere. "I have listened, Mr. Chairman, with great delight to Mr. Rutemuppe's able, I may say, admirable paper, but I must request his indulgence, sir, to ask him one or two questions in reference to his—*hur—hur* [can't think of another word]—paper. I believe, sir, I am correct in stating that it was in the commencement of that—*hur—hur* [becomes radiant]—contribution—*hur*—admirable contribution—that he referred to a peculiarity in the conformation of the Madagascene skull. Now, sir, I will at once confess that I have not had the fortune to visit that remarkable contrib—*hur*—island, though I have always desired to do so. [Here the speaker will sometimes break into a little gentle autobiography.] But, sir, I am acquainted with most of the works, in

fact, I believe that I may say, all the works that have been written upon that—*hur*—*hur*—island. And, sir, I cannot neglect this opportunity of paying a compliment, or rather I should say, a homage [is pleased with the term and repeats it, blandly smiling]—a homage to the venerable Ellis." Here a brief but interesting biography of Mr. Ellis, after which the speaker is apt to become confused and forgets what he began to speak about, and wanders vaguely into some other science; then his friends begin to pull his coat-tails, and he turns round to whisper with them; a dead silence ensues, and he suddenly sits down. This sort of thing is called discussion, which sometimes verges on personality, when the discussers do not happen to agree. For instance, at the Ethnological Society a gentleman rose and said that he had not read M. Du Chaillu's book, but that he disbelieved his statements; upon which M. Du Chaillu spat in his face, a mode of expressing indignation peculiar to llamas and Frenchmen. Upon the question of this gentleman's veracity, I may have something to say in The Galaxy, by-and-by; but upon this one particular point (the use of vegetable fibres for musical instruments), I may at once say that he was right enough. It is very much to be regretted that science should not possess those soothing effects popularly ascribed to the fine arts; but there are few meetings of the British Association, where all the societies repair under their respective banners, that some battle royal does not take place.

One society, however, succeeded by its patient labors in extinguishing a controversy. It was the custom of the Ionian philosophers to reverence one or other of the elements as the primary principle of Nature; some water, as Thales; others fire, as Heraclitus. In the same way when geology began to be studied, some believed as Werner, that water was the origin of all changes in the crust of earth; others, following Hutton, believed in igneous influences. The disciples of the two philosophers were distinguished by the names of Neptunists and Vulcanists, and a very hot contest ensued, the more so as it was peppered with theology, the fire theory being offensive to Noah's flood. The founders of the Geological Society (1807) determined to shut their ears to the dispute, and to content themselves with accumulating facts, which in course of time decided the vexed question beyond a possibility of doubt. The Geological Society therefore has earned itself a place in the history of modern progress.

The Zoölogical Society is something between a grave scientific body and joint-stock company. It is the same society which issues those memoirs that are read with attention by the *savans* of Europe and America, and which purchases lions, elephants and monkeys for the delectation of the public. Their gardens form, perhaps, one of the most remarkable monuments of British enterprise. Once, it is said, the speculation was in rather a bad way; the shareholders

were selling out, when salvation appeared in the form of a hippopotamus. Never was beauty received with such rapturous homage as this monster of ugliness. Comic songs were composed in its honor. It was the engrossing topic of conversation, and the gardens were crowded for a twelvemonth.

In the season it is fashionable to go to the Zoölogical Gardens on Sunday afternoons; admittance only by private tickets. The vile public may walk about the empty streets, or commit suicide, or go to church, while within the charmed barrier may be heard not only the growling of *Carnivora*, and the chattering of *Quadrumana*; but also those sounds which distinguish the serious orders of the human family; the haw-haw of the guardsman, the lisp of the fine lady, the bawl of the county squire, and the cackle of the chaperone. Let us turn from the vulgar crowd which surrounds the slobbering sea-bears or the Prince and Princess of Wales; let us turn from this broad gravel walk where, remote from cages, the *beau-monde* promenades. Let us go to the Bengal tigers. The two animals are playing, leaping over one another's backs. Look at that white-haired, yellow-faced man; how his fingers curl! how his eyes shine! That is an old Indian sportsman, and many a tiger has he slain; not from howdahs, like griffins, and careful old civilians with large incomes, but in the jungle, face to face, hit or miss, kill or die. See how the memories flash and die out upon his weather-beaten face. He is thinking of the man-eater which carried him a quarter of a mile in his mouth and then dropped down dead from previous wounds. It is a capital story, and he tells it with wonderful fire and spirit, only, perhaps, a little too frequently. Rutemuppe, who belongs to the Statistical Society, calculates that he tells the story at the Oriental 365 times a year, and some people say that he learnt it by heart out of the Bengal "Annual." Let us go down this shady walk. An open enclosure. A beautiful antelope is before it; a still more beautiful couple. How they lean on each other; see how often their hands meet; what pretty gestures and soft, uncaused laughs, and furtive looks. What a duet of heart-melodies in tender sighs and dulcet nonsense words. And before them stands the antelope, gazing at them with its gentle, mournful eyes. Can those eyes indeed be an animal's? Are they not human; nay, angelic? "Pat him, dearest." "Yes, see how they brighten!"—Yes, my young friend. You might have seen it on the cage. "*This animal bites!*" Sweet omen of misplaced confidence and blighted trust! They turn away; the young man sulky, and screwing up his finger in a pocket handkerchief, the young lady thoughtful. Where could her Alphonso have learnt such dreadful language?

Ah, gentlemen of the Zoölogical Society, you have much to answer for. Little did you think that by exhibiting wild animals in a

state of captivity you would prove the innocent means of dividing your fellow creatures into pairs, and of chaining them together in the gilded cages of domestic life. Little did you think how many silly hearts would flutter among those gardens on Sunday afternoons, ready to be caught by beauty-nets and pinned down upon the matrimonial board. Gentlemen, can you pretend to believe that all these lovely creatures came to look at your *quadrupeds?* Now, to connive at the flirtations, and to further the ultimate union of the sexes is not to advance the true interests of zoölogy. From you, at least, Dr. Gray, we should not have expected this.

The meetings of the Royal Geographical Society are also frequented by the fashionable world, ladies being admitted; but nothing of that kind ever goes on within its sacred walls. Before the paper is commenced, the audience may be observed staring at two or three gigantic maps which usually cover one wall, and which seem to excite a painful interest, which the after proceedings of the evening tend rather to increase than to alleviate; for the long pole is difficult to manage, even in the veteran hands of Mr. Arrowsmith; it dances at the end like a snag, and frequently, when directed to Captain Speke's Mountains of the Moon, turns round like a Virgula Divina and falls with a splash into the Tanganyika Lake. However, that is a trifle. The Geographical Society is one of the wonders of London, and it is a grand thing to see Sir Roderick Murchison with his retinue of dukes, bishops, lords, foreign ambassadors, members of Parliament, and grandees of science, mount the platform and seat himself in his throne amid unanimous applause. Nor is it undeserved. How genially he introduces the distinguished traveller of the evening to their notice; how briefly he alludes to his merits, that they may at once have the pleasure of hearing his communication; with what courtesy he comments upon it after it has been read; and how blandly he smothers anybody who rises up against it. Always excepting the Objector-General, who has certain privileges of his own, and who never yet believed anything, or agreed with any body. Sir Roderick is a model chairman, and though he is a man of fashion, though many men of science a little distrustful of him, and some perhaps a little envious of him, on that account, are apt to speak disparagingly of his scientific knowledge, there can be no doubt that he is one of the greatest of our geologists. He often speaks of himself as a "rescued fox-hunter," and at the last annual dinner in proposing the health of Sir Francis Grant, the President of the Royal Academy, he mentioned the curious fact that they used to ride side by side to hounds in Leicestershire (and he said they rode straight, too), before one had thought of being a painter or the other a geologist. Sir Roderick's fame is firmly based on his great work "Siluria;" and Von Buch is said

to have exclaimed, after reading it, "Henceforth this shall be my geological bible." Sir Roderick also made an impression upon the public by his pamphlet which prophesied the presence of gold in Australia. As a patron of geography, he has done great things. The Society has been made a success by his industry and tact; he has frequently acted as an ambassador from science to the state, and it is owing to him, in a great measure, that the British Government has so warmly patronized explorers. But as a geographer, he is not entitled to any distinction as an original worker. I mention this because Dr. Livingstone dedicated his first book to him as the originator of the Central-African Plateau theory, and because the gentleman who does the geographical articles in the "Quarterly" usually pays him an elaborate compliment on those grounds, whenever he reviews a work of African travel.

It is now established as a fact in science that Central Africa is an elevated table land, and this discovery, like most others, was made by degrees. It was Buffon who gave the leading idea. He believed that Central Africa contained great longitudinal chains of mountains, and conjectured their general course and elevation in accordance with his theory of the earth. Lacépède, accepting this idea, formed these chains of mountains into a grand plateau, of which he supposed the interior of Africa to consist. In his "Mémoire sur le Grand Plateau de l'Intérieure de l'Afrique, Annales du Mus. d'Hist. Naturelle, tom vi.," he says:

> Nous ne devons pas considérer ce grand plateau comme une élévation régulière, comme une convexité plus ou moins arrundié, comme une sorte de plaine immense exhaussée au dessus des contrées qui l'entourent. Sa largeur, sa longeur et le nombre des rivières qui en découlent, et qui ne doivent s'en échapper que par les vallées latérales plus ou moins larges, et plus ou moins profondes, doivent vous faire croire que ce plateau est composé d'un système de montagnes.

Ritter improved upon Lacépède, as Lacépède had improved upon Buffon. He disapproved of his arrangement of the mountains, and asserted that all Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the tenth degree of north latitude, is one continuous and immense plateau, which is formed by a succession of terraces rising one above another. This table land is traversed by no great river. The Nile, Niger, and the Congo are mere rivulets compared with the immense masses of water which descend from the steppes of Central Asia. He therefore conjectured that the heights of the central region contain great lakes which absorb the running waters, a supposition which explorations have partly proved to be correct. That Sir Roderick may have arrived at the same conclusions from his own independent investigations is probable enough, and it is certain that the theory circulates under his hand and seal; but he has no claim to be considered its originator.

The meetings of the Geographical Society are of a popular char-

acter, but plenty of good, solid work is done in the cabinet. Among its active members are Sir Henry Rawlinson, Viscount Strangford, the Orientalist, Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), Mr. Crawford, Lawrence Oliphant and Mr. Clements Markham. The secretary of the Society is Mr. Bates, whose work upon the Amazon is well known. The Society awards two gold medals every year, and grants sums of money, scientific instruments and scientific instruction to explorers. It has a fine library, where one can always find the last new book of travel, sometimes the traveller himself, and where one can hear the latest news from Central Africa or the court of the Grand Lama.

There is a young society, which makes a great deal of noise, and which scientific men in foreign countries often ask one about with curiosity. This is the Anthropological. It has been established but a few years. Its principal conductors are not very distinguished men, and yet it has grown into a state of rampant prosperity contrasting strangely with the decrepitude of its venerable rival, the Ethnological, which nevertheless includes all the great anthropologists. How is this?

In the first place, there is a great deal of rude energy in the new society; it hunts up members and drives them resolutely into its fold; it has even made an occasional foray into the enemy's camp and carried off some of its subscribers. Then, it publishes largely; the original contributions to the "Anthropological Review" are not always of the first quality, but nothing relating to its science can appear in the two worlds which is not immediately absorbed by that hungry periodical. The society has also done good work in translating such works as those of Waitz, Blumenbach, Carl Voght, and others.

But the real cause of the success of the society I believe to be this: it invites freedom of expression. Captain Burton once called it "a refuge for destitute truth." At the other societies a great deal of deference is paid to the *convenances*, and discussion is shackled lest prejudice should be wounded. The Anthropological Society started with a broad and ambitious programme. Anthropology is the science of man. The society therefore declared its willingness to receive all contributions which would throw light upon our mysterious selves. It was willing to study man as a fossil, as an animal, and as a thinker. On one evening it was to be palæontological, on another physiological, on a third political or theological. Above all, it was declared that the society did not commit itself to any theories; that it desired only to discover the truth.

Now this is precisely what the public wants. Recent researches have created in all cultivated minds a curiosity, an anxiety even for the elucidation of the great question whether we came, physically

speaking, from above or from below, from the angel or the ape, and there will be no rest till it is elucidated. Upon this question nothing will be received without proofs; the days of the "thou shalt believe" are past. Formerly the great philosophers, who were also priests, flung their dogmas to a kneeling crowd. Now the crowd sits in judgment, politely puts the dogma into its pocket, and weighs the theory in the balance as exactly as it can.

It must be confessed that the leaders of the Anthropological Society have been occasionally guilty of intemperance in a scientific sense, and display a settled animus against theologians and the lower races. Some allowances can be made. Exeter Hall is certainly very trying; but still they should avoid partizanship, and, whatever their private opinions may be, should be careful not to promulgate them as those of the society. It is difficult to be terribly in earnest without committing little errors in good taste, and the society is not entirely guiltless of these. Some day, no doubt, we shall see it on its platform in a dress-coat, passing a cambric handkerchief across its lips; at present it is in its shirt-sleeves, and diffuses the odor of hard work. But for all that it is not to be despised, and has already, unless I am mistaken, stamped its hoof upon the age.

W. Winwood Reade.

THE HARLEY PATENT.

THE early breakfast was ready and waiting; had been ready and waiting in fact since before the cold, gray light of the December morning showed how thick the crust of frost was on the window-panes, and that the snow had drifted through the night in a great bank against the north corner of the house.

Within the kitchen where the breakfast waited it was warm and cheery. A well-trimmed lamp was burning, the covered dishes on the hearth emitted savory odors, and there was a general and comfortable appearance of preparation for an event. On a chair-back, behind the stove, hung a man's underclothes; on a side table was a new black leather valise, a worsted muffler, and an overcoat; and all these, as well as the woman who was the only occupant of the room, had a punctual, expectant look. And yet, things waited.

The woman glanced up at the big-faced clock as time slipped by, saw that it was ten minutes after six, thought to herself there were but forty minutes till train time, and then opened the oven door and looked in once more at the muffins. "Muffins," she reflected, rather gravely, "should be eaten when they are just done." She went over to the window, scratched away a bit of frost-wreath, and looked out; thought it was too bad he should have such a cold morning for starting, shivered, and went back to the fire.

Folks have different ways of waiting; this woman had a patient, or, I think it would be better to say, a passive way—a way which is not acquired as patience is, and results only from one of three things: total depravity, French philosophy, or cool Quaker blood. It resulted, in her case, from the last.

The clock ticked away ten minutes more. She said to herself, "Ruby'll wake up pretty soon," and she stooped and turned the little earthen bowl of milk which was attaining lukewarmness before the fire.

A minute later there was a sudden stir in the chamber adjoining the kitchen, the door of which stood open; then a man appeared, pulling on his pants.

"Ruth," he called, yawning, "what time is it?"

"Nearly half-past, Gilbert," she answered.

"Half-past six! Why in the world didn't you call me long ago?" He was wide awake now, and rather petulant.

"I think thee'll have time," she replied. She didn't think it worth while to remind him that he had told her *not* to call him the night before.

"Time!" he muttered, beginning to look about for his things.

She was used to having him a trifle cross in the morning. People who go to sleep on a brain-full of blow-pipes and bi-carbonates are apt to be so. All she said, therefore, was,

"Come and take some breakfast. Everything is ready, and thee'll be warmer dressing, after."

He thrust his feet into his slippers, and came shuffling out to the table. His tawny hair stood out from his head like a mane; he had high shoulders and long, awkward arms and legs, but, when the lamp-light fell on his face, it showed, in singular contrast to his figure, fine, effeminate, Greek outlines, languid, oblong, gray eyes, an ill-balanced front, and a handsome mouth.

He fell to eating the stewed chicken and fried potatoes in a rapid, abstracted way. His wife did not sit down with him. Spite of her placid acceptance of things as they came in general, it was rather easier, upon this morning in particular, not to give herself much time for thought. She bent over the black valise, having a final oversight of its contents; not that there was any need of this, for Ruth had packed the valise herself, and what she did, did not need doing over; but she lifted the corners of the things in a dainty way, just to assure herself that the six well-bleached shirts, the blue, home-knit socks, the handkerchiefs and the collar-box were each in their proper place. It might be a good while before she should have the comfort of attending to his clothes again, and she lingered over them for this last time.

"Ruth," he said, in a minute, catching sight of her, "you're not opening that case, are you?" Collars and socks were rather indifferent matters at that time to Gilbert Harley; his wife might putter over them as long as she pleased, but, beside such things, the black valise contained something with which even she might not meddle. What this was which it contained was the outward and visible sign of whatever inward and spiritual grace there was in him. All that you would have found, though, were some of the nicer instruments and the chemicals pertaining to electro-plating, as it was dreamt of several years ago. But in these you would have found Gilbert Harley's fate.

Ruth said, "No, Gilbert, I did not touch that."

He finished his hurried breakfast, and began dressing himself. When Ruth carried a dipper of hot water into the bed-room to him, she glanced at the two-year-old boy sound asleep still in the bed. "I'm afraid Ruby won't wake before thee has to start," she said.

"Well," Gilbert answered, jerking the comb through his thick, fair hair, "that is all the better. I don't want to make much of this parting. We'll treat it as much like a trifling matter as we can. What we want to keep in our minds and before our eyes, Ruth, is our future."

"Yes, Gilbert," she acquiesced.

"It'll be but a little time. The price we have to pay for success will be small compared with what many give. A few weeks, or possibly a few months of separation, a little calculation to make things go as far as they will for the present, and then I shall have my process patented and in successful operation, and we shall be rich and distinguished. That is enough to crowd out the pain of any small sacrifices, isn't it, Posey?"

"Yes, Gilbert," she acquiesced again, going to fasten his necktie for him.

He kept on talking till he was dressed; he had a peculiar voice and a shrill, nervous way of uttering his sanguine sentences which made them sound more convincing than if they had been spoken with moderation. His wife followed him and waited on him very much as a blooded dog waits on his master.

"Thee hasn't forgotten anything, now?" she asked at last.

He was shaking himself into his great-coat, pulling the worsted muffler well up about his ears.

"No, I believe not. There is Bowen's letter to Professor Prochaska. That letter will be worth a small fortune to me, and the bottle of bi-sulphide that I couldn't get in the case, and Hazleton's pamphlet—" He was feeling of one pocket and another, as he made his inventory.

"And the money, Gilbert?" she reminded him.

"Yes, Posey," a little shade going over his face. "The money is all safe, and the first thing it will buy will be a dress and shawl for my little girl, and a suit for the boy." He put his arm around her; his expression was a conflict between the pain and the pleasure of going off.

"Nothing very costly, thee knows," she put in, gently.

Another shade went over his face. He hated to have to be so calculating; to have it always thrust upon him that they were poor! "Perhaps not very costly for this time," he answered, "but by another Winter there won't be much that I shall have to deny my wife and boy. Our ship will be in by that time, darling."

"But we must be very prudent till the ship is fast to the wharf," she answered, raising her sweet face with a look of wistful anxiety to his.

Perhaps if it hadn't been *her* money he was going to spend, these allusions wouldn't have made him uncomfortable. They did make him uncomfortable, however, and he was a man who hated to be made so.

"We'll be as prudent as church mice till I get my patent," he said, lightly, not wanting to show his annoyance.

She glanced up at the clock then; she was one of the sort who would have reminded the sheriff of the hour if she had been waiting for her execution.

"I see," Gilbert said in answer to her look, and holding her a little tighter to him; "I mustn't stop, must I?"

They walked along in silence to the door, and heard the car-whistle in the distance. For weeks past the start which Gilbert Harley was now about to make had been his abiding and all-absorbing thought, his impatience had hardly tolerated the necessary delay; but when it came to the point, to the very act of parting, when the pain of separation from his pretty wife and rosy boy came to him with realization, he hesitated and held back, and left it for her to make that final physical wrench which is so hard, and yet nothing except for what it symbols. This was the way with this man always. The impulse of the minute was the strongest goad.

"I'll kiss Ruby for papa when he wakes up," Ruth said, resolutely, loosing herself from his arm and forcing her white face to smile. Then she opened the door, let in the pale, yellow light of the December morning, and the flying crystals of blown snow which filled the keen air. They looked once more into each other's eyes, their hands parted their clasp; then he was breaking his way through the snow-banks, sinking knee-deep where his weight let him through the frozen crust, slapping his long arms across his breast, his fine, fair hair flying out as he turned on to the road and faced the wind.

Ruth went back into the kitchen. Reuben woke up in a few minutes, and she comforted herself over her round, rosy, two-year-old baby while she dressed him and fed him bread and milk by the fire.

"Poo' mamma!" said the baby, with some mysterious two-year-old intuition, his little, fat hand wandering over her full, fair throat, and reaching up to her rounded chin as the "comforting" proceeded.

Gilbert Harley, stepping out into the frosty sparkle of the Winter morning, stepped quite unaware into a new sphere. The blue air, with its glisten and spangle, sent a thrill through his blood—hot, rich blood that it was—but he had no premonition that, as his long legs plunged into the snow-banks, he was plunging into a career widely different from that of his past.

We need to know something more of this young man. The town-folks of the plain, heavy Pennsylvania village which had always been his home, called him "queer." As a rude, spindling boy, they said he ought to be whipped into wood-chopping and chore-doing, instead of wasting his time whittling, and reading, and wandering. As a young man, they shook their heads over him. He was unstable; he taught school and wasn't popular; he edited the county weekly and wasn't consistent. Then he got married, and took to daguerreotyping, and seemed to do rather better in these capacities than in others, but still broke away from time to time, and dabbled

in things which his neighbors didn't understand and didn't believe in. He was boyish, immature, seemed to have no grasp or control on his own powers; but still he was vehement, eloquent, with a certain self-assertion which prevented his being despised. Ordinarily, people who are not understood are suspected. In Gilbert Harley's case there was one exception. The wife he had married neither understood nor suspected him. She was a quiet, brown-eyed little mouse of a woman, of Quaker parentage, and with some little property of her own. Gilbert and she had been three years married, and no one had ventured to hint that they were not very happy. It was shrewdly surmised that they had lived on her money, and how long that would last, and what they would do after it was gone, had been a fruitful theme for speculation, when suddenly the community had been startled by the intelligence that young Harley had invented a new process in sun-typing, a wonderful improvement upon daguerreotyping, then the only process known. To get this new process which he had invented patented, would render him wealthy and distinguished. The town folks were "glad that all his book learning was going to amount to something." His quiet little wife was very proud, not so much of the fortune and distinction which were coming to them as of having Gilbert appreciated. The Harley Patent—while it still belonged to the future—was the source of universal congratulation, and the occasion of an unfamiliar respect to the inventor.

Perhaps Gilbert's most salient trait at the time of his arrival in Washington, which took place toward noon of the day on which we have seen him leave home, was his want of self-knowledge. He believed in himself implicitly, but he did not know himself at all. He had his enthusiasm and his idea; with these he was hurling himself against the world. He had been happy in his past life; he had had from childhood an assurance that he should accomplish something beyond the common. He had accomplished it; he was about to be rewarded, and he was well content. His past domestic life likewise had been full of happiness. Perhaps he didn't require home pleasures quite as much as some men; perhaps his enjoyment in his boy had been less keen than that of other fathers, for he was somewhat visionary. As he was absorbed and studious, he thought of what he was to do in the future for his wife and child rather than of what they did in the present for him. He acted out his own nature relentlessly, and his happiness lay in being allowed to do so unquestioned.

He left home with two letters of introduction. The first of these which he presented after his arrival in Washington, was to Professor Prochaska. This Professor Prochaska was a quite eminent *savant*, and a critical man of the world. He listened with attention to Harley for half an hour. Of course any bore might

have made the polite professor listen; but he did more than listen; he attended to what he heard, and having heard, invited the young inventor to dine with him the following week. In truth, Harley was just one to force his way and escape being overlooked. He made a kind of *relievo* against conventional appearance. His awkwardness was unembarrassed; his self-confidence was emphatic. His *personnel*, with his tall, ungainly, slender figure, his long yellow hair and fine Greek features, was striking. He had a shrill, vibrant voice that would say its say in short, nervous phrases, which had the sound of sharp, *staccato* notes on a tense string; and it was vain to attempt to enforce silence when he was not inclined to be still. *You* might be conscious of his awkward legs and arms, but he was conscious only of his idea. He went to the professor's dinner with no more embarrassment than he had shuffled out to Ruth's breakfast table; yet the professor's dinners were among the "events" of scientific society. There were but six guests that day, and when they rose from the table about ten o'clock they adjourned to the drawing-room and were received by the professor's daughter.

Miss Prochaska was by birth a Russian. She was a woman of twenty-six or eight, and affected a matronly manner. She was large, blonde, and stately; her hand and arm were well moulded and patrician. She had presided over her father's establishment for ten years and had profited by her observations. Her manners were easy and elegant, her tact something artistic. She had talent which she never exhibited; she had a heart, undoubtedly, for her health was quite perfect—but she was never guilty of sentiment. Finally, her manners were free, while her dignity was unimpeachable. She took liberties with men, but they never took liberties with her. Her rooms were the rendezvous of the *élite*. In them entire freedom prevailed. All might do as they liked; talk, write, read, lounge, look on. The *entrée* to these rooms was somewhat difficult to obtain. To be tolerated there, one must be in some manner remarkable.

Professor Prochaska said in a slightly indifferent way on entering the room, "Aurora, this is Gilbert Harley," speaking with a foreign accent, and referring to the note of introduction for the name, which he found himself unable to recollect.

Miss Prochaska smiled graciously, motioned Gilbert to a seat, which he did not take, and set apart ten minutes in which to sift him. If he had been reserved, gentlemanly or slightly agreeable, she would, when the ten minutes had expired, have smiled more graciously than before, and afterward said with a yawn,

"Papa, a bore! Don't have him here again!"

But Gilbert was rude and fluent, absorbed in himself, quite inattentive to her. She looked at his odd figure and Greek face; when

the ten minutes were up, she felt that she had not quite sifted him. She rose, however, apparently unconscious that she was interrupting one of his sentences, just touched his arm with her handsome hand, on the third finger of which she wore an emerald that reached to the knuckle, and said, in perfectly pure English, "Come in at twelve to-morrow." Then she swept back her train of purple *moiré* and passed on.

Harley threw himself into the chair she left; he was conscious that a large, blonde woman had been attending to him; that was all. Being cold and restless, he was not, in a general sense, fond of women. Their little "softnesses" and exactions annoyed him. Besides, they seldom listen well, and he liked a listener.

Further still, he was effeminate himself; at heart he liked finery: scents, lawn handkerchiefs, gold studs, good gloves. Men who like such things may be gallant, but they are seldom affectionate.

He had done a great deal of talking that evening, and, feeling tired when he threw himself into the chair, he closed his eyes and meditated. What he thought of was the incidents of the day—not as they affected his future advancement, but as they appealed to his present appetites. He thought of the dinner; of the soups and sauces which had given him a hitherto unknown gustatory thrill; of the delicious smack of the mellow wines; of the "feel" of the Axminster carpet under his feet; of the pleasant, half-appreciated *ensemble* of warm-toned pictures, white statues and graceful people about him. The shimmer of Miss Prochaska's purple silk crept across his nerves—the warmth and light and perfume steeped his senses deliciously. He felt suddenly that it was for such things he had been made! By and by, without having spoken again to anybody, he took himself off, back to his small, cold room up in a second-rate hotel. His depression and the reaction were painful, and lasted till he found himself at Professor Prochaska's, at noon, next day. Miss Prochaska spoke to him on business, and to the point: "You are perhaps making some pecuniary sacrifice to secure your patent, Mr. Harley?" It was her way to understand people.

"Yes, I am," he answered.

"You are prepared to wait patiently for—perhaps for years?"

"I don't expect any such delay. The advantages of my process are too plain."

"You are aware that it will not be solely a question of advantage?"

"Of what else, then?"

"Of influence often, sometimes of bribery."

He did not believe her. Some other guests were coming, and she rose to leave him. She said,

"I can help you somewhat, perhaps. You may come here often. You will meet people whom it will be necessary for you to know.

Now, you may go there, into the conservatory, cut a white camelia and carry it home."

A while after, she said to her father, "I am sorry for that yellow-maned Kalmuck. Can you do anything to help him?"

"O, I dare say he will get his patent, in time."

"Something quite important, isn't it?"

"Yes. It will distinguish him when it is known."

Harley carried home his camelia and threw it down. *What was one flower?* He wanted the whole! He kicked a chair fiercely out of his way. What a degraded life he had led! Why couldn't all lives be like Miss Prochaska's? He thought of Ruth putting on coal and frying sausages, and sitting down to knit by the kitchen fire! He felt that he wronged her horribly in tasting nectar in Paradise and leaving her to fry sausages, and he started to go out on the avenue and buy her a purple *moiré* as a sort of atonement. But Ruth could not knit by the kitchen fire in a purple *moiré!* He remembered this in time, and did not go. He remembered also that he could not do her any good by abstaining from nectar; on the contrary, his best plan was to devote every energy to winning the influence which was to secure his success and so save her future, at least, from sausage-frying and kitchen fires!

He had never known before how truly he hated such things. The knowledge roused him to feverish energy. He weighed what Miss Prochaska had said of the possibility of delay. He counted costs. The simple economy of his previous life had left him in entire ignorance of such expenses as he now found himself drawn into. But to recede was impossible. Cost what it might, he must succeed; he must have redemption from his past. He had a few hundred dollars; that would soon be gone. But, when that was gone, there was their home. It was Ruth's property, to be sure, but she would do as he said; and if there was delay, the cottage would have to be sold to meet expenses. Ruth was a capital manager; she would get on some way; the struggle could not last a great while, and, as he had said, to recede was now impossible.

If you are in Washington this Winter, you will meet about the lobbies, public offices and hotels, a number of men leading the same feverish, expectant, desperate kind of life that Gilbert Harley had entered on. They are men of ideas, usually. They are entertained (for the sake of their ideas) in elegant *salons*. They have toasts drunk to their ideas at select dinners, and they go from these places to their hotel attics, sit down with hot heads and numb fingers, try to write to their wives and to think of their homes, and are unable to do it. Some two or three of these men, in the course of the Winter, get their ideas into operation. You hear a good deal about these two or three. If you watch, when the season is over, you will find those who have not succeeded drifting off through the

railway outlets, leaving a valise full of dirty white gloves and paper collars behind them, in token of their last fortnight's board bill.

There is also another and a very small class, who neither succeed nor go home. These are too fanatical for even starvation to disenchant them of their idea—too heart-sick and cowardly to turn back on the waste they have made. They hang with an insane clutch to some forlorn chance, and forget honor and reason in their hunger for means which will enable them to hold on a little longer.

Gilbert Harley was one who, when the Winter was over, neither succeeded nor went home. He had fared worse, in proportion as his grain was finer, than the most. Having assured himself that "nectar" and *moiré* was his best policy, he "went in." That he did not blacken himself blacker was because there was nothing gross about his appetites; but he let himself loose among those exquisite enjoyments of which he had first obtained a glimpse when he dined with Professor Prochaska. Then he had nice instincts which forbade him to accept these attentions without making some return. G. had his *carte blanche* for two or three little suppers during the Winter, and when he sent Ruth a package of gloves, he sent also a larger box of a smaller size to Miss Prochaska. The quicksands under his feet felt soft as Axminster carpet. He had said to Ruth once that failure depraved him; he might have added that crosses and self-reproaches of any sort did so. He was one who could not trust himself to be wretched. He dared not reflect that he was acting unfairly by his wife, and, to avoid such reflection, he clogged his thoughts of her in a dreamy, idyllic element which his nature secreted as bees do the honey in which they suffocate. He wrote home less and less often, as the months passed, because it was distasteful to put aside the mental picture he had of this home long enough to think of things suitable to say to the real Ruth. But the women to whom he gave gloves, and who petted him and called him a "yellow-maned Kalmuck," never for an instant dimmed his wife's image in his heart—the ideal image, that is, which did not fry sausages!

In the mean time he never doubted that it would all come out right. It was impossible for him to fear so long as he could get the money whereon to hope. Nobody discouraged him; on the contrary, they credited him with genius. It was the approbation of men of science which stimulated him to use up by degrees all that remained of his wife's little fortune. Every one, he was told, had "extensions" and "accommodations;" that was all he was having. A little delay, a little more sacrifice, would enable him to place his family where he wished to have them.

The Spring came and passed, and the Summer, and still the patent of his process was not obtained. He did not go home during that time. The purity of the home atmosphere would have stifled him.

Chaste at soul, he lived in a kind of debauch of intrigue, wire-pulling, toadyism, diplomacy. He hated his life. It was his solace to think that though Ruth all this while was working for her own and the boy's support, and dimming her brown eyes with anxiety and suspense through his long absence, and frequently his long silences, she was having a far easier life than he! In the mean time he had got to his last resource; he had had to ask her first to mortgage, then to sell their little place. He had not troubled himself as to her qualms about doing this; that she had quietly acquiesced when he made his demands was sufficient. That changes might be coming upon the brown-eyed wife, who made no protests, who had always believed in without requiring to understand him, did not once occur to him; or, if it did occur faintly, he would not increase the irritability resulting from his many disappointments by dwelling upon it. He said to himself that Ruth must just trust him through this trial; that the future should compensate her for all. He knew it would all come out right in the end, and she must think so, too. Anyhow, it was too late now to recede. There was no help now for what he was doing.

He was dressing one evening early in October for Miss Prochaska's first "reception" of the season. He had acquired good taste in dress; not foppish taste, for that, with his awkward legs and long arms, would not have answered. But everything he wore—boots, linen, broadcloth—was of the finest texture. His long, yellow hair hung below his black coat collar; he wore small mosaic studs and lilac gloves; there was a faint odor of hyacinth about his person. His face had refined by the impressions he had lived on. He looked well, even *distingué*. He had an especial object in looking well that night, for he was to have the opportunity of a "hearing" with some high official or other, who could assist him, if he would, in pushing the business of his patent. It was, in fact, a somewhat critical occasion. Washington was just filling up. Men were fresh, and had more leisure than after the meeting of Congress. It was the beginning of a golden opportunity, and he felt every nerve tightened as he stood in his room reflecting upon what this very evening might accomplish!

Just then something happened: a servant knocked at the door and handed him a letter. He took it, looked in perplexity at the scholarly scrawl in which it was addressed, and at the coarse, brown envelope. He laid it down and drew off his lilac gloves. But for the post mark, which was "Refuge," he would have anticipated a dun. As it was, he opened it leisurely. While he read his face grew sickly white; in a minute more it turned peevish. He said to himself, "Now, of all times, for such a thing to happen!" He walked across the floor. "Horrible!" he said to himself again. "And yet," moodily, "of what earthly use would it be for me to

go?" Up and down the floor again. "Impossible! To give up every chance, when my going would do no earthly good!" muttering with nervous irritation. Then walking about a little longer, stopping before the glass and looking at his sickly-white face, "Ugh! I am all unnerved; and I *must* be at Aurora's in half an hour! It would be madness to lose such a chance!"

He got his pen and paper, sat down and wrote a page, folded the sheet and addressed it to "Mrs. Gilbert Harley, Refuge, Penn." Then he put on his lilac gloves again, turned the gas down and went out.

The days and months of Gilbert's absence had been long, slow days and months to Ruth Harley. She did not fret much, the neighbors thought; it wasn't her way. She did not blame her husband, for she had loved him and believed in him, and she wasn't changeable; but if she did not reproach him, it was not from insensibility; if she did not resist him, when she yielded one thing after another and reduced herself to self-dependence for him, it was not from weakness. Her nature was peculiar; circumstances modified without converting her. Influences were to her something as cold is to placid water of a still night. There is neither protest nor assent on the part of the water. The action of the cold is positive, the water is simply passive. The cold, acting according to its nature, fixes the water in a different condition, and, having acted, must accept the result. So Gilbert Harley had acted, and his wife, sitting late into the lonely nights, pondered on his course, made no resistance, but let her love and faith slip insensibly into cold obduracy, and her feelings crust over with a kind of moral induration.

She had obtained work of different sorts as a means of support during his absence, chiefly knitting and sewing, from a factory village a few miles distant—a place called Refuge. It had been her custom to go for and return this work when some of her acquaintance were going with their teams in this direction, and able to carry Ruby and herself. And it was one fine morning in October that she found herself on her way thither in company with James Bent, a good old farmer of her neighborhood, and a tried friend. James Bent was driving his colts that day—a spirited, chestnut span of young horses, behind whom none of his own women-folks had yet been willing to ride; but Ruth Harley, he always said, was clear grit, in spite of her quiet ways, and her courage in accompanying him on this particular ride had excited in an unusual degree the good farmer's admiration. It was about noon of this October day that, stopping to "breathe" the horses after their pull up the side of the mountain, the two looked off at the sun-gilt village of Refuge in the valley below. Refuge had been settled two generations back, on Communist principles, but the old settlers were dead, and their communion with them, and the town remained to-day Dutchy, old-

fashioned, opulent, with a lingering hankering for spiritual leaven among the people, and a staid, cheerful sort of peace and good-will.

"Looks as though it might all be pretty slick with them, don't it now?" quoth James Bent reflectively, looking off at the harvested fields and droning factories through the golden quiet of the October noon.

Ruth said, "Yes," dreamily, and then as the colts started on the descent it required all Mr. Bent's mind and muscle to keep them in the way they should go, and no more was said.

The road leading into the village lay between the railroad bank on one hand and the canal on the other. It was a straight, macadamized road. The colts held up a little when they got to the level. Just as they did so a man came rather suddenly out upon the road from among the low, shrubby bushes that grew along the canal bank. He held a paper in his hand. The sudden rustle and the man's appearance started the nervous colts, and they broke into a smart gallop. A minute more and Ruth knew that they were running away. All she did was to take Ruby up from the seat beside her and squeeze him as tight as she could, in her arms. James Bent's brown face began to grow pretty pale. He said between his teeth, "I don't know but you'd better jump when you see a chance."

"I think not;" she answered quietly.

They were coming to a point where some repairs were being done on the railroad track which ran twenty yards or so above the road. Just there a great boulder of rock had been dislodged, and a glance showed them that it was about to roll into the road before them. The frantic horses saw it too, and slacked their speed, quivering. James Bent was called a very cool man, but he was not cool now; "Jump! for God's sake!" he shouted, tugging at the lines. "We shall all be killed anyway!"

She moved the child to a little different position, holding him tight; she took time to think that James Bent must know better than she; and sprang, quick as a flash. The horses well nigh stopped as the rock bounded into the road, reared to their haunches, backed, and started on. It was just as they reared that Ruth jumped.

From that moment when everything reeled and spun before her, and she heard Ruby cry out, "Mamma! mamma!" she knew nothing further. When she came to herself again, it was in a slow, lethargic, wondering way. She lay on a narrow bed in a sort of dormitory, in which there were more narrow beds, all with patchwork coverlets; straight windows with white curtains, a clear grate-fire burning, two women in gray flannel dresses and white caps, at work, and a man reading.

"Was Ruby much frightened?" she asked faintly, as soon as she could remember. Her eyes happened to be on the man. He

dropped his book; started violently, and looked at her agitatedly. One of the women laid down her sewing and came to the bed-side.

"Poor lamb;" she said softly.

Ruth tried to raise her head, with a certain scared, bewildered feeling coming over her:

"What has happened?" she asked, sharply.

The woman looked at the man, with intelligence: "Thee sees, Friedrich Heckel, the time has come."

He came toward her, a slight, dark man; with a small, tawny face. His hands were crossed before him, as if he was a minister.

"Sister," he began, in a choked voice, "the Lord has dealt very heavily with thee!"

She said again, shutting her eyes; "What has happened?"

"Thee remembers?"

"Yes. I jumped from the wagon," she said, almost impatiently.

"The boy was killed."

He waited: there was no sound. She only turned her face to the wall. He sat down and rocked himself to and fro. By and by, perhaps after a half hour, she asked,

"Where is he?"

The woman who had come to her, answered, "Thee knows that was a fortnight since."

Ruth Harley made no outcry. She only lay there quite still, till evening. When they were dressing her broken wrist for the night, they were amazed to see how the outlines of her face had grown sharp and sunken.

Friedrich Heckel came again the following morning, and she heard from him all that had happened. This Friedrich Heckel was the minister in Refuge, a man of rare piety and chastity of purpose, as the woman who nursed Ruth told her; one of those who come to fight the Lord's battle with a soul stripped of sense like a sword stripped of its sheath. It was he, whose sudden appearance had startled the half-broken horses; and in his self-reproach for his unconscious share in the fatal accident, he had taken it on himself to break the tidings to Ruth, on her recovery. The story which he told her was what we partly know. Reuben was struck on the temple by the horse's shoe, and killed instantly. James Bent was severely hurt, but had been carried home; she herself had received concussion of the brain and had one wrist broken. The day following the accident, by James Bent's direction, he had written to Gilbert Harley.

"Yes," she said, feverishly, rousing a little for the first, as he came, in the course of his story, to this.

"There has a letter come to thee in return."

A letter? no more? The cold obduracy which had settled about her heart chilled and hurt her suddenly. They gave her this letter,

and, childless, helpless, destitute, she read the page which Gilbert had taken off his lilac gloves to write to her, the evening of Miss Prochaska's "reception." It is hardly wonderful that its words seemed indifferent.

Ruth remained in Refuge. When her story was known the people set about finding a way to help her. Owing to her lame wrist she could not sew, and they established her, therefore, in a little shop. This was in December. She was thrifty and provident: it was soon seen that she would do nicely. For her part, she did her work conscientiously, making no analysis of her feelings. For a while, on account of her wrist, she could not write her husband. By and by, when she was able, she felt a strange reluctance to do so. She was not sensible of hard feeling toward him, but to write him was so like tearing the wrappings off a raw sore that it was dreadful to her to do it, and so she wrote seldom, and more coldly than she was aware of. She had wanted him, fiercely; he had not come to her. Some way she gave him up. Her brain, in fact, did not seem clear as formerly, since the accident. Her feelings were torpid. Everything in her former life appeared to have been very long ago. It was an effort to remember. There was not much suffering in this condition, and it left room for those soothing, religious influences which emanated from the character of the people among whom she lived. By degrees her devotional feelings became, perhaps, rather morbid. She had ecstacies; she spoke in the meetings. They talked of her as having passed through the baptism of fire and received the inner light. The truth was that her mental condition was disorganized. She saw much of Friedrich Heckel; at first he seemed to claim the right of suffering with her, and afterward her exaltation, her abstraction from what he would have called gross, carnal suffering, created a peculiar sympathy between this stricken woman and the man whose spiritual concentration made it said of him that he came to fight the Lord's battle with a soul stripped of sense like a sword stripped of its sheath.

In this mood, under such influences, letters came from Gilbert. Not often, but rarely. Sometimes they were peevish and reproachful; sometimes tender, encouraging. *They did not appeal to her.* Their spirit seemed far away from her own. She had lapsed so far from her past, from her own normal self, that she was past wondering at her own heart-blank. She felt neither pity nor resentment; sometimes it came across her that her husband had a right to her—that she owed him a duty she was not rendering; then again, when he reproached her because she no longer cared for his protracted absence, she felt a certain contempt for his weakness. *She* had never given way so! There was nothing flexible about this woman's feelings. One night in June she was to watch with a sick friend living a mile from the village, by the name of Asenath Breck. Walking

along the quiet road between the fields whitened with the full moon, a step came quickly after her, and in a moment Friedrich Heckel overtook her. The minister seemed always fitted to such nights. There was something mystical and supersensual about him, with his great, burning eyes and small, swarthy features. After a greeting, they walked on a distance in silence. As they were nearing the house, he slacked his steps suddenly.

"Ruth Harley," he said, "I have something to say to thee."

She looked at him in her grave, inquiring way, but she did not perceive that there was anything unusual in his expression, or that he caught at his breath.

"I have something to say to thee," he repeated. And again she looked at him gravely.

"Thee knows I have often felt that my work in Refuge was not enough for me to be doing?"

She bowed her head.

"I must go elsewhere."

"Thee will go to the Missions?" she asked, prepared for what he had said.

"Yes; to the Missions."

There was another silence. Then he said, in a hushed voice,

"Thee feels sympathy with the work to be done there?"

"Yes, Friedrich Heckel."

"But thee has never felt, perhaps, that thy duty might be that way also?"

She started; her face was quite colorless in the moonlight. There was nothing really strange in what he had asked; all their talk in their association had been of callings and sacrifices; but the question sounded strangely for all, and as she started she saw that his eyes were upturned, fixed and blazing.

"I must have help," he said, as if to himself, below his breath. "My heart, my carnal heart, is rotting in me!" He threw his hands up, like one in a convulsion; his voice had the shrill, expiring intonation peculiar to spiritual excitement; but the passion was over almost before she could notice it.

"I want work," he continued, in a common tone. "I am going to the Lord's great vineyard to find it." He moistened his throat, raised his voice, and went on, speaking quite clearly: "I have thought of thee, Ruth Harley, as a worthy laborer in this field. I have thought there might be balm for thy hurts in this vocation. There are those"—and here he paused again for a minute—"who could go, but have not the spirit. There are others who have the spirit, but are bound in the flesh." He looked at her; she could see what he was thinking; he was thinking that she was a deserted and childless wife. He added simply, "You and I are free."

His words sounded grateful to her. They made her conscious

that her life was bereaved and empty, and at the same time offered the means to soothe and fill it. She realized that the dumb sympathy between this man and herself lay deep; that her spiritual life would be shrunken, apart from him.

He watched her. He thanked God that she did not fully understand him; that he was strong enough to have held himself from betraying the blot upon his godly asceticism, his pure austerity; strong enough to have lived down the one passion of his life without divulging it to the woman for whom he had no right to feel it. By and by she said,

"I will wait for light before I answer, Friedrich Heckel."

The "light" came to her that night, as she watched alone with the sick woman. The necessity for decision roused her from her long apathy. She reflected on her duty to her husband, on the manner in which she had put all thought of him away from her life. She sifted her temptation to go to the missions, and found it foul with self love. She was frightened at herself. Her false self wrenched away suddenly from her true self, with a dull, moaning pain like the stifled crack through the solid ice before it breaks. In the place of sullen vacancy, she found herself longing for Gilbert's love. The sense of their long separation lay heavy and aching in her heart. On her way home in the morning, she met the minister.

"I have walked about through the night," he said, calmly, in explanation, as she looked into his haggard face. "Has thee found light yet for thy decision?"

"Yes, Friedrich," she said, gently; "I may not go."

Toward noon of that same Summer day, Ruth, in her First-Day bonnet and dress, was taking her way to the dépôt. She was going to Washington; going to her husband. By one of those coincidences which sometimes come to us, she had been helped to her decision by the reception of a letter from Gilbert, that very morning. It was a kind letter; one of its passages touched her peculiarly: "Ruth—wife"—he said, "there have been things hard, I know, for you to endure; but in thought or deed I have never wronged you. Will you come to me?"

Yes, she would go to him. There had been things hard, as he said, to endure, but he told her he "had never wronged her," and that was enough for her to know. She would not wait to write, nor to arrange about this going to him. She wanted him. She would find him at once. It was near nightfall when she reached Washington. She went to the hotel where he had his address, and they gave her the number, in a street, of the house where she would find him. It was a fine house, this, to which she was directed; a fine servant opened the door, and looked rather wonderingly at the little Quakeress who inquired "if Gilbert Harley was within?"

"Mr. Harley is up stairs, madam," he answered, and pointing to the broad flight, left her to pursue her way alone.

It was quite still through the house; her feet fell without sound on the thick carpet. Somewhere, she heard the drip of water into the marble basin of a fountain, and a subdued sound of voices; that was all. The rooms she passed through were empty; there was matting on the floors and bamboo furniture. Lace nets were fitted in the large open windows, and the light was quite dim. She was confused and kept on, with an uneasy embarrassment. Presently she came to a door which was ajar—all the others she had passed through were open. She pushed this, softly. It led to a verandah. This verandah was screened with lace netting, like the windows. Two hammocks, fancifully wrought, were hung in it. There was nothing else to hinder the sweep of the light westerly breeze. In one of the hammocks lay a man, asleep. Ruth paused, and was about to turn back. In the dusk she saw nothing very clearly. Just then she heard the slight rustle of a woman's skirts. The woman stepped out on the verandah through a side door. She was large and blonde, and carried a paper in one of her hands. She stepped, in a quick, stately way, toward the hammock in which the man was asleep. A short, excited smile went over her face. As if with a sudden impulse, she stooped over the hammock, touched the man's forehead lightly with her lips, and said,

"Harley! *Reveillez vous!*"

He sprang up with the start of a man who is haunted.

"I was dreaming," he said, with a kind of shudder.

She had the gleam of her excited smile still on her face.

"You have dreamed long enough." Her voice rippled pleasantly. "Your dream has come true. Wake up!"

He stammered to speak. "Aurora!" he said, brokenly, "you are not deceiving me?"

She answered him as one does a child—"See what I have brought you!"

"What? I cannot see."

"Your patent!"

He caught her hands and bent over them. A hysterical sob was in his words. "This is right," he said, slowly. "You alone have trusted me and believed in me, and now you bring me my success! Aurora, what should I have been without you?"

"*Enfant terrible!*" she laughed back, in an exultant sort of way. "You are positively getting pathetic!" But she let him hold her handsome white hands, and cling to her and calm himself.

The woman who stood in the doorway and saw this scene, was not much used to demonstrations of any sort; least of all to demonstrations like these. She could put but one interpretation upon the scene. Step by step, her eyes fixed upon the two, yet seeing

nothing, she retreated noiselessly from where she had stood. She groped her way through the vacant rooms, down the broad stairs, out into the sultry, crowded, moonlit street. Her heart was all alive now; it quivered. It was hard to find, after all, that he was false to her.

During the night she got back to Refuge. Next morning, as usual, she opened her little shop, and was busy all day counting off buttons and measuring calicoes. She had no chance to give up; no chance either for hoping. The future did not promise her much. She could think of Gilbert as successful and distinguished, and of her place with him as filled. And when she thought of this, she might remember that his alienation was part owing to her own coldness; to the fact that she had put the thought of him away from her daily life.

A year went by. It was again June; and the week of the Friends' Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia. At the close of a bright, delicious day they were pouring out of their meeting-house; the men on one side and the women by themselves. Ruth Harley was among the latter.

As they came down the steps a man who was passing staggered suddenly and fell in the midst of the crowd. Some of the women said something pitying; others drew aside their skirts as they passed on. Ruth saw that the man looked sick, and it was not her way to turn aside from suffering. His hair was white; his cheeks were hollow; he was a very old man, she thought, from the look she caught. She took out the smelling-bottle she carried, and her handkerchief, and stooped down to wipe the sweat which broke out over his pale face. She did all this before she saw that the man was her own husband! She did not cry out as she made this discovery. She said to those around her, "This is something for me to attend to." They called a hack and Gilbert was carried to the friend's house where she was stopping. She had had time to remark that his clothes were miserably poor, and to draw the conclusion, "He needs me. My help cannot be an intrusion." The physician who came said that the man was starving—that was all.

"Could it harm him to carry him to Refuge?" she asked.

"No. It wouldn't hurt him."

So it was in the room back of Ruth's little shop that Gilbert Harley was nursed back to life, and to strength enough to let his wife know his story.

"I thought of thee in prosperity," she said. "Thee had what thee sought for, surely, Gilbert?" remembering that Summer night.

"My patent? I had it one week. Before the week ended my claim to the invention was disputed. I had a lawsuit, and lost."

She was stroking his long hair, which was all streaked with white.

"And since, Gilbert?"

"Since? I have starved!"

"But thee knew that here—"

She paused. He lifted his eyes to hers, and said slowly,

"Ruth, you wronged me. Your silence and coldness killed me."

"I know now that I did. It seemed to me that one time I did not have my senses."

"I erred, wife, and dealt unfairly by you! but there was never a moment when I separated my heart from yours or thought of our lives as divided."

"They are never to be again, Gilbert."

She was right. They are re-united and happy. Gilbert Harley is one of the few not utterly wrecked by unsuccessful pursuit of an idea; and Ruth one of the few whose hearts are wide enough to take back the erring, and at the same time generous enough to forget that they have erred.

They moved away from Refuge. It seemed better for them to be among new associations. Gilbert is now a photographer in a large Western town and respected by the people. Ruth and he are middle-aged folk. They have another Gilbert, another Ruth and a little Friedrich Heckel, named for that zealous, self-sacrificing missionary who died in India. They have a Ruby, too, whom they think of as held in their hearts, rather than as lying under that far-off Pennsylvania sod.

In the early days of restoration and reconciliation when they were frankly telling one another every circumstance of that crowded era of separation and estrangement, Ruth asked softly, one day,

"And the woman, Gilbert—who—was kind to thee?"

"Aurora Prochaska? Why, little wife, I was no different to her from one of the uncommon specimens of butterflies or beetles she keeps in her cabinet; and when she found I was a failure she flung me aside!"

Mrs. W. H. Palmer.

LAWYERS AND THEIR TRAITS.

OUTSIDE of the profession, at least, the law, as of old was the Gospel, is everywhere spoken against, and still more are the lawyers. The denunciations, sarcasms, jokes and lampoons that have bombarded the profession from the time of Christ's "Woe unto you, lawyers!" down to the very latest newspaper squib, would have demolished any institution not based upon very strong foundations. There is, however, a quite sufficient explanation, both of the persistent vitality of the lawyers' guild, and of the incessant attacks upon it. It is attacked—and open to attack—because it is a human attempt at a remedy for human defects, and partakes therefore of the very weaknesses that it seeks to aid. And it lives and prospers, because those weaknesses must have some aid.

It is curious to trace the unfailing series of flings and jeers at the votaries of Themis. The very prevalent present notion that there is a radical opposition between law and equity—that the real effort of a lawyer is to make money for himself at the expense both of client and of justice, is older than the Christian era; and if it prevails about Christian lawyers, what fearful beings must the heathen ones have been! Not to quote any older matter, however, a mediæval dog-Latin rhyme embodied this doctrine very tersely. It said:

Bonus jurista,
Malus Christa.

That is: "A good lawyer, a bad Christian."

The story of Saint Evona, of Brittany, is to the same point. This saint, it seems, was a lawyer, and a just and devout one, too, or how could he have become a saint? Perhaps it was because he was not much of a lawyer! He went to Rome, the legend says, and besought his Holiness the Pope to appoint a patron saint for the lawyers, who had none. The Holy Father replied that he would be glad to accommodate, but that unluckily none of the saints had been in the law business, nor any of the lawyers in the saint business, so that there was no proper person. The good Breton was much troubled at this, but, after long consultation, it was agreed that he should select a patron saint by chance, by walking blindfold thrice round the interior of the church of St. John Lateran, and by then laying hold upon the first statue he could reach, whose original should be the desired patron. This was done, and having clutched a figure, the good Saint Evona cried out in triumph before he took off his bandage, "This is our saint—let him be our patron." The witnesses now laughed, on which Saint Evona, opening his eyes,

discovered that he was holding fast the image of the devil, prostrate beneath the feet of St. Michael the Archangel. The proceedings to select a patron saint appear to have been stayed here.

Foote, the comic actor, appears to have believed in a continuance of this connection, however, if the following story about him is true:

A friend in the country apologized to Foote for not keeping an appointment, by explaining that he had been at the funeral of a deceased attorney of his acquaintance. "What," says Foote, "do you *bury* attorneys down here?" "Why, certainly," said his friend; "what do you do with them in London?" "When an attorney is dead," replied Foote, with great solemnity, "we lay him out and leave the body all alone by itself in a room, with the door locked and the window wide open; and when we go in in the morning he is always gone." "But what becomes of him? Who carries him away?" "Don't know; but there is invariably a strong smell of brimstone left in the room!"

The opposition above alluded to between law and equity don't exist—at least in the legal sense of the terms. Any lawyer will explain, that the principal difference is that "equity" is slower, more costly, and less certain than "law." But, doubtless, some of the lawyers themselves have said things to justify the popular objections to law, and those heavier ones which this definition implies against equity, too—at least so far as the English Court of Chancery is concerned. Lord Kenyon once said that a client of Erskine's must go into Chancery for a remedy; on which the great lawyer, with a voice and manner full of ridiculous pretence of pathos, said, "Would your lordship send a dog that you loved there?" On another similar occasion Lord Kenyon said, "You must go to the Court of Chancery—*abi in malam rem!*" Now this Latin means, literally, "Go away into the bad thing," and it was the Roman method of saying "Go to hell."

This distaste for what may be called feeding out of their own dish, has been often otherwise shown by lawyers. When Dunning found that his gardener had been threatening with a prosecution some one who had been tramping over the grounds, "You shall prosecute him then yourself, John," he said; "he may walk there until the judgment day before I go to law with him." And the famous old Serjeant Maynard said that if a man should come and demand his coat on pain of a lawsuit if it was refused, he would give him the coat at once. And yet, in order to have the picking for themselves of whatever bones there are, the shrewd Themists have set afloat for a scarecrow the proverb, "He that is his own lawyer has a fool for a client;" and—in some cases avowedly—they have hidden their learning and their proceedings in a mysterious vail of "strange jargoning." Old Hargrave, the conveyancer, for instance, bluntly said, "Any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be

intelligible is an enemy to his profession." As if on this principle, the hideous "law French" of the Norman days was kept up in the English courts until human nature could endure it no longer. This law French was a diabolical mixture or lingual hell-broth of English, French and Latin, jumbled together into a mess awful beyond description. Here is an extract from a charge to a grand jury by Sir George Croke (known as "Cro. Eliz." and "Cro. Jac.," from his law reports under Queen Elizabeth and King James) in the seventeenth century. In this the knight uses no Latin, but makes a very good piece of lingo with French and English only. He observed, "Car jeo dye pur leur amendment, ils seant semblable als vipers laboring pur eat out the bowels del terre which brings them forth." Scraps of the Norman-French part of this disagreeable mishmash cling about the English Parliament to this very day. The queen still approves bills by saying "*La reyne le veult;*" every bill sent from the House of Commons to the Lords is first endorsed "*Soit bailé aux Seigneurs,*" and those coming from the Lords are endorsed "*Soit bailé aux Communes.*" One little bit of it abides even with us, in this progressive Western world, in the "O yes! O yes! O yes!" with which Mr. Sheriff, or whoever is the proper officer, opens every session of "this honorable court," the words being only a perversion of "Oyez," or "Hear ye!"

The instinct for fighting and quarrelling, which the phrenologists call combativeness, and which is one of the most powerful and universal instincts of men, and beasts, too, has been the great ally of the legal profession. It has withstood alike the ceaseless drain of the lawyer's bill, and the slow torture of the delays of justice, sometimes for many generations. An English chancery suit about some land, between the heirs of Viscount Lisle and those of Lord Berkeley, was begun under Edward IV., and remained in court a hundred and twenty years, into the reign of James I. It was never decided, after all, but was taken out of court by a compromise. Two free and independent Britons, named Narty and Duncan, some time ago spent over ten thousand dollars in a chancery suit to decide which should paint a certain board and whitewash a certain sign. In New York State, not many years since, there was a suit on a note for $25, which was in court three years. The maker had therefore to pay the note and interest, and *eight hundred dollars costs* beside. The difficulty and costliness of getting one's rights at law occasioned a certain old lawyer to observe that, in order to succeed in a lawsuit, you must have "a good cause, a good purse, good counsel, a good judge, a good jury, and good luck."

Law modifies lawyers. Many handicrafts distort or exaggerate some part of the body, or bring out some characteristic scar or callus. The like happens even in the fine arts. Nobody can blow with success on a cornet or bugle until he has what is technically

called "a lip;" nor can a harpist or guitarist play well, until his finger tips are hardened by practice. A working burnisher has a horny lump on the hand that drives the burnishing tool. The experienced old gold pen that indites the present sentence, has in like manner printed a little smooth, hard-sided furrow upon the middle finger that guides it. Exactly so, the steady wearing of the legal harness rubs and hardens one or another part of the laborer within it, and his character takes on a permanent modification, either general or local. There is undoubtedly a strong tendency, in the profession of the law *by itself*, to render its too exclusive votary dry-minded, ignorant, narrow, pert, and sophistical; a word-catcher, a quibbler, and incapable of considering both sides of any question so as to form a *judicial* decision upon it. This is so true that it has come to be a saying in the profession, that the best lawyers do not necessarily make the best judges. It must be so. It is impossible for a man to spend his whole life in urging one side of questions and slighting the other, and yet retain the full faculty of weighing justly both sides.

Law must be dry. When an old friend asked the special pleader, Chitty, what a son's prospects would be in that business, the man of sur-rebutters and abatements answered, "Pray, sir, can your son eat sawdust without butter?" But there is a contradiction among the lawyers about studying other things along with law. An old black-letter law proverb is, that "Lady Common Law must lie alone," and Sir William Jones said, "Law requires the whole man, and admits of no concurrent pursuits." But Chitty—sawdust Chitty—on the other hand, recommends enough "concurrent pursuits" to make up for this exclusion. Chitty remarks that the young lawyer had better "fill up his leisure" with studying "anatomy, physiology, pathology, surgery, chemistry, medical jurisprudence and police." It is a wonder that he did not add nosology, obstetrics, taxidermy, malacology and tactics.

Whichever of these recommendations is right, certainly some great and successful lawyers have been startlingly ignorant men. The English lawyers have perhaps had the best talent for not knowing anything outside of their own dry arena. As long ago as when Erasmus visited England, in the days of Henry VIII. and Sir Thomas More, he described the English lawyers as "a most learned species of profoundly ignorant men." And in later times, the famous Lord Kenyon had not only an ignorance that would have astounded Erasmus, but a genius for showing it in public altogether without parallel. Describing a number of eminent Christians to the jury one day, he capped his climax thus: "Above all, gentlemen of the jury, might I name to you the Emperor Julian, so celebrated for the exercise of every Christian virtue, that he was called Julian the Apostle." On another occasion, he exclaimed in

court, "The allegation of the witness is as far from truth as old Booterium from the Northern Main—a line I have heard or met with, God knows *wheer*." Kenyon is credited with another odd statement much more likely to belong to an Irishman than to "Taffy," as Lord Thurlow used to call him. This was his indignant winding up of the address to a delinquent butler about to be sentenced, with the fearful charge, "You have been feathering your nest with your master's bottles." Another eminent English judge, after six hours of testimony on the value of some Russia duck damaged at sea, complained in summing up that there had not been a particle of evidence to show whether that bird could be damaged by salt water at all. Probably he thought that a Muscovy duck and Russia duck were the same, for he could hardly have had a chance to further mix his ideas with any notion about canvas-backs.

But whatever the importance of knowing much or of knowing little, there is no doubt nor dispute as to the necessity of talking a good deal. An old fellow once said that the way to be a good lawyer is to read all the morning and talk all the afternoon. Old Serjeant Maynard, before quoted, thought so highly of gab in law, that he defined the latter by the former, calling it, in the dog-Latin of his craft, "*Ars Bablativa*"—the art babblative. "Soap the judge and butter the jury" was the advice of another lawyer to a new beginner. By thus lubricating his fellow-Englishmen, it is said that Serjeant Bond used to get many a verdict in the words, "We finds *for Serjeant Bond*, and costs." Another old *bablativist* said, "Keep talking, and say anything that comes uppermost." The talk should be entertaining, too. When a young lawyer asked Lord Eldon what was the best book to carry with him on circuit, the giant of jurisprudence answered, "Joe Miller."

Perhaps the two things most characteristic of the lawyer are his wit and his fee. The wit, which is much of it satirical, is the natural spark struck out by incessant collision of hard, edgy minds, and the fee is that for which (in one sense at least) the whole of his work is done. It was a fling as old as the seventeenth century—a pun based on the coinage of that period—that "a lawyer is like Balaam's ass: he cannot speak until he sees the *angel*." And the same thought in a modern form is to-day circuiting about the United States in a newspaper pun, to the effect that "a lawyer is strongest when he is *fee-blest*." There are many stories about the extortions of lawyers; one of the keenest of them is that of Serjeant Davenport, who was reproached by his brethren for "disgracing the profession" by receiving a fee so small as to be paid in silver. But he answered with weighty and conclusive terseness: "I took silver because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession!"

FRED. B. PERKINS.

STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN.

By Mrs. Edwards,

Author of "Archie Lovell."

CHAPTER I.

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

"A FAIR face, Klaus," said Steven Lawrence, thoughtfully. "A face that might well tempt a man to give up the wilderness, forget his gun and his comrade, and all the old landmarks of his life!" And, as he spoke, the yeoman took Miss Fane's photograph from his breast again, and, holding it up before his eyes, examined it long and critically in the fast-sinking sunset light.

Sunset in the tropics; sunset on the outskirts of a Mexican forest—stately, solemn, unrifled by man as in the days when Cortes and his band first marched, silent with wonder, through the flowering woods and golden sierras of the land that they had come to conquer! What a chaos of noble color, what an Eden of blossom and of odor, what royal prodigality of untrammelled life was around Steven in this moment, when he resolved to discard his fond mistress, Nature, and return to the larger cares, the scantier pleasure of civilization! The spot where the hunters had encamped themselves for the night was at the height of some three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and a glowing sweep of lowland country—yellow maize-fields and towering maguey intermingling with woods, villages and gardens—stretched away, league beyond league before them, until it broke into blue haze at the foot of the snow-capped range of distant Cordilleras. On one hand, bordering the narrow path or deer track along which the hunters had travelled, a dense undergrowth of cactus and prickly pear, matted together with wild-rose honeysuckle and flowering vine, formed an impenetrable barrier to the forest; on the other, through tangled arches over-roofed by bamboo and palm, by glossy-leaved banana or drooping boughs of the white-blossomed dog-wood, could be caught long vistas of woodland shade; the turf ankle deep in verbena, white and purple iris, and a thousand exotic orchids of nameless hues and beauty. Aloes, with their candelabra-like spikes of bloom; tree ferns, in all the marvellous grace of their giant fronds; orange and red gladioli, and a very wilderness of rope plants, passion flowers and lycopodiums clothed the ground to the verge of a ravine which, at seventy or eighty feet distant, fell abruptly into the valley. The soft west

wind was laden to intoxication with odor. Myrtle, citron and peach groves, the milk-white datura, the waxen, fragrant flowers of the plant which the Indians in their language call "Flower of the Heart," all lent their sweetness to the voluptuous incense of the hour, while (as if no sense should be left unconquered) a solitary mocking-bird close at hand beside the hunters' camp filled the whole forest-side with the echoes of her plaintive and most musical mimicry.

And to all this wealth of nature by which he was surrounded, to forest and valley, smiling lowland and distant mountain, Steven Lawrence was insensible. His heart was away, away by a low, white homestead on a bleak sea-shore—a Kentish homestead, with cool winds blowing from the sea, a gray sky overhead, and the fresh, wild smell from sea-weed on the beach mingling with the homely sweetness of wallflowers and budding lilacs along the garden walks. Steven Lawrence's heart was in the home where he had not been since he was a boy, the home whose hearth he had forsaken in his boyish jealousy, and on which the fire of a stranger burnt now. Home—what were perfume-laden winds, fruits and flowers chasing each other in unbroken succession throughout the months—what was all this affluence of alien color and sound and odor, compared to the magic of that short word? It was mid-April, and he could picture to himself how the old farm, every field, every wood in every field, of which he knew, must look. The young corn sprinkling its tender verdure athwart the fallows; the potatoes showing their dusky ridges on the southern hill-side; the whitening orchard, with the daffodils in the grass; the copse where the wood-pigeons must be building and the larch and maple putting forth their glistening buds; the bare wych-elm and the sallow willows by the brook. He could see it all! Minutely, vividly, as only a man to whom nature is the great passionate reality of life ever sees opening buds and whitening orchards and early-tinted fallows. Was the five acres sowed with wheat or barley this year, he wondered? and was the Vicar's Close (never from time immemorial belonging to any member of the established church) kept pasture still? He could hear the lowing of the cattle as they came home along the sandy, seaward road at milking time; could mark the lazy neap-tide coming in midway across the sands; could see the light of a wood fire blazing cheerfully through the bay window of the farm parlor; could see the white cloth spread, himself coming home tired from his day's work along the garden walk, and in the porch—but now imagination, not memory, worked, and the picture grew less distinct—in the porch a slender, girlish figure, a tender smile upon a beautiful mouth, two little hands outstretched to clasp his neck, and then— Steven Lawrence gave a great sigh, came back with a start within the tropic, and found the face of which

he dreamed smiling to him from the bit of card-board in his hands.

"A fair face," he repeated once more, and aloud. "If such things were at all in your way, Klaus, I would ask you to take a look at it before you help me with your advice."

"Advice!" repeated a deep voice, slowly; a voice in which, although more than twenty years had been passed away from the fatherland, the good old German gutturals were grafted with an effect that I shall not attempt to reproduce upon a broad New England accent. "A man of your age in love! to ask advice of a man of mine! Give me the picture, Steven, and I shall say all that you want me to say of it—an angel face, myosotis eyes, rose-and-milk skin, a pair of lips like cherries—everything that a man in love would have his mistress possess, but advice—no! Advice between friends should be the result of reason, and love from the beginning of it to the end, is a passion in its very nature, divorced from reason. If I advised at all—*gehe!* let me see her. When you are away from me, I would like anyhow to know the exact form in which your per— your happiness, Steven, your happiness, was accomplished."

And old Klaus stretched out his brown, sinewy hand, a hand not much accustomed to deal with ware so frail, and took the little vignette photograph over which Steven Lawrence was still intently poring.

As he held it in silent scrutiny for some moments, a flood of orange light, the transient after-glow of the tropics, fell suddenly across the clearing where the old German and Steven had encamped for the night, and set forth in clearest relief, the figures of the two men; of the man who had lived and loved, and whose tired heart knew the worth of both possessions; and the man before whose hopes life and love lay outstretched in gilded perspective still, and whose strong heart leapt with passion as he looked forward to his own share in both. What a contrast, outwardly, between the two! How easy for one to hold love and beauty so cheap; how natural for the other to consider them as purest gold! What could poor old Klaus—at this moment the thought struck Steven—what could a man like this have ever known of love? At five-and-twenty could that hard, gray face of his have been really young? Could any woman have kissed his lips with love? Could he ever, save out of musty German books, have learnt the crude philosophy which had turned all one side of his honest sterling heart to gall?

Klaus is a big made, ridiculously angular man, tall in reality, but not looking so from the disproportionate size of his hands and feet, and the awkward, crane-like fashion in which his head was set upon a pair of sloping shoulders. His face is a wonderful face; the skin tanned, freckled, and lined to an extent that makes his own statement of having been "lily fair" when he was a boy, the most

wildly incredible of all Klaus' stories; the high, projecting forehead seamed with furrows; the pale, blue eyes deep set, void of any perceptible eyebrow or eyelash, and with that peculiar half-scowling expression in them common to men whose lives have been spent, whether on sea or land, in confronting sun and wind and storm unsheltered. No vestige of hair is to be seen on his upper lip or chin, and this peculiarity alone, in a life where every man goes bearded, gives something weird to the expression of the poor old fellow's face; an expression heightened by his thin, keen-cut nose, always carried aloof, as he says himself, like a fox's in search of prey, and the hard compressed lips, never parted save twice in the twenty-four hours to eat, or, more rarely still, to speak. A sparse tuft of hair of a wan clay color, clothes the extreme top of Klaus' skull; the forehead, the temples, the back region of the head are perfectly bare. "My hair has too often come off after jungle-fever, to offer to grow again now," he explains sometimes. "I have just enough left to be scalped by when those *verfluchte* Indians get hold of me at last! Could the finest love-locks that ever grew serve the purpose better?" Such is Klaus' exterior.

Steven Lawrence is an Englishman of seven or eight and twenty, Saxon-looking in the extreme, even in Indian moccasins, red flannel shirt and Mexican sombrero. Of his face, inasmuch as the feature which gives the key-note to the rest is masked by beard, all I shall say here is that he has a broad, smooth forehead, whose fairness contrasts quaintly with the sienna-brown of his sun-burnt cheeks; crisp, dark hair, growing low upon the temples, as you may have seen in a tapestried portrait of Henri Quatre in the Louvre; a nose somewhat too short to belong to the aristocratic British type, but clean-cut as a statue's, and forming in profile an unbroken line from the forehead; gleaming white teeth that show, in spite of the beard, whenever he speaks or smiles, and a pair of well-opened, resolute, blue eyes. You could hardly look into his face and doubt that he possesses at least a manly mouth and chin. Nature surely would not commit the anomaly of allying positive weakness with that sturdy head, those bold, blue eyes of his. But what of intellectual, what of moral strength? I pause until I can bring poor Steven before you, shorn, to answer that question. He is stalwart and tall—over six feet in moccasins; broad-chested, lithe of limb, thoroughly, unconsciously graceful, as only human creatures who have lived an unfettered, half-savage life can ever be now-a-days. As he lies outstretched upon the turf, his rifle at his side, his handsome face half in shadow, half lit up by the orange glow as he turns it round to his companion, he looks for very certain a man—a man whose physical proportions a Greek sculptor of old would not have disdained as a model. The well-set, crisp-curled head, the broad, low forehead, the level glance of the eye, the throat, the limbs,

might all have belonged to the race among whom the gods dwelt; and of mind, of soul—well, with the eager expression that his features wear just now, there is enough even of these, perhaps, upon the yeoman's face for a Greek.

Easy to imagine, I repeat, that the love and beauty poor old Klaus holds so cheap would be considered by Steven Lawrence, in this fresh springtime of his manhood, as the purest gold!

"The face is a handsome one, Steven. No doubt concerning that much: the face is a handsome one. As the picture is uncolored, I'm disqualified, of course, from speaking of the rose-and-lily skin, the myosotis eyes, but—"

"But the expression of the face?" interrupted Steven Lawrence, impatiently, as he took back the photograph from Klaus' hand. "What do I care for roses, and lilies, and myo—hang it all! What do I care for a market-gardener's list of beauties when I am speaking of a woman's face—a woman's face that I love! I may say it, though I haven't seen her for near upon a dozen years. The eyes may be black, or blue, or brown, I will swear they are eyes that could love; the lips may be rosy red or not—they are lips that could speak brave words and give a man brave kisses, and, if I can win them, they shall be mine! Now, Klaus, I've spoken out the plain truth to you at last." And he took another fond look at the photograph, then put it carefully within a letter—a letter well-worn and creased as if it had been read and re-read—and hid it away again within his breast.

Without answering a word the old German rose, his rifle in his hand, and walked off to examine the stakes of the two little mustang horses that at twenty or thirty yards distance were tethered out to graze. He then carefully, and with a skilful hand, turned the savory haunch of venison that was roasting for their evening meal across the embers of a clear wood fire; finally took out a pouch of tobacco from his pocket, twisted up a cigarito, lit it, and came back to Steven's side. In the five minutes that had elapsed since he went away, the tropical after-glow had faded into night. Already a white, full moon was shining behind the crest of the opposite palm-covered hills; already Great Orion was saluting the Southern Cross through the transparent ether. The thickets were sparkling with fire-flies, the cardinals and mocking-birds were hushed, and the toll of the campanero alone resounded, plaintive and clear like an Old World village bell, through the forest.

"The haunch is browning to a turn, Steven, and smells good exceedingly," said old Klaus. "Have you an appetite to-night?"

"Have I not!" answered Steven, heartily. "I was just thinking as you came back, Klaus, that my hunger was prodigious. We haven't eaten since a little past sunrise, and then, to speak honestly, I was ill satisfied. Three partridges, a quail, and a dozen of

pheasant's eggs isn't over-much of a breakfast between two men like you and me. How long will it be, do you think, before the meat is ready?"

"A quarter of an hour," said Klaus; "time for my cigarito, and for the advice which you may remember I have not given you yet. Do I advise you to make your way across to Tampico, or go down straight to Vera Cruz? That's about what you want me to talk to you of, Steven, isn't it?"

"Klaus," answered the Englishman, "one thing is certain. Sooner or later I *must* return to the old country. Not, as you will say, because of this fancy for a woman's face—if Dora Fane had never written to me or sent me her picture at all, I must go back just the same. This life of ours—well, no man knows better than you how well the life suits me. I've no education. I haven't, I suppose, what men in cities call brains, and a year ago I should have laughed at any man who had told me I should ever give up deer-stalking and quail-shooting for the old English life—the plough and the harrow, the sowing and the reaping—from which I ran away when I was a lad. Money, perhaps, Klaus, quite as much as love, if I tell the truth, is what takes me back. While my uncle lived, while young Josh held the farm, and while I was a beggar, I loathed the thought of the dull village life, the daily farm work, the comfortable old house, the place in the old church from which the lad's inopportune legitimacy had ousted me. Now that I know that these things are mine, that three or four hundred of good sovereigns are to be made a year out of my own land if I choose to return and put my shoulder (as the shoulders of all my forefathers have been) to the plough, I begin to think my duty lies there, on my own bit of land, and that the old village monotony, and church and all, is what I was born and intended for."

"Even without the myosotis?" began Klaus, holding his cigarito between his fingers, and looking full at Steven.

"Even without a woman being mixed up in it at all," interrupted Steven, "and if myo-so-tis means blue—as I suppose, you're wrong altogether. Dora Fane, to the best of my recollection, had eyes like sloes."

"Never," said the old German, decisively. "On that point I am certain, my friend. The woman from whom that photograph was taken, had never black eyes. Brown, possibly, or hazel, or any shade of blue you choose, but black, never. Are you sure, now, you are in love with the right woman, Steven?" he added. "How many years is it since you saw this—Dora last? Are you certain you'd know her if you met her in the streets of Vera Cruz next week?"

"I should know the woman from whom this photograph was taken, if I met her anywhere," answered Steven, promptly. "Of

Dora Fane, as she used to be—well, if you bring me to exact facts, of Dora Fane as she used to be, my recollections are just about as confused as possible. I was eighteen when I left home, and she—by Jove! Klaus, she was within a year for certain of my own age."

"Which makes her now?"

"Seven-and-twenty, at least! Is it possible—and the picture would give you the idea of a woman in her first prime, twenty at the outside! Well, never mind; she'll be a better mate for me, fitter for the sort of life she'll have to lead as my wife. I never thought of her as that kind of age though! Eighteen—well, say she was two years younger, which she was'nt, than me—sixteen and ten would be twenty-six, at the youngest. I'm pleased you understand, Klaus, pleased that it should be so. An experienced woman of six-and-twenty, knows better how to love than a flighty girl of eighteen, still I never did think of Dora Fane before as of that kind of age, I must confess."

"And there was some sort of love-making going on between you, young as you were, Steven? Before you left home you and the girl had looked upon each other—like sweethearts, I suppose, already?"

"Not exactly," said Steven, after remaining silent for a minute or two while he ransacked his memory, "indeed, I can't positively say I ever spoke to her a dozen times in my life. Dora, as I have told you, was a poor relation and dependant of the Squire's, half playmate, half governess of little Katharine Fane, his step daughter, and—well, as far as I recollect, not averse to the attentions of the different young men about the neighborhood. There was young Hoskins the doctor, I know, and Smith the curate, used to meet her when she walked out with the child, not to speak of myself, whom, of course, she only noticed when there was no better fellow by, and—"

"Young Hoskins and the curate, and you when there was no better fellow by!" exclaimed Klaus, flinging away the end of his cigarito. "And of *this* woman—this woman who, a dozen years ago, carried on love affairs by the half-score—you are madly, over head and ears enamored? Why, 'tis sheer, downright idiocy—a thing to put yourself into the doctor's hands for! What do you remember of her? That she was no better conducted than she should have been before she had well done with being a child. What do you know of her? That, by your own showing, she is a woman getting on for thirty years of age, and who, in all these years, has not found a man fool enough to marry her yet."

"I remember of her," said Steven, quietly, "that she was a pretty, delicate-faced child, neither worse nor better, I suppose, than other children of her age. I know of her that she has grown up like this!" He laid his hand for an instant upon his breast-pocket where

the photograph lay. "That she has written me a letter showing that, during all these years, years during which the Lord knows I have been faithful to nothing! she has continued true to her childish fancy for me (one of the Fanes true to me, Steven Lawrence!) and that, as soon as I find myself back in England, I shall ask her in plain words to be my wife. She was giddy, if you choose, when she was a girl; she is nearer thirty than twenty; no man has married her; I will. The thing is settled, Klaus, for good or for evil, as far as I am concerned. Let us talk of other matters."

"After supper, Steven; we have ten minutes yet before the meat is ready, and those ten minutes we'll devote to the discussion of love. After to-night, friend, till the day I lose you, let not the sorry subject of woman or of marriage pass our lips again! I have no thought of changing you, you know. I don't believe you're a man likely to alter in whatever you've made up your mind to do, but I should like to tell you—tell you," hesitated old Klaus, with an odd sort of shyness, "a love story of—a friend of mine, say. It happened twenty-five years ago, come next Fall, and I've never opened my lips concerning it to mortal man or woman before to-night. I always thought I should take it with me, unspoken, to the grave; but you see, Steven, I've loved you as a son—no, I hate the word: a son implies a mother—I've loved you with a feeling men don't often have for each other, I guess, out of the wilderness, and if any words of mine *could* put wisdom into your head, I'd speak them, let alone the pain 'twould cost me to speak them. You'll hear my story, lad? Soh. Well, then, I must think a bit first. I'm no great speaker. I don't know how to spin a yarn of plain meaning into three volumes or so of fine-drawn stuff and sentiment like a paid romancer. What I've got to say would go, printed, into one paragraph—about as much as the country papers take for a giant gooseberry or a shower of frogs when politics are scarce. Still, I must think a bit first. Five-and-twenty years (about what you've lived since you were first set upon your feet) is a longish gap in a man's life—long, I mean, to remember a dream after—and this was a dream, Steven! a young man's dream, such as you are dreaming at this minute. All that it concerns to tell you about is the awakening. You've only to look into your own heart, I reckon, to imagine the first part better than I could describe it now."

He stopped abruptly and leant his head down for a few moments between his hands; then raised himself, stiff and motionless, to his former position, and, with the red glow from the distant fire faintly shining at intervals upon his face, told his love story, a story destined to be recalled pretty often to the memory of Steven Lawrence during the years to come.

"It was in the old country, my friend, that the thing began; at

a town upon the Rhine—whose name doesn't matter—a town south of Frankfort, where men's hearts, in their youth, are generous as the wine they drink, and where the women for centuries past have borne the reputation for beauty. The girl my friend loved was a type of their beauty at its highest: a marble bust, wide-open eyes, set far apart under a fair and womanly forehead; sun-colored hair, white arms, a carriage at once lissom and firm, yielding and majestic. *Mein Gott!* why do I enlarge on such a theme? a type of the women, I suppose, who, since the world began, have lured men on ever by the shortest road to perdition! My friend had passed from boyhood into manhood in the same street with her, and his passion had grown with his growth, strengthened with his strength; so, when he was three-and-twenty, the girl nineteen, they were engaged. There was equality of birth, equality of poverty between them, and one day it occurred to my friend that it might be a manlier life to work for the woman he loved in a new country than starve with her on his good college education and a certain foolish prefix he had before his name in the old one. So, after a little tender hesitation on the part of his betrothed, he put his Greek and Latin (his nobility, too!) forever aside, and started, with the small patrimony he possessed, to New Brunswick, where some distant relations of his family had already settled. In two years' time he was master of a farm, small but well stocked, and prosperous—a comfortable home to which to take his bride, and he returned to the fatherland to fetch her.

"She met him; she fell upon his neck as he landed from the river steamboat, and in a week their marriage-day was fixed. I was not—my friend was not of a jealous or suspicious character. He was plain—your English word describes him better than any in our language—plain of face, plain of character; where he loved, he loved, where he trusted, he trusted, and where he was betrayed, he was betrayed!" added Klaus, his voice sinking into a hollow, bitter imitation of a laugh. "There was no *unsinn* of any kind, no shilly-shally about the man—in this like you, I think, Steven. What he did, he did; and he loved this woman wholly, with a love that put the possibility of doubt or misgiving out of the question. And they were married.

"There were village tales, both before and after his wedding-day, reaching my friend's ears, of an attachment that had taken place during his absence between his betrothed and a cousin of his own, a man with whom he had been at college and whom he looked upon and loved as his nearest friend. He laughed at them; repeated them openly to his bride and to his friend; invited the man to his marriage-feast; pressed his hand more warmly than he pressed the hand of father or of mother when he left Germany; and a year later, when like himself, his cousin had given up the old country

and come out to Brunswick to try his fortune, received him into his own house there, and gave him the welcome of a brother.

"Why do I linger? One day, late in the Fall—the maples were reddening, I remember, the hickory leaves like gold—my friend came home from his work at night as usual; and found himself betrayed. His wife had left him. I don't know how such things affect men in cities," said old Klaus, huskily, "men who don't believe in over-much, who don't stake their happiness on one more than another out of the hundreds of things which make up the occupation of their lives. This man, you see, without a second's preparation, had lost all. His life, his hope, his religion. All. He stared blankly about the little sitting room—her work, her book on the table; a bunch of flowers that he gave her yesterday on the mantel shelf. Then he walked up stairs, as quiet to outward appearance as you are now, took his pistols from the place where they lay by the bedside, and walked off to the nearest river station, six miles from his farm, and the route, as he was told on the road, that the lovers had taken.

"If I had come upon them, then and there, mark you, Steven, with my passion at white heat, I'll stake high that I should have made short work with them both. I'd no thought of calling him out to fight. I was'nt in a state of mind to think of honor or of cowardice. Quiet and calm though I kept outwardly, I was mad—thirsting with a madman's rage for my revenge—and here's the luck of things! If I had found them there, I *must* have gone through the rest of my life red-handed—no doubt of that, and it wouldn't have been a matter of conscience at all, but sheer physical necessity. If I had seen her face then—the lily face, with its meek eyes looking into his as they once looked into mine—what choice would have been left me (you can answer; you know what love is) in the matter?

"Well, I say, luck decides all things, and, mercifully for me more than for them, perhaps, I did not come upon them at once. The man who told me they had gone away by the river, misled me purposely; and it was not till a fortnight later—there were few railroads in those days, you know—that I found myself close upon their track at last, at a certain town down in Vermont. They had left this town—I wish to say no names—for a village, so I learnt at the hotel, a league or so distant down the river, and I had only to go on by the five o'clock boat that afternoon and find them.

"The five o'clock boat. There were three hours to pass away before the steamer left, and instead of going to the bar of the hotel and deadening myself to the level of a brute with brandy, as it had been my habit to do during the last fortnight, something moved me to make straight away out of the town into the field. It was the late Autumn weather, as I have said; yellow, sunshiny weather,

with only a ring of sharpness to make the air more sweet. I walked along, unconscious what direction I took, to the outskirts of a wood, a mile and a half, may be, from the town, and sitting down upon a new-fallen block of maple-wood, took out my pipe and lit it. The catbirds were calling, the woodpeckers hammering in the woods, the squirrels darting to and fro in the branches, the insects buzzing in the sun, with the sort of joy I've since observed dumb creatures show just before the Winter comes; and something in their ignorant happiness smote me. I thought of the woods by the Rhine where Franz and I used to go when we were boys. I remembered once, after a fall I had, how the lad, younger and weaker than I was, carried me to the nearest village and then set off alone through the snow and darkness to bring my mother to my bed. I thought of our play at school, our freaks at college together; and then, with a sudden horror, I remembered what he had done and what I had got on my soul to do to-night! An intense pity, not for her, not for him, but for myself, came like a flood upon my heart. What! I thought, with the world full of sunshine, with these dumb creatures, and the woods and fields full of joyous life, *I* was to be a castaway! With stained hands, with soiled conscience, with memory from which all my past fair youth must perforce be blotted, I must drag out whatever number of years it should still be my curse and my unutterable misery to live!

"Up till now I hadn't reasoned, you understand. Blind, senseless, animal passion had been all that had moved me. In this minute I was a man again. Yes, thank the Lord!" cried old Klaus, fervently, "I was a man! I took no thought then for the future. I thought neither of my disgraced home, and how I should have to live there solitary, nor of the world's opinion—no, nor of them, and of the life that they would live together. One thing only I resolved: to let their guilt be on their own souls and take no portion of it upon mine. Not for a woman's falseness would I give up something more precious to me than all the marble necks and scarlet lips the world contained—my own unspotted conscience. I wasn't religious then more than you've known me, not with lip-religion, Steven, but in that moment I believe, as firmly as I believe that there's a God above, that His voice spoke to me. Would a little yellow sunshine, the sight of these gray squirrels in the trees have taken away madness like mine unless He had willed it so?

"Well, in spite of everything I said, I'm spinning out a yarn that would fill a volume after all, and something in the smell of the meat assures me it isn't far off being ready. I can finish it all short now. I returned; and from that day I speak of 'till the day when I chanced to hear she was dead, close upon eight years afterward, I never heard nor spoke her name again. There were men, I know, who said I acted with a poor spirit, and others that I showed a

deuced deal more worldly sense than could have been expected of me, but whatever they said you may believe concerned me little. To a man suffering what I suffered, there are neither smaller sufferings nor smaller shames. Two years, for very dogged obstinacy, I dragged my life on at my farm, slept in the same bed, ate at the table where she had been at my side! Then I sold everything—there wasn't over and above much to sell; things hadn't prospered with me since she left—and became, as you have seen me, a wanderer on the face of the earth. I haven't, as you know, grown into a man-hater. I have had mates I have liked, one or two friends beside you whom I have loved; perhaps, taking all into account, I've led as good a life as the men who live, cribbed up like Christians, with a wife, and children, and all the other blessings of life, in cities. Still, Steven, still," said the old man, putting his rough hand abruptly to his breast, as if a pain had smitten him, "there's been *something* wanting to me always. She was part of my flesh and of my spirit, you see, and, as a matter of common nature, I've never been to say the same since she was taken from me. And now I come to the moral of all that I've been trying to tell you. As long as the world lasts, and while men are what they are, they must marry, I suppose. I'm not gainsaying that, or setting up my sorry bit of experience against a rule that the world for a good many thousand years has found to answer better than any other. You're not a boy any more, and when you get home you'll want a wife to keep your house, and bring up your children, and set a neat dinner before you and your friends at Christmas—"

"And a wife I mean to have, please God!" interpolated Steven, firmly.

"But you don't need to give over more than what is absolutely needful; your honor, your fireside peace, your children's name—enough, God knows! into her hands. You don't want to put down your heart for her to tread upon, your reason for her to blind and lead astray, your passionate, blind worship for her to make a mask of! Not one man in ten thousand, perhaps," said old Klaus, "is capable of loving so. The ten thousand are the men to marry. For him—"

"For him, Klaus?" said Steven, as the old man hesitated.

"Well, Steven, I've got so far, and now I'm a fool. I don't know what to say. For him—don't let him do as I did, that's all! Don't let him go mad for a white neck, and meek eyes, and snow-soft hand, and never see that they are a wanton's! that the lips were never his, that the eyes lied every time they smiled at him, the hand—"

He got up, mechanically raising his rifle from the ground with him, and leaned upon it motionless for a few minutes; then he turned his face away from Steven and brushed his sleeve across it

hastily. "Steven," he said at last, in an altered, strangely softened voice, "I'll tell you what I've thought at times—watching by the fire at night, you understand, or listening, afraid to sleep for the grizzlies, for the cry of the goat-suckers to tell me that morning was at hand upon the hills—quiet times like these when something better than the mere passions and discontents of a man's own heart speak aloud to him—I've thought of her, not as my engaged bride, not as my wife, but as she was in her innocence, a little maid of twelve, running home from school and laughing back at me across her shoulder in the Summer twilight, and felt sure that if there is a life after this (a better one, mind; that backsliding after death is a doctrine against all teaching of nature, to my understanding), that woman, white as on her bride-day, must be mine there! A superstition, you'll say, like what the Indians hold of their happy hunting-grounds, or the Mohammedan of his houris, but I wouldn't thank the preacher that would make so much certain to me. What! I've thought, when every Winter's snows can bring the dead boughs through to a new April, must it be too high a miracle that death should bring a man's buried love, green and undefiled, into his bosom again! I've thought this, Steven. I think it still. I am not utterly desolate."

This was the ending of poor Klaus' sermon. As he turned and walked slowly away toward the fire, Steven Lawrence watched him, and a flush of eager feeling rose over the young man's face. "And so the story bears no moral after all," he thought. "Dishonored in his youth, alone in his age, the thought of the woman who betrayed him is still the best remembrance of this world that the old man possesses, the foundation of whatever hope he has for the next. Why, with no higher luck than his, the venture, on his own showing, is worth making. Better suffer with a man's suffering than be happy with an animal's happiness, as I have been 'till now."

An opinion which a very short experience of civilized life was destined greatly to modify.

CHAPTER II.

FRESH VIOLETS.

Steven Lawrence held stanchly to his determination. Five days later, old Klaus, with a weighty heart and dim eyes was standing alone, watching an outward-bound ship from the quay at Vera Cruz, and one severe May evening, after a quick run of twenty-three days, the Oneida, with Steven Lawrence on board, was steaming up the Solent on her way to Southampton harbor.

I use the word severe, intentionally. To men fresh from a meridional sun, as were all the passengers on board the Oneida, this

"wind of God," with its accompaniments of leaden sky and damp, searching mists, was more intensely chilling than Christmas snow and frost, with a stiller atmosphere, would have been. West Indians coming for the first time to England, wrapped their great blanket-cloaks round their ears and shoulders, and with blue lips and sinking hearts, exchanged remarks together upon the inhuman climate of the country to which their curiosity or their business was bringing them. Englishmen returning home, many of them after long exile, were sensible that to dream of dear old England under the voluptuous heaven of the tropics, is a very different thing to having the east wind of dear old England blowing with oblique cruelty in one's teeth. The captain looked cold and gave his commands to the call-boy in a rasping short voice and with compressed lips, as though anxious to get as little fog and wind as possible down his throat. The call-boy, a poor little shivering Portuguese, piped out the orders through his blue, swollen fingers down below; the man at the helm was forced, every quarter of an hour, to call another hand to the wheel while he beat his own numbed arms back to sensation across his chest; the crew, a motley collection of Englishmen and Spaniards, Creoles, Portuguese and Mexicans, stood huddled together to leeward while they warmed themselves, in anticipation, at cheery tavern fires in Southampton and Portsmouth. Only one man, beside the captain and the call-boy, had courage enough to keep undauntedly upon the bridge; and this man was Steven. But Steven, in addition to his unusual robustness of constitution, had more in his heart, probably, than any other man on board the Oneida. With love, with keen expectation acting from the brain upon the circulation, a man is not only mentally callous to external accident of rain or cold; he is physically shielded from them. To the shivering West Indians, England was simply a mart in which so many affairs had to be transacted in the shortest possible time; to the Englishmen, landsmen and sailors alike, it was the good old country, of course, but the good old country seen from a thoroughly chilly and prosaic point of view; a harbor for a fortnight, a goal of rest after years of exile, a market in which so much coffee and sugar had to be disposed of before returning to a country fit for human beings to breathe in. To Steven, alone, England was an El Dorado! This leaden sky, yonder pale gray strip of land, were the sky and land encompassing all his desires! He was returning to his own hearth, his own bit of land from which long years had exiled him, and to the woman who was to be his wife there. With his blood pulsating hot and fast through his veins, what did it matter to him whether the wind blew from the east or the west? He was going home, and to Dora Fane. English shores looked fresh and fair as ever, he thought—small, though; how dwarfed every thing had grown! why, the Solent, that to his

boyish heart had looked so sorrowfully wide when he was sailing away ten years ago, was but a little stream to him now that he had lived beside the rivers of the New World. The sight of English roofs and spires affected him almost as though they had been familiar friends. He could scarce dispossess himself from the idea that some face he knew *must* be among the crowd of faces that thronged to watch the arrival of the Oneida in the Southampton docks; and the first chill he had felt that day was when the boat stopped and he realized definitely that there was no welcome ready for him from any one! His arrival in England was a matter of the most thorough indifference to all mankind—save porters interested in luggage—he was more utterly alone than he had ever been in Mexican forests or the savannas and prairies of the West. Does a man, feverish with hope, ever land on any shore, I wonder, without some such childish disappointment taking the keen edge from his pleasure in returning home? He gets over it in an hour, of course, but I don't think he ever returns to the flush of happiness with which he first watched the white streaks on the cliffs grow more vivid, the roofs and spires assume shape, the crowd upon the pier become each a distinct and individual human face. Landing is like writing the first line of your poem—modelling the first outline of your clay; it puts a dream into form—and breaks it.

Falling in with the crowd, Steven was borne along to the custom-house; thence, after seeing his luggage to the station, he went to the post-office and found, to his immense delight, a letter in Miss Fane's hand awaiting him there. He carried it with him into the coffee-room of Radley's Hotel; then, with epicurean intention of eking out his pleasure as long as possible, warmed himself beside the blazing fire and ordered his dinner before opening it. Glossy, gilt-initialed paper, an ambrosial smell, half of roses, half of Russian leather, greeted his senses as he broke open the envelope:

My Dear Mr. Lawrence—[it began. "My." The letter he had received with her photograph was only "Dear." What a world of advancement his imagination saw in the pronoun!]—We are all so *very* pleased to hear of your proposed return. The squire says he is sure, with every belief in Dawes' honesty, that you will make a good twenty-five per cent.—*or fifty*, I forget which, and he is not here for me to ask—more out of the farm when you take it in your own hands. What can you mean when you say "you fear you will not see much of us?" Do you not know that our house is within two miles of Ashcot, and that we shall see you just as often as you choose to walk over and call on us? Katharine and I are staying in town now with Mrs. Deering, and I write this note, sending it, *as you ask me*, to the post-office, Southampton, to say that we all hope you will come and see us in Hertford Street, No. 122, A, directly you return. I make out from Bradshaw that, leaving Vera Cruz on April the 25th, you will reach England about the 20th of May; but would you mind telegraphing directly you land at Southampton, and then we shall know exactly when to expect you. I am glad you like the photograph. I have one on glass of you that you gave me, do you remember, when you were a *boy?* How changed you must be—*hélas!* must not that be true of both of us?

Arabella and Katharine (she is a grown-up girl, you know, now, engaged to be married, and a celebrated London beauty) send very kind remembrances. And I am, dear Mr. Lawrence, sincerely yours,

DORA FANE.

Dinner was upon the table at the exact moment that he reached the signature; for Miss Fane's handwriting was lady-like, and Steven's literary powers slow. The sight of a grand cold sirloin of English beef and a dish of browned potatoes, backed by strong English ale in the pewter, touched the yeoman's heart with irresistible strength of association, and sitting down at once, his table comfortably drawn up beside the fire, he commenced a meal which would not have disgraced one of Homer's heroes—a meal at which even the waiters of Radley's, accustomed to men's hunger after sea-voyages, looked on askance and held their table napkins tight with wonder. At the first moment of reading Dora Fane's letter, he had been sensible that some subtle defect, he knew not exactly what, in its tone, had jarred upon him cruelly; as his dinner went on, the honest malt cheering his heart, the ruddy fire putting new warmth into his veins, he felt assured—not a trace of his fasting dissatisfaction left in him—that it was the kindest, the modestest letter ever penned by a woman's hand. After his meat came rhubarb-tart, followed by cheese and radishes, then by a dish of spice nuts and a bottle of hotel port; and by the time Steven had made good progress with his dessert, he felt himself fifty times more in love with Dora Fane than ever. It had been an affair of the imagination hitherto, he said to himself, but now—

—He could not, as he felt inclined, open, before men's eyes in a coffee-room, the locket which held her picture (he had bought the trinket in Vera Cruz, and wore it, not as civilized men wear such things, upon his watch chain, but jealously hidden in his waistcoat pocket), but he could hold the paper again that her little hand had newly touched, could feast his eyes upon the words her heart had bade her write! And, as he did so, holding the note between him and the fire, yet not actually reading it—reading, in any form, was not a predilection of Steven's—a postscript, which, in his first agitation, or in the appearance of dinner, he had contrived to miss, arrested his attention:

If you can, telegraph to me from Southampton the exact hour at which we may expect you in Hertford Street, and *I* will be there to receive you.

D. F.

Dora Fane waiting for him, expecting his message perhaps at this moment, and he, like the savage, like the animal that he was, sitting here before the fire in stupid enjoyment of his wine and nuts, unheedful of her commands! He got up—to the benefit of his bodily health leaving half of the deep-colored port in the bottle—paid his bill without a murmur, and sallied forth to the telegraph office,

whence the following message "from Steven Lawrence to Dora Fane" was five minutes later transmitted:

Just arrived in Southampton Docks, per Oneida. Shall be with you before nine o'clock. I am grateful for your goodness in writing to me.

After this, an hour or more yet remaining before the train left, he started off for a walk through the streets of Southampton, looking with the zest of a South Sea Islander into the shop windows, and not quite unmindful of any pretty faces that chanced to stand behind the counter, and gradually fell to speculating whether it might not be wise in him to attempt to modify his personal appearance somewhat before presenting himself to his love. She would not for certain be a woman to measure a man by his coat and necktie, but were not all women swayed more than men by the frivolities of fashion? Was it not a risk that she should see him for the first time in his transatlantic clothes, with the rough backwoodsman air of the other world? Clothes, of course, there was no time to buy. Miss Fane must accept him perforce in the rough shooting suit that he had got before leaving Vera Cruz. Gloves and a tall hat he might buy in five minutes, and he bought them; horribly these lavender-colored eights teazed him; he had not had a pair of gloves on his hands for the last ten years! Then, a barber's shop immediately confronting the haberdasher's, it occurred to him that shaving off his beard might reduce him perhaps to the requisite mean of civilization quicker than any other process, and crossing the street he walked in and requested to be shaved at once.

"Shaved plain, sir?" said the polite little barber, glancing up, not without artistic compunction, at Steven's magnificent growth of beard. "Plain style, sir, or the military—moustache left?"

"Not military, for certain," said Steven, going in to the inner shop, and never giving a look at himself in the glass as he sat down. "I'm a stranger in England, and I want to be shaved English fashion, as countrymen, plain farmers or the like wear their beards."

"Oh, very good;" politeness unaltered, but with an octave at least of flattery taken out of the barber's voice by the word "farmer." "I quite understand you, sir." And in a quarter of an hour a pair of moderate-sized whiskers was all the hair remaining on Steven's face.

I said when I spoke of him bearded that nature would scarce commit the anomaly of allying a weak mouth with the bold blue eyes and resolute forehead of Steven Lawrence. His mouth is the reverse of weak. The lips are full and squarely cut, the chin masculine, and still—still the story that is graven there is one of physical, far more than of moral strength, after all. An acute student of human expression might accredit the possessor of that mouth with being passionate in love, warm in friendship, generous, fond

of life and of his own share in life, always; but heroic, never! And he would be right, viewing heroism from the ordinary, transcendental point of view. Steven was just a man to be strong one day and weak the next, to commit one right action and three faulty ones immediately afterward. In a word, was a man not to rule his own life, but be ruled by it, as you will see.

He got up and looked long, a most unwonted thing for him to do, in the glass. How young he was still! the thought struck him instantly. How like the boy, Steven Lawrence, with whom he had had so little to do in later years. The sight of his own beardless face seemed to bring him back far more vividly to England than the fact of treading upon English ground had done. The old house at Ashcot, the kitchen fire-side, the little bed-room where his mother died and where her black-framed picture hung (the room to which he had stolen, the picture he had kissed on the April night when he first ran away to sea). With passionate reality, all the happiness, all the misery of his boyish life was unlocked before him by this strangely familiar face—his own—at which he stood and looked!

"It does make a difference, doesn't it?" said the polite barber, rubbing his hands. "If you will permit, sir, I should advise the hair being cut—machine, latest improvement—considerably shorter. Both the military and the country gentlemen wear the 'air short to the 'ead, if I may be allowed the expression."

Steven submitted passively to being machine-shorn and brushed and perfumed to the barber's taste; then, with his thoughts still very far away, walked along the High street, looking neither at shop windows nor pretty faces now, in the direction of the railway.

Just outside the door of the station, a girl of about thirteen stood selling violets—a girl with a white, small face, a shrunken figure, and eyes from whose blue the childhood seemed already to have faded. The moment Steven approached, she singled him out, with the quick instinct of her age, as a man to be cajoled into buying, and, fawning to his side, put up a meagre hand, holding its merchandise to tempt him.

"Vi'lets, sweet vi'lets, gentleman! Take a bunch to town for your lady, kind gentleman. I gathered 'em fresh myself this evening. The London vi'lets don't smell like these, gentleman."

"Don't they, indeed?" said Steven, looking down at her face, and with his deep, manly voice becoming marvellously sweet and gentle at the sight of its childish pallor. "Then I suppose I must have yours 'for my lady,' as you say."

He took two bunches from the poor, little, thin hand, and gave the child half a crown.

"I've no change, kind gentleman," she whined, looking up at him, and making a pretence of holding the half crown out for him to take it back.

"No? then you must keep it all for yourself, pretty one," said Steven, cheerily, and putting back her attenuated hand with his own stalwart, brown one. "Good-by."

The child stared in mute wonder after his big figure until it was lost among the crowd within the doorway. Then she looked at her half crown, rubbed it bright on her skirt, held it up to the fading evening light, tested it against her lips, finally hid it away in the breast of her ragged frock.

"Easy to see where he comes from!" she thought. "Easy to see he's been where they dig the gold. What a fine, tall man to have such a kind voice—and he touched *me*—he said good-by to *me!*" the color rising over the pinched, small face. "Oh, ain't he—just a flat!"

This was the first definite feminine opinion formed upon Steven Lawrence on his return to England.

AT PEACE.

SHUT close the wearied eyes, O Sleep!
So close no dream may come between,
Of all the sorrows they have seen;
Too long, too sad their watch hath been.
Be faithful, Sleep:
Lest they should wake—remembering;
Lest they should wake, and waking weep—
O Sleep, sweet Sleep!

Clasp close the wearied hands, O Rest!
Poor hands, so thin and feeble grown
With all the tasks which they have done;
Now they are finished—every one.
O happy Rest,
Fold them at last from laboring,
In quiet on the quiet breast,
O Rest, sweet Rest!

Press close unto her heart, O Death!
So close, not any pulse may stir
The garments of her sepulture.
Lo, Life hath been so sad to her!
O kindest Death,
Within thy safest sheltering
Nor pain nor sorrow entereth—
O Death, sweet Death!

INA D. COOLBRITH.

MODERN POETRY.

I TOOK up the other day a recent number of a popular periodical, and found in it two poems, among others, so rarely graceful, that I read them a second and even a third time, with increasing rather than diminishing pleasure. The diction of both was singularly delicate; the words seemed in a manner spiritualized, and were woven into a silver texture and mesh of melody. Yet when I came to inquire what of poetry they contained aside from beauty of diction and melody of verse, the answer was less ready than might be desired. To make a poem there should be some tuneful imagination, or at least some poetic attitude of spirit, which may be contemplated in itself, and which is in itself musical to the mind. The verse and verbal texture, the pleasing suggestions of words, the iridescences of rhetoric, the fine fall of cadences, give body and complexion to that which should still be poetry, and give the mind a noble pleasure, without them. But in the case in question it was not easy to distinguish this essence, this soul of the poem, which, though not "married to immortal verse," were yet worthy of those espousals. I will state the case, that the reader may see whether he finds the same difficulty.

In one of the poems a lady, "Mona," is represented as lying ill in Winter, and sighing for Spring. The poet sympathizes with this very natural, but not particularly striking wish, and proceeds to invoke the said Spring. In choice phrase, he calls upon the brooks to flow, the birds to sing, the butterflies to "balance up and down," the buds to blossom; he bids the lily leave her shade and be a "waiting maid" to his beloved, the rose climb to her window and tell her that "the low-leaved thyme is waiting for her feet;" while violets, blush-bells, pinks, pansies, marigolds, the star-flower and daffodillies are all addressed with nice invitation. It is very sweetly done throughout; and of course this tearing the verse to pieces does it great injustice. Let the reader make allowance; let him suppose that grace of execution which I cannot here represent. But this being supposed, the question remains, What poetical conception does the verse enshrine? At bottom there is no more than a tender and affectionate but commonplace wish, not poetical otherwise than as all gentle and loving but commonplace wishes are so. Nor is the attitude of mind poetic, otherwise than as this is implied in the act of addressing inanimate objects in the second person. There is everything here which makes a poem, except poetry. And yet, as exquisite chasing is not to be despised because executed upon some metal less noble than gold, so this beautiful

verse, expressing a gentle though not a poetical sentiment, must not be wholly discredited for its lack of poetic essence.

The second poem, which has a measure of greater amplitude, exhibits more vigor and continuity, more architectural ability, and less dependence upon words that please by an immediate verbal suggestion. Unquestionably, it is a manly and melodious voice that sings. Yet the same doubt arises. What do we discover beyond an admirable *voice?* What tune of imagination is sung? What Beethoven of the soul has preceded this vocal performance with a music which is only of the soul? There is hardly more of structural imagination than is contained in the title, "Real Estate," which here means the grave. It approaches a play upon words. Or, if we ask what poetic posture of spirit is implied, the answer cannot be wholly satisfactory. Death is indeed faced with composure and serenity, and so far the attitude is noble; but it seems to be so in great part on account of the picturesqueness of the cemetery. This, at least, is enough dwelt upon to convey that suggestion, and so the attitude becomes questionable. In fine, it is an admirable piece of verse, showing as such the hand of a master; but it is not so much and so clearly more than this as could be desired.

And this leads me to remark upon the characteristic fault of modern poetry, namely, its general *want of significance.* Of course, there are exceptions, very noble exceptions, to this censure; but the characteristic remains. A vast deal there is of graceful verse, though not a vast deal of verse so graceful as that we have been examining; but when one seeks for a soul of imagination in this beautiful body, he is to seek. Look behind the words and the rhetoric, and there is a vacuum. It is a blowing of soap-bubbles. So far has this gone, that many, who should be judges, do not know poetry when they see it, save as it is contained in the rhetoric and the diction. A poem which, like Milton's "Samson Agonistes," resembles a forest pine, a straight pole running mast high, without branches, and with only a tuft of perennial green at the top, could hardly be produced in this age, and if produced, would be likely to lack readers. But a luxuriant creeper, swinging its light festoons and pendent leafiness in the wind, is greeted with delight, though, on putting aside these delicate nothings and coming to the centre, one finds there only a dead stake, to which the beautiful debility is tied. Much of our most admired poetry is of the latter description. Take away the clustering grace of fine vocables, and one comes, not to an action, conception or attitude of soul, which in itself carries a mystic charm of irresolvable suggestion, but to a dead, wooden prosaicism, or, it may be, to a bald brutality, like Swinburne's misrepresentation of Fate. Or, as in Keats' "Endymion"—such a museum of beautiful varities!—there may be behind the rhetorical imagery nothing whatsoever.

Keats, indeed, furnishes the type of this school of poetry. Undoubtedly there did blow through his soul a breath of epic impulse. He was steadily advancing toward poetry of a higher order; but whether he would ever have arrived, whether the eddying zephyr would ever have become a trade-wind, before which he might spread his prosperous sails and go with a steady helm and a straight wake toward the desired haven, seems at least doubtful. His "Hyperion," which his admirers appeal to as evidence of the large possibility of his genius, appears to me evidence of quite the contrary. The physical circumstances are indeed sketched, the figures in their purely physical characteristics are drawn, boldly, ably, and, so far as mere physical delineation can be noble, nobly. All is slow, vast, gigantesque. The scale of the portraiture is colossal; the execution exhibits a masterly simplicity. Everything goes well until the personages begin to speak. Then what a fall is there, my masters! One is reminded of Coleridge's table companion, who looked like the impersonation of philosophy, and was a very Scripture, the nut and essence of all wisdom in his silence, but opened his mouth at length, on seeing a plate of cakes, to say, "Them's the jockies for me." *Montes parturiunt, et nascitur ridiculus mus.* Chimborazo opens its crater lips to utter the complaint of a world; and then comes out the whine of a love-sick school-girl in short frock and pantalets!

> O how unlike
> To that large utterance of the early gods!

For their credit, one would hope so! Otherwise, the new dynasty would need no further justification, and must still be preferred, were Jove a jack.

Doubtless Keats did much to bring into vogue this description of poetry, made up of that which properly is only accessory to it. But its chief occasion lies deeper, and must be sought for in the peculiar character of the century. There is a prevailing appetite for poetry, as there must be in cultivated ages; but there are few minds, to which nature and the life of man are melodious. Of outward prosperity there is much, of hope for the future yet more; the conditions of men are ameliorated, and sanguine minds anticipate a continuance and ultimate attainment of this amelioration, which shall be almost millennial; nevertheless, the heart of the century is unsettled, tossed upon uncertain thoughts, tortured by sceptic misgiving. This mood is fatal to poetic inspiration. "My heart is fixed; I will sing,"—that is the true sequence. My *heart* is fixed. Mere dogmatic fixity, mere stiffness of opinion, is not melodious. But moral centrality and repose, in the absence of any felt intellectual constraint, and with all that external endeavor, struggle and contingency of great events, which may most engage interest, gives to poetry its fairest field. Our century has the outward engage-

ment, but has not the inward rest. Its motion is powerful, but its orbit is undetermined and its axis disturbed. Its very successes have contributed to this result; it cannot as yet make spiritual appropriation of the knowledge it has gained. Hence a deep dissatisfaction, a void in the heart, which hope itself does not suffice to fill.

Now a strenuous and laborious hope of better things in the future, of conditions more conformable to our wishes, expresses the more generous spirit of this age. But such a hope, however good, is not poetic. The poet is he to whose soul the voices of the world, even as it now is and was and will be, translate themselves into an ideal and eternal language. To him the shell is *stringed*,—to the prosaic eye but the integument of a dumb life, to his ear vocal with the murmurous melodies of being. At his birth there fell upon his soul a drop of heavenly heart's ease, which makes the good ever present with him, so that he need not wait and wish for the better; and through the divine magic of this, which is his proper genius, there leaps up for him from the actual world, full of trial, terror, contradiction though it be, a choral suggestion, a music for the mind, which his tongue were recreant if it did not repeat. The art of catching from the rude world these ideal tones is not his, but is Nature's in him. It is the genius of existence that murmurs in his soul. But a hope tied to actual conditions as such, and trusting to make them at last satisfactory, has little in common with this spirit, and indeed is perhaps its intensest contradictory. And yet, as I have said, this hope is, in a general way of speaking, the higher characteristic of the present century, so that its very *virtue* is prosaic. Add to this the deep sceptic suspicion that infests its heart, and we have the spiritual conditions which render poetry least possible.

Shall we then say, with Carlyle, that poetry should for the present be given up—that we should wait until the long day's work is done, and only charm the evening's leisure with song, when the world's task is complete? I think otherwise. If we wait for that time before beginning to sing, we are likely to wait forever. Never will actual conditions as such satisfy and inspire the heart. As well might Beethoven have waited for the noise of the street to become a symphony, which should need only to be recorded. It is by an art and attitude of the spirit, not by achievements in the sphere of institutions, that poetry becomes possible. To the tuneful soul being itself is tuneful. The grand poetic situations, so far from corresponding precisely to our prosaic wishes, oftener stand in extreme opposition to them. It is the divination of the heart, the translating power of spiritual imagination, not outward and actual prosperities, that is now in request.

Besides, poetry was never more needed than now. It is because

the epic harmonies of existence are not made audible that our meat is not sweet nor our labor happy, that an evil care consumes our success, and an inappeasable hunger of desire makes fruition void. O, for a poem that should be to our century what the "Iliad" was to the age of Homer!

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so.

The final reconciliation of man with the conditions of his existence, if any can be final, will not be a scientific scheme nor a politic institution, but an epic; for nature itself is the epopee of God. It is by a sustenance, which only spiritual imagination can appropriate, that the wrinkled Tithonus of humanity is from age to age renewed, and becomes immortal, not only in years, but in youth.

Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut,
Sang' ich aus freier Welt.

The care of the day breeds canker only because these resources are denied. We are at sea, living upon salt victual only; scurvy rots the century, and he would rekindle all its blood who should bring it food, fresh and green, from the epic fields of Nature.

In an early number of the same periodical to which allusion was made above, appeared a bit of blank verse, beginning as follows:

We that by shipwreck only, reach the shores
Of divine knowledge, can but kneel at first.

The words italicized have to my mind an epic touch rare in modern poetry, and may serve to show by contrast what was meant by charging this with a prevailing want of significance. One may easily find entire volumes of flowing and sounding verse, which, among all their elegancies of phrase and melodious effects, do not include a suggestion approaching in penetration and power, to charm away fear and care, that with which a line and a half are here freighted.

David A. Wasson.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

IT is seldom that a book appears, illustrated by the characteristic and choice efforts of so many master minds. "The Journal of Maurice de Guérin," now published for the first time in this country, is a casket containing gems of most opposite character; but all of the first quality.* If, indeed, an organization too highly strung, an intellect too sensitive and introspective, made it the destiny of this young poet, who shrank with morbid horror from revealing the secret of his inspiration to the world, to die without having ventured to desire a sympathetic recognition of his genius by the public, the highest reward for which so many fruitlessly strive, the apparent injustice of his repressed life and early death is atoned for by the unusual and fastidious pomp of circumstance with which his posthumous fame has been acknowledged and honored. Maurice de Guérin died at twenty-nine, without having yielded to the temptation of publishing. George Sand, always great and generous in greeting true greatness with open and sympathetic appreciation, first attracted the attention of the public to his merits, by the publication of his unique work "The Centaur;" a prose poem of a few pages that at once gave him position among the poets of France with the "rank of a star." After twenty years of tedious delay, his journal, letters and poems were published, with a memoir of the author by M. Sainte Beuve, the greatest of French critics. To the English public he was introduced by an exquisite and elaborate essay of Matthew Arnold, the subtle thinker, polished satirist, and the author of one of the greatest poems that has ever been written—the *episode* of a grand epic—remarkable not only for its intrinsic qualities but for the fact that it should have been succeeded by no effort in a similar direction. The volume to which we are now referring contains Guérin's journal, preceded by copious extracts from Mr. Arnold's essay, the memoir of M. Sainte Beuve, and a preface by M. Trebutien, a tribute to the author by his warmest personal friend, that appeals at once to the heart, alike by its heartfelt tenderness and manly simplicity.

Maurice de Guérin was born in 1810, at La Cayla, in Languedoc. His father, the representative of a noble family reduced to poverty, lived in austere seclusion, dedicated to the performance of his religious duties. His mother died in his childhood, but in his sister Eugénie he found mother, sister and friend. One year of his life he

* "The Journal of Maurice de Guérin," with an essay by Matthew Arnold, and a Memoir by M. Sainte Beuve. Edited by G. S. Trebutien. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

passed at La Chenaie with Lamennais. In September, 1833, he went to Paris to devote himself to literature, but incapable of submitting to the harassing cares of that career, turned his attention to teaching, and continued to perform the uncongenial duties that he had assumed until relieved of the necessity of doing so by his marriage. Five months after this event he died.

The circumstances and surroundings of Guérin's life were all poetic. His childhood's home in the lovely chateau of La Cayla; his friendship for his sister, Eugénie de Guérin, a nature no less pure and scarcely less gifted than his own, a tender chord that never ceased to vibrate through the changing vicissitudes of his too brief and melancholy career; his religious aspirations; his novitiate preparatory to his choice of a vocation in a charming retreat, La Chenaie, surrounded by youthful and earnest spirits dedicating themselves to the highest pursuits under the direction of the stern, inflexible Lamennais; himself struggling in the grasp of the great problems of the day, and destined to exercise a profound influence upon the progress of opinion; his brief sojourn in the home of love at La Val, a sort of Palace Beautiful, where the weary pilgrim—weary although still standing on the threshold of life—paused to seek consolation and repose; a home whose interior harmonies were echoed in a grander anthem by the music of the ocean and the wind, bathed in the sunshine of the south, illumined by the brighter sunshine of tenderness, affection, and made glad by the joyous laughter of a child sending, "like a star, the first rays of her love and thought through the white cloud of infancy;" his lonely struggles in a world from which he shrank with an instinctive appreciation of his inability to meet it; his doubts and aspirations, the inward and inmost communings of his spirit revealed with *naïve* unconsciousness to all sympathetic minds through the pages to which he confided them; his passion for nature partaking in his dreamy and poetic soul of the intensity of love, or rather replacing that passion, for love, to Maurice de Guérin, seems to have been a tender sentiment rather than a passion—Nature was his worshipped bride;—his marvellous power of interpreting her changing and beautiful forms; his marriage to a young and beautiful creole wafted "from the farthest Indies to his arms;" his return to the home of his childhood, to the friendship of his sister, to the sweet meditations and consoling beliefs of his early youth, only to fall a victim to the mysterious power by whose shadow his existence had long been clouded, at the very moment in which his new-born consciousness of power, and the harmonious conditions of his domestic life, had made it possible for him to be truly happy—every step of his career is marked by a strange, tender, and melancholy interest.

This indeed it is, the poetry of his life together with the intensity with which his writings embody his personality, that gives

them their unique charm. No false notes mar the harmony and the unity of a true and pure spirit, manifesting itself truly and purely. The only discord that we can complain of in them, is that they express too vividly and with too persistent a reiteration, the poet's extreme sadness and self-depreciation, consequent upon his morbid temperament, or, perhaps, upon the unfortunate circumstances by which his talents were repressed; a pathetic minor, captivating through its very melancholy; and yet depressing as indicating the fatal weakness that was to find its sole solution in death.

Mr. Arnold, after defining the grand power of poetry to be its interpretative power, and designating the two spheres in which this faculty is exercised—the sphere of the moral and that of the natural world, resulting in the one case in the poet's moral profundity, and in the other in his natural magic of expression—proceeds to rank Guérin's genius for naturalistic interpretation with that of our English Keats. To Guérin, however, he attributes the higher inspiration. "Keats," in his own words, "has above all a sense of what is pleasurable and open in the life of nature; for him she is the *Alma Parens;* his expression has therefore more than Guérin's something genial, outward and sensuous. Guérin has above all a sense of what there is adorable and secret in the life of nature; for him she is the *Magna Parens;* his expression has therefore more than Keats' something mystic, inward and profound." Of the "Centaur," M. Sainte Beuve says: "There is nothing so powerful as this dream occupying a few pages—nothing more finished or classically executed." This poem M. Sainte Beuve regards as a type of the highest form in which the poet's genius would have sought expression. "Guérin, then, had sought until now for his form, and had not found it; it was suddenly revealed to him in the figure of the Centaur. . . . This was only a beginning. He had projected other works. 'La Galerie des Antiques' furnished him moulds into which he was henceforth to pour and give stability, under severe or tender forms, to all his sensations gathered from the heaths and strands. A new phase was opening for his talent. But the artist, in the presence of his ideal temple, made only the statue for the threshold; he was to fall at the outset of his career." Mr. Arnold, on the other hand, while acknowledging the poet's marvellous affinity for the theme in which he achieved so great a success, expressed a different opinion as to the final development that his talent would have obtained, and we think more justly. Guérin's conception of that *colossal piece of antique marble*, the Centaur, a being of superhuman power, a force of life mysteriously linked with the forces of nature, enabled him to express his own overflowing passion for nature with wonderful freedom; but the depth of tenderness, the burden of sad aspiration which was the key-note of his inspiration, certainly indicates an entirely different order of subjects as within the range of his highest creative capacity.

Whatever similarity may exist in the *quality* of the talents of the two poets between whom Mr. Arnold has instituted a comparison with so much delicate discrimination, it is certain that Keats, in his twenty-two years, succeeded in giving himself a far more complete artistic expression than Guérin ever attained. Blossoming early in an exquisitely luxuriant although premature Summer, his genius peopled a newly-created ideal world with living and immortal forms. That of Guérin, more slowly developing, was checked at an earlier period of actual achievement. When, indeed, we reflect upon his rare gift and evident facility in producing, it is almost impossible to believe, dreamer as he was, living "like a man possessed, with his eye not on his own career, not on the public, not on fame, but on the Iris whose vail he had uplifted," that he should have achieved so little. For what are the results of his life, exquisite as they may be, compared with those within the grasp of his exquisite genius? What to the poet were this journal, these letters now enshrined in the temple of art with so much costly praise? A breath of wind; a passing sigh; grains of sand gathered from the shore of the ocean; the careless outpourings of the changing moods of a sad and wayward heart. They reveal the perfection of his artistic capacity, but, restricted by their nature to a different aim, cannot be compared with the living forms created by the imagination in its active exercise; and his metrical verses are inferior to his prose. It is in the "Centaur" alone that he applies himself with consummate power to a theme external to himself—that he succeeds in revealing himself, in the true sense of the word, as an artist.

Nothing can be more exquisite than Guérin's descriptions of nature, vivified as they are by the emotion with which the contemplation of nature never failed to inspire him; reproducing in words instinct with life not only her changing forms, but enshrining in those forms the universal spirit with which her whole being is animated. His utterances are among the few that exist whose purity, whose sincerity is so unalloyed that they never fail to throw open the gates of the ideal—those mysterious portals that yield alone to the touch of genius or of love. His magical sentences imprison the voices, sweet and terrible, of the wind and of the ocean. They hold enthralled the broad beams of sunshine sweeping down from the blue vault of a southern atmosphere, catch the fragrance of the first flowers of Spring, and exhale the warm, soft moisture of her balmy breath. It is almost impossible to resist giving illustrations of his marvellous faculty, although we must be restrained by the disadvantage of following in the steps of two illustrious critics, both of whom have selected the fairest of the starry blossoms of the poet's fancy to entwine with the immortal wreaths that they have woven for his brow.

We open the book at random, but where could we find a grander

image than in the concluding lines of the first words presenting themselves to view. The diction of the phrase is somewhat marred by imperfect translation, but its picturesqueness and poetic power cannot be mistaken:

19th (March).—Took a walk in the forest of Coëtquen. Happened upon a place remarkable for its wildness. The wall descends with a sudden pitch into a little ravine, where a brook flows over a slaty bed, which gives its waters a blackish hue, disagreeable at first, but which ceases to be so when you have noted its harmony with the black trunks of the old oaks, the sombre verdure of the ivies, and its contrast with the white and glossy limbs of the birches. A strong north wind swept through the forest, and caused it to utter deep roarings. The trees, under the buffets of the wind, struggled like madmen. Through the branches we saw the clouds, flying rapidly in grotesque masses, and seeming lightly to graze the tops of the trees. This great, gloomy, floating vail showed rents here and there, through which glided a ray of sunshine that fell like a flash of lightning into the bosom of the forest. These sudden passages of light gave to the majestic depths of shade a haggard and weird aspect, like a smile on the lips of the dead.

I have visited our primroses; each was bearing its little burden of snow and bending its head under the weight. These pretty flowers, so richly colored, presented a charming effect under their white hoods. I saw whole tufts of them covered with a single block of snow; all these laughing flowers, thus vailed, and leaning the one against the other, seemed like a group of young girls overtaken by a shower and getting to shelter under a white apron.

The hours of to-day have enchanted me. The sun, for the first time in many days, has shown himself in all his radiant beauty. He has unfolded the buds of the leaves and flowers, and awakened in my bosom a thousand tender thoughts.

The clouds resume their light and graceful shapes, and sketch the blue with charming fancies. The woods have not yet their leaves, but they take on I know not what spirited and joyful air, which gives them an entirely new face. Everything is preparing for the great holiday of Nature.

Every line written by Guérin during his stay at La Val is worth quoting. This we have Mr. Arnold's authority for asserting. We will venture, therefore, upon a single extract, a picture of a January evening on the coast of Brittany:

All the sky is covered over with gray clouds just silvered at the edges. The sun, who departed a few minutes ago, has left behind him enough light to temper for a while the black shadows, and to soften down, as it were, the approach of night. The winds are hushed, and the tranquil ocean sends up to me, when I go out on the door-step to listen, only a melodious murmur which dies away in the soul like a beautiful wave on the beach. The birds, the first to obey the nocturnal influence, make their way toward the woods, and you hear the rustle of their wings in the clouds. The copses which cover the whole hill-side of La Val, which all the daytime are alive with the chirp of the wren, the laughing whistle of the woodpecker, and the different notes of a multitude of birds, have no longer any sound in their paths and thickets, unless it be the prolonged high call of the blackbirds at play with one another and chasing one another, after all the other birds have their heads safe under their wings. The noise of man, always the last to be silent, dies gradually out over the face of the fields. The general murmur fades away, and one hears hardly a sound, excepting what comes from the villages and hamlets, in which, up till far in the night, there are cries of children and barking of dogs. Silence wraps me round; everything

seeks repose excepting this pen of mine, which perhaps disturbs the rest of some living atom asleep in a crease of my notebook, for it makes its light scratching as it puts down these idle thoughts. Let it stop, then! for all I write, have written, or shall write, will never be worth setting against the sleep of an atom.

The chief interest that will always attach to Maurice de Guérin is that he was so purely a typical nature. The spectacle of the noblest powers clouded and destroyed by a too great preponderance of the lower faculties the world is familiar with. In him we see the rare and potent gifts of a richly-endowed organization rendered worse than useless, in a certain sense, since they conduced to the misery and not to the happiness of their possessor by a too unalloyed intensity of spiritual power. The artist is he alone in whom these two forces, the spiritual and material, are harmoniously balanced. For if it is true that progress cannot be achieved until man's material nature has been subdued, so is it also true that every step of human progress treads upon the grave of an ideal. The poet who cannot resign his dream of an infinite perfection, pursues a fatal meteor that lures him to destruction. The heart, insatiate of infinite affection, will forsake all human joys to drain at last the bitter cup of abandonment and martyrdom. Guérin's sickness his friend Amédée René, in a poem that he dedicated to him, truly pronounced *a sickness for the infinite.* Either from an inherent defect in his own temperament, or because unsustained by an atmosphere cultured enough to admit of the development of his genius, he failed to read the secret of his destiny. He failed, in the fine words of M. Sainte Beuve, to *find his form.* The force of inspiration that, if he could have given it expression, would have lifted him to the highest acme of happiness and success, was repressed within his own soul, and there, like a raging fire, consumed the life that it was intended to animate.

The profound, philosophic interest that Guérin's writings possess, depends upon his wonderful portrayal of the subtle, terrible phases of suffering endured by a mind out of harmony with itself and the world. He displays his genius quite as forcibly in recording his morbid mental experiences as in reproducing the magical phenomena of nature; and if we could surprise in them the cause of his misery, if in determining its cause we could suggest its alleviation, indicate the conditions in which it would have been possible for him, and for all organizations similarly gifted, to attain a more complete and harmonious development, then indeed we should extract from Guérin's journal the sweetest and subtlest essence that it is waiting to exhale.

Want of space will prevent us from carrying out this purpose; but the question is one that cannot fail to be considered. The mystery of the misery, the failure, the waste in individual lives, will never be solved until the relations of the individual to the mass

have been more clearly determined; until the law of the unity of the race—a law subjecting all minds to general disturbing influences, from which they suffer exactly in proportion to their delicacy, their subtle complexity—has been acknowledged not alone as an abstract proposition, but as a principle by which life is to be guided. The time will come when society will awaken to the wisdom of promoting the freest development of natures that hitherto have been almost inevitably dwarfed and distorted by inexorable conditions. No longer content to cherish, with pathetic inconsistency, the fragmentary, incomplete, painful utterances of thwarted, suffering genius, it will demand from those who possess this high gift the grandest achievements of which it renders them capable. And then, and not until then, we shall learn why it was that Guérin died at twenty-nine, after a life of painful repression, instead of a career of triumphant achievement. Why Shelley, in spite of his intense intellectual activity, was pursued by the dreary sense of an infinite abandonment that made life a burden to him. Why, in the case of Keats, who died too soon to become entangled in the labyrinth that separates the two worlds of the real and ideal in which Guérin was lost and wandered hopeless forever, Nature, in the supreme loss of his death, should even more fatally have contradicted her own designs.

At present it will be enough to remark that we are not without some compensation, even when the promise of rare and exquisite gifts has been most disastrously forfeited. A more developed society than that in which they lived, would have demanded from Keats, and from Guérin, a full expression of their highest powers; and in the absence of their own nobler achievements we would not give the fleeting fragments in which their lives are recorded in lieu of the most harmonious and symmetrical productions of other minds. Perhaps through the very morbid intensity that prevented them from attaining a calmer maturity, in wild moments of ecstasy, they pressed nearer to the heart of nature, from the infinite, which was indeed their home, they caught snatches of an all-pervading harmony that will never lose their charm.

Maurice de Guérin achieved little, but his name will never be forgotten. It is the quality and not the quantity of his work that causes the artist to be acknowledged; and this, as the world progresses in delicacy of discrimination, will become more and more the case. He will be remembered for what he was rather than for what he did; but he will be known for what he was, because upon all that he did was stamped the image of his soul.

VIRGINIA VAUGHAN.

BEDOUIN.

I.

IN AMBUSH.

SEVEN hawks in dismal disarray,
Across a sky of slaty gray
Just dusking with the dusking day.

The sun low down, and almost hid
Beneath a vapory, dull lid,
Over against a pyramid.

One cluster of incessant green,
Three slender palms that tower and lean—
A crouching sentinel between:

No hissing breath upon the lip—
No stir in poisèd knee and hip—
No quiver from the finger tip—

But pointing from the fatal lair,
The lithe wrist glued about the bare,
Bright, gleaming rifle's livid glare.

And slow, with wearisome, slow limb,
A caravan approaching him
With fringe of shadows long and slim.

II.

ABROAD.

A SKY of glimmering, cool steel
But barely serving to reveal
The desert where the camels kneel.

An awkward buzzard on the wing,
Above, one star in filmy ring,
While lower, hawks are hovering

By pots of delicate, spiced flesh—
Abundant fruits in silken mesh—
And jars of oils and olives fresh—

And costly vestments of the Khan
Despoiled, with bloody horse and man,
The remnants of a caravan.

Against the sky-rim silvery,
One motionless, tall cocoa-tree,
And pyramids in angles three.

And yonder, where the morning lowers,
The fleet-winged, flying horseman scours
Toward Ghizeh and her shining towers.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

NEBULÆ.

—— The Nebulous Person heard a cry around and about his house. A vague, mysterious cry, which came he knew not whence, and meant he knew not what. But at intervals of about a week he heard this sound in the air, "Ah-ooh—ugh-ugh! Ah-ooh—ugh-ugh!"—a prolonged, dolorous cry. He doubted whether it might not be the disembodied spirit of some Manhattan Indian, whose wigwam and squaw had occupied the spot on which the nebulous person had placed his house and wife. The sound had not been heard for many days, when the person, standing at a ground-floor window early in the day, was aware of the presence of another person, not nebulous, who stood before him in the street, having a large bag, a hooked nose, and the serenity and graciousness of a demigod. This person asked, "Have you any old closh for sale?" "No," was the reply. "Give you de besht braice,"—with an air somewhat as if conferring a kingdom upon a beloved and trusted vassal. The nebulous person explained that, not being a member of the Legislature, or of the lobby, a street-railway stockholder, a sewing-machine man, or a Wall Street broker, he had to wear his old clothes himself. Whereupon the person with the nose and the bag dismissed him with a graciousness that surpasses description, and shuffled softly away. But as he vanished the old familiar sound arose: "Ah-ooh—ugh-ugh! Ah-ooh—ugh-ugh!" which then the nebulous person discovered to mean, Any old clothes! Any old clothes!

—— Mr. Winwood Reade's letter about Mr. Swinburne, the author of "Atalanta" and "Laus Veneris," gave some interesting details as to the new poet's personal habits; but its starting point, and, we are inclined to think, its goal—the information that Mr. Swinburne does not belong to the upper middle class in England, and that he does not look like young men who may be found in New England colleges—was mere superfluity to say the least, as superfluous as Mr. Swinburne's own intimation that he is not obliged to write for money. We were quite aware that Mr. Swinburne is the son of Admiral Swinburne and of Lady Jane Ashburnham, for we spoke by authority; and knowing this, we regarded and still regard the poet as belonging to the upper middle class. He can go to Court and is not obliged to write for money (we wish he were, for there might some glorious work be got out of him); but that is true of many of the class in question, which trenches so closely upon the inferior ranks of the aristocracy that it is very difficult to draw the line of demarkation between them. As to Mr. Swinburne's resemblance to young New Englanders, we repeat that the resemblance exists: others have also noticed what indeed is hardly worthy of much remark; for it would be strange if such similarity of feature were not common among men of the same race. Yankee lads, it is true, have usually more strength in their faces than this young poet's shows; but he is exceptional in this respect among young Englishmen. Our remarks were made with a photograph before us, and also a head, taken in another position, which was published in the London "Pictorial News," and which was reproduced two or three weeks ago in "Harper's Weekly," where any one may find in it a verification of our judgment. Of the class to which Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Reade seem to be

so anxious that it should be known that he belongs, we have had the pleasure of knowing some members, some of them of a higher rank than Mr. Swinburne's grandfather, and very sensible, pleasant, well-bred people, in general, they were. But notable among their traits was a disposition to economy and thrift whenever a shilling was to be gained or saved. They were not averse to earning money or afraid of being thought to look like Yankees. The concern in these respects on Mr. Swinburne's account savors not a little of cockneyism and snobbishness.

—— It is said that among the specimens of American art and industry which have been sent to the Paris Exhibition is a complete set of United States coins. We are sorry that this has been done, and are entirely at loss to understand the motive of the officers of the mint in making such an exhibition of their workmanship. They must be acquainted with the coinage of other nations; and if they are so, and are also qualified judges of their own art, they must know that our coins, whether in the design or the sinking of the die, are the poorest and the meanest among those of all civilized nations. They do not look like coins, but rather like poor medals or tokens. In respect to design they have steadily depreciated since the beginning of the present century; and in workmanship they have not materially improved. The dollars, half dollars and quarter dollars of 1800 to 1805 are the best coins we have yet produced. A great deterioration in design took place when the sitting figure of Liberty was substituted for the head, and the naturalistic eagle for the heraldic eagle. Naturalistic treatment is entirely out of place in decorative art. Even in architecture it is barely tolerable, and in no department of art is it so incongruous as in medallurgy. But we have little to do with coins now-a-days, and that little is very annoying. Our small coinage is very inconvenient, and chief among its pests is the lately issued five-cent piece, which has already come to be shunned by everybody. There is hardly one of us that has not again and again paid away this coin for a cent, from which in the night-time it is quite undistinguishable. The small coins and the filthy and ragged five and ten-cent fractional currency are now chief among the little miseries of our daily life. The remedy is easy, and as the members of Congress are good boys and read their Galaxy, we will point out this remedy. It is simply to withdraw the two-cent and especially the five-cent pieces, and the five-cent and ten-cent shinplasters, and then to coin a ten-cent piece of the alloy now used for the half dime. We should then have the cent, the three-cent piece (a very pretty and convenient coin) and a ten-cent piece which could not be mistaken for any other. With these all desired combinations from one cent to twenty-five could be conveniently made, and we should have only quarter-dollar and half-dollar notes; at which all men, and all women too, would much rejoice.

—— We are daily illustrating the truths that no maxim of political economy is of universal application, and that there is no good law that cannot be perverted to bad uses. The principle of association and combined effort is at the bottom of most of the widespread prosperity of the present generation. Indeed it is urged, and with reason, that economical organization on this principle will enable the poorest people to begin their rise out of squalor into comfort, and to acquire, meantime, competency, and finally wealth. Hence we have associations and companies for everything. There is even a Milking Machine Company, to which we should think the calves, if not the cows, would object; and if not they, at least the thick-booted Irishmen who in this

generation have taken the place of the milkmaids of our fathers' days. Our very kindling wood is brought to us by the agent of a company, the cartman being probably an influential stockholder. On all sides we are brought in contact with the working of this principle of associated labor and capital. But in one way it touches us sorely. That which was devised for the protection and the advancement of the individual has become a means of his oppression. For our associations and companies combine themselves into companies and associations which work against the public. For instance, the omnibus companies and the express companies have united under a sort of federal government, which manages all affairs in which they have a common interest. This plan saves much money both in salaries and in purchases, which is all very well; but it also deprives the public of the advantage of competition, which is very ill. The Consolidated Stage Company declare that fare shall be ten cents, and no member of the company can adopt a lower rate without being ejected from the association, and losing the advantages which membership confers. Hence the federation becomes in fact a gigantic monopoly, which preys upon the public. So with the express, and, in some degree, with the railway companies. Here is a problem for the study of legislators; for the evil is growing day by day. These federations do all in their power—their power is great—to prevent the establishment of independent companies. If they cannot buy them up, they break them down. The latter they are able to do from their organized power and their widespread connections and influence. The public is the victim. It may become necessary to limit the range of association, and to make the combination of incorporated companies illegal.

—— The lack of clubs in the cities of the United States has always been remarked by European travellers. Until within a few years past there have been but three clubs of any note in New York, and in all our principal cities together not half a score. Of late a few additions in name at least have been made to these, and thereupon the "Pall Mall Gazette," one of the ablest and best informed of the London papers, makes some remarks which show how very far even the most intelligent British writers are yet from comprehending our social traits and characteristics. What the "Pall Mall Gazette" calls this "rapid development of club-life," it regards as evidence of one of the various changes which the American character is now undergoing. It declares quite justly that "the genuine States-Man" has hitherto been "one of the most unclubable of human beings." But forgetting the old judge's counsel to the newly appointed and unlearned judge—to give his decisions but not to give his reasons—the "Pall Mall" goes on to exhibit its ignorance after this notable fashion. Starting from the sound general position that only a very superficial observer could suppose that a passion for living in hotels was akin to the taste for congregating in clubs, the writer makes this special application: "Men and women live in the superb hotels of New York because the men are too eager in business to care for the life of a home, and because the women share their husbands' love of publicity, and add to it all their own love of show and splendor in dress." Very pretty and sententious indeed, with the slight drawback that it is not true. Our men are eager, too eager, in business, and our women—singular among their sex—are much absorbed by love of show and splendor in dress; but the hitch in the argument, as we all know, is that, eager as the former are in business and the latter in display, they do not live in hotels. New York has many large hotels because from its

position as the centre of communication between the different parts of this continent, and as the chief recipient in the country of European commerce and travel, it is filled with a floating population composed of people who arrive there intending to spend from one day to three months. Brooklyn, which is as much a part of New York as Westminster is of London, and which contains 250,000 inhabitants, is almost without hotels, and is a solid mass of dwelling-houses, in which last particular, by the way, it is a mere counterpart of New York where the latter is not given up to commerce and to travellers. All these square miles are filled with private dwelling-houses—homes. For the chief reason why our business men are so eager in their pursuit of money is that they wish to provide for their families such homes and such social enjoyment as will ensure their comfort and please their tastes. The trouble is that they wish to lodge them too luxuriously and to make their social pleasures too gay and expensive. Every young man of business wants to make his fortune, and really expects to do it, in about five years, and then to put his wife and her babies into a little palace of a home twenty-five feet by sixty. This is why he is so eager. In his striving for the elegant home of the future, he becomes neglectful of the real delights offered him by the less luxurious home of the present. Years glide, or rather rush by him, and, although he is prosperous, he does not make the fortune in five years, or perhaps even in ten or fifteen. His wife "does society" for him, except when he goes with her to a great party, where people meet—the ladies to look at each other's toilets, the gentlemen to be bored and eat supper. For the real delights of social intercourse, which are only to be enjoyed in small assemblies in which the tone is sociable, he has little time or inclination, whether it is to be had at a private house or a club. He lives his hard, dry, money-getting life, unbroken except by an occasional party or visit to the theatre, with perhaps a regular Saturday-to-Monday visit to his family during the Summer at a sea-side hotel; and with his fortune not yet quite made, all at once he learns from his wife that Angelica is sixteen and ought to have some society. Whereupon all the time he has for society is spent in Angelica's interests, and he works the harder for her and for the display which she occasions. This is the life of the great mass of our commercial and professional men; and this being their life, they have no time for clubs. As to hotels, they rarely enter them except as travellers. Residents of New York don't live in New York hotels, which are filled with mere birds of passage. Neither do they congregate in clubs, for the impulses to club life are almost unfelt among them. Our character has undergone no essential change in this respect. We have lost none of our passion for living in hotels, for we never had it; we have lost none of our love of home, for that is an ineradicable part of our nature; and we have acquired no greater taste for club life, in spite of the establishment of three new clubs in New York within the last four years. For, of the seven well-known clubs of New York, only three are really clubs in the social sense of the word. A club is properly an association of men of the same or nearly the same social tastes, habits and position for informal sociable intercourse. The club-house is a place where they dine together, meet for half an hour's talk over a cigar and the newspapers—a place which they make their rendezvous and haunt, where they learn, and help to make, the public opinion of their world. To the existence of a real club, a large circle of men who do not go home at night fagged out with daily work for bread and butter is

absolutely necessary. The tone of the club may be political, literary, commercial or artistic; but unless it has the before-named qualifications, although it may be a very useful institution, it is not a club. For instance, the Union League Club of New York is, in no proper sense of the word, a club. It is a mere political association of men whose personal tastes and social habits and associations are as wide asunder as the poles. It is as purely a political machine, as the Empire Club was, or is; with which, of course, on any other grounds, we should not think of comparing it. On the contrary, the Manhattan Club, although it has a very distinct political tone, is still a club proper to all intents and purposes. The Century is hardly a club, but is rather an association of literary men and artists, with their admirers; the artists dominating in the association. The Athenæum has passed through some vicissitudes, from which let us hope that it will issue the model club for men of culture, which it was intended to be by its founders. What most of our so-called clubs lack is that daily and nightly assembling, in knots of twos and threes and half dozens, of the club members for sociable talk over the affairs of the day, which is the great object of the establishment of clubs, the *sine quâ non* of club existence. The University Club is too young yet to be judged, but (excepting, perhaps, the Manhattan) the old Union Club and the New York Club are the only real clubs in the city of New York; and so far are they from being exponents of a change which our national character is undergoing, that the younger of them is twenty years old. The truth is, that our hard-working lives and our Anglo-Saxon love of home and individual reserve have combined to render us thus far an unclubable people. But we may change in this respect in the next generation.

—— The readers, or at least some of the readers, of one of the most prominent newspapers in the country must have been surprised the other day at its declaration in the course of an article upon Petroleum Nasby that Shakespeare had no humor. Wit he was allowed, but humor he was denied. Now, wit he certainly had in the eminent degree in which he seems to have possessed all intellectual qualities; but in humor he is not only peerless, but he seems first to have shown the world a pure and genuine humor. None of his predecessors had it—we will not say in his quantity, but of his quality—and since his day no man has developed a humor like his, which is not burlesque or fantastic, which seems to touch quite as much our moral as our intellectual nature, and which, from its exceeding delicacy and purity, is perennial in charm. It is wonderful that a writer who could appreciate humor should deny its possession by Shakespeare; but if he really thought what he said, he is to be honored for his candor. The interests of literature are not injured but rather served when doubts like this are uttered with a freedom which is not flippancy. Much is to be forgiven to any man who is true to his intellectual convictions in the face of the opinion of the multitude, practising, in this country, the rarest of the virtues, and one the lack of which is one of the greatest blemishes in our national character. What do we mean by humor? It is, of all qualities, the most difficult of definition. It exists in perfection in Pitt's reply to the man who, applying in Napoleon's time for a colonelcy in the county militia, on receiving his commission, said, interrogatively, "I suppose we shall not be ordered out of the country?" "Except in case of invasion," was the Minister's reply, which has been appropriated and made to do recent duty on this side of the water. The humor of this reply is the result of the suggestion of a combination of absurdities under

the semblance of a grave reason. It implies the utter incompetence of the corps and its commander for the very purpose for which they were organized; it hints a discovery of the commander's cowardice while he is seeking a military commission; it announces that the pretended defenders of the country are to be sent away at the very time when defence is needed; and it does this while seeming at the first blush to assert the contrary. It is like Lamb's reply to the India House Director's reproach, that he came down to the office very late in the morning—"b-b-but I g-g-go away very early in the afternoon." In neither of these speeches is there anything of the fancy, the sparkle or the ingenuity of wit. The effect is produced by a gentle and whimsical absurdity which is pregnant with meaning, as when Irving says of the inn where Rip Van Winkle drank, that it was "the resort of the sages, philosophers and other idle people of the village." This is humor; and in effects which are of the sort thus produced, Shakespeare is richer than any other writer. His humor is not manifested only in the speeches of his professedly humorous personages, Falstaff, Dogberry, Bottom and the like; it pervades his dramas, and some of his most humorous touches are made through the instrumentality of very insignificant personages—say rather unimportant personages, for which of them is insignificant? In "Henry the Fifth," on the eve of a battle, a boy who waits on Bardolph breaks out, "Would I were in an ale-house in London; I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety." The making safety an appendage or supplement to a pot of ale, and the implication conveyed in the words "all my fame," that more distinguished personages had the same yearning with the boy, are exquisitely humorous; but there is in the speech not a spark of wit. Of Dogberry, with his instruction to the watch, that they are to "comprehend all vagrom men;" his dogma that "to be a well-favored man is the gift of God, but that reading and writing come by nature;" his exhortation to his men to let their reading and writing appear when there is no need of such vanity, and his assurance to Leonato, who tells him that he is tedious, "were I as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship"—what need to say one word in this regard? He does not make a witty speech throughout the play, but he is one of the most humorous personages ever created. And there is this difference between wit and humor in their manifestations: that humor may appear either with or without the apparent design of the personage in whose mouth it is placed, but wit must be the result of the manifest purpose of the speaker. Dogberry makes an absurd and laughable blunder in taking "tedious" to mean something very fine, and *he* is quite unconscious of the sharp edge his blunt wit turns against royalty. The second part of "Henry the Fourth" contains some of Shakespeare's finest humor. Falstaff, disputing, says to an attendant that, setting his knighthood and his soldiership aside, he had lied in his throat if he had said so and so. The attendant, who sees through the fat knight, replies, begging him to set the knighthood and soldiership aside and give him leave to say that he did lie in his throat, when Falstaff breaks forth, "I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged." His whole dispute with the Chief Justice who undertakes to reprove him for his evil courses is full of humor, without a single pass of the tongue-fence of wit; and what could be more humorous than his complaint on discovering that his purse contains seven groats and two pence? "I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers

and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable." What, indeed, except his taking the Chief Justice aside when Dame Quickly is pouring out her complaints, and saying solemnly, "My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you." Matchless impudence, made charming to us by its exquisite fun! Prince Hal's humor is as fine, although not as constantly manifested as Falstaff's; and it is always the humor of a gentleman. Nothing of this kind could be finer than his speech in which he declares that his appetite could not have been princely begotten because he remembers the poor creature, small beer, and goes on to tell his roystering companion Poins that it is a disgrace to him, the prince, to remember Poins' name or to know his face to-morrow, "or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz.: these and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity and one other for use?" The "were," and the putting of the superfluous before the useful—this is not wit but humor. Pistol's speeches have humor of a coarser kind. His outcry upon "Cæsars, Cannibals, and Trojan Greeks," and the like blunders with which his talk is larded, opened a mine of humor which has since been worked by many writers. In this single trait of Pistol's character Sheridan found all that makes Mrs. Malaprop, and Mrs. Malaprop's ceaseless echo, Mrs. Partington. His heroics—mock to us but real to him in purpose—"shall we have incision, shall we imbrue?"—these were mere satirical sidecuts at Shakespeare's contemporaries, Marlowe and the rest; but they have served to set up many a dramatist in the traits by which alone he distinguished an important personage. But what need of setting forth the richness, the delicacy, and the spontaneousness of Shakespeare's humor, in which single trait of his genius even Cervantes falls far behind him. Yet when a leading journal in an elaborate article upon American humor can deny humor to the greatest humorist in literature, it is well for us who hold to the old creed to give a reason for the faith that is in us.

THE GALAXY.

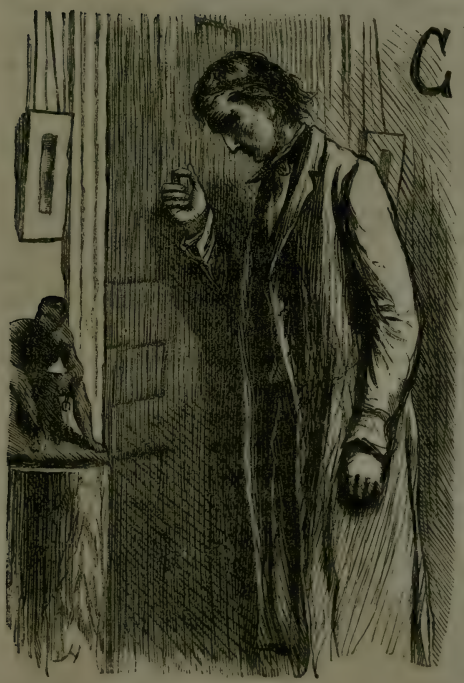
APRIL 15, 1867.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

By Rebecca Harding Davis.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GLAMOUR OF AN OPEN FIRE.



GARRICK RANDOLPH grew tired of pacing up and down the quiet parlors of his hotel, so went up to the Academy of Sciences, and paced solemnly up and down there, between the cases of minerals and mummies.

He was sulky, but he thought he was misanthropic. It was a week since he had come to Philadelphia: the streets, every day, echoed to the monotonous tramp of regiments passing down to the Army of the Potomac, but there was no commission ready for him. Friend Blanchard doubted if all her plotting or forcing would slip him into even an inferior place.

The drowse and enchantment of the journey were over. The war, terrible and bloody, was present in every sight or sound. The face of a great city compacts and reflects like a convex mirror the feeling of a country, and even Garrick's slow eyes read with amazement in it, the strength and resolve of the North and the slow agony of this grapple, which was to end in a better life or in death.

But as for himself—if he went into the streets to jostle with the throng, he was of no more note than any other looker-on; than

these jaunty school-girls, or hook-nosed, red-cravatted Jew shop-boys lounging through their Sabbath afternoon. He spoke to nobody from morning until night; drank his wine alone; began to be grateful for the bow of the dining-room steward which recognized him as a boarder: it gave him a place in the human family. Looking out now over the vast flat of houses, swarming with human beings of whom he knew but one solitary old woman, he began to feel as if he belonged as little to this world about him, as did the little dried-up skeletons of birds and fishes, staring at him with fleshless eyes, and as if he had come out of as narrow and remote a groove of life as their's had been.

In a word, Randolph had come to take part in the war, feeling like Hercules putting his shoulder to the cart-wheel, and he found himself to be but the fly on the rim. Blessed is the man who learns that most wholesome and galling of lessons in his youth! Better a leg or an arm lost in the battle of middle-life, than self-complacency wrenched away from us!

It was no comfort to him to think of Rosslyn. Their Christmas in the mountains had suddenly lost its zest, although the programme had been unaltered: impromptu gifts, the carols and the dinner had all been gone through, but Miss Burley played her part like an automaton. The lamp was there, but the light in it had gone out, and Mr. Randolph had an uneasy sense all day that he had been to blame for it.

Rosslyn spent half of the afternoon in the kitchen, talking to the old grandmother about a wagoner named Joe, who had stopped at the tavern which the Baldwins had kept long ago. He heard them as he passed the door. He told Friend Blanchard that he perceived Miss Burley was a radical. "Had she any æsthetic appetite for studies of vulgarity of habit and diction, or was she acting as a home missionary?"

The old lady had flushed a little at his tone, but told him gravely, No; that she herself "was not a radical; she would not choose red paint or blankets as her own ordinary attire, yet she had known a Winnebago squaw once who was a pleasant companion, and a loyal friend."

To which he assented, not knowing at all what she meant.

After their arrival he saw them but once. Friend Blanchard had gone some months before to live with Miss Burley in a small farm-house beyond Camden: a quaint, quiet little place; "a home as well as homely," the Quakeress said. When he heard that the house belonged to Rosslyn, and had been her home since childhood, Garrick was fired with a keen impatience to see it. No spot of ground had ever seemed holy to him before: but there, he would find the impress of her pure, generous life; hint after hint of the years before he knew her. He was jealous of those years; he

wanted them all, brought open to him: he wanted her past and her future laid absolutely in his hand.

He was asked to dine with them, formally, once, and had gone. That was all. There were other people there; he did not remember whether men or women. There were some things which he did remember.

When he chose this woman as his friend, he supposed that it was an unknown treasure which he had discovered. He meant to shut out the world, to go apart to enjoy it, to test and prove it, whether it were best to sell all that he had to buy it or not. He did not expect to find that all the world had been beforehand with him, had assayed and tried and paid more homage to its worth than he!

These people about her, to the very servant that stood behind her chair, had property in her, he saw: there were a thousand ties between them of which he knew nothing; there were little kindnesses remembered; help given or received on one side or the other; some cheerful, friendly memory in every eye that looked on her—keeping a pleasant light about her, perpetually.

Ross glowed with hospitality, too, in every drop of her blood, which is a virtue different from any other. The old home was hers and her grandfather's; the bit of the earth, she thought secretly, which her Lord had given them, to stand upright on; she liked to welcome people to it, rich or poor—Abigail Blanchard's friends, from their country seats, or her own, from the alleys where she had lived in the city; she liked them to find their beds in her house warm and soft, their meals delicious, no matter how little they cost; she was anxious and eager to give them all one heartsome, strengthening hour to remember, if it was but one they could spend under her roof; there was not a day in which she did not find some new thing to make her home fresher or more attractive.

"I think I'm right," she said, obstinately, when Friend Blanchard, knowing how small her earnings were, reasoned with her. "I am no genius; I am not peculiarly gentle or good-tempered. Let me have my little house, and do what good I can in it. When God opened the world for us, He took us all in, and He made our house beautiful, as well as useful."

The old lady stood back after that, watching with shrewd amusement, year after year, how the scanty earnings were made to fertilize a larger and larger field.

Ross gathered a queer set of people about her; one or two runaway slaves unfit for work; a lame, little field-boy, a crabbed old cook; every inch of the little farm was taxed to make a plentiful and pleasant home for them.

Mr. Randolph found the glimpse which he caught of this state of affairs distasteful enough. Miss Burley's life was generous, wholesome and beautiful, as he had imagined, but he saw no vacant

place in it for himself. After the first visit, he had not even been able to see her, use what effort he might.

Left to himself, thus, the old story which Friend Blanchard had told him began to haunt him. The war, while his judgment was enlisted on one side, and his feelings on the other, was a dreary muddle to him; he put it away, and went back to his own affairs. One inch of the oat-fields or mullen-grown clay-roads about the old house at home, was more to him than this flat brick and marble mass, with its million of swarming lives. He took up the old story, turned it over and over, day by day. Why had it been kept from him? His father, Aunt Laura, the old negro Hugh—why had no hint of it been dropped by any of them? Could any suspicion ever have rested on his father for cognizance of the negro's supposed concealment of the will? Garrick's blood checked at the heart, and then tingled, like fire, through his veins. At night, on the streets, and now here in this wilderness of stuffed beasts and human skulls, he was busy with this one idea: the most distinct and practical thought it suggested being a wish to see the negro, and atone to him for his long neglect.

Coming down the crooked stairs, on to the pavement, just as the setting sun threw a glare of yellow light across the streets, Garrick heard his name called, and looking up, saw a sleigh drawn up to the gutter, in which two ladies were seated.

"Miss Conrad!" He gave her his hand eagerly, although he had not been used to like her; but it was a Kentucky face!

She shook it, warmly. "I am sure I never expected to see you alive out of the hands of either blues or grays. Not that you were wanting in courage, but you had no more experience than a baby, you know," said honest, tactless Margaret, opening out the tiger skins to find a seat for him. "Come out with us to see my father, Garrick. It will be good for him."

Randolph sprang into the vacant place. "It will be good for me," heartily.

He waited for her to ask some questions about his hair-breadth escapes, but Miss Conrad never had any more curiosity than if she were made of lead. She leaned back, nodding to the driver to go on.

"Mrs. Ottley, this is my cousin of whom my father has, no doubt, told you that he was a Randolph, going back to the Champernouns of Elizabeth's time."

Garrick's suspicious glance could catch no satire in the wide, gray eye sweeping the broad street, leisurely. It was leaden as her wits, he thought, and surrendered himself to be entertained by the blue-eyed, dapper, chattering little woman opposite to him.

Mrs. Ottley met the Randolph with his roots in the Champernouns, as one scion of a royal stock might greet another. She her-

self was a Sterratt, of York, Pa., whose great-grandfather, a blacksmith, had laid out that town. The ground-rents brought her in now three hundred a year. "It was not the amount," she used to say, "but—" Every dollar of it represented to her a sort of fee of an estate which her ancestor had enfeoffed. When she visited the Perkinses, the doctor's family in York, or at Cutler's, the grocer's, she felt like a feudal dame descending into the adjacent cottages. She and Randolph fraternized at once, and beguiled the way by bewailing the war, and the disruption of society consequent upon it. Garrick thought her a very well-bred and clever woman (for a Northerner), by the time they were at their journey's end.

The house was one of those large, low-ceiled houses of rough-hewn stone, squatted here and there through Berks and Philadelphia counties, like overgrown Dutch ovens. Garrick, who had a woman's eye for minutiæ, noticed as they passed through the wide hall that the rooms were poorly furnished, with the exception of flower-stands filled with the rarest exotics. Some tamed birds, too, that fluttered about the window-ledges; and a tawny Russian hound, worth his weight in gold, Garrick knew, to dog-fanciers, came sauntering from the warm inner room to meet him.

"They are trifles that amuse Mr. Conrad. He has a friend who brings them to him," explained Margaret. She stopped, stroking the dog's head with her ungloved hand in her slow, composed manner. But Randolph saw her dull, gray eyes gather a sudden liquid brilliance, and a change came on her face that startled him. "Her love for that blind old man is putting a soul into her," he thought, as he pulled off his overcoat, muttering to himself something from Ariosto, how that "the horse was perfect; that he had no fault to find with the horse, except that it was dead." Then he hurried into the inner room, with a vague idea of avoiding her; he had no data from which to guess what sort of life the woman would develop; whether it was a dainty spirit that lay hid in her veins, or a vicious one.

He stopped suddenly in the open door. By one of those inexplicable links of memory, something in the room brought back his childhood to him, one day in especial, when he was learning to swim in the Cumberland. It had come and gone like an electric flash before he could distinguish even its features; but there was his father, the negro Hugh, and the river, with a group of lookers on on the bank.

He walked hastily forward to meet the blind old man, who had started up with both hands out.

"God bless you, Garrick! Know you? I knew your voice in the hall. I said, 'that's Coyle Randolph's voice, or his son's.' So you've come up to join the good cause?"

"Yes; I've come up to join the good cause."

The old man turned his head, attentive. "You are not well? What is it?'

"Yes, I'm well." Garrick laughed, with an annoyed, quick look about him. "But the room confused me. Something familiar in it brought old times up so plainly that I lost my self-possession for a moment."

"It's the open fire," broke in Conrad, triumphantly. "You've been sitting over grates in the wall; it's the fire had the home look to you. I told Meg I must hear the crackle and the ashes crumblin' down. I'm glad I did if it give you a welcome."

"It was the fire, no doubt," said Randolph, holding his numbed hands out over the blaze, but giving another perplexed look over the apartment. The Streblings, the lost will, all the old story was coming freshly before him after that flash of memory.

It was a wide, cheerful room, with brown paper on the walls, and brown carpet on the floor. But the westering sunlight came in through half a dozen windows, and the broad glow of the fire met it half way, so that the shadows were driven into forgotten corners. Mrs. Ottley, in a crisp, showy, purple carriage-dress, was frisking about the flowers childishly. The preacher, short and stout, was drawn up squarely on the rug. Miss Conrad, still in her dark furs and darker velvet cloak, stood by a window looking out at the snowy field; her head had drooped a little, which gave to her large, slow-moving figure an unusual, womanly grace, he thought. A little, small-featured, grave Frenchman, dressed in a suit of gray tightly buttoned over his thin chest, who had been playing chess with her father when they came in, was talking to her, his hands clasped behind him. There was nothing familiar here.

"It must have been the fire," thought Randolph, and put the matter away from him, turning to talk to the old man, who was growing broader and stouter, and more eager with his pleasure at meeting one of his own kin.

"Yes, it's chess, Garrick," in answer to some question. "I larned the trick of playing blindfold years ago, and Doctor Broderip here, he's freshened it up to me, agin."

Garrick looked up curiously at the name of the famous surgeon, and met a pair of light hazel eyes scanning him.

"Is he your friend?" said Broderip, in an undertone, to Miss Conrad.

"Yes."

The surgeon instantly left her, and joined the other two men, in order that he might be presented to him. He had (when he chose to have it) a frank, boyish manner, which impressed Randolph like the rare good-humor of a sensitive, irritable woman.

"You looked at me steadfastly," he said, as he shook hands with Randolph, "have we met before?"

"No; but I had decided you to be a foreigner—French, from your appearance, and was surprised to find that you were a person whom I knew by reputation as an American."

"A foreigner?" The critical eyes left Garrick's face, glancing down at himself: "I lived in France for several years at the age when the habits and the voice are forming. It may have had its effect. I never have remarked it. But it had its effect, doubtless."

"In France? You were a boy there—in France?" said Margaret, her usually grave voice uncertain and timid.

"You speak so seldom of yourself, Doctor," broke in the old man, "there's a flavor of mystery about you that's very appetizing to the women—eh, Mrs. Ottley? But I guessed that much. You've got the tastes and habits of people civilized in another line than ours; they don't fight for idees, but sit down and enjoy. I thought you'd been among them as a lad. 'Jest as the twig is bent,' you know."

Broderip answered neither Margaret nor her father directly, but addressed Randolph, smiling, with his hazel, confusing eyes full on his face. "It is our boyhood that is responsible for us, I think, Mr. Randolph? Or blood, to go further back? Now, I did not know," he added, with an amused laugh, as he turned to Mrs. Ottley, "that any one had clothed my commonplace life with mystery. What little practice I have known was in the hospitals of Paris. There are themes enough for romance there, God knows, but I was not one of them; a hard working, Yankee boy."

He stopped to button his glove: his hand was delicate and shapely as a woman's, Garrick noticed; he caught a glimpse of a diamond *solitaire* that glistened in the gathers of the fine shirt-sleeve, but almost out of sight; his outer dress was without jewelry, coarse and heavy.

"You have had one perquisite of being born a Yankee, at least," said Randolph, with a tinge of bitterness—"success."

"Yes," gravely. "I performed one or two brilliant but rash operations in New York soon after my return which gave me my reputation. But it is factitious; solely factitious. I have had twice the success of many surgeons, whose skill in a course of practice would be proved infinitely superior to mine."

"That's plain-speaking, strong enough flavored for even Meg!" said her father.

Miss Conrad's gray eyes kindled again; she was holding her wrist steady for a canary to perch on, and may have been amused with it. But Doctor Broderip made a hasty step toward her, near enough for the folds of her dress to touch his foot. He only looked at her, however, and said hastily to her father: "You will not forget your promise for to-morrow evening? It nears my hospital hour now. I must leave the game unfinished," glancing at the clock in the corner.

Mrs. Ottley fluttered up, beaming; "It is not probable that any of us will forget. Your reunions are *un grand succes*, doctor; 'rash but brilliant,' let me assure you. You spice them as no woman would know how to do; that is it, the spice—the eccentricity! For instance, Abigail Blanchard is to be with you to-morrow night, she is the sole relic left us of the old *régime;* and her inseparable friend—is she coming, Doctor Broderip?—who belongs to no *régime?*" shrugging her flat chest, and lifting her eyebrows.

"Do you mean Miss Burley?" said Garrick, the blood mounting to his face.

The little lady looked at him keenly, and then gave a vapid laugh to hide her embarrassment. "Rosslyn Burley, yes. A light-hearted, sweet-breathed girl. So pleasant that you know her! Whom shall we meet beside her, Doctor Broderip?"

"Mr. Randolph; if he will put all ceremony aside for me as I would do for him," said the surgeon, holding out his hand to Garrick with a frank smile that always won its way. It did not fail now; yet the young Kentuckian, after a cordial answer and as cordial a good-by, stood at the window watching the surgeon mounting into his low sleigh, and sitting behind a pair of thoroughbred grays, stiff and erect, his thin face reddened by the wind, with a twinge of envy. Broderip was a man of his own age, yet he had already left his foot-print in the world, won himself a name and solid wealth, while he, when he came, after a long vigil of thought and study, to take up his work, found no place, but was thrown out as salt that had lost its savor.

No matter.

To-morrow, was it, that he would see her? To-morrow? He stood a long time, looking out, and when he turned, found that Mrs. Ottley was still discussing Doctor Broderip and his *petits soupers.* He had opened the doors to her and other women since Margaret and her father came, and her opinions had undergone a complete change. More than any other man, she said, she found him congenial and in need of womanly counsel in his affairs.

"But then, every body grows more human, the nearer you come to them," she said. To which Margaret and her father, whose guests were sacred in their absence, answered nothing.

The old preacher and Broderip had "fellowshipped," in Western phrase, since their first meeting. The surgeon's vivid, unequal talk had the zest of good wine to Mr. Conrad, who had a surfeit on Sundays of the pietudes of his brethren of the Conference, who came in baggy clothes and rusty wigs, and ideas rustier and coarser than both, to condole with him on that loss of which his daughter never had spoken to him.

Why Broderip should relish the old stock-breeder's interminable talk that had a pungent earthy flavor in it, like that of the buckeye

woods in Fall, was not so plain. But apparently, he did relish it—came out, after a hard night's work, so often that a chamber was set apart for him; servants began to look upon him as an *habitué* of the place; the old man would catch the first sound of his horses' hoofs, and go out to meet him, whistling and flourishing his hickory stick. They were together like two boys out from school. They worked, and grew anxious alike over first one, and then another plan for draining, or subsoiling. The man was one of those whom it is natural to indulge; and even old Lotty, the cook, caught an idea of his whims, and humored them as far as she was able.

"Mas'r Broderip," she said, "was as fond of lyin' near this fire, and eatin' cake an' sirups, as a chile of her own." She and Margaret took care that neither fire nor sweetmeats were lacking. Yet, with all this, Hugh Conrad used to rub his bald, low forehead doubtfully when the surgeon drove away. "Mrs. Ottley calls him a quiet, well-bred gentleman, Meg. But he's not quiet; he's not well-bred; though I've a curious affection for him. A curious affection."

At another time he said, "I wish I could have a look at that little fellow's face. I'd understand him better. With all his open, boyish ways, he reminds me of the water of the Mississippi: clear atop but thick mud underneath. Yet I never hankered after the society of any man as much, I'll say that." To which Miss Conrad answered at random. She did not show her usual rough acumen in judging of Broderip.

With regard to herself. Doctor Broderip watched her at first with what he called an amused curiosity: because he had met no such woman among the trained, delicate young girls in Philadelphian or New York society.

There was a chalybeate spring in a field through which he used to pass on his way to town from the farm-house. He was a fanciful man: fond of subtle analogies; this spring reminded him of Margaret. It was the very emblem of power, stifled and ineffective. It forced itself up only to ooze uselessly through the baked clay, and to turn the whole field into a muddy, sullen marsh.

Broderip used to stop his horse to look at it. "If it only had a free channel opened for it," he used to think, "it could flow warm and deep, and healthfuller than any other water, straight to the sea." A commonplace, harmless fancy enough, but something in it always goaded him into a moody ill-temper. The patients in his hospital paid the penalty; and they knew they would pay it as soon as they saw his thin, scowling face at the ward doors. Such moods were not rare.

To be just to Broderip, however, we may mention here that there was one room into which he never was known to come without a

cheerful smile and pleasant words; it was the ward from which he received no pay; there was a sort of honor in his queer, unequal brain that made it impossible for him to insult men who received his charity. Whatever his temper may have been elsewhere (and it was often simply brutal), before them he held it down, and kept it out of sight.

On this evening, after leaving the farm-house his horses and the boy who sat beside him very soon discovered that he was in an unsafe temper; though he sat silent, his eyes half shut, his thin, sallow face set against the wind. Maxon, the toll-gate keeper, for whom Broderip had every day some bit of chaffing or joke that started the old fellow to chuckling for an hour, gave him his change without a word, after a look at his face; when the off horse shied at a post in the road, and broke his trace, he did not speak, but sat motionless while the boy tried to fasten it; usually he would have jumped out to do it himself, have sworn and cursed at the horse, handling him as tenderly as if he had been a woman, and then in again whistling or humming some of his perpetual opera airs; for he was vain of his weak, shrill voice, and sang constantly, while alone.

It may have been the weather that had taken the spirit out of his veins, as it had the electric vigor from the air; he was susceptible to such influences. It was that most melancholy of seasons when Spring begins to put forth futile, feeble fingers into Winter. The air was raw and wet, it penetrated with a thick, unwholesome damp to the very bones; the half-thawed snow lay in muddy patches in the roads, the tops of the low, wind-beaten hills ran over in melting yellow clay, while their rutted sides began to put on a sickly green.

But if the discomfort and barrenness of the day had touched Broderip, he showed it by not even a glance to one side or the other; sat immovable as they drove rapidly into the city through the crowded streets, answering with a quick nod or grave monosyllable when he was stopped once or twice by the anxious friends of patients.

He alighted at the door of the hospital; two of his pupils, who were waiting on the steps, coming forward to meet him.

He made no answer to their greeting, but passed hurriedly in.

"An' I wish ye joy of the devil ye're a followin', gentl'men," chuckled the boy Bill, as he covered the horses. "I'm shet of him fur an hour."

He did not visit the pauper ward that evening; in the others the two young physicians followed him from bed to bed, paying exaggerated deference to his few constrained instructions, falling back now and again to shake their heads significantly, keeping as uneasy a watch on his sallow, sober face as if the boy had spoken the literal truth, and it was the devil that had them in charge. They

grew more uneasy as the time came for the single operation of the evening, on young Withers, whose leg was to be amputated, and who had been on low diet now preparing for it for a month. Broderip's needless cruelty when in these moods, a hint of which had reached even Mrs. Ottley, was too often a painful reality to the young men.

"He's always dangerous when he's dumb," said one of them, George Farr, when they went aside for lint and bandages. "Like any beast of prey—"

Then he stopped with a blush, for the surgeon had been kind to him; had taken him without a fee, and once when George had been drawn into a bad set, had paid his gambling debts, and taken him out of the station-house one night, keeping it quiet "for his mother's sake." It had been the salvation of Farr: the hand stretched out just as he was slipping into the pit. He followed Broderip after that, like a spaniel; quoted him to whoever would listen to him; imitated his manner and his dress. But being a weak-nerved, dyspeptic boy, he was in constant terror of these savage moods, and almost as much in awe of the gayety, like drunkenness, which often succeeded them; both were something which he could not understand.

"He's been keeping Sam Withers' family since the night of the accident, to my certain knowledge," he said to the other student, Hubbard, trying to blot out his last words. But his pale, blue eyes turned frightened away, when Broderip drew down the sheet from the crushed leg. The surgeon, he knew, usually thrust a man's life about with his knife and saw-edge as if it were of no more value than a gad-fly; but there was relish, an actual gusto, in his small, colorless face as he cut to-night into this man's flesh; even George Farr's partial eyes saw that. He hacked it cruelly, as if it were his enemy that lay before him, his lips tight shut, his light eyes in a blaze. Even Hubbard, who was a big bully of a fellow, pulled at his moustache, losing color, growing more subservient to Broderip every moment.

Farr could bear it no longer. He shivered, shaking back his red hair, for he was a miserable little coward, physically, but he looked up from where he stooped, holding the sponge filled with ether to Withers' mouth, straight into the surgeon's set face.

"Is your hand steady, Doctor Broderip?" in a meaning voice. "Sam's life is most run out, I think. He's had such a tough work to keep it, it's a pity we'd let it slip for him. He's been a cursedly hard-worked fellow—Withers."

For he knew how to manage his man.

The knife stopped an instant: Broderip's irascible eyes contracted sharply, as a man's that is waked from a half sleep.

"There's no danger of his dying," sharply, with an oath. And

after a while—"Hard-worked, eh?" under his breath. His fingers moved after that with a skill and precision that held Hubbard breathless, for he was an enthusiast in his profession.

When it was all over, and Withers, safely back in his bed, opened his eyes slowly, the surgeon's face was the first they met.

"It's all right, young man!" he said, cheerily.

"I'll never forget the face and tone with which that man welcomed me back to life!" Sam was used to say afterward, when he was telling the story over for the thousandth time.

"What a fellow you are, Farr!" said Hubbard, as they were walking down street that night away from the hospital. "You've always some crank in your brain about Broderip, as if he could have had any ill-will to Withers!"

George Farr was stroking his thin sandy jaws thoughtfully. "I did not think he had any ill-will to Withers," he said, dryly, as if the subject had ceased to interest him.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MAN'S RIGHT.

THE day that followed was warm as May. A mellow south wind swept away the few ragged snow-clouds that remained, with scorn, as if they had been the skirts of defeated Winter. The watery blue sky began to thaw into Summer tints; heated into even saffron and scarlet about the setting sun, and when he was gone, softened into faint blushes of mist about the horizon, as if to receive the benediction which the clear pale moon, floating up the west, brought with her.

The windows of the long suite of drawing-rooms, in Doctor Broderip's house, which opened to the south, were open; the curtains waving softly to and fro in the warm evening air, the lights burning in the chandeliers dimly within. Outside there were plats of grass, with here and there a crocus opening too early its leaves like flakes of dulled, forgotten sunshine. The windows of the green-houses were pushed up, and the heavy breaths of the heliotropes and jessamines crept out and made the thin air sentient with perfume.

An old Scotch gardener, with a felt hat over his sandy, canny face, was leisurely peering about the garden slopes, breaking off a bud here and a branch there. One or two dogs were rolling over the grass; a chubby-faced, black-haired boy shouting to them from the low window.

He was one of Broderip's pets; for the surgeon had reached the age when a man's love of children instinctively is strongest, and he gratified it as he did all of his whims. There were two or three

other boys in the house, children of paupers who had died in the hospital. Mr. Ottley had remonstrated with him, perceiving how quickly his jealous, keen affection developed for him.

"I would not allow myself to adopt a child of vicious parents," he said. "You are storing bitter disappointment for your old age."

"Perhaps, perhaps," Broderip had said, drawing the boy's long hair through his fingers as he stood between his knees. "But Philip must have his chance. Eh, Phil!" putting his thin lips to the boy's red mouth. His face had a jaded, vacant look, new to it, Mr. Ottley had fancied.

"Why does not the man marry and have wife and children of his own?" he thought, angrily, for, like all men who knew the little surgeon in private, Ottley had grown attached to him.

This had occurred a day or two ago. This evening Mr. Ottley came in again, on his road home to dinner, after his daily drive. He stopped to look at the premature crocuses, to chat with the gardener, Stephenson, and to romp with Phil and the dogs; then he sat down in the dim, luxurious rooms, looking critically at the bronzes and marbles as they grew clearer in the dusky light, becoming more discontented with his own new house. "Broderip furnishes as an artist paints," he muttered. "A little dramatic in his effects, perhaps, but he gets at the gist of the matter as none of us do."

He half-dozed, while waiting the surgeon's leisure; he had seen him as he passed the left wing of the building in his office, standing writing at a desk, the long, gray coat almost touching his ankles, his sallow, unsmiling face half hidden by the lank locks of black hair that fell over it. He came in, presently, through one of the low windows, and after he had roused Ottley, stood in it, holding back the curtain to catch the evening air.

"You've had a hard day's work, Broderip," seeing his strained, anxious face. "I came on business, but it can wait. The other surgeons have left that case of which Farr told me, to you, he says. There is barely a chance?"

Broderip moved irritably; he tolerated no intrusion into his practice; it was his own domain, where only, perhaps, he breathed free, and reached his full stature. "There's a chance, nothing more," he said.

But Ottley was not to be thrust aside. Broderip in private was but a sickly, moody fellow whom he liked as he would a woman; but for the cool, skilful surgeon he had a sort of curious awe, as wielding a great power in a world which he had never entered.

"If you succeed, it will be a thorough triumph over those fellows!" rubbing his fat little hands together.

"What does that matter?" impatiently. The patient was a

practical, influential man; hundreds of human beings were bettered daily by his presence in the world. The surgeon thought of this, and thought how that his life hung on one movement of his own thin fingers.

"He's a good man," he said, with a shudder. "It will be a loss if he dies. Come in and dine with me, Mr. Ottley. We can talk of your business over the table."

Ottley hesitated. Broderip's cook was imported with as much care as his wines, and the lawyer was a *bon vivant* in a quiet way. But he shook his head.

"No. We are all to be here this evening, and you need rest. You are working too hard, Broderip, much too hard. It was a trifling matter I wanted to mention. I know you are down in Washington sometimes, and have the control of a good deal of patronage; friends at court, I suppose, eh?"

"You have a friend that wants a place?" smiling and drawing closer, for he was a generous man, and liked, too, to play the patron.

"Well, no, not a friend, precisely. It's a young fellow in whom Mary has taken an interest (after an hour's acquaintance by the way), and she persuaded me to call on him this morning. He's a young Kentuckian; came up here to enter the army; one of the Randolphs from Pulaski County."

"Randolph? Yes. I met the man yesterday," said Broderip, gravely, patting the dog that stood by his knee.

"Ah? A fine young fellow, I think? Gallant, scholarly. He belongs, too, to one of those sound old family stocks that have a hereditary pride in keeping their record clean. Well, he's waiting here with empty hands, and is anxious enough, I suspect."

Finding that Broderip remained silent, he continued, with a conscious awkwardness, "Randolph has been a hard student. I think there's a slight stiffness, an old-fashioned mannerism about him; but he's a handsome dog! A pair of truthful, blue eyes that won my wife at once. By the way, she fancies that there is a woman in the case."

"It is probable," still stroking Don's silky ears.

"Well," said Ottley, leisurely flecking a bit of dust from his sleeve, "I am boy enough still to take an interest in a love affair, I'll confess. I'd be glad if I could assist in placing the young fellow, if it would help him to a home and wife of his own. They are the birthright of every man."

"Of every man?" looking up sharply.

"Yes," something in the doctor's face made him answer, gravely, "I think so; unless, like you, he voluntarily gives them up," with an embarrassed laugh. "But that is not the point."

"No. You wanted me to assist this Randolph?"

"Yes. But I lay no stress on the matter, Broderip, understand.

He is a mere chance acquaintance; but you have helped me with so many poor devils, that when I want to be benevolent, I turn to you as naturally as Aladdin did to his lantern."

There was no smile on Broderip's face. It was immovably calm and grave.

"He wants to enter the army? With what motive?"

"To uphold the Constitution, I suppose," replied Ottley, tartly. "Certainly not for the abolition of slavery. Men like that are not to be made the tools of New England radicals and agitators."

He changed his position, his face reddened, he pushed his coat open.

"Then you think," said Broderip, quietly, "that the war will not result necessarily in that? There will be no change in the condition of the slaves?"

"God forbid! Why, sir, emancipate them and where can you stop? We will be asked to jostle at the polls with negroes, bring them to our tables, marry them to our daughters! Besides," lifting his hand when Broderip would have spoken, "the two races differ—differ vitally. If you attempt to put them on the same plane, it will end in the destruction of the weaker. There is not an Irish hodman, or Dutch mechanic who does not know the negro is his inferior, and will not join to put him down if he tries to compete with him in free labor. It is the old story of the earthen and iron pitcher. But it is common sense and philosophy also. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, I understand." After a pause, he said persistently, as if he had failed to comprehend Ottley's full meaning, "You have a good deal of foresight as a politician, Ottley. Do you think that the time in this country will never come when the negro will have a chance to make the man of himself which God intended him to be?"

"God, sir, intended him to be a servant in the tents of his brethren."

Broderip smiled, and Ottley raised his voice. "The defects are inherent in his blood which will keep him down. He is indolent, treacherous and sensual."

Broderip did not raise his head. "A bad record certainly. But as neither he nor his ancestors have ever owned a family name, and as he changes home and wife with every change of master, he may lack that 'hereditary pride in keeping his record clean' of which you talk."

Ottley turned a puzzled face on him: "I did not know you were a radical, doctor. Well, the sum of the whole matter is, that there is no chance for the black man here. Never will be. Give him his liberty, enact what laws you please, you never can eradicate the caste prejudice: the instinct that separates the races."

Broderip rose hastily: "Instinct? instinct? That is it," he walked

uncertainly across the room. "I recognize the truth in that. You have touched the root of the matter."

He was silent so long that Ottley moved impatiently.

"We are forgetting our friend Randolph," the surgeon said, leaning on the back of a chair: "the man who wants me to help him to his birthright of home and wife!"

Ottley came back with a touch to good-humor: "Yes: Now, there are some men whom one would suppose nature never intended to need a birth-right;" glancing over the thin gray figure and sallow, bitter face before him, grave and austere as a Romish priest's; "but this young fellow, I think, will appreciate both to the full."

The twilight without was darkening. Broderip waited until a servant passing through the rooms, had closed the windows, and brightened the gas-light; then he said, still standing and keeping his hand on the dog's head, "I think it a curious coincidence that you should have asked a favor of me for this young fellow, Ottley. I saw him last night, and—I am full of superstitious fancies, as you know—I thought it safer that I should avoid him."

Ottley looked at him bewildered.

Broderip hesitated: passing his hand quickly over his face. When he spoke, it was slowly, choosing his words with difficulty. "There is a class of men with whom it is better I should not come in contact. They—did not help me or mine in life as they might have done." There was a curious, grim smile on his face, as if some subtle meaning lay in his moderated words. "In fact, I owe them so little, that it is hardly fitting that one of them should come to me for *largesse* or bounty."

"But this Randolph?"

"I have no personal ill-will to that boy; what could I have? Yet, yesterday, he seemed to me to be the very presentment and type of these men who were not my friends. He has all their traits, for good or for evil."

Now, Ottley had a vague notion that the surgeon was holding some unwonted emotion out of sight under the monotonous quiet of his words; and he had the same kind of respect and tenderness for the little man's whims, and unreasonable antipathies, that he would have had for those of a child, whose brain was unnaturally forced and diseased; he rose at once, buttoning his coat, preparing to go: "If you have any such fancy about the young man, doctor," he said, heartily, "I will not press the matter. I am only sorry I mentioned it. Put it out of your mind altogether. You owe nothing to him, or his kin, whoever they may be."

"No; that is true; I owe them nothing."

As he walked to the door, Ottley saw, when they came under the light, that his face was quite colorless, and his hand, when he touched it, was dry and cold.

He held it a moment kindly. "These people will not be here for an hour or two. Go and sleep, Broderip. You're overworked. You will run yourself down faster than you think."

"Yes," uncertainly. "But—about that Randolph, Ottley? Give me to-night to think of it. I could find him a place with ease, if I chose."

"I would not do it," said Ottley, as he stepped out on the steps, on which the moon was now gleaming brightly. "I wouldn't do it. You have enough to think of, with men's lives daily depending on your coolness and judgment, without taking this young man's fortune in hand. Especially as you have conceived this antipathy to him."

"I'll think of it. I'll let you know to-night," he said, abruptly.

As Ottley sprang into his buggy and drove off, he looked back once or twice at the steps where Broderip stood in the moonlight, with his hands clasped behind him, looking vacantly down the lonely street. His face and little, lean figure in its queer, old-fashioned clothes, made him look oddly like a boy who had been forced into a man's trouble with his dress.

"One would think he fed on opium, with his unreasonable likings and antipathies," said the lawyer, impatiently, glancing down a moment after, complacently, at his own pursy, comfortable little person.

Broderip stood motionless for a few moments, then, as if prompted by some sudden idea, he turned and went in, hastily ascending a flight of stairs, and passing through a long corridor to one of the rooms which had been set apart when he bought the house, for his mother's use. He tapped at the door.

"John?" said a quick, piping voice within.

"Yes, it is John." His manner, even his voice relaxed as he crossed the threshhold.

It was a large, cheerful room, with an open, blazing fire and soft, shaded lights, but there was an excess of color and luxury in its appointments which jarred on the eye. On one side of the fire a low lounge stood, the small, pale face of an old woman rising out of an untidy heap of red silk quilt and white pillows. Her gray hair was straggling down, the lace cap was askew, one white, wrinkled hand moved restlessly, disarranging the newspapers and pamphlets scattered about her.

"Wheel the table closer to the fire. Doctor Broderip will dine here," she said to a servant. "That is for my own comfort, John," turning to him. "The days drag, when one lies here, half dead," tapping on her left hand which lay motionless and covered, with her right. "They drag. Sit down there, opposite to me."

She raised her head as she spoke, sharply inspecting the little table, then put out her hand touching the delicate napery, the

heaped flowers and grapes which caught the light like crystals of sea-green and purple, the glass thin as golden bubbles; she had the eager delight in her face of one to whom wealth and its comforts were a novelty. Broderip watched her with a diverted smile: they were necessities to him, but to her always would be luxuries. She caught his look, and her faded, blue eyes twinkled.

"I know. It's weak. But they smooth the way down; they smooth the way. And it's the contrast with old times! Now, you forget what we have been."

"Am I likely to forget? Do they give me time?" The quiet amusement faded out of his face, and he looked steadily down at her from where he stood on the hearth rug.

She took up a newspaper, fluttering the pages uneasily, and watching him furtively, but asking no questions.

"Words, words!" after reading a scrap here and there, in a piping tone. "The old constitution? The bird has grown too large for that shell, eh, John?"

"I am no politician. Why should I be? *I?*"

She put out her hand to touch his, and let it fall, irresolutely, her jolly, shrewd, little face filling with uncomplaining trouble, the dregs of some old, assured pain. "Poor boy! Is it there the hurt lies?"

John looked down at her, thinking he was a brute, to come whining to her. Then he pulled a low stool near the lounge, and sat down, unlacing his shoes, and thrusting his feet into a pair of slippers which she had in readiness.

"Ha, that's comfort! The old hurt galls a little, at times," he said, cheerfully. "But we must look for that, you know. No matter what work or study I begin, the remembrance comes that there is something here" (drawing one finger across his forehead), "which must one day come to light. Let me make my life what I will, it is a thing which the vilest ruffian in Moyamensing prison would not exchange for his own. I cannot help thinking of that. No." His face had dropped between his palms, and, with the hot fire reddening it, it looked still more like that of a weak, uncertain boy.

She held her one hand over her eyes, her lips moving, but she said nothing. Whatever his pain was, the mother-soul in the palsied little body tasted it, bitter as it came to him. He looked up presently.

"Why! why!" hurriedly taking her fingers, and chafing them in both hands. "After all, it never may happen, or, or—it may be years at least before it comes. We will forget it now. Let us talk of something else."

"No. There was a chance I thought of— Give me a drink, John, there is water on the table. There was a thing I have wanted to tell you of," as he lifted her, holding the glass to her colorless lips.

"There is no chance," quickly, as he gently laid her down. "I have thought of it for twenty years. God knows if I have tried, day after day, to be like other men. No; I was forced, as this dog here, into a brute body. No matter what brain or soul is in it, it cannot be done away. It is better not to talk of it. But we have had hard measure; eh, Don, old fellow?" with a miserable, boyish smile, pulling the dog closer to him.

She put out her hand, covering his thin jaws, as though the sight of his face was more than she could bear.

"John!" she cried; "John!"

He bent over her. "Kneel down here, close—I'm weak-witted and silly," her eyes wandering. "My brain's half dead with the rest. To think what help he needs, and that he has nothing but me!" and the commonplace little face lost all trace of its absurdity with its great humility and pain. Broderip stroked back the rough, white hair gently.

"I think you have forgotten all that you have been to me," he said. "I know nothing of the God of the churches, but you I do know. *You* have been humane and just to me."

"That is blasphemy."

"No; it is fact. Who dealt hardly with me, if not His people? But you—" He smiled down at her, an unspeakable tenderness and sincerity in his look which should have made any mother content with her work.

Yet there was a great gulf between the ignorant, feather-brained woman, and the man to whom God had given ten talents wherewith to help the world, if not to work out his own salvation. She knew that, and spoke with hesitation. She never had advised him since he was a boy.

"I have something to say. But I have such poor words. Something like this, John. When I was young, I used to think if ever I had a son, I would want to see the true man in him grow out of all likeness or traces of his lower nature. Just as the soul in Don here will come out clean and whole from his brute body, some day."

"In Don? *Don?*" eagerly. "I understand!"

"In—all of us," growing paler. "We all have an ugly, loathsome shell to creep out of, vices and passions left by some accursed old grandfather in our blood. I used to think that, if I had a son, I would work for him, I would wear God's patience out, until I had helped him to his true manhood."

"Yes."

She looked down now, avoiding his eye; they both were silent. Whatever their secret was, it rose barely between them, and neither of them faced it. It was noticeable, too, that, with all the pity and awe in her face, she neither held his hand, nor touched his hair, nor

made use of any of those little mute signs of affection to which mothers are so prone.

"I thought," she continued, "that when I had done all I could for my boy, I would thank God if He gave him one gift, better than any."

The surgeon moved suddenly, his face growing pale.

"The one thing," raising her voice, "which would develop and educate him as no books or travel could do. It is the way by which God oftenest shows Himself to women, and to men who are like them."

Broderip did not speak for a moment; then he rose slowly, as if his limbs pained him, and resumed his old position in front of the fire. "What do you mean?" he said, in a tone of constrained quiet.

"I mean love, John. A strong, good, human love."

She looked steadily at her dead hand lying livid and motionless on the paper; whatever pain or loss that sight meant to her, had grown stale from custom. But she could not look at John's face. She did not look at him, even, when, finding that he made no answer, she went on, after clearing her throat, her double chin quivering a little:

"I would have given to my boy, if I could, a wife and children. Yes, I would; a man has a right to that, no matter what other privations he may have to bear."

She held her breath to listen, the fingers of her shaking left hand wandering over her face. For a moment there was silence, then she heard him take one step closer to her.

"You seldom speak at random. Do you mean me? *Me?*"

The hand grew suddenly still; her breath came hurriedly; her eyes wandered, frightened, to the ceiling, to the cheery fire, to the darkness outside of the window—everywhere but to his face.

"I said," doggedly, "that a man had a right to be loved, to have a home, and wife, and children of his own. A right."

"I heard that said once before to-night. It seems to be an accepted rule in a purely moral and humane code, such as this church system in the States, which is called Christianity. There are some human rights, from which I am excluded by the followers of that code, as it is practised, however."

"I know, John."

"Is this one of them? Do you mean me?"

She looked up, turning pale; she looked at the small, stooped figure between her and the fire; at the face which had a new and strangely credulous look; at the thin lips, half parted into a smile; at the melancholy hazel eyes following her every motion with a terrible hunger and loneliness.

"You know me—what my life has been. I think it has been

pure," under his breath. "You know all," with the same slight, hardly perceptible motion of his finger across his face. "Do you tell me that I have a right to ask a good, pure woman to be my wife? that I have a right to be the father of her children?"

She held her eyes steadily on his face, but made no reply.

"I will trust to you for the truth. Your mind always lies nearer to the true God than mine. He knows I want to do what's right." He walked slowly across the room.

"John," she said with an effort, and then stopped. "John, if a woman puts her hands in yours and says that she loves, I would say that He meant you for each other. I would say, to marry her." She began hesitatingly, but gained boldness as she went on.

He stopped in his walk, as it happened, under the gas-light, his eyes burning, as though a different face than the old vehement one on the pillow were before him.

"To marry her? When she is found, I am to show her all the faults of me—the miserable weaknesses. I'll do that. I have a beast's temper—I am greedy of money—I affect fashionable society. God knows, these are contemptible vices enough. But if she loves me, in spite of all, will there be more to tell? May she come to me, seeing only that part of me in my soul or brain for which I am responsible, or must I go back and show her the hard injustice dealt to me before I was born?"

She looked again at the smile, glowing now over his face—at the half-quenched hunger in his eyes. Was it necessary to tell a truth which would give him, as he said, the position of poor Don in life? He had been such a good, manly boy, such a loving, tender son! Was it necessary? It would not be a lie; it would only be silence. And if it were a lie, the woman would not in truth be wronged by it. The woman? There was one, actually present to his mind, she saw. It was no new idea which she had suggested. And with the touch, her brain filled with a sudden fever of curiosity, and tender, womanly fancies and surmises.

"I—I hardly can advise in such a case, John. It is the man that a woman accepts in a true marriage, I think, and not the faults or—or diseases of his ancestors. But it is not for me to judge what amount of candor would be just to her."

"No; that is for me to judge." He paused a little, and then—"If I ever bring a wife home to you, you will find her candor itself," he said, with sudden gayety, coloring like a girl. She looked shrewdly up, but checked the question on her lips, and took up her paper again, while Broderip rang for dinner.

"I am starving," he said, as he sat down, and began to pull about her heaped grapes, while waiting, humming the burden of some street song. Her face beamed red with pleasure as she watched

the sudden, light-hearted look. She threw down the paper and busied herself about his dinner, tasting and scolding and clucking over it like a hen about her chicks. With half of her body dead, enough remained to be a terror to servants, with whom she alternately fought, and fraternized. Broderip ate, and listened with an amused light in his eyes.

"Cloyne tells me that the house is open for guests to-night, John?" when they were alone.

"Yes."

"That sharp-edged old rapier, Friend Blanchard, is coming, and Miss Burley, the carpenter's daughter? They were detained near the gate this morning, and Cloyne lifted me to the window. It is a wonderful face—that girl's. Ach-h!" the ugly visage with its frowsy gray hair rolling about on the pillow with an odd mixture of fun and discontent. "One could bear even old age to have once carried such beauty through the world." She watched him keenly through all her affected grimaces. But he listened indifferently, she saw, only saying that it "was an honest, unconscious face," and then growing silent, and thoughtful. He sat a long time, breaking the stems of the grapes on his plate, and sipping some sweet, sluggish cordial in preference to the fiery wines which stood at his elbow. He looked up at last, speaking sharply; as she had looked for him to do.

"If you had your hand on the throat of a man to whom you owed a long debt of revenge, what would you do?"

Her face twinkled significantly. "According to the spirit, I would forgive and bless him; carnally speaking, I always found a satisfaction in paying any sort of debt, John."

He pushed his chair back.

"This man and his kin have made me what I am. Chance has so placed him in my power that I could put the bitter draught to his lips now, and make him drink it, drop by drop. But it seems to me it would be a brave thing to do to let him go, and to keep silence so that neither he nor any one should ever suspect the danger he had been in. That would be what you would call noble, manly, eh?" anxiously.

"Yes; it would. Chivalric."

He laughed eagerly. "Chivalric? Well then, John Broderip lifts the rod. So! so!" He began walking about the room, looking out of the window, pulling a leaf from a bouquet, laughing again and again to himself. Coming up suddenly to her—

"Besides, if I am to have the rights of a man, I must act as a man?"

"Yes, John." But she spoke with difficulty, and watched with almost dismay the elastic step, the heat in his hollow cheeks, and content in his eye.

"John—"

"What is it?" gently.

"I would not be confident. Remember that you build upon the sand."

"So far as the woman is concerned, yes. But"—he stopped, his momentary childish thrill of delight over, the old, dignified gravity subduing him again; but he still stood erect, his melancholy eyes on fire.

"I am listening, John."

"I did not build upon the sand in this: that, whatever God has made of me, He did not hinder me from being a man. If they knew all, they would put me on a par with the brute yonder. But in spite of them, I could yet do for them a true chivalric deed, such as you called this."

"But"—doubtfully, "who will know it?"

"I will know it. If I am to have the place of a man, I will play a man's part."

He bade her good-night, soon after. As she looked after him: "He is but a boy in size, and has a weak boy's mind in some ways," she said. She thought anxiously, too, of the advice she had given him. It was her love that had forced it from her against her judgment; his life had been such a hard strain since his birth; he never had romped and played like other children; even at that age his eye had caught that sad, furtive glance, of one who waits momentarily for detection and insult.

"Why, he used to be afraid of even me. Such a manly, generous little fellow!" she thought, going back to the old time, to the lessons she had taught, and the suits she had made for him, as foolish women will. How could she tell him to-night that he was never to have a man's portion, as he never had had a child's? "But he never will. Love and marriage are not for him. He should submit to God's will." She covered her face with the newspaper and lay quite still for a long time; and the servants, thinking she was asleep, gently lowered the gas, and left her. But she was only thinking over her last words: "Was it God's will? Was it?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MAN SEEKS HIS RIGHT.

"Mr. Randolph!"

Garrick had been wandering through the softly lighted rooms in search of his host: he saw the little, stiff, long-coated figure, now, coming to meet him from a group of ladies, and held out his hand. Broderip only bowed, not seeing it, apparently, but his welcome in words was so eager and cordial, that Randolph did not note the

omission. Unconsciously, he still adhered to his vague idea that the surgeon was a Frenchman, and consequently received his uneasy, uncertain manner, and half intelligible sentences as the misfortune of foreign birth.

"You are most welcome, Mr. Randolph," he repeated. "There is no man living whom I would rather see under my roof, or eating my salt with me. I have, too, a matter of importance to discuss with you."

"With me?" said Randolph, surprised. "Some information, probably, which you desire respecting affairs in our State?"

"No; I take but little interest in any State as a State. This world is to me only a vast concourse of sound and broken human ware, and I am permitted to tinker therein for a while. That is my only view of life. As for ideas of patriotism, or liberty, or State rights"—with a smile and shrug, "I leave them to a higher class of physicians. Nations and their laws are sound and unsound, as well as bodies, I presume?"

Randolph bowed civilly, thinking what a mole-like intellect it must be which could not see beyond its own petty work. A man who did not care for his State!

"My business regarded yourself, solely," said Broderip, with the same repressed eagerness in his tone.

The young Kentuckian turned, surprised.

"I understand that you came North to engage in active life. Mr. Ottley was my informant. He stated that you wished occupation not inconsistent with your family dignity, and your own character."

If there were any sneers covert in the bland words, Garrick was the last man to suspect them. "That was certainly my wish," he said simply. "But," recollecting himself, with a bow, and a sudden assertant politeness, "I detain you from your guests, Doctor Broderip. If the business only concerns me, suffer it to wait your convenience. To-morrow, probably"—

"It shall not wait a moment, young man. I must do this before I sleep," with vehemence. "I have written a letter to Washington to-night, which will secure you a safe and honorable place, if you will accept it from me. It lies on my desk, the ink not yet dry Will you come and look at it?" moving hastily to a side-door.

Garrick followed his short, impatient steps through the long hall to the door of his private office, bewildered alike at the man's offer and his manner.

"It is a safe post," said Broderip, stopping with his hand on the door-knob. "Civil service. Not that I doubt your courage. But I must not repeat the old story of David and Uriah, eh?"

Half an hour afterward Mr. Randolph came out of the office, his face flushed, and his broad shoulders thrown back. He hurried to the music-room, where the few guests were gathered, and after a

nervous glance about it to see if Rosslyn had yet appeared, drew Ottley aside.

"I feel like a man again! Your Doctor Broderip has found me standing room," he said, impetuously, "just as I was beginning to think the Randolphs were but useless lumber in the world, now-a-days. This proves that I was mistaken. There is no passport like a good name," complacently. "His letter showed a fair appreciation of that—very fair. It was one which would have pleased my family with him."

"Broderip usually does a graceful thing gracefully," said Ottley, dryly.

He crossed the room presently to where some young men were laughing at the surgeon's pungent jokes, for he had a caustic wit when he was exhilarated by society or wine.

"I thought you would not fail me," the lawyer said, heartily, putting his hand on Broderip's shoulder, as a boy might. "I'm glad you conquered your antipathy to the young fellow."

"Conquered it?" Broderip glanced over at the Southerner's sinewy figure and abstracted face, on which was the chiselling of generations of ease and culture. "Conquered it?" But to Ottley he only said, calmly, "The boy has the head of a scholar," because Randolph, as he had told him, was under his roof and eating his salt.

Society was greedy that Winter of invitations to these receptions, because they were given captiously, and for reasons; and then, Broderip and his house were both exceptional. Curiosity, if no higher motive, gave zest and interest to the faces of the guests; those of them, who had been there before this evening, were astonished and perplexed by his manner; there was a genial, hearty ring in his voice, a genuineness in his welcome, an unaffected sympathy with the common mood utterly different from his usual bizarre caprices, which they had begun to count upon confidently. Ottley thought that he had never seen the surgeon so conventional, or so agreeable.

Once he saw him, standing apart with Mr. Conrad, look beyond the old man at some figure in the distance, and wondered to himself whether it was love or hate that so unsealed his face, and lighted his eyes.

It was Margaret Conrad that Broderip was watching. She had left her father when he approached; it had become a habit with her to avoid him. He could see her, however, as she walked, leaning on a young officer's arm, down the long suite of apartments.

There were no filagree prettinesses in Broderip's rooms, no glittering surprises, or fatiguing beauty; they were warmly colored, with clear tints, large and liberal; there was a bust here, a picture there; their meaning was pure and quiet, but unassertant, as the atmos-

phere about a thoroughbred woman. You were not conscious of them while present, but when you were gone you remembered them as the place of all others where you could surest find a great rest, or a great pleasure. They were filled with music now—a full, triumphant tone.

Broderip stood apart; his eyes unconsciously followed the sweep of Margaret Conrad's cream-colored, lustreless drapery as it marked her quiet movement. The rooms had always been vacant to him before; they were filled now, never to be empty again. He thought of that with a new, poignant pain of delight in his narrow chest, and a scalding moisture in his eyes. He had not spoken to her after her entrance. Even then the words had died inarticulate in his throat. He could have cursed his childish diffidence. It seemed to him as if his life hung trembling in the balance, and a breath, a straw, might save or lose it. Now, when his judgment should be coolest, he was left to the mercy of every breath of passion or feeling. Presently, seeing that the officer and Miss Conrad appeared mutually tired of each other, he left her father with Ottley and ventured near her. She was beside the door of the little conservatory.

"Shall we go in? The air is sweet as that of a harvest-field in there," said Broderip, timidly.

So they stood side by side in the narrow, dim recess, with its shelving roof, the wintry night sky overhead, the beds of common flowers and vernal grass which his odd, simple taste had gathered, about them, the door framing as a picture the light and luxury within. The music had sunk to a low, intermittent sobbing, the unrest of some unhopeful pain. One could find in it the baffled moan of the sea, or the cry of an unloved woman. The man shivered before it like a reed in a cold wind.

Miss Conrad looked at the little figure beside her, at the sallow, insignificant mask of a face. Something which looked out through it made her draw back with an undefined alarm. It was a power which she had seen beneath no other man's eyes.

He turned with quick suspicion. "Why do you avoid me, Miss Conrad? I was not repulsive to you when you first knew me. Why do you fly from me?"

There was an involuntary movement, like a shiver of repugnance, through her slow, firm limbs, but she said, steadily,

"I was not conscious of it. Do I avoid you?"

"Is it from instinct?" The surgeon passed his handkerchief over his forehead once or twice.

"If I could tell you why, would it be best to do it?" knitting her black brows thoughtfully, and looking at him with her honest eyes—eyes as honest and controlled as a Newfoundland dog's.

"I think it would be best," gravely. "I have a reason. Do not

fear that you will hurt me, either," smiling. "I am a callous man by nature, and I am no longer young, as you see." But he laid one hand over his chest, and shrank back into himself as he said it, unconsciously.

"I owe you such gratitude—" remorsefully.

"I levy no taxes of gratitude," with a fierce rasp in his tone. "People will tell you that only hard cash will glut my greed with my patients. But from you—it was scarcely gratitude that I desired from you, Miss Conrad;" the voice was growing sickly and shrill as that of one of his patients asking for draughts to quench thirst.

Miss Conrad still stood dumb; she was no more used to analyze her own emotions, than when she was a sober, wide-eyed baby on her father's knee; but she usually had found no difficulty in either putting a proper price-value on her companions, or in telling them what it was. But she shrank from plain words with this man as if it were her own heart she was going to sting and rudely chafe. In one sense he seemed so feeble to her, in another, so strong.

"I have nothing to say that will hurt you," she said at last. "But I will tell you the truth. I am a half-educated, blunt girl, used to plain, blunt people; you have excited, puzzled, wearied me. I do not choose to suffer pain."

Red heats crept out through the colorless flesh of his face and throat. "That is all?" with a quick smile. "You will learn to hate me then, because I am a stranger? Now, when we first met, Miss Conrad, I could have sworn that we had been friends long ago, in some country, of our own, from which we came, and to which we would return. There was not a trick of your manner, or a feature of you in mind or body with which I did not feel myself familiar, which was not dear to me—as a friend. I cannot conceive a time—" slowly, and writing with his forefinger in the beds of soft mould, "I cannot conceive a time, past or to come, when you were not, and will not be to me all that you are now."

She shrugged her broad, white shoulders. "It has not been so with me. You have humbled and pained me. I am not used, willingly, to bear pain."

Broderip was silent. For the first time it occurred to him that if she ever loved him, his fate would be hers. His own losses he could bear, but hers, when the trial came to her—what then?

"I never meant that you should suffer through me. I resolved again and again in these first days when I knew you, that your life should never know contact with mine."

She drew suddenly back, shaken as never in her life before; one would have thought that the blood had been struck back to her heart with one fierce blow of disappointment. She put her hand to her forehead with an effort for breath.

"I wish the day when I knew you, never had been! You have hurt me."

He stooped forward, then drew back, controlling himself. "How did I hurt you?"

For the first time in her life, she made a womanish attempt at concealment, and affecting a commonplace tone, said:

"You brought a strange world before me, Doctor Broderip; you made me feel all that I might have been, but am not. You differ from us; from me and my people; the difference amuses and rouses my father, but it has filled me with unrest and discontent."

"This does not seem to me like hate?" said Broderip. He thought he spoke aloud, but no sound passed his thin, dry lips. His fingers buried in the grass beside him, tore at it, bringing up a handful of leaves of musk-plant and gilly-flowers, turning the air into a spicy, aromatic breath. He went from her, unsteadily, letting them drop from his relaxed hands, his face grave, but his little frame trembling with pleasure; he put his hands over his eyes looking out into the clear night, saying to himself, that this did not look like hate; that every man had a right to the love of wife and child, and that his right was coming—coming. Looking out and up as if in the simplicity and height of his joy he were telling God of it.

Was this Margaret that waited for him? She herself felt, with a helpless impatience, that some prop—self-reliance, common sense, perhaps—had been taken from her, and she had sunk down, weak and pitiable; yet the change was nothing to a casual eye. The solid white limbs had drooped into an appealing grace, a faint color softened the thick, wax-like skin, her gray eyes, moist and brilliant, followed him with a half angry, half frightened look. The light touched dimly the heavy folds of her dress, and the scarlet bands through the crown of lustreless black hair. For the first time, the power of her peculiar and great beauty forced itself upon him; for men needed to be, in a measure, *en rapport* with her to perceive it, and then acknowledged it reluctantly, so contrary was it to the ordinary types.

But the surgeon was in no mood to criticise the change. It was there, and it was no instinct of aversion to him that had caused it.

Coming back to her, he began to talk to her of the music and the plants; he was as usual controlled and quiet, but it was the control of a thorough content with himself and her, and with the relation between them. She saw, and thought it weak and boyish, but she cowered before it. He drew out of his pocket at last the string of rose-colored sea shells which he had found, and she had afterward given to him, letting them fall over his fingers to catch the uncertain light.

"Do you notice the color?" he said. "It is but the first blush of life, the tint of the dawn, or a scentless bud, meagre and chilly.

Yet, sometimes I leave them on the table by my pillow, and, when I waken, the morning light draws a curious glow from them. Shall I tell you the picture which my second sight reads in it?"

She did not answer, moved as if she would have passed him, then sank back again against the wall.

"Let me tell you what that future is which I see there. No other human being shall ever hear the story if you will not. Let me tell you."

She looked at him; his face was pale, his eyes held her motionless. The story forced itself through them without words.

Margaret lifted her hand before her face. "Not now," she whispered. "I'm not as reasonable a woman as I thought I was; I do not know what this is that is coming to me. Let me go. This heat, this music stifles me."

He started forward, hiding his own balked sense of disappointment. But she was so helpless, he thought, so pure, this calm, self-reliant girl; as innocent as in the days of her childhood, not knowing what it was that was coming to her lonely maiden heart. She was different from these stale and gaudy young women about them, who had chattered of lovers and marriage from their cradles. He was very careful with her, very tender, and, seeing how pale and haggard her face appeared out in the light, did not even ask her if she would hear the story another day. He would not frighten her; he could wait; he was used to waiting.

But when he had left her with her father, he made a pretext to go out, and hurrying to his own room, thrust his burning head out of the window into the cool night wind, stroking back the thin black hair from his low, heavily marked forehead. It was no boyish glow of pleasure, nor even the gratified hope of a lover; it was a man's delirium of triumph. "It is the birthright of men," he said. "It is mine—mine." Tears came to his eyes, and rolled down over his thin jaws. Presently he went to the fire, near which stood a delicate little table of Florentine mosaic, and beside it a dainty easy-chair which evidently had never been occupied. Broderip touched the spring of a secret drawer, and drew out of it scissors, thimble, all the fanciful little implements for a woman's sewing; even some half-finished bits of embroidery which he had stolen once from Margaret's basket. It was a boyish thing to do, and he turned them over with a weak smile. He leaned his elbow on the mantle-shelf, looking down at the empty chair. Many a time had he stood there before, thinking that the light actually fell on her smooth folded hair, and that the skirt of her dress touched his foot.

"If she ever should come now," he thought, anxiously, "she might not be pleased that I had tried to counterfeit her presence through these things. Some day I'll burn them."

Then he hid them again, and went down to his guests with a still brightness in his face which made Ottley turn more than once to observe him. He went from one to the other, seeking out, and talking with a peculiar gentleness to the few who were neglected, according to his custom, but he hardly saw or heard them. The rooms seemed vacant to him, except for the figures of the wife and children who were coming. But he kept the little orphan boy, Phil, who was playing about the hearth, near him all the evening after this and treated him with a strange tenderness as if the child had almost suffered wrong.

"Phil shall have his chance," he said, softly. "Phil shall have his chance."

THE FATHER'S RING.

(*From Lessing's "Nathan the Wise:" Act 3, Scene 7.*)

[Saladin, a Mahometan, asks Nathan, a Jew, which is the true religion, and receives for answer the following parable:]

AGES ago, there dwelt far in the East
A man to whom a wondrous ring was given.
The stone an opal, vivid with the flash
Of frequent colors fair to look upon;
Storing the virtue in its luscious heart
To make the man who wore it on good terms
With God and with his fellows. Was it strange
This Eastern man had never let it go
From off his finger? and had made a vow
Forever to retain it in his House?
No, verily. He yielded up the ring
To that one of his sons the best beloved;
And stipulated that he, in his turn,
Should leave the ring to that one of his sons
Whom he loved best; and thus always the best,
Birth disregarded, by the ring alone,
The head and ruler of the House should be.

And so this ring, going from son to son,
Came to a father of three sons at last.
All three alike in their obedience,
All three alike sharing the father's love.

Whichever one he chanced to meet apart,
Him deemed he surely worthiest of the ring.
His fondness even had prevailed with him
To say to each boy, Thou shalt have the ring.
So for a while it stood. But by-and-by,
When Death was nigh, the worthy father fell
Into perplexity. Sore grieved was he
Thus wantonly to hurt two of his sons
Who trusted to his word. What's to be done?
He sends in secret to a jeweller,
And bargains straightway for two other rings
Made in the first one's image, and enjoined
Not to be frugal of the cost and pains
To make them tally with the model ring.
The man makes out to do it; when the rings
Are brought to him, the father cannot tell
Which is the model. Full of joy, he calls
His sons to him, one only at a time,
Gives each a special blessing, and the ring,
And dies.—What follows after is of course.

Scarce was he dead, when each one of the heirs
Comes with his ring; and each one claims to be
Prince of the House. And searches, brawling, clamor,
Are to no purpose, since the true ring still
No man can prove:—*no more than we can prove*
Among ourselves, the True Faith now-a-days.

They bring the issue to a judge: each swears
That he received the ring (which is most true),
Fresh from the father's hand, who long before
Had promised its immunities to him.
(Nor this a lie!) And further each affirms
His sire would use no trickery toward him.
Rather than harbor such a vile mistrust
Of such a noble sire, he must impute—
Though prone at all times to think well of them—
Foul play unto his brothers; therefore prays
A judgment on the rogue, with penalties.

Then spake the judge: If ye fetch not to me
Your father speedily, I'll drive you hence.
Do ye suppose I'm here to guess your riddles?
Methinks ye tarry till the proper ring
Shall get a tongue. But stay! Did I not hear
The real one held the charm to make beloved

Of God and men? Let this decide for us!
The counterfeits hold no such charm as that.
Well, then, which one of you is best beloved?
Brisk! Speak it out! No answer? Not a word?
These rings affect, not others, but yourselves?
Each loves himself? Now are all three of you
Outwitted knaves, and all your rings are shams.
The real one probably was lost; the sire,
This loss to hide and compensate, allowed
Three to be made like it. My counsel is,
Concerning the dispute, Abide as now.
Hath each a ring? With zealous steadfastness,
Let him believe all others forgeries.
The father, doubtless, chose to make an end
Of such oppression in his family.
'Tis plain all three of you were loved by him,
And loved alike, since it was not his wish
To build up one and overthrow the rest.
Wherefore let each one strive to cultivate
Unselfish kindness, free from prejudice.
Let each one enter on a friendly race
To spread the virtue that his jewel hath.
This virtue aid by meekness, charity,
Peaceful demeanor, and a loyal soul.
What time these gems such virtues shall show forth
Among your children's children, to this throne
A thousand æons hence, I bid you come.
Hereon shall sit a Judge wiser than I,
And he shall utter judgment.—Thus the judge.

S. S.

HEALTH FOR CITIES.

IN lately visiting London, I was favored by the Earl of Shaftesbury with every facility for examining the model houses and acquainting myself with the origin and progress of the movement from which they took their rise. Mr. Charles Payne, Secretary of the Society for Improving the Laboring Classes, at the request of his lordship, devoted a day to going round with me among the society's buildings, and very politely furnished me with the requisite documents for prosecuting my inquiries.

I also visited one of the Peabody buildings, which, I am sorry to say, come short of the just expectations of those who are interested in the munificent gift of the donor. The outlay was managed by a board of trust, in which Lord Stanley, I believe, had a leading place, and, owing to some mistake in the purchase of grounds or plan of construction, they are neither remunerative as a business enterprise, nor convenient to the tenants.

Mr. J. Aldous May, Secretary of the Improved Industrial Dwellings, in which Alderman Waterlow has a leading part, gave me reports and drawings showing the plan of the buildings and the business proceeds of the movement, and afforded me the means of getting a tolerable idea of them by personal inspection. These dwellings, being of recent construction, embody the latest improvements, both in management and architecture, and are perhaps a better example of what we need in New York than the earlier constructions. The owners repudiate the idea of charity, believing that it has a depressing effect upon the industrial classes to have them feel that they are housed as an act of pity and mercy, either in whole or in part. Tenements are prepared for them on the most improved models, but for which they pay no more than for the miserable abodes which they formerly occupied, and yet it is enough to yield more than an average per centage on the money invested. All their domiciliary privileges, therefore, are bought and paid for as much as by the most lordly tenant in London. Their cheapness depends upon the substantial and wholesale manner in which they are built.

This system is what we want in New York. Our laboring classes may be furnished with healthy, convenient houses for what they are now paying for the sties in which they are huddled together, or, at all events, for what will yield a fair income on the investment, provided capitalists were to adopt a proper plan in providing for them. If Mr. A. T. Stewart, or any other philanthropist, should *give* money for the object, it ought to be laid out with a view of adding

interest to principal, in order to a reinvestment in like manner, till the whole tenement-house system of our city is reformed and regenerated. The gift, in that case, would be a fulcrum for laboring men to pry upon in lifting their families into a condition more befitting the civilization of the age.

The people of New York ought to know the results of actual experiment in this line, to qualify them to act with wisdom and efficiency in obviating the evils by which they are now so sorely afflicted. We must study the motives which have set the model-house movement on foot in other lands, and inquire whether they do not exist among us with equal potency. "Forewarned, forearmed." Can our overcrowded population enjoy immunity against pestilence, while we nourish its causes in the filthy and disgusting condition of our tenement-house population? Is such a nuisance less fatal among us than in European cities?

The question has yet to be considered as to how far vice, crime, sickness and mortality may be prevented by increasing the personal comforts and self-respect of the classes to whom, for the most part, they appertain, and duly enforcing upon them the laws of health. How much muscle may be saved to labor? how much expense to our sanitary and corrective police? how much domestic misery cancelled? how far may the percentage of our annual mortality be diminished? None of these evils are absolutely preventable, but may they not be diminished by duly regarding the obligations of organized society? Whether we have among us scenes as appalling as those of London, is not the point to be considered; but only, whether such do not exist among us to an extent demanding instant and vigorous reform. The reports of our Metropolitan Sanitary Commission, to which I call attention in this article, will instruct us on this point.

European publicists find that, to promote the ends of selfishness, they must make use of a policy of benevolence. Cities as corporate entities cannot do good to themselves without regarding the needs of the laboring classes. So many as are allowed to live in a condition that provokes disease, crime and barbarism, are a source of insecurity to the whole community. They are a fever-sore to the body politic, and there is no such thing as restoring the general health till they are cured. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a plea as fatal to him that makes it as to him of whom it is made. The abettors of Imperialism in France understand this, and hence are building their throne on an improved condition of all the subject classes. Better streets, cleanly and well-ordered dwellings, prosperous and contented labor, well-fed scavengers, a country of which to be proud, and homes to which the affections of the people shall cling—these are to the new empire what victories and concordats were to the old. The leading men in England, also, are seeking an

extension and perpetuity of power by improving the condition of the lower orders. To raise them to all the comfort consistent with their position, or with the integrity of the existing social system, is the honest purpose of British legislation. The great question is, how to introduce reforms in the lower strata of society, without rendering them restive under the superincumbent pressure of privilege and hereditary power. How shall we lower the rates of mortality reported by the Registrar-General, is a point of earnest consideration by British statesmen. Benevolence and selfishness alike concur on all subjects of this nature.

English philanthropy has appliances which are unknown to us. Such is their society to award premiums for the growth of flowers in the houses of the poor. The signs of this sort of cultivation were visible in all the tenements I visited. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and not only a joy, but an inspiration to virtue. Do we not need an impulse in this direction? The ornamental is too much neglected in our eager pursuit of the substantial. We need a new dispensation in the construction, laying out and keeping of houses and grounds all over the country.

ORIGIN OF MODEL HOUSES.

John Howard, the philanthropist, seems to have been the first to appreciate the importance of attempting the moral and social elevation of the poor, by improving the condition of their homes. This was so early as 1756, when he first went to reside upon his estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire. He found the village one of the most miserable on the map of England, and set himself at once to improve the inhabitants, both in a worldly and spiritual point of view. Beginning with his own estate, he saw that the huts in which his tenantry, like all others of their class, were huddled together, were dirty, ill-built, ill-drained, imperfectly lighted and watered, and altogether so badly conditioned and unhealthy as to be totally unfit for the residence of human beings. He resolved to begin his work at the starting point, by improving their physical condition—to supply them with the means of comfort, attaching them thus to their own fireside, the centre of all pure feelings and pure morals—to foster and develop in them a relish for simple domestic enjoyments. For lack of these, thousands of their class, then as now, resorted to the ale and gin houses and wasted in riot the means needed for the comfort of their families. How can those whose homes disgust every sense, be expected to do otherwise? Howard did not trouble himself about the paramount question of percentage, considering that his wealth was given him in trust for the benefit of mankind, and he was willing to invest it with a view to returns in virtue, intelligence and happiness, rather than in money.

At a later period, the rector of St. Giles, one of the largest and

poorest parishes in London, gave a like view of the utter inutility of all teaching to advance the mental, moral and spiritual condition of those who lack everything that makes life decent and comfortable. The bodily sufferings of the people paralyzed clergyman, schoolmaster, bible-reader, city missionary, and every other agency to raise in them worthier aspirations. Every effort to create a spiritual tone of feeling is counteracted by a set of physical circumstances which are incompatible with the exercise of common morality. What avails good doctrine to men pining for bread? Talk of elevation among a people who herd together like swine, without regard to age or sex, in one narrow, confined apartment! As well talk of cleanliness in a sty, or limpid purity in a cesspool.

Example and appeal, however, failed to produce an organized movement to abate the nuisance, till the stern logic of pestilence aroused the torpid Londoners. In 1837 a violent typhus fever broke out in the eastern districts of the city, and the Poor Law Commissioners appointed Dr. Southwood Smith to inquire into the cause of the epidemic. His report showed that the disease had originated in the defective housing of the poor—bad ventilation, imperfect drainage, unwholesome food or no food at all, and a total disregard to cleanliness or decency in the overcrowded masses inhabiting that part of London.

The result was the formation, in 1839, of the Health of Towns Association, to devise and execute measures to remedy the horrible unhealthiness of towns which had been brought to light. The following year—1840—Parliament appointed a Commission to further extend these inquiries, associating Dr. Neil Arnott and Sir J. T. Kay Shuttleworth with Dr. Smith; which found the same deadly agencies in the west of London with those of the eastern districts. Their report influenced the selfish fears of many who were obtuse to higher motives. Pestilence displayed its death's head, not merely before the dwellings of the poor but of the rich, who were also included within the infected circle. Lord Stanley said of this report, that it has been from that day to this the text-book of sanitary research. It revealed the astounding fact, that the homes of the laboring classes were hot-beds of pestilence, and that no medical skill was equal to combating it, till the cause was removed. A fetid, deadly atmosphere would strike down its hundreds while medication was ineffectually dealing with one. The cure must be sought in changing the character of these houses, streets and courts, and thus in removing the cause of the disease.

Then followed an inquiry as to what could be done by legislation to abate the evil. The Prince Consort interested himself in the subject, and he was sustained by the sympathy of the Queen. Plans for model houses were proposed and adopted. Parliament came to the astonishing conclusion, that disease swept away half

the children born, and deprived the laboring classes of more than a third of the term of human life. The Public Health Act, the Nuisance Removal and Disease Prevention Act, the Boarding-house Act, the Enabling Act, giving parishes and boroughs power to proceed with promptitude against the common enemy, and other measures still, were carried in Parliament, some with excellent results and others accomplishing little. The act rendering boarding-houses liable to inspection and registration and requiring a certain number of cubic feet of air for every inmate, is said to have had a most beneficial effect.

Out of this state of things two corporations were developed, the Metropolitan Sanitary Association, and the Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes, the latter having Lord Shaftesbury for its president and being under the patronage of the Queen. With such endorsement the society proceeded to business, obtained capital by private subscription, and made purchases of several old buildings which they fitted up, and of sites upon which new structures have been built on an improved plan.

One of these, in Charles Street, was reconstructed and opened in 1847, and accommodates 78 lodgers at 8 cents a night, or 56 cents a week; another, a newly built one, in George Street, was opened in 1847, and accommodates 104 lodgers at 75 cents a week.

FEVER NESTS.

Perhaps a more graphic idea cannot be given of the horrible dens of disease in which people were found in a state of living death, than by describing the condition in which one of the society's reconstructed houses was found, when it was taken in hand. Sixteen cesspools were cleared out and 140 to 150 loads of soil were removed to begin with. The basement of each house was encumbered with the accumulated filth of ages—animal and vegetable matter, so rotting and reeking with filth and fermenting into poisonous gases, as to render it surprising that any tenant should have escaped with his life. Of these fetid accumulations 350 loads were removed, a task from which the laborers recoiled and were with difficulty persuaded to go on with their work. Under the rotting floors vermin were found in swarming masses of layers from two to three inches thick. Lord Shaftesbury stated that at least a ton's weight of bugs was removed. Without dust-bins, in some cases with obstructed sewers, the filth actually flowed through rooms in which people slept and ate. A well-to-do farmer would feel disgraced to have his hogs in such sties as human beings here inhabited.

"It is no uncommon thing," says the "Quarterly Review," "to find in a room twelve feet square, or less, three or four families stied together (perhaps with infectious disease among them), filling the same space night and day. Who can wonder at what becomes,

morally and physically, of infants born in these bestial crowds?" In one location 2,000 rooms harbored nearly 6,000 persons, adults of both sexes lodging in the same room, regardless of the common decencies of life. From three to five men and women herd in the same room with trains of children, smothering every delicate sentiment; grown persons of both sexes sleeping in common with their parents; brothers and sisters, and cousins, even the casual acquaintance of a day's tramp, occupying the same bed of filthy rags and straw; a woman suffering in travail in the midst of different families, where birth and death go hand in hand; where the child but newly born, the patient cast down with fever, and the corpse waiting for interment, have no separation from each other, or from the rest of the inmates. One room, filled with men, women and children, had in it the corpse of a poor girl who had several days previous died in childbed. The body was stiffened on the bare floor without shroud or coffin. Cases even more extreme than these are no uncommon things within the very effulgence of British civilization, and in the vicinage of opulence and power. The eloquence that entrances senates, the poetry that thrills the soul, and the art and philosophy which illustrate the civilization of age, expend their forces in the midst of a rabble as unappreciative as beasts and savages. How can minds deadened by a life of simple endurance respond to an inspiring thought or a noble sentiment!

Epidemics that kill the people by scores and hundreds exhale from halls filled with vermin, from cesspools replete with filth, and from half-clothed, half-starved inmates reeking with pollution and giving vent to their agonized feelings in oaths, obscenities and blasphemies too horrible to be imagined. Can we wonder that religion, learning and legislation are seeking a remedy for evils like these? Is it not the more surprising that they have been left to grow to such enormous proportions?

LIKENESS OF NEW YORK TO LONDON.

By comparing the answers given by the medical officers of the London unions, in reference to the cause of epidemics, with the report of our Metropolitan Board of Health, we are struck by the resemblance. Both agree in ascribing a prevailing disease to local causes that might have been removed by being taken in time. Each of these London medical officers, though separately inquired of on the subject and without concert among themselves, came to the same conclusion. One spoke of an open sewer running through the whole extent of his district as the cause of the fever; another, of a dirty street of forty houses in which twelve families had been sick, none escaping; another, of the general cleanliness and good health of his district except two localities of narrow streets and heaps of manure, and there the fever had rioted; another mentions

a court of twenty houses containing indecencies impossible to name, with no free circulation of air, where fever prevailed in almost every family; another reports a pauper population of 5,856, about half of whom had been attacked; another, a similar population of 1,467, all but 191 of them having had the fever. Thus, in every case, the fever depended upon local causes susceptible of being wholly removed or materially abated.

Our Sanitary Commission have just issued a statement of facts in reference to the prevalence of the cholera the past year, which perfectly accords with those of the London officers. In all cases where the disease localized itself it found something congenial to it in the soil, the atmosphere, or in the condition and habits of the people. It was introduced into Governor's Island by a man from the cholera field of the First Ward, New York, and prevailed among those who occupy a part of the Island where the soil is moist and porous. On Blackwell's Island the privies and sewers were defective, and there 360 out of 4,500 died. On Ward's Island, where the sanitary precautions were complete, only ten died out of a thousand. In Brooklyn the deaths from cholera among the Irish were more numerous than in the native population, because, no doubt, they are not so well housed and cared for, and are more intemperate in their habits.

Well may we say, in the language of Robert Fairman, Esq., "Dwellers in the city! do you wish to have health? you must widen your closets, and cover your ditches, and thin your lodging-houses, and burn your smoke, and deluge your sewers; and if you wish to sweep it forever from the face of your city, you must sweep it at the point of the scavenger's broom."

MODEL HOUSES FOR FAMILIES.

The Streatham Street building was opened in 1850, having an average population of 221, at a cost of about forty cents a week for each tenement; and that of Gray's Inn Lane, with wash-house and accommodations for twenty families and 123 single women, opened in 1851. The following drawings of the Gray's Inn Lane building are given, not as indicating what our model houses should be, but as the starting point to something better. Even these buildings would be more sunny in the wider streets of New York than in the confined alleys and courts of London. But our architects, I think, may improve upon them and construct tenements costing less, and yet better suited to the superior dignity of labor in our country.

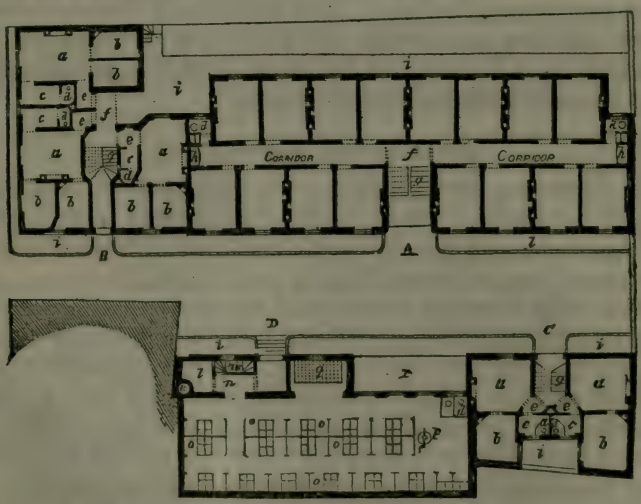
The Gray's Inn Lane Building was paid for by the proceeds of thanksgiving collections, and is therefore called the Thanksgiving Model Building.

The twenty families occupy two distinct buildings, of four stories in height—one building having three tenements, with three rooms each on a floor; the other having two tenements, with two rooms

each on a floor; a scullery and other requisite conveniences have been provided separately for each family, while to both houses there is an open staircase, and to the larger one a gallery of communication, by which means complete ventilation is secured. In

THANKSGIVING BUILDING.

their arrangement, it has been the aim of the honorary architect to show how the disadvantages of an enclosed common staircase may, in a great measure, be obviated, and to offer two models of houses, one adapted to the accommodation of two, and the other of three families on a floor.



THANKSGIVING BUILDING AND WASH-HOUSE, PLAN.

The one hundred and twenty-eight single women, of whom the majority are supposed to be poor needlewomen, occupy sixty-four rooms in a building of four stories, divided by a central staircase; a corridor on either side forms a lobby to eight rooms, each twelve feet six inches long, by nine feet six inches wide, sufficiently large

for two persons. They are fitted up with two bedsteads, a table, chairs, and a washing-stand. The charge is one shilling per week for each person, or two shillings per room. This building is intended to meet the peculiar and difficult circumstances of a class of persons on whose behalf much public sympathy has been justly excited, and for whom no suitable provision had hitherto been made by the society.

The wash-house, sixty feet long by twenty feet broad (formerly a brewhouse), has washing-troughs for thirty-four persons, and in a gallery ironing-tables for twelve persons, a wringing apparatus and twelve drying-horses, heated with hot water. The arrangements for this establishment are made with a view to avoid confusion, by keeping the various processes as distinct as possible.

In the cellar under the wash-house is provided a store for coals, to be retailed to the tenants; also a range of enclosed depositories for perishable goods, such as fruit and vegetables, sold in the streets by the numerous hucksters residing in this locality. As their miserable and crowded lodging-houses afford no secure and ventilated receptacle for their articles of trade when they quit the street, these depositories have been formed with a view to afford that advantage, and, being closed from Saturday evening to Monday morning, may prove an inducement to abstinence from Sunday traffic, to which many of this class of persons appear to be almost driven by necessity.

With the exception of the wash-house roof, the buildings are of *fire-proof* construction, similar to the plan adopted in the society's model houses for families in Streatham Street.

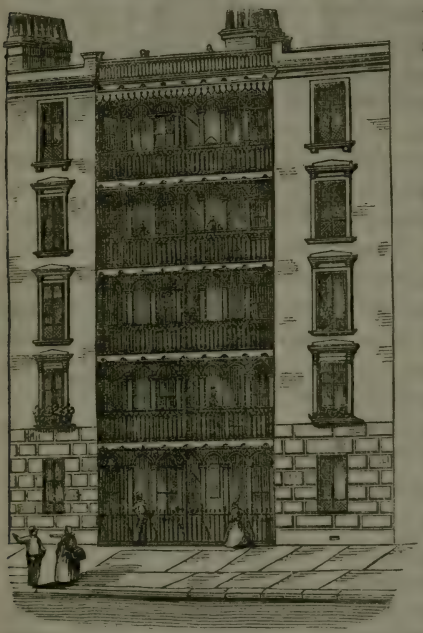
DESCRIPTION OF THE PLAN.—A, entrance to model building for one hundred and twenty-eight single women; B, entrance to model building for twelve families; C, entrance to model building for eight families; D, entrance to public wash-house. *a*, living-rooms; *b*, bed-rooms; *c*, sculleries; *d*, water-closets; *e*, entrance-lobbies; *f*, galleries and landings from staircase; *g*, staircases; *h*, enclosure for light and ventilation; *i*, sunk areas; *k*, chimney-shaft from boiler of wash-house; *l*, pay-office for the superintendent of the washing establishment, etc.; *m*, staircase to the gallery, with ironing tables, to the baths, and to the dwelling apartments of the superintendent; *n*, pay-lobby to wash-house; *o*, washing-troughs, with slate enclosures; *p*, wringing machine; *q*, sliding horses for drying linen; *r*, covered way leading down to the store cellar under the wash-house, for depositing hucksters' goods, with trucks, etc. The wash-house is lighted and ventilated from the roof, and has a gallery on one side, with a range of ironing-tables.

The Streatham Street model house is for families, quadrangular in form, with an interior court, open galleries on the sides to the court, common staircase leading into galleries or corridors, and with outer doors on the street side, protected from draught by a small entrance lobby; the galleries, supported by arcades, each two stories in height, slate floors of intermediate galleries resting on iron beams, which also carry the enclosure railing. Each tenement is a

separate dwelling and entered from the corridor, containing all the conveniences for a well-ordered family, and having in addition to bedrooms a provision for an enclosed bed for boys out of the living-room. The basement is excavated, with workshops, wash-house and bath for common use. The building is fire-proof, cost $44,580, accommodates fifty-four families, and yields an income on the investment, of five and three-quarters per cent.

INDUSTRIAL DWELLINGS.

These, as I have said, are a matter of private enterprise with a view to income, the profits being about six per cent. a year, and at the same time the tenements are equally cheap and far more desirable than the general abodes of the poor. Langbourne Buildings, the block I visited, makes an imposing appearance, though the street is narrow and the ground is wholly covered by the buildings. It is a parallelogram, 224 feet front and forty-four deep, divided into four sections by a party wall in the centre and the passages (E E) in the middle of each wing. The centres of the sections are set back about three feet from the line of frontage, for the purpose of giving space for a balcony of that width on each of the upper floors. Each section comprises two suits of rooms, to which access is obtained from the passages (E E) leading on all the upper floors direct from the balcony (G). The balconies are reached by a fire-proof staircase having a semi-elliptical form, the entrances to which are shown on the elevation by two doorways in the centre of the building. This staircase is continued to and gives access to the roof, which is of cement, enclosed by a strong battlement to render it a secure place for drying and airing to the whole establishment. The larger lettings, consisting of three rooms and a wash-house, occupy the end sections in the picture. E D is the entrance door; B is a living-room provided with a range having an oven and boiler. Leading out of the living-room is the wash-house or scullery (A), which contains in every case what may be called the accessories of



LANGBOURNE BUILDINGS, TWO SECTIONS.

LANGBOURNE BUILDINGS, PLAN.

the dwelling—water-cistern, sink, a small fireplace, washing-copper, dust-shoot, water-closet, etc. It is expected that the fireplace in the wash-house will conduce greatly to the comfort of the living-room in the Summer time. C is a comfortable bedroom, having a fireplace; a capacious cupboard (H) is arranged in the party wall between this room and the entrance lobby, and over the latter is a useful receptacle for the stowage of bulky objects. Passing out toward the front parlor (D) is a series of shelves having an artificial stone bottom and back, intended by its proximity to the living-room to serve as a cupboard for provisions, etc. D is a spacious, handsome parlor, having two windows; the fireplace is a little out of the centre of the room, so as to leave a convenient space in which to put an additional bed in cases where this would be required to be used as a bedroom. On the other side of the fireplace is a sideboard and cupboard.

The centre sections, comprising the smaller lettings, consist of two rooms, a wash-house, etc. The wash-house (A) and the living-room (B) are exactly similar to those in the larger letting. The bedroom (C) can be conveniently converted into a parlor by arranging a set of curtains across the recess next the back room, and thus dividing the part where the bed would be placed from the rest of the apartment. W W W represent the windows. The plan is the same throughout the building. Close to the ceilings of all the rooms, a ventilator is placed which communicates with air shafts running through the centre of the chimney stacks. Further ventilation may be obtained by opening the windows, and thus the air kept perfectly pure. The lower panes of the windows are ornamented with ground glass, so that blinds are unnecessary. All the rooms are eight feet nine inches in height. By tracing out this description on the following drawing of the ground plan, the reader may obtain a correct idea of the construction.

We have been thus minute in describing the Langbourne building, because it is the latest improvement on previous plans, and more available for us on this side of the Atlantic, probably, than any other. Alderman Waterlow has encouragement of a loan from Government to enable him to add to the $400,000 already expended,

still further investments in behalf of the poor. Indeed, what has been already done by these several agencies, is but a drop in the bucket to what needs to be done. Individual enterprise has fallen into the wake of the movement, and has done not a little to relieve the London poor. In Bethnal Green, Miss Burdett has expended $50,000 in erecting a pile of buildings 172 feet in length and four stories high, for the accommodation of fifty-two families. W. E. Hilliard, Esq., coming into possession by inheritance of a miserable set of tenement houses, has fitted them up for 112 families, at a cost of nearly $70,000, and is rewarded by seven per cent. on his money. Mr. Newson has provided for 125 families. The Duke of Bedford, Northumberland and other large land holders, are showing a praiseworthy zeal in these domiciliary improvements, both in London and on their estates in the country, and hence the indirect result of the model-house movement is probably greater than the direct and the organized.

CHEMICAL TESTS.

The evils to be obviated by the foregoing plans of building arose chiefly from the discomforts and atmospheric impurities of ill-ventilated and over-crowded rooms and confined localities. Precisely the same evils exist in our New York tenement houses, and I therefore add the results of chemical analysis to show how deadly is the bane to which we expose ourselves by leaving them uncorrected. By applying chemical tests to a jar of air from these rooms, a dirty looking fluid was obtained, soft, glutinous and disgusting, which when injected into the veins of a dog produced all the symptoms of typhus fever. "For a short time the animal seems little harmed; then becomes restless, feverish, shows signs of great distress; soon falls into a state of helplessness: in a word, exhibits all the symptoms of a malignant fever; and after the lapse of a few hours dies either with the fetid mouth and delirious brain of typhus, or under the influence of that black vomit so characteristic of yellow fever." That subtle thing, the infection of typhus, we have caught at last,—can make it, cork it up in a phial, carry it about with us to experiment upon animals; and the elements out of which to produce it are deposited in the over-crowded homes of labor and in the sleeping dens of unsuspecting women and children. We infest with it the muscle and bone out of which cities and nations obtain their wealth and magnificence, and thus we relax them, we enfeeble them, we kill them, and hence it is that the annual rate of mortality is so much greater among laborers than among other classes. Is it not time, therefore, that philanthropy, legislation, statesmanship and capital had turned their resources upon improving the condition of the laboring classes? This is as much a dictate of a selfish political economy, as of mercy and humanity.

Dr. Southwood Smith says, that varying the intensity and the dose of the poison thus obtained, will give fevers of any type, from a mild intermittent up to the plague, the black vomit and the instant death of a carbonic atmosphere. Fevers can be made to order and death administered in any required form. Give the order and it can be filled. Exhalations from tropical marshes on the coast of Africa are dangerous to breathe, as they reach the sailor a mile out at sea. The poison is there diluted, but deadly. On the alluvial plains of the West it is less concentrated, and the most escape fatal sickness who breathe it, but their complexion is sallow, their muscles flabby, and they now and then come down with an intermittent or with fever and ague. Precisely similar atmospheres are produced in our uncleanly, over-crowded and badly-ventilated houses, which, at the favoring season for epidemics, are more like tropical marshes than like prairie vegetation in decay.

Where the poison is indigenous to a country it is hard to deal with, but where it is an exotic and arises from artificial causes, as in a city, it is remedial; it may be removed. Improve ventilation, drainage and the means of personal cleanliness; render the housing of labor decent, comfortable and consistent with its dignity and importance; do this on a scale commensurate with the demand, and we shall find a marvellous falling off in our annual bills of mortality. It may be costly, but cheapest in the end. It is more costly to kill than to cure. The falling off of business in London and New York, in times of pestilence, takes more out of the pockets of the people than it would cost to regenerate our tenement-house system. This will appear by the rate of mortality generally in London, as compared with that in the model houses. The average mortality in these houses was eight to one thousand, when in the metropolis generally it was twenty-five in one thousand. In the districts immediately around these houses it was twenty-seven to twenty-eight in a thousand, making a falling off of about twenty per cent. as the result of this beneficial provision for the laboring classes. To say nothing of charity, was not the muscle thus saved to labor sufficient to satisfy the most selfish calculations of loss and gain? Even in the most unfavorable view of loss, it scarcely amounts to enough to be considered a charity, since the financial report of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Laboring Classes for three years, now before me, shows a net proceed on investment in 1863 of four and three-quarters, in 1864 of four and two-thirds, and in 1865 of four and one-quarter.

THE NEEDED LEGISLATION.

In New York, as in London, it were vain to look for the required reforms from the property-holders. The Metropolitan Sanitary Commission inform me that some of the vilest dens in our city are

held by parties who know little of their property or the use made of it. It is in the hands of second-hand agents, who do business on a large scale and with a view to making as much out of it as possible. Some of the most respectable families in the annals of New York have remonstrated against the publication of their names as owners of these seats of disease and infamy. Others hold property of the kind merely with a view to the value of the lots, and care little as to what becomes of the buildings now occupying them. If they can get a little out of them to pay interest on investment, they are willing that agents should take the rest, till they can occupy the ground with better blocks. And thus things will go on to the end of doom, leaving our citizens every Summer to sniff the fumes of pestilence, unless the strong hand of the law interpose to compel property-holders either to remove the nuisance themselves or sell to those who will.

This is the result to which British legislation has arrived, after a quarter of a century's trial, and it is pretty sure evidence, that it is the point to which our authorities must come. Power is what our Board of Health needs, power to say to property-holders: "Such and such disposition must be made of your premises, in order to the public security, and if you do not choose to make it, others must do it for you."

A bill in this spirit passed the Select Committee of the last Parliament, and was laid over for the present session. It is called the "Bill to Provide Better Dwellings for Artisans and Laborers," and contains as printed forty-four clauses and two schedules. The preamble states that "it is expedient to make provision for taking down and improving dwellings occupied by workingmen and their families which are unfit for human habitation, and for the building and maintenance of better dwellings for such persons instead thereof." Without going into the details of this bill, it is sufficient to say that it empowers the health officers, on finding any street or premises in a condition prejudicial to health, to definitively determine what changes should be made in them, whether those of structural alterations or of demolition.

When they have duly settled this matter, they are to report the same to the local authorities, whose duty it is made to institute a legal investigation, giving due notice to the owner of the premises, and allowing him a fair opportunity to plead his own cause, and to make presentment or order thereon, according to what they may consider the requirements in the case. They are to have surveys made, and a plan and specifications prepared of the works required to be executed, in order to the health and safety of the neighborhood. An order is then to be served on the owner of the premises, stating the plan and specifications determined on. Within fourteen days after the receipt of this notice, the owner may state any objec-

tions that he has to the proposed method of executing the works before two justices, who may make such order as they think fit (or one that might involve alteration in the plan), and the plan, thus amended and approved, is to be that according to which the works are to be executed. Within three months the owner shall signify whether he is willing to effect the works, or whether he requires the local authorities to purchase the premises. Should the owner electing to effect the works not commence them within three months and complete them within the time specified, the local authorities are to execute them and recover the amount. Should the owner not elect to effect the works, or should he require the local authorities to purchase them, a valuation of the premises, including the site, is to be made if the amount be not previously agreed upon, by two able, practical surveyors, not officers of the local authorities, and notification is to be made to the owner of the willingness of the authorities to purchase at the amount of the valuation. If the valuation be accepted, the premises are to be conveyed; if not accepted, the amount is to be assessed by a jury; and, upon payment or tender of the money, the corporation may enter upon the premises and execute the works required.

In case of total demolition, compensation is to be given for the damages that may be sustained, including premises and site, unless the owner desires to retain the latter, subject to the provisions of the act with reference to the use. No house shall be erected on the premises without the consent of the authorities and in accordance with plans previously approved. Property acquired by the authorities under the act shall be held in trust to insure suitable dwellings for the laboring classes, or to open closed courts or obstructions which are found impediments to the general health and security of the neighborhood.

The leading purpose of the act is to take away from interested owners the power to perpetuate buildings detrimental to health, and transfer it to those who will exercise it for the public good. Why should men be allowed to build, keep and rent houses to engender disease and death more than those which shall obstruct our streets or introduce fires to destroy the property of a neighborhood? The precise details of such an act for New York must be determined by lawyers and legislators; but that our tenement-house system cannot be deprived of its noxious features without it is as fully proved by ours as by British experience.

PHARCELLUS E. CHURCH.

SOME LOVER'S CLEAR DAY.

WHY am I not with thee?
Oh, see how blue the sky; 'tis surely springing
From out thy thought to bend and rest on mine,
How still, how clear, though all the town is ringing
With voice and din to vex me as I pine
To be with thee.

The noise repels me not;
For swiftly through the cloudless air I travel,
Thy heart itself the distance spans for me;
Oh royal road, on which my thoughts unravel
Time, space, and tumult, on their quest for thee!
Repel me not.

Wherefore must I be here,
When in this very day that God is making
He seems to summon each to seek its own!
The blossom to the sunshine is awaking,
Like answers like, and nothing is alone,—
While I am here.

I long to see thy face;
My heart too fatefully and swiftly mounting
Demands to sate its hunger in thine eyes,—
Ah, not content its late delight recounting,
It must go seek its fountains where they rise
Beyond thy face.

Too bold, my heart, too bold!
Wilt thou not fright her with thy selfish yearning,
And what art thou that she should harbor thee?
Ah, what is she, whose gracious might is turning,
Resistless turning this poor heart to be
So bold, so bold!

Oh never seek a name
For this sweet sorrow—let it unnamed rule me,
Consent of both to it is name enough:
Does God with thee conspire to bless and school me,
Oh then the sweetest word we speak is rough,
And not a name.

What hammer turned this spell?
Whether I dream or work, it holds me ever,
I dream herself, I work as one that sleeps;
My labor's forge no temper yields to sever
This sky and sun slaked tyranny that keeps
Me well—yes, well.

Our pulses weld the chain,
My heart's clear day that melts, thy clearness greeting;
Thoul't never speak the word nor send the glance,
Nor with a mood transfix me e'er so fleeting,
That shall destroy me with deliverance,
Thy self to gain.

JOHN WEISS.

THE FACTS ABOUT M. DU CHAILLU.

IN 1861 M. Du Chaillu introduced a new ape to the public, who with proverbial fickleness immediately discarded the orang-outang. A name gathered out of the log-book of a Carthaginian naval officer became established in the English language as a choice expression of abuse; and a few months after the publication of M. Du Chaillu's book, a young lady, brought up before a London police court for beating her little brother, tried to justify herself by saying that he had called her a *gorilla.*

This ape, occasionally mentioned by old African voyagers, perhaps seen by Hanno, the oldest of them all, had been discovered for purposes of science by some American missionaries in the Gaboon in 1846. It was first described and named by Professor Wyman of Harvard, in 1847, and shortly afterward by Professor Owen. But M. Du Chaillu gave a direct impulse to that line of research by bringing from Africa a larger number of specimens than had ever been collected before; and perhaps an indirect impulse by awakening that public curiosity which frequently gives a direction to scientific work. Everybody must have noticed how the ape question has culminated during the last five years. This is partly owing, perhaps, to the popularity of the gorilla. M. Du Chaillu is also entitled to the credit of having drawn the attention of men of science to the coast region of Western Equatorial Africa, an extraordinary country which had been passed over by previous explorers as it had been passed over by the Portuguese settlers of the sixteenth century. This region has been justly called by Sir Roderick Murchison, Du Chaillu's Country; and its discoverer, whatever his faults may be, won for himself a place in the history of Africa, which he has lately confirmed by a gallant and genuine journey of exploration.

Soon after his "Adventures in Equatorial Africa" appeared, his veracity was called in question by a high authority, and a long controversy ensued, from which it was evident that all parties concerned (however great their scientific attainments might be) were fighting completely in the dark. I saw but one way in which the question could be settled, and determined to go to the gorilla country to investigate it there. Suppose that a new history of Europe were to be brought out, filled with statements of a novel and a startling kind. A thorough critic would at once refer to the original authorities, and perhaps beginning with the British Museum and the State Paper Office, would find himself gradually led on to the archives of the Escurial and the Hague. In the same manner I

supposed at first that a trip to the Gaboon would be sufficient for my purpose. There I consulted the American missionaries; they were my printed books; the information which they gave me was clear and reliable, but it was insufficient. I was therefore obliged to visit other and less accessible parts of the gorilla country to gain the desired information. The Fan country was my Escurial, the Fernand Vaz my Hague, the natives were my MSS. It required skill to read them, but living among them, I soon acquired that skill, and I did not leave them till I had perfectly satisfied my curiosity.

Had I been employed by others to pursue an inquiry which was attended with many hardships, it might be supposed that I would be likely to hurry over it. But I went out of my own accord; at that time I was scarcely acquainted with a single scientific man; I had never seen M. Du Chaillu; I had taken no part in the gorilla controversy; I had not even formed a definite opinion of my own upon the matter. I was, therefore, thoroughly unbiassed; I was also unshackled; my time was my own; I soon began to enjoy the kind of life which I was obliged to lead. I may add that, although I was very young at the time, I fully appreciated the importance of the task which I had set myself to do. I felt then, as I feel now, that it is no light thing to accuse a traveller of having procured money and reputation under fraudulent pretences. Therefore, although I remained only a few months in the gorilla country, I remained there long enough to exhaust the question; and when I left that country it was not to hurry back to England, but to spend ten months more in other parts of Western Africa.

The historical critic on finding himself in a new world of manuscripts would be naturally inclined to make original investigations of his own; and something of this kind I did in the gorilla country. But let it be understood by the reader that on the present occasion I appear before him in the simple capacity of critic. I examined at the risk of my life rare and difficult documents; but M. Du Chaillu pointed them out for me; and if I bring forward any new facts it will be those only which he passed over from carelessness, or which it answered his purpose to suppress.

The following were the chief questions under dispute: 1. Was M. Du Chaillu's map correct? 2. Had he really travelled "on foot and unaccompanied by other white men, 8,000 miles?" 3. Were the strings of a native harp made of a vegetable fibre? 4. Were the Fans cannibals? 5. Were wild elephants driven into an enclosure somewhat after the Asiatic method? 6. Did the *ushiego mbouvé* or bald-headed chimpanzee build an umbrella-shaped nest, and sit under it when it rained? 7. Was the young gorilla when captured ferocious and untamable? 8. Had M. Du Chaillu ever killed a gorilla? 9. Had a gorilla killed a hunter belonging to his

party? 10. Had he correctly described the habits of that ape, especially as to its method of attack in the erect posture, and its practice of beating its breast like a drum, when enraged?

Starting from Liverpool, December 24, 1861, and arriving in Gaboon early in the following February, I went at once to the house of the Rev. William Walker, an American missionary, who had lived in the gorilla country about twenty years.

Now, when M. Du Chaillu had been first attacked, he announced that he had written to his missionary friends, Mr. Walker, of Gaboon, and Mr. Mackey, of Corisco, and that they would soon write to clear him from the unjust charges which had been made against him. They did write, but M. Du Chaillu did not venture to produce their letters. Both Mr. Walker and Mr. Mackey, whom I saw shortly afterward, told me that, although upon some grounds M. Du Chaillu had been ignorantly and unjustly attacked, yet they could not conscientiously assert that his book was true. This, indeed, might have been inferred from their apparent silence. They spoke warmly of M. Du Chaillu's personal qualities; it was under Mr. Mackey's wing that he had made his first journey to the Fans, and Mr. Mackey, a veteran at that kind of thing, said that he showed great powers of endurance. Both of his friends deeply regretted that he had written such a book.

But neither of them could tell me what he had done in the Fernand Vaz; whether he had killed gorillas there or not. Mr. Walker thought that he had killed one; so did Mr. Mackey; so did Captain Burton, who spent a fortnight in the Gaboon country while I was in the Muni; so did I. But it must be understood that our conclusions were mere conjectures; we had no means of *knowing* anything about the matter. We knew only that gorillas, which are not very common in the Gaboon, and which are exceedingly rare in the Muni, are more plentiful in the Fernand Vaz; that M. Du Chaillu had traded in that river a long time; that in fact there was no good reason why he should not have killed a gorilla, and so we thought that he had. As for his description of the gorilla's ferocity, that was a different matter altogether, which will be discussed at length in another portion of this article.

At one time I thought that I should have been obliged to leave the gorilla country without being able to complete my case. The Fernand Vaz River was 110 miles south from the Gaboon and could not be reached overland on account of the delta of the Ozobai. By the time that I had satisfied myself about the Fans and the elephants, by journeys into the interior, via the Muni and the Gaboon, it was the dry season, during which winds blow continuously from the south; I had only a canoe, and canoes cannot be sailed against the wind.

But by a piece of good fortune a Captain Johnson just then

appeared in the Gaboon bound for the Fernand Vaz. He was sent there by an American firm to take the place of a deceased factor, Captain Lawlin. He gave me a seat in his long boat, and, starting on May 28th, we coasted four days, then entered the delta of the Ozobai, and paddled through swamps till, on the sixth day we emerged into a beautiful river with hippopotami raising their brown heads in all directions, and green prairies skirting the water's edge. Down to the beach poured men and women, crazy with delight at the prospects of trade, and shouting, *Lawli's son! Lawli's son!* for there had been no white man in the river since M. Du Chaillu had left it and Lawlin had died. We passed a strip of white sand on the left bank which was pointed out to me as the site of M. Du Chaillu's factory, and soon arrived at Lawlin's, which stood on a small island about twenty miles from the mouth of the river. He had received it as a gift from the natives and had called it Brooklyn. As soon as I arrived I sent for a native who could speak English, made arrangements with him for hiring a canoe and a crew, and for starting up river the next morning.

The reader of M. Du Chaillu's book may remember that, with the exception of the one gorilla encountered in the Muni, all his remarkable adventures had occurred in the neighborhood of a town called Goumbi, capital of the Rembo or upper Fernand Vaz, and ruled over by King Quengueza. It was there that he had shot his gorillas, there that he had found his unfortunate hunter weltering in blood, there that he had listened to the plaintive cry of the Kooloo-Ramba (koola-kooloo-koola-kooloo);* there that he had seen the bald-headed chimpanzee sitting under its umbrella-shaped nest. To Goumbi, therefore, I determined to go without a moment's delay.

But in the course of our first day's voyage, we were met by some people who told us that Quengueza was on a visit to a town close by. I landed at this town, shook hands with the monarch before an admiring crowd, dined with him, and after having conversed with him for a long time on the spurious object of my visit (a desire to trade), ventured to touch upon the real one. His answer was concise. He and Paulo (as he called M. Du Chaillu) had been in the habit of shooting gorillas together in the bush.

This, I thought, completely settled the matter, but at another town where we stopped the next morning (Quengueza going with me), I was introduced to a lady named Mary. She was the wife of the chieftain who had given Brooklyn to Captain Lawlin. She had been educated by the missionaries of the Gaboon, and spoke English remarkably well. She had served as interpreter to Captain Lawlin; had a very beautiful and intelligent face; had no African *em-*

* The Kooloo-Ramba is a new variety of the chimpanzee, which M. Du Chaillu discovered, but it utters no such sound as the above.

pressement in her manner, and spoke slowly and thoughtfully, as if she was conscious of the gravity of words.

In the course of conversation she asked me whether I had really visited the river with the intention of setting up a factory. I replied that I had made use of that pretext to facilitate travelling, and to avoid the necessity of preaching sermons. The natives recognize only two classes of white men, traders and missionaries, and believe that we live in a small island and are all of us related to one another. When I told her what I had come for, she said that as soon as Captain Lawlin had heard of M. Du Chaillu's book, he had gone up the river, and had made inquiries of the native hunters, and had found out that it was not true that he had shot gorillas; he had only shot little birds.

"But here is Quengueza," said I, "who says that he and M. Du Chaillu shot gorillas together." "Ah, sir," she said, "you must not believe all these people tell you; they do not speak the truth."

Then she turned to Quengueza, who was present, and spoke to him in a stern voice; upon which he hung down his head and mumbled out something between his teeth. "What does he say?" I asked. "He says that Paulo and he went a long way into the bush," said one of my interpreters. "Quengueza!" said I. He looked up. *Paulo—ngina?* Here I imitated the act of shooting. Quengueza shook his head and said, *nyawhi* (no).

I was not quite satisfied with this, and determined to examine the hunters of Goumbi with great care. I had two interpreters, Oshupu, a Gaboon man, and Mafuk, a Fernand Vaz man; the dialect spoken in the two rivers being the same. I contrived to sow ill-will between them to prevent collusion, and on arriving at Goumbi (June 6) I called the hunters of the town together and told them that I wanted to go into the bush to shoot *ngina* (the gorilla). Upon this there were many cries of *heigh! heigh!* and raising up of hands. Who ever heard of a white man going to shoot ngina? Why wouldn't I do as Paulo did? They, the hunters, would go into the bush and kill nginas and bring them to me, for which I would pay them liberally in cloth, powder and tobacco. I said that I would give them all that if they would show me nginas in the bush. But they shook their heads and looked discontented. Why wouldn't I do as Paulo did? was the eternal refrain; for savages, like lawyers, are the slaves of precedent.

The end of M. Du Chaillu's route was four days distant from Goumbi. This was the great journey which had "thrown a new light upon the physical structure of Equatorial Africa." I found at Goumbi the five men who had accompanied him to his *ultima Thule*, examined them, each in private and each twice, once by the Gaboon, once by the Fernand Vaz interpreter. They all told the same story—"Paulo was a fine man; he walked the bush well."

"When he was on the journey," I asked, "and while he was living at the town, what did he shoot?" "He shot squirrels, birds and small monkeys."

M. Du Chaillu mentions especially one man, Etia, a noted gorilla hunter, in whose company he pretended to have shot gorillas. This man gave the same evidence.

I remained about nine days at Goumbi, to investigate other matters of interest, and will now sum up the points stated at the commencement of this article.

1. With respect to the correctness of M. Du Chaillu's map I cannot pretend to say much, as I took no instruments with me. But his journeys are without geographical importance.

2. His statement that he travelled on foot eight thousand miles is monstrous. The journeys which he did make were exceedingly creditable in a young and illiterate trader, but they cannot be dignified with the name of explorations. In a few months I covered almost as much ground as he had covered in several years, and I call myself a tourist. M. Du Chaillu, I do not doubt, had the desire to explore, but he had not the means. Africa is the most expensive of all countries to travel in.

3. The harp-string question, as is well known, is decided in his favor.

4. And the Fans are cannibals. At least such is the belief of the missionaries who have resided among them, of the native tribes who surround them, of Mr. Mackey, Captain Burton and myself who have visited them. The opinions of people who live in London cannot be received upon this question, and M. Du Chaillu is therefore borne out in his statement. But with respect to the "dreadful signs of cannibalism," of which he speaks so much, nobody has been fortunate enough to see them except himself.

5. Wild elephants are enclosed in Equatorial Africa. I have been an eye-witness of that fact; but M. Du Chaillu's description of the enclosure is erroneous and confused. If he saw anything of the kind, he observed badly.

6. The umbrella-shaped nest is a myth. All the anthropoid apes in Africa build nests which they sit *on*, not *under*. I have seen the nests both of the gorilla and the chimpanzee in the neighborhood of Goumbi. M. Du Chaillu lately sent two chimpanzee nests to the British Museum, and says in his recent work, "they were somewhat different in form from those I found in my former journey." I should think they were. No such nests as those figured in his first work are to be found in Equatorial Africa, or any other country under the sun. M. Du Chaillu does not seem to have discovered the real use of these nests, and even now seems to suppose that they are made to answer the purpose of umbrellas. They are really beds for lying in. The African apes, though to some extent terrestrial

in their habits, belong to the trees, and it can easily be understood that the female cannot be conveniently confined upon a branch. When she is pregnant, therefore, the male builds this rude layer of sticks and boughs, which is deserted after parturition.

7. The only young gorilla which I saw in a state of captivity was not at all ferocious. M. Du Chaillu must therefore allow that there are some exceptions to what may very possibly be a rule. Much depends, I should imagine, upon the age of the gorilla. The one that I saw was very young.

8. The evidence relating to this question has been already detailed. As for the gorilla in the Muni, Mr. Mackey ascertained beyond a doubt that M. Du Chaillu, a collector of skins, brought no gorilla skin back from the interior, which proves that he did not even purchase one. When on the basis of all that evidence I denied that M. Du Chaillu had killed a gorilla, he offered to bet Dr. Gray a thousand pounds that he would kill one. That showed a very noble spirit, but was scarcely to the point. I did not say he *could not* kill a gorilla, but that he *had not.*

9. As for the poor hunter who was killed by a gorilla, it is an admirably written scene, and very affecting, but it does not contain a single word of truth. No one has been killed by a gorilla within the memory of man in any part of the gorilla country that either M. Du Chaillu or myself have visited.

10. When I asked Etia and some other natives, whether the gorilla in anger beat its breasts like a drum, they all laughed uproariously, and evidently considered it a very foolish question. "But Paulo says so," said I. "Yes," said they, laughing still more loudly, "Quengueza told him that." In the preface to his recent work, M. Du Chaillu expressly says that he has met with fresh evidence to support that statement. What is that evidence? Did the male gorillas which he encountered, beat their breasts? No; but a young gorilla he had in captivity used to thump the ground and his legs with his fists. I shall be happy to accept all that M. Du Chaillu actually saw during his last journey, but I really cannot, in the teeth of strong evidence, accept such an inference as that.

With respect to the gorilla's ferocity and its method of attack, it is not very easy to decide. Before M. Du Chaillu wrote his book, the American missionaries, Wilson, Savage and Ford, had described the animal's fury in language similar to—sometimes identical with—that which he used himself. They represented the ape as "never running from man (Savage); attacking natives without provocation, approaching the hunter always on his hind feet (Ford); crushing a musket-barrel between his teeth, seizing the hunter with the palms of his hands, dashing him upon the ground and there lacerating him with his tusks." M. Du Chaillu added nothing purely of his own, except the musical feature, which has already been disposed of.

Now, I heard these stories often enough, but when I examined the genuine gorilla-hunters they told a very different tale. They gave me distinctly to understand that the gorilla is an exceedingly shy animal, keen of hearing and of scent, very difficult to get near. They told me that as long as I would persist in wearing boots (which they thought were made for ornamental purposes), I should never be able to tread softly enough to get a shot at him. They also have a protest—"Leave *ngina* alone, and *ngina* leave you alone." But the most conclusive proof that the ferocity of the gorilla was exaggerated by M. Du Chaillu in his first book, is advanced by M. Du Chaillu himself in his second one. During his recent travels he was three times in the proximity of a male gorilla, and each time the blood-thirsty animal ran away.

Before I had crossed the hollow I saw on the opposite slope a monstrous gorilla standing erect and looking directly toward me. . . . The huge beast stared at me for about two minutes, and then, without uttering any cry, moved off to the shade of the forest, running nimbly on his hands and feet.

And again:

An old male, apparently the guardian of the flock, alone, made a bold stand and glared at me through an opening of the foliage. . . . . In my unarmed condition I began to think of retracing my steps, but the rest of my party coming up at the moment with clatter of voices, altered the state of things. The shaggy monster raised a cry of alarm, scrambled to the ground through the entangled lianas that were around the tree trunk, and soon disappeared into the jungle.

On a third occasion he heard a gorilla roaring, and hurried through the thicket toward the sound.

Suddenly the roaring ceased. I stopped, thinking that it was a male which was perhaps preparing to advance on me, but I listened in vain; the beast had fled.

If the reader will compare M. Du Chaillu's two works, he will see that the gorilla of 1867 is a very different animal from the gorilla of 1861, and that M. Du Chaillu upon this point has saved me from the trouble of refuting him. As for the gorilla attacking on its hind feet, the ape can stand upright, that is generally allowed; but nobody would venture to deny that it can move more nimbly on all fours. Why then should it adopt the erect posture in order to attack? Why should it assume an attitude in which its movements must be awkward and constrained, at a moment when it wishes to exert to the utmost its strength and its agility? If, indeed, as M. Du Chaillu asserted in his first book, it uses "its arms as its weapons of offence just as a man or a prize-fighter would," why then it can be readily understood. But this is not the case. Its hands are for purposes of prehension; its teeth are its real weapons of offence, as in all the other apes. Even in his last work, M. Du Chaillu talks vaguely about gorillas breaking arms and tearing out entrails. But where are the proofs? There are no dead men on record, as I said before, and there are only two wounded

ones. Mr. Wilson saw one in the Gaboon; the calf of his leg was nearly torn off. It may be inferred, I presume, that the gorilla was not standing upright when he did that. The second case came under my own eyes. Etia, whom I have frequently mentioned, had his left hand completely crippled and the marks of teeth indented on his wrist. I asked him to show me how the gorilla attacked him. I was to be the hunter, he the gorilla; he went to a little distance; I pretended to shoot; he rushed at me *on all fours*, seized my wrist with one of his hands, dragged it to his mouth, bit it, and then made off. So, he said, the ngina had done him. Now M. Du Chaillu, who mentions Etia and speaks of him as a fine old man (he was the most hideous negro that I ever saw), says nothing of this crippled wrist. Why? Because it would have been the lie direct to his skull-crushing, breast-bone-breaking, entrail-scooping theories, and would have read very tamely after the hunter whom he killed in such picturesque style. So he suppressed the fact.

Of M. Du Chaillu's second book and of the gallant journey which it records, I cannot speak too highly, and had he on his return been content to base his reputation upon that book alone, I should not have raked up the past against him. But when I find that a deliberate attempt is being made to force the first book down the public throat under cover of the second, I consider it time to interfere. The public may be amused, but it shall not be bamboozled any more if I can help it. Let them read the "Adventures in Equatorial Africa;" it is an exceedingly clever work, written by a New York journalist with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted, and is full of incident. But do not let them be taken in by it. In spite of the solemn manner in which the names of Owen and Murchison are heralded in the advertisements, it is as reliable an authority upon apes, as "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," upon crustacea. M. Du Chaillu's gorilla may be compared with Victor Hugo's *Poule.*

It is a cherished idea of Professor Owen's that I lived on the coast when I was in the gorilla country and enjoyed myself. He was once rash enough to express this idea in a letter to the "Times." I contrived to refute and even to silence him by stating briefly where I had been. As even the wildest accusation from a gentleman of such eminence deserves a careful reply, I will quote from a letter written to me by the Rev. W. Walker, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, the following passage:

> Whatever Professor Owen or any one else may say about your dawdling and resting in safety at the coast settlements, I can say that your tireless activity kept me in constant fear for your life. And this was the feeling of every one who knew your habits of work. If a man could have the means of knowing the correctness of Du Chaillu's statements, you had the means.

In another part of this letter (which I can of course produce if required), he says:

I have never met with a man in this region who had the means of knowing anything about it, who believed that Du Chaillu had killed a gorilla.

These are my credentials and from one whom M. Du Chaillu has recognized as an authority upon the question of his veracity. Now what are the best relating to that question which he has been able to obtain during a period of six years? This quotation from a speech of Sir Roderick Murchison, which is put forth in advertisements as if it were a piece of important evidence:

M. Du Chaillu has . . . by his clear and animated descriptions convinced us that he has been as close an eye-witness of the habits of the gorilla and his associates as he has proved himself to be their successful assailant.

Now, what does Sir Roderick Murchison know about the gorilla? Of what consequence is it whether he has been convinced or not? And who are the *us?* Does he mean scientific men in general, or only Professor Owen and himself?

Sir Roderick has shown himself a generous and steadfast friend of M. Du Chaillu, and no doubt sincerely believes in his gorilla exploits and revelations of Central African geography. But this is a question of science, not of sentiment. The president of a scientific society should maintain the position of a judge; Sir Roderick has during this controversy descended to that of a special pleader. The public is warned that upon all questions in which M. Du Chaillu is concerned, Sir Roderick's opinions must be received with caution, and that the one published above is absolutely worthless.

As for M. Du Chaillu himself, he has done much to redeem the grave literary crime of which he has been guilty. The difficulties which he must have overcome in penetrating to Ashango Land, can be fully appreciated by those only who have travelled in Equatorial Africa. Nothing that appears in this article should be used to diminish the lustre of that achievement; but all its lustre shall not gild the iniquity which I now expose.

W. Winwood Reade.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

WHO ever walked through the Colonna Gallery at Rome without pausing before the portrait of Vittoria Colonna, the great Italian poetess? The face is one of surpassing beauty—singularly pure in outline and perfect in regularity of feature; the eyes are large, soft, contemplative; the forehead grand; the lips full and finely curved; the hair of that molten gold which haunted Titian's dreams, and became tresses of sunshine upon his canvas. Rarely has an angelic spirit, affluent in intellectual gifts, been enshrined in mortal mould of such absolute lovliness; for Vittoria Colonna's "clayey part" was but a faint reflex of the gloriously beautiful shape within.

In olden days, as in modern, poetesses seldom looked poetical; true hearts and noble minds were often disguised in earthly cerements of coarse and unshapely clay. That "*something in this world amiss*," which Tennyson tells us "shall be unriddled by-and-by," creates a want of harmony between the inner and the outer development. Well may we contemplate with refreshing delight such an exception to this perplexing rule of incongruity as the Italian poetess presents.

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, brother of that protonotary Colonna who was decapitated, after tortures of inconceivable cruelty, at the instigation of the hereditary enemies of his family, the Orsini, and by the order of Pope Sixtus IV. Vittoria's mother was Agnes of Montefelre, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Urbino.

At the time of Vittoria's birth (1490), the princely house of Colonna had reached its meridian splendor. Vittoria was born at Marino. The castle and town picturesquely nestle among the hills that surround the lovely lake of Albano, and of the many fiefs held by the Colonna in the neighborhood of Rome, this was considered the most beautiful.

When the Colonna took service under Frederick II., of Naples, that king, to render more secure his hold over his new and powerful friends, betrothed the infant Vittoria, then five years of age, to Ferdinand d'Avalos, a child of the same age, son of Alphonso, Marquis of Pescara.

Costanza d'Avalos, Duchess of Francavilla, the elder sister of the boy *fiancé*, was one of the most cultivated, pure, and highly refined women of her day. Shortly after the betrothal of the children, the Marquis of Pescara lost his life, through the treachery of a black slave. The young Ferdinand was his heir, and, on the death of

Costanza's husband, King Ferdinand made her *chatelaine* of the picturesque little island of Ischia. The infant Vittoria was then transferred to her charge, to receive her education in company with her future bridegroom.

A year later, King Ferdinand II. died, deeply lamented by every class of his people, and especially mourned at Ischia.

When the children were eleven years old, the harmonious routine of their days of blended study and pastime was broken by the presence of discrowned royalty. The French had sacked Capua and were advancing upon Naples, and Frederick, the last of the Aragonese kings, with his queen and children, sought refuge on the rock-bound island of Ischia, until he threw himself upon the generosity of the French king.

Love seems to have been equally strong in the hearts of both affianced children. When the youthful couple had entered their nineteenth year, Costanza deemed it time for their marriage to be celebrated. Vittoria made a farewell visit to her parents at Marino, and returned to Ischia, escorted by a large company of Roman nobles, who came to be present at her nuptials.

In beauty of person, the young Pescara seems to have been a fitting mate for Vittoria. His biographer, Giani, thus describes him: "His beard was auburn, his nose aquiline, his eyes large and fiery when excited, but mild and gentle at other times."

He had many knightly accomplishments, but his bearing was haughty, his speech brief and grave, and he kept aloof from all familiar intercouse; to Vittoria, however, he was all gentleness and tenderness.

After their nuptials, two years of tranquil and uninterrupted joy, such as mortals seldom taste, were granted the youthful pair. Later in life, Vittoria often and often recurs to her blessed childhood, and to those two years of unbroken, ecstatic felicity, in her happy island home.

But Pescara was a soldier; not to fight as soon as he reached manhood was to be dishonored. At the close of those two idyllic years, when he was twenty-one, he accompanied Vittoria's father, and joined the army in Lombardy.

Severely as the young husband and wife suffered from this separation, even the gentle, clinging Vittoria never sought to be spared the pang of parting; she never forgot that she was the daughter and the wife of a soldier. When it was suggested that her husband was the sole surviving scion of a noble house, and ought to be absolved from risking his life upon the battle-field, she repelled the counsel as indignantly as the young soldier himself. Courageously she sent him forth with the olden motto on his shield, "*With* this, or *on* this."

Vittoria remained at Ischia with Costanza. The dwellers on the

little island were always surrounded by a brilliant circle of wits, and poets, and literary men, whose society both ladies thoroughly enjoyed. There was no fear of scandal, for even the foulest tongue would not have dared to sully Vittoria's name by the suggestion that she was consoled for the absence of her husband by the admiration of other men.

In his very first battle, Pescara was made prisoner. Vittoria's father met the same fate. The united Spanish and Papal arms were defeated by the French, before Ravenna, 9th of April, 1512. Pescara was picked up on the field where he had been left for dead, and carried captive to Milan. During his imprisonment he composed a "Dialogo d'Amore," which he inscribed and sent to his wife. The bishop of Como asserts that this dialogue was full of grave and witty thoughts.

Pangs of sorrow gave birth to Vittoria's muse. The first poetic production was a letter in verse, of one hundred and twelve lines, addressed to her husband in his prison. One naturally smiles at the *pun* which breaks in upon her lamentations, but when we remember the elegantly turned puns of Shakespeare's heroines, involuntarily uttered in the most agonizing situations, we must pardon the Italian poetess for saying,

Se Vittoria volevi, io t'era appresso,
Ma tu, lasciandome, lasciavi lei.

"If *victory* was thy desire, *I* was by thy side, but in leaving *me*, thou didst leave also *her*."

Pescara's captivity was robbed of much of its discomfort through the influence of a general in the service of France, who had married the prisoner's aunt. As soon as his wounds were healed, he was permitted to ransom himself for six thousand ducats. Vittoria had the great joy of welcoming her husband once more to their island home.

The maternal principle was strongly developed in her affectionate nature, and the holy presence of infancy soon became indispensable to her perfect felicity—but she remained childless.

Her husband had a young cousin, Alfonso d'Avalos, Marchese del Vasto, whose disposition was so violent and ungovernable that guardians, tutors, servants, alike shrank from him in terror. Every attempt to train or educate him had proved futile; yet he was endowed with fine mental capacities, and with personal beauty of the highest order. This boy Vittoria fearlessly adopted, declaring that he only needed prudent and loving management to become a superior man. The boy was quickly inspired with a sort of chivalric devotion for her; his passionate nature, rightly moulded and directed, proved to be full of strength and nobility. She magnetized to the surface every dormant good impulse, and cultivated his heart as well as his mind. He owed to her his love of literature, and his scholarly

attainments. The turbulent youth became a refined, whole-souled man, and a soldier of renown. Vittoria had ample cause to rejoice over the fruition of her glorious work, and Alfonso's ever-enduring love brightened her life in its darkest hours. She used to say, with exultation, that the reproach of being childless should be removed from her name, for she had given mental birth to a child in developing the mind and moral nature of a being whom no other hand had been able to master.

After a few months of domestic happiness, Pescara joined the army in Lombardy.

Vittoria remained at Ischia, surrounded, as before, by poets and men of letters. Some of the most celebrated writers in Europe visited her little island, and immortalized its beauties. Tasso was among their number; he eloquently celebrates the brilliant Ischia reunions of choice spirits. Vittoria had herself become an enthusiastic votary of the muse, and her lyre was never more silent.

Pescara's duties in camp only permitted him, at long intervals, to pay brief visits to Ischia. In October, 1522, he remained with Vittoria three days, and then returned to the army. Battle quickly succeeded battle, and she never saw him more.

At the age of thirty-five he was made general-in-chief to Charles V., but, in spite of his undeniable valor and soldierly achievements, the proofs that he was false to his king are only too strong.

Pope Clement VII. tempted him to turn traitor to Charles, and use the armies under his command to crush the Spanish power in Italy. The throne of Naples was promised him as the price of his treason. Pescara undoubtedly entertained the overtures, but it chanced that a messenger bearing letters which would have revealed the whole conspiracy was robbed and murdered, by an inn-keeper at Bergamo, and buried under a staircase. As time passed and no tidings were received, the conspirators concluded that the letters had been forcibly taken from their courier, and the plot would be made known to Charles. Pescara determined to save his own reputation by a clever stratagem. He wrote to Charles, and coupled with assurances of the greatest loyalty the information that certain conspirators had made him propositions to which he had listened for the sake of detecting and frustrating their machinations.

This complicity is too strongly proved by a letter from Vittoria in which she vehemently urges her husband not to be lured from the path of honor by any temptations, and tells him that she has "no wish to be the wife of *a king*, but only of a *loyal and upright man*."

It is thought, by some historians, that this letter, and not the disappearance of the messenger, saved Pescara from becoming a traitor to his monarch.

Charles credited Pescara's tale and made him generalissimo of

the Imperial forces in Italy. In the same year he was taken ill, at Milan, and sent for Vittoria. She set out with all speed, but had only reached Viterbo when she received the tidings of his death. He died on the 25th of November, 1525, was buried at Milan, but shortly afterward carried to Naples and interred with great pomp.

Vittoria's love had been boundless, and her sorrow had no limit. She gave herself up to the most frantic bewailing, "not comforted to live," because Pescara was gone.

And what manner of man was it who inspired love so large and grief so great? Some paragon of virtue, doubtless! Alas! for the truth. The reader starts in amazement and shrinks in horror at learning what all history testifies. This idol raised for heart-worship by one of the purest, loveliest, most gifted of God's creatures, was a man base and infamous, cruel as a savage, merciless as a heathen. Two virtues he had, and, apparently, *only two*—he was a brave soldier and he loved Vittoria.

"He was reckless of human suffering," says the historian, "and eminent even among his fellow-captains for the ferocity and often wantonness of the ravages and wide-spread misery he wrought." "The cruelty he committed was worse than Turks would have been guilty of."

An anecdote illustrates his pitiless sternness as a disciplinarian. He had ordered the ears of a soldier to be cut off for entering a house for the purpose of plunder. The man implored that his ears might be spared, and cried out in his anguish that death would be preferable to losing them. Pescara, with savage jocoseness, at once bade his soldiers, since the culprit *preferred* death, to hang him to a neighboring tree. In vain the wretch shrieked for mercy—he was seized and hanged, while Pescara enjoyed the joke of having taken him at his word.

Guicciardini states that he has often heard the Chancellor Morone declare "that there did not exist a worse or more faithless man in all Italy than Pescara."

And this is the man whom Vittoria's love surrounds with such a radiant halo that his character seems resplendent with the most glorious virtues—this is the man whom she makes the theme of a long series of poems "in memoriam"—the man whom she calls her *bel sole*—for whose dear sake she is tormented to commit suicide—whom she longs for death to rejoin, and then chides herself for wishing to die, because haply *her virtue may not suffice to enable her to rejoin him* in the mansions of the blest! Can love's power to *idealize* be more forcibly and wondrously illustrated?

She had entered her thirty-sixth year when she became a widow, and the writers of that day pronounce her beauty in its meridian glory. The medals struck at Milan, just before her husband's death, bear witness to her supreme loveliness. She was, even then, styled

the most celebrated woman in Italy, but her renown as a poetess became much greater at a later period.

The first stunning prostration of her grief caused Vittoria to attempt to shut herself out wholly and forever from that world which she had hitherto found so beautiful and so full of enjoyment. She hastened to Rome and immured herself in the convent of San Silvestro, resolved to take the vail. But the Bishop of Carpentras, a man of letters and a poet, Vittoria's personal friend, saw the fatal rashness of the act into which grief had hurried her, and induced Pope Clement to send a letter to the abbess and nuns of San Silvestro, charging them to shelter and console the Marchesa di Pescara, but absolutely forbidding them to let her take the vail.

She had resided at the convent nearly a year when a new quarrel arose between the Colonna family and the Pope. Vittoria's brother, Ascanio, her sole protector, now insisted upon her leaving the convent and hastening to Marino. A little later the Colonna faction sacked the Vatican and the houses of their mortal enemies, the Orsini. For this act of violence, Cardinal Colonna was deprived of his hat, and the estates of all the family were confiscated.

Vittoria once more took up her abode in the little island which had borne the footprints of her husband's feet, from infancy to manhood—which had been the scene of such rich joys, and was now the grave of so many hopes. Her first passionate burst of anguish had softened into a quiet mournfulness, and from that time her true poetical career may be said to have begun. Writing poetry became the chief occupation of her life. One hundred and thirty-four of her sonnets were lamentations over her loss, or written in honor of her husband's memory. The distinguished men and women of that day hailed with delight the appearance of each new poetical effusion, and wrote in its praise to the sorrowing songstress. Her works passed into three editions during her lifetime—which in that day was equivalent to thirty in this.

It is a remarkable fact, that this beautiful and gifted woman, who had all her life been the centre of a crowd of worshippers, so thoroughly impressed every one who knew her with the sense of her perfect purity, that she seems to have been the rare exception to the rule which prevents the chastest from escaping calumny.

Numerous suitors she, of course, had, but when she refused the hand which had been once bestowed with her heart, and could never be given again, ardent lovers became devoted and life-long friends.

Trollope says, "we find her uninfluenced by the bitter hereditary hatreds of her family, striving to act as peace-maker between hostile factions, and weeping over the mischief occasioned by their struggles. We find her the constant correspondent and valued friend of almost every good and great man of her day." He adds: "The learned and elegant Bembo writes of her that he considered her

poetical judgment as sound and authoritative as that of the greatest masters of the art of song." Guidiccioni, the poetical Bishop of Fossombrone, and one of Paul III.'s ablest diplomats, declares that the ancient glory of Tuscany had altogether passed into Latium in her person; and sends her sonnets of his own, with earnest entreaties that she will point out the faults. Veronica Gambara, herself a poetess, of merit perhaps not inferior to that of Vittoria, professed herself her most ardent admirer, and engaged Rinaldo Corso to write the commentary on her poems, which he executed as we have seen. Bernardo Tasso made her the subject of several of his poems. Giovii dedicated to her his life of Pescara, and Cardinal Pompeo Colonna his book "On the Praises of Women," and Contarini paid her the far more remarkable compliment of dedicating to her his work on Free Will.

In 1530 the pestilence raged in Naples and even reached Ischia. Vittoria was compelled to fly to Rome. The Colonna family had made their peace with Pope Clement and their fiefs had been restored to them. The poetess resided with her brother Ascanio and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Donna Giovanna d'Aragona. Vittoria's adopted son and pupil, the Marchese del Vasto, was also at Rome, and his presence was always a joy to her. Yet she grew restless and ill at ease away from her island home, and hastened back, as soon as safety permitted.

At the close of six years she was again induced by her brother and adopted son to visit Rome. Her fame had increased with every year, and it is recorded that her stay in Rome was one continued ovation.

Her religious impulses were strong and pure, and she was prompted to the study of theology that she might know something of the God whom she worshipped. A year after this visit to the Holy City she first evinced Protestant tendencies. Renée of France had married Hercules II., whose sympathies were avowedly with the Protestant party. These sympathies had rendered the court of Ferrara the resort, and in some instances the refuge, of many professors of the new ideas which were beginning to agitate Italy. Vittoria visited Ferrara for the purpose of exchanging views upon this vexed question with some of the leading minds assembled there.

Duke Hercules and his court paid her the highest honors, and invited the most distinguished poets and men of letters in Venice and Lombardy to meet her.

At Ferrara, she conceived the idea of making a journey to the Holy Land, though she was then in failing health. Her adopted son went to Ferrara to dissuade her, and, after much entreaty, induced her to return to Rome instead. Her presence in the Papal capital was once more the signal for public rejoicings.

That she was an advocate of religious reform, her poetry gives ample testimony, though her Italian biographers make great efforts to maintain her orthodoxy. Trollope declares that "Vittoria Colonna has survived in men's minds as a poetess. But she is far more interesting to the historical student who would obtain a full understanding of that wonderful sixteenth century, as a *Protestant.* Her highly gifted and richly cultivated intelligence, her great social position, and above all her close intimacy with the eminent men who strove to set on foot an Italian reformation which should not be incompatible with the Papacy, made the illustration of her religious opinions a matter of no slight historical interest."

It was shortly after her return to Rome from Ferrara, in the year 1537, that a tender and durable friendship sprang up between the renowned poetess and the great sculptor painter, Michael Angelo. He was in his sixty-third year, and she in her forty-seventh. It was through his association with Vittoria Colonna that the rugged, stern, self-intelligent old man became a devout Christian. In the poems which he addresses to her, he attributes that change wholly to her influence.

The letters of Vittoria to Michael Angelo are preserved as the most treasured possessions of his descendants. The last was written after the sculptor became architect of St. Peter's, and she tells him playfully that her duties to the youthful inmates of the Convent of St. Catherine at Viterbo, and his duties as architect at St. Peter's, must prevent a frequent correspondence.

In this same year, 1544, she returned from Viterbo to Rome, and took up her residence in the Convent of the Benedictines of St. Anne. Her health, long delicate, now began to fail rapidly. When she became seriously worse, she was removed from the convent to the house (which chanced to be near) of the only one of her kindred then left in Rome—Giuliano Cesarini, the husband of Giulia Colonna.

Her brother and son were both at a distance, but Michael Angelo, her ever true and devotedly attached friend, sat beside her couch as her pure and lovely spirit gained its freedom. It is said that he often mourned in remembering that he had not dared to press his lips for the only time upon her noble but clay-cold forehead.

She died in February, 1554, in the fifty-seventh year of her age.

Vittoria well knew that her works were a more lasting monument than could be carved out of stone, and she ordered that her funeral should closely resemble that given to the nuns in the convent where she had resided; and, like theirs, her place of sepulture remains unmarked.

Anna Cora Ritchie.

LITERATURE AND THE PEOPLE.

THE position of men of letters in this country is peculiar and in some respects unfortunate; and until we have some powerful formative genius to gather and embody all the dominant elements of our life, our men of letters will remain a separate and selfish class deriving their intellectual capital from an older society, and from civilizations different from the hybrid and half-developed but virile civilization of our own land.

We should hardly dare ask how many of our best literary men are penetrated by the American idea. The journalists that have been warmed by the temporary fire of patriotism, and have been moved by the idea of nationality, could not resist the great movement that broke the Dutch comfort of our prosperity and swept away the littlenesses of local politics. The fire-brand of war must have dropped a few jets of flame on their cold hearts; and where the people go, thither they must follow. But the culture—all that most literary men care for—came from a class, came from conditions foreign to the life of our people, and nothing is more common than to read sentiments and opinions that are the outgrowth of Europe, or still worse, of England. Most of our literary criticism is a repetition of what is seen or read in England, or on the Continent; or it is impudently barbarous and local, so that a sincere but cultivated man finds it difficult to decide which he must prefer —the heartless culture of the critic who follows the lead of the foreign review, or the raw and local barbarisms of the untravelled American mind.

On one side our men of letters ask for Saturday Reviews, on the other they ask with stupefying obtuseness for the ascendency of the American newspaper, which is positive, flat-footed, hasty and remarkable for its brutal impertinence and narrowness of judgment. But we want no Saturday Reviews in this country; Saturday Reviews are foreign to the American idea. Saturday Reviews cannot grow out of anything less hard, arrogant, intellectually arrogant, than the cultivated and aristocratic Englishman; like him with a set habit of morals, and utter deadness of the feelings that expand and reciprocate the enthusiasms of humanity.

Why have we no Saturday Reviews? Because we are Americans, because we have not Oxford and Cambridge, and back of Oxford and Cambridge five hundred years of privilege, five hundred years of legal restrictions.

The "Saturday Review" represents the intellectual traits that are most odious to the instincts of the people. Consider it as the type

of culture and as the model critical paper that American journalists envy and despair of imitating.

The "Saturday Review" always opens its subject with the pretence of fair play, and betrays so little feeling that the reader is deceived and believes its critical examination *is* a dispassionate search for truth. But before you have gone through its bald, hard, frigid, compact sentences—before you have read the last of its cold, sneering and arrogant words, you have been chilled with the discovery that it has no good hearty expression for anything human or divine, and you are made aware that all that you most cherish is out of the pale of civilization.

We do not want Saturday Reviews or the type of culture which the "Saturday Review" represents, for it is neither artistic nor enthusiastic; it is simply distrustful of everything but its own classics and its neighbors' feebleness. Nothing in the history of American letters has been more obnoxious than the feeble and impertinent attempts to imitate its arrogant and snobbish spirit; nothing has been more offensive than the effrontery with which one of our leading journals has pronounced on books and men after the fashion of the slashing "Saturday Review," but without the practised skill and cleverness of the "Saturday Review." The "Saturday Review" represents the type of culture and of criticism which has no future; it is the type of literature which is fixed and determined. After me the flood; after the "Saturday Review," chaos!

The "Saturday Review" as a type of culture is no more pleasing to the American people than to Mr. Bright, or for that matter to Mr. Spurgeon. And the American people in the understanding of the "Saturday Review" are made up of just such men as Bright and Spurgeon; the political aggressiveness of Bright; the narrow piety and charlatanism of Spurgeon. It is true that all types of culture in proportion to their perfection must be exclusive and immaculate. But the "Saturday Review" type, with its hatred of ideas, hatred of emotion, hatred of religious or political enthusiasm, hatred of literary independence, hatred of everything not English, and not English of the nineteenth century, is the type most odious to good Americans, to liberal and enthusiastic men of all nations.

When culture encases or deadens the heart, it is destructive to the literature of the people; it prevents the growth of letters for the people; it creates a heartless, critical literature; it forms critics feminine in their perception of details, masculine only in their brutality. Its literature, or rather its critical effort, appeals only to a limited class, and when it is in the ascendant we have to acknowledge the presence and the hated tyranny of a class of men of letters who neither share nor understand the ideas and the facts which are dear to the people. Then we have a class of literary detectives, formed in a special school, suspecting the honesty and the purpose

of every man who dares to use his pen or open his mouth; we have in a word slashing and sneering examinations of a new victim every week, and the columns of the typical "Saturday Review" are like the criminal court to which we may go for new proofs of the imbecility and wickedness of men. Fancy whether a young, ardent and enthusiastic people will tolerate the pretensions of such a class, whether they will encourage a literary court and a literary judicial bench that is administered like justice in the hands of the infamous Jeffreys? No; we love ideas, we have enthusiasms, we cherish hopes, and we wish to be moved, and we wish to be entertained. No narrow and immaculate type of culture can do this for us, and our men of letters must understand that the "Saturday Review," able, heartless and fixed, is not the type of journal to form or correct the literature of the people. Literature for the people must be flexible, expansive, free, and our critical efforts must be flexible, good-natured, but firm. If we have any men of letters penetrated by the American idea, they must resist the type of critical effort, the type of culture represented by the "Saturday Review."

The "Saturday Review" in England corrects the exaggerations and the vulgarity of the dissenting class; it corrects eccentricities, corrects genius; it forms a model style for ordinary purposes—a business style, the style of the average man to-day, bald, prosaic, compact, hard, dry, direct, but perfectly intelligible.

On the other hand, while we reject utterly the "Saturday Review," we do not therefore advance the average American as our type of literary force, or as the guide of our critical effort. One thing in current literature is more odious than the "Saturday Review," and that thing is the flapping of the American eagle. It is not enough (uncommon as it is) for our men of letters to be penetrated by the American idea: they must be tempered and modified by the artistic idea, which is neither French, nor English, nor German, but man's highest perception of life from the standpoint of the senses and the understanding. It is true that Greece seems to have been destined to illustrate for the world that idea, that Italy continued the illustration, that France to-day seems best to illustrate it; the idea, however, is the property of no nation; it belongs to man at the highest stage of his civilization, and may as well pass through an American medium as through a Greek or Italian or French medium. It should be the effort of our men of letters to form, to illustrate, to advance the artistic; but first they must reach the people, and they must share the ideas of the people. This work cannot be done through a purely critical effort; our criticism, for a long time, cannot escape foreign influences, and because of its very nature never touches the whole people. Only the creative or formative works act directly upon the people; critical efforts touch and influence a class, generally the most cultivated and intelligent,

but not the class that gives an impulse to or increases the original force of society.

It is to be hoped, and we may say we have reason to hope, that the narrow and local ideas, and the foreign and heartless ideas, that have had the ascendency among our cultivated classes in this country, will give way to something American in its energy and freshness, artistic in its love of the beautiful and in its dislike of cant. Away with local restrictions and sectarian prejudices; away with literary triflers who consult foreign fashions, and, too delicate and immaculate to come in contact with the rank and file of the army of progress, simply pester the Hotspurs of the epoch with hollow compliments and mincing phrases.

It is in literature that we are to look for signs of the great movement of the time, and it is in contemporary publications that the great debate for progress is carried on. In our current literature all our light troops, all our heavy battalions, must advance to serve the cause of the people. To serve the people we must advance them, and place them where they can see the great conflict of modern ideas with ancient privileges. We are to serve the people, not by going down to the level of their common life, but by appealing to their consciousness of the highest life. As literary men we must share their ideas; as literary men we must correct and advance their ideal. They are to stimulate us by their sympathies; we are to rejoice them and elevate them with the beautiful. They give us life, we give them art; they send us the raw material, we give it back changed, refined, qualified, analyzed, beautified.

A purely critical literature cannot reach or touch the people. The *novel*, which combines criticism and narrative, or criticism and the drama, is the great modern medium of intercourse between the man of letters and the people; it is through our pictures of life that we teach the people what is hateful and what is beautiful. The novel to-day is what the theatre was in Shakespeare's time; what the theatres were to the Greeks in the age of Pericles—means to reach the people and to act directly on their thoughts and feelings. But the novel is destined to be replaced by the newspaper, which ultimately will be the great medium of intercourse between men of letters and the people.

But thronged as the novelist's department is in England and in France, and thronged also by the ablest men, we are compelled to acknowledge a dearth of novelists on this side of the Atlantic, or at least a dearth of able novelists. Scarcely any are penetrated at once by the American idea and the artistic idea which are essential in our current literature if we wish good and beautiful and enduring work. Now and then an intense sympathy with men and women as such makes us overlook this want, as in the case of the stories of the writer of "Life in the Iron Mills;" as in the case of Charlotte

Brontë; and if we have to choose between the artistic and the human, by all means let us have the human; for the artistic without a powerful sentiment of humanity is corrupting and satiating—it is Swinburne in poetry.

It is not easy to mark the limitations of foreign influences; in fact it is quite impossible to say how far the national spirit shall resist the foreign; we cannot tell how much or how little is good for literary health. National isolation is monstrous, servility is equally so. In the formation of the literary spirit there must be no restrictions, but perfect freedom. And we cannot forget that every people, less cultivated than those they may have conquered, have had to submit in some measure to the law of literary life illustrated by their older neighbors. Greece gave the literary law to Rome, Rome gave it to France. But when the great formative genius came, then came literary emancipation and a national expression. It was Shakespeare in England; it was Göthe in Germany. But in this country at this time to whom shall we go? *Is* it Walt Whitman? We must accept the excellent appreciation and the just discrimination of Mr. Burroughs' treatment of Walt Whitman, but we have misgivings, and we ask what *is* Truth? Anything is better than the timid hesitation with which we wait for, and the full cry with which we follow, the lead of the English.

There were revolts, and there were beginnings of a new life among our cultivated men when Emerson commenced his career and Thoreau began his work; but their task is done, and it was not formative. The good and excellent of Boston fell back upon Everett and Hillard; and as for the good and excellent of New York, they have no literary gods, only literary retainers. Life is too full and strong in New York to allow us to follow the lead of story-tellers and essayists. And there are no conditions to foster literary demi-gods in this country. A few cliques here and there may make their genuflections when the Olympian mind of their intellectual heaven radiates; but the people, and the literary body as a class, are not guilty of such universal servility. But we should recognize masters of art and letters. We honor ourselves in honoring a noble contemporary; and *we have* noble literary contemporaries. We can honor Emerson; we can honor Parke Godwin; we can honor Henry Ward Beecher; we can honor Walt Whitman. Emerson in ethics; Godwin in journalism, and as a publicist of rare ability; Beecher in the pulpit; Whitman in poetry, yes, in poetry—have corrected us, moved us, liberated us. They are men who have touched very different notes in the scale, and pitched their voice in very different keys, but each has been alike sincere, and each has recognized, and in his way maintained, the closest connection between literature and the people. They have served the people disinterestedly; and literary vanity, or public favor, has

not been the stimulus of their activity. But with the exception of Walt Whitman's work (and which cannot be truly estimated yet, for it may be more and it may be less than what contemporary advocates claim), the work of these men has been chiefly critical (save in the case where, in developing the idea of liberty and the idea of unity, it has been constructive), and therefore is not sufficiently representative—does not contain enough.

Say we predict a new man because we need a new man in American letters; we predict a new literary force, the growth of the ideas that have agitated us for the last twenty years, that with fearlessness, with strength, with eloquence, will illustrate the epoch as the epoch of emancipation. The epoch not only of the emancipation of a race but of a sex, the emancipation of humanity. Bound by restrictions, frightened by public opinion, held in subjection by the idea of law, man is not yet free or made equal to his destiny; he is still a slave, walking in the fear of his fellows. Humanity has tested the excellence of restrictions, of bonds, of chains. On this land, in this country, it must test the question whether man is to be entrusted with the care of his own destiny. In our current literature this question has been opened, and it must be answered in our life. Let us resist ages of precedent, let us protest against the cowardice that trembles to entrust men and women with their social liberty. We have but to follow the grand masters and guides, we have but to carry out their conception of life. Man in the free exercise of his faculties, free to choose his happiness, is the grand idea which must be set forth in literature for the people.

Judge if the type of culture represented by the "Saturday Review," or the "Saturday Review" itself, will welcome or help to form such a current literature. The "Saturday Review" would support a corps of heartless, accomplished, arrogant men of letters, believing in the gospel according to St. James palace, negative in everything but their scholarship and studied brutality.

What an affront to the great West! What a literary tyrant for New England! What a dangerous advocate of the doctrine of *caste* and the privileges of the few!

However, we need not trouble ourselves with imaginary evils. We could not have a "Saturday Review" if we wanted one: we can at best have an imitation; we can have its effrontery, without its good-breeding; we can have its callousness, hardness, coldness, sneering distrust of enthusiasm, and faint praise of things excellent, but we cannot have its polish, its finish, its sustained cleverness: and we are glad; for it has no place in current literature for the people.

EUGENE BENSON.

STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN.

By Mrs. Edwards,

Author of "Archie Lovell."

CHAPTER III.

THE LIFE OF THE WILDERNESS.

FOR generations back, Steven's forefathers, farmers by profession, but not averse, whenever money could be made by it, to horse-dealing, or indeed, so said tradition, to a little irregular trade in French wines and brandies, had lived upon their own small freehold of land in the sea-board parish of Broad Clithero, Kent. No deed of entail secured to the eldest-born son of the Lawrences the rights of primogeniture, but primogeniture, unenforced by law, was as sacred in their family as in the family of any earl of England—as much a part of their social belief as were the doctrines of Wesley of their religion. When Steven's grandfather died, he left two sons, Joshua, the eldest, already looked upon as a confirmed bachelor of forty-five, and Steven, a married man and the father of a boy of eleven, the Steven of this story. "If Joshua marries," the old man said on his death-bed, looking wistfully at the downcast face of his eldest son, "if Joshua marries, Steven will have to make a home for his wife and Steenie elsewhere; but 'till then I'd like them to bide at Ashcot. I've a feeling little Steenie'll be master here some day, and I'd like him to grow up on the farm in his youth. A man doesn't work the land with the same heart in his middle age if he's been a stranger to it when he was a boy."

And Joshua Lawrence had not only promised that, whether he married or no, Ashcot should be the home of Steven and his family, but had held faithfully to the letter of his word. A year after the old man's death, Steven Lawrence was killed by a fall in the hunting-field, and Joshua at once took upon himself, as a matter of course, the maintenance of the widow and her boy.

He was a man of few words; sober—unlike the majority of the Lawrences in this!—plain, reserved; a man who courted the society of men little, of women not at all; and young Steven was soon looked upon just as surely as the heir of Ashcot as though Joshua had been his father, not his uncle. With his sister-in-law to keep his house, this boy for his heir, what chance was there that Joshua Lawrence, a woman-hater at thirty, should seek to marry a wife at forty-five? No direct word on the part of Joshua himself had ever confirmed the certainty of Steven's heirship; but Joshua was a man

chary of speech on all matters, and the way in which he treated his nephew was more than sufficient proof, so thought the world and Steven's mother and Steven himself, to show the place the boy held within his heart. Up to the age of fourteen, he was sent, profiting as little as possible by the instruction he received, to a tolerable school in Canterbury. He then, at his uncle's side, learnt—or rather was perfected in; he had learnt from his infancy—the practical management of the land he already looked upon as his own. He was always well dressed, yeoman fashion; rode to hounds better mounted than half the gentlemen's sons in the county, and held his handsome face high when he saluted the parson or squire, or even old Lord Haverstock himself, in the lanes.

"Every inch a Lawrence" the gossips of the parish used to say as they looked after him. "Joshua was a poor creature—had his mother's blood in him—a man to grudge himself his meat and die in his bed at last. The boy was of the true Lawrence sort. A chip of the old block, every bit of him." Which, in that neighborhood, meant a man to live hard and die with a broken neck in a ditch, or a broken head in a smuggling fray, before fifty. These tradition had handed down as the orthodox proclivities of the Lawrences: the poor creatures or men taking after their mothers being those stray members of the family who kept the farm together and paid for the funeral meats of the Lawrences *pur sang.*

Whatever his fate in other respects, Steven learnt when he was within a few weeks of seventeen the exact position in which he stood as regarded Ashcot; learnt it suddenly, his uncle being out among the fields, from the lips of a person in purple satin who arrived, a little boy in her hand, and informed Mrs. Steven Lawrence and her son that she was "Mr. Joshua's lady."

"Not—not his wife!" faltered the widow, throwing a trembling hand round her son's neck, as the whole vista of his ruined life passed before her. "That—*that* child can never be the heir before Steenie!"

And it was in the mingled torrent of virtue and not unnatural venom that this remark called forth from the invader that Joshua Lawrence came back from his work across the threshold of his own house. He turned horribly white at seeing these four people in one small room: the pale, indignant-eyed widow, Steven, flushed and silent, by his mother's side, his own sickly child, the flaunting, gayly-dressed woman, whose dozen of boxes stood already inside the porch. Joshua Lawrence turned white; but he took at once the only side a man of sense ever takes in family discussion—his wife's.

"You might have written, Charlotte; but, as you are here, you are welcome. Steenie, shake hands with the child. T'will make no difference to you, lad. You and your mother will always find

a home at Ashcot as long as I live. You are about in time for dinner, Charlotte."

No difference. How glibly such euphemisms glide from the lips of men seeking to slur over the consequences of their own weakness or their own injustice! The first points, of course, that were discussed in the neighborhood as to Joshua Lawrence's marriage, were the outside facts of the mystery. Who was this woman? Where had he met her? Why had he married her? Why had he not lived with her? Then, when it was ascertained that there was no mystery at all; that the woman was the widow of a London draper's assistant; that Joshua Lawrence had married her without love or any other intelligible reason (the history of most marriages); had lived apart from her about on the same grounds as he had married her, and had seen her once a fortnight when he went up to Leadenhall Market during the last dozen years or so; the interest turned to the dispossessed heir, young Steven—Steven, to whom the advent of a legitimate wife and son at Ashcot was to make "no difference." And from old Lord Haverstock down to the lowest ploughman on the farm, there was not a heart that did not bleed for the lad under the new position in which he fonnd himself.

He took his fate with a sullen, hard kind of resignation which, at his age, did not augur particularly well for the future. On the morning after "Charlotte's" arrival, he went up to his uncle's side in the fields and asked him what kind of wages his service on the farm was worth? "I'm a servant now, and I don't want to pretend to be a master. Young Josh may have my gun and my pony and the rest of it. Play is over for me. Working, as I can work, shall I still, without wronging your family, be able to keep my mother at Ashcot?"

Joshua Lawrence was cut to the quick with contrition. He had married—because he had married! and had done Steven infinite injustice in allowing him through all these years to be looked upon as his heir. But weakness had been his worst sin. In his heart he was a just and not an ungenerous man, and the thought of Steenie working as a servant on the old farm brought tears, for the first time since he was a child, into the yeoman's eyes. Steven was no more a servant than little Josh. There was no reason why the farm shouldn't one day be shared between them alike. Let the boys live together as brothers, and Charlotte and Jane help each other in housekeeping. With more of the same platitudes weak men are wont to talk when they would throw oil on the troubled waters of family jealousy and family discord.

Power went, as it always does, into the hands of its legitimate claimant. In six months Steven slouched to his daily work dressed like a laborer, and young Josh was riding his pony about the

country. In six months the keys, one by one, had passed over to Charlotte, and the greater part of the widow's time was spent in her bedroom in tears and wishes, with which she cheered young Steven of an evening, that she was lying in Clithero churchyard at her husband's side. She was a woman of feeble imagination, and in time probably would have submitted to the prospect of an impoverished future for her boy and herself if a little bit of present rule had only been left to her in the household. What she could not get over was the loss of the keys. As one by one these insignia of office were wrested from her she would at first faintly expostulate with her brother-in-law; who always promised and never dared to speak to Charlotte about it; then she gave up with only the meek irony that she "hoped Mrs. Joshua would mend the linen and make the preserves last as well as she had done." Finally, when the last shred of power was gone from her, took, as I have said, to her bedroom, and to infusing into young Steven's cup a yet bitterer draught than that which his own galled heart already gave him to drink.

This state of things lasted over a twelvemonth; then poor Mrs. Steven's wish was accomplished, and a neat funeral procession, for Joshua was a just man in everything, conveyed her from the farm to her husband's side in Clithero churchyard. Steven read immense resignation on every face in the house; indecently unconcealed on Mrs. Lawrence's and Josh's, vailed but none less real on his uncle's; to the cross which in the family prayers they acknowledged to have been laid upon them: and, before his mother had been twenty-four hours buried, had begun to form his own plans of escape from the home to which neither duty nor affection bound him now.

The California gold-fever was at that time still in its height. Spelling over his uncle's "Sunday Times" a fortnight old, by the fire in the long evenings, the boy read of fortunes made, fortunes that would buy up Ashcot, aye, and the squire's land too, in a few weeks, and with no help, no interest, save a man's own stout, right arm. What was there to hinder him, if he could reach this El Dorado, from digging nuggets as big as other men's? Was he to spend his life as a laborer on his cousin's farm, when beyond the sea wealth, power, pleasure were to be wrested from the earth with scarce an effort more than it had cost them to grub up the quickset hedge down in the five-acres?

After a good many sleepless nights, and when by dint of his old geography books, he had slowly mastered exactly where California lay, Steven ventured to sound his uncle on the subject. So much gold had been dug by one man; so much by two brothers; so much by a gang of five. As Josh would have the farm, and—hanging his head—as there was no one much to care about his

absence now, wouldn't it be as well to see if his strong shoulders might not bring about better fortune in another country than it was ever possible for them to yield him here at home.

Joshua Lawrence's answer was a brief one. His temper had soured wonderfully under his wife's rule; and his never-dying sense of the injury he had done Steven made him peevishly averse at all times to discussing the lad's future prospects. Emigration and gold-digging were the last resource of blackguards. He did not know the Lawrences had sunk to that yet. If Steven couldn't brook the thought of young Josh sharing the land with him, he must go into trade. Old Waudsworth, the chandler at Canterbury, wanted an apprentice, and he would not mind paying a good premium if Steven had a mind for the business. As to California or any other foreign part, he forbade such a word ever being mentioned in his presence again.

It was one Sunday morning, on their way to the meeting-house, that this conversation took place. On the evening of the next day, a fresh April evening—the smell of the child's violets recall it to him now!—Steven Lawrence stole away from Ashcot, as he believed, forever. In the day, while his uncle believed him cheerfully at work among the men, his heart had taken leave of every wood, every field about the farm. As evening came on he had managed, on some excuse or another, to have a word with each of the laborers as he was leaving work. When his cousin went to bed had followed him from the parlor and given him a many-clasped knife that Josh had long coveted with hot envy to possess. Bitter as was his hatred for his life, resolute as was his determination of severing himself from it, Steven had but a child's heart still, and when the first sharp step was taken—when he had got clear of the farm and stood looking from the highroad down upon the old house and garden bathed in soft, Spring moonlight—the tears rained hot and fast down the cheek of this bold adventurer who was to conquer wealth and fortune with his own strong arm beyond the seas.

He reached San Francisco with the very worn clothes he stood in, and the sum of eight shillings in his pocket, his father's watch and a few poor trinkets of his mother's; having, with his own work, just sufficed to pay his passage out. Eight shillings, his broad shoulders, handsome face, and the heart of a child. What a stock in trade for a lad set adrift, at eighteen, in the gold diggings! the last resource, as Joshua Lawrence narrowly but not unjustly had remarked, of all the greatest blackguards in the world.

Need I describe the kind of El Dorado that Steven had in reality fallen upon? How he starved and feasted alternately; how he worked and was robbed—openly, then under the guise of dice or cards; one time at the diggings themselves, the next after he had brought back his gold to San Francisco or Sacramento. The boy-

ishness, I need scarcely tell you, was soon knocked out of him; the manhood, I know not by what miracle, never. Associating with the veriest scum of civilization, from the broken-down Parisian or New York gambler, to the most ruffianly of all roughs, the cosmopolitan "shoulder-strikers" of Californian cities, something in the robust yeoman-blood of Steven Lawrence, kept him an Englishman —I nearly wrote an English gentleman—still. With cowardice and dishonesty part of the very air he breathed; familiarized with such scenes as only gross ignorance, vice, and newly-gotten gold, allied, can generate; Steven, however else he erred, remained loyal in courage, and in honor, to his better nature still. Perhaps a certain constitutional slowness, both of mind and body, went far to save him. A quick-brained, lissom-fingered, town-bred man falls easier, perforce, into the habits of city blackguardism than a man whose country-nurtured perceptions receive temptations slowly, and whose robust hands are physically better adapted for digging gold, in bulk, out of the earth, than for filching it, stamped, out of the pockets of others. He made no fortune, as many worse men did; was not singularly unlucky, yet never belonged to a gang that came upon any unwonted vein of metal; and the enormous price of provisions, joined to robbery of every kind, usually left him in a condition of infinitely less comfort than the poorest laborer on his uncle's farm at Ashcot.

So went by four years. Then Steven fell in with old Klaus, and in a few weeks had exchanged the fever of gold-seeking and tainted atmosphere of Sacramento gambling-rooms, for the air of the broad prairies, the austere and wholesome life of a hunter in the wilderness. Their first meeting happened thus: Klaus, like many another old backwoodsman at that time, had been tempted down into California, more in his case from curiosity than for any real thirst to join the gold-seekers, and one night as he was going back to his shanty on the outskirts of Sacramento City, found a man senseless and bleeding fast to death, in his path. The man was Steven. Coming out, at midnight, from one of the gambling-houses, of which latterly he had become only a too constant frequenter, a street fight had arisen, the sorry history of which would ill befit these pages, and Steven, a champion of weakness, however lost, however degraded, had thrown himself, without stopping to reason, upon the losing side. The result was a wound from a bowie-knife in his side, a stunned head, the loss of whatever money he had about him—and Klaus's friendship! A man does not go to the help of forlorn womanhood even amid the offscourings of such a city as Sacramento, without some reward.

Klaus, helped by a stray Samaritan or two, bore his helpless burden a couple of hundred yards to his own shed; bound up his wounds; laid him on his scanty portion of straw; gave him cold

water to drink throughout the night, and early next morning called a surgeon to look at him. It was a bad case, said the man of science, and if, as was probable, the lad was given to drink, 'twould end fatally. And returned no more. But Klaus, like most old hunters not unversed in leech-craft, thought differently. The lad did not look to him like one given to drink, and for certain, thought the old German, as he looked at Steven's comely limbs and handsome face, was a lad worth holding, if he could be held, to life.

And so, in unconscious helplessness on one side, and purest compassion on the other, began their intimacy. When Steven, after a fierce life-and-death struggle, got back something of his strength, Klaus carried him at once, down the river, south. "You have missed your vocation, friend," he said quietly, as they stood together on the steamer's deck watching the last buildings of the town fade into distance. "You'll be more at home in my life, among the bears and panthers, than in defending one set of *spitzbuben* against another in the streets of Sacramento. As to fortune—you'll make that nowhere! Men of your measure don't."

And Klaus was right on both points. Steven was not a man destined to make his fortune: the warfare of the woods—the science of the deer-stalker or the still hunter—was far more suited to his powers than any of the contests by which men gain preëminence over their fellows in the crowded arenas of civilization. Nature had endowed him with no common powers of endurance, with a heart insensible to danger, with love that was a passion for all free out-of-door life, and with sufficiently acute perceptions to learn the higher intricacies of the science of woodcraft. He was no amateur; no gentleman sportsman, killing big game by way of a fresh excitement in American forests. Not a dollar of his Californian gold remained; not a shilling was ever remitted to him from England. Steven Lawrence eat bread by his gun, as Klaus did, and in every respect lived the life of an ordinary professional hunter. To a gentleman (unless you call old Klaus one) he never spoke; a lady he never saw save when occasionally they when into cities to sell their game, and beautiful American girls, with rose-and-white skins and gorgeous Parisian dresses, floated, as impossible visions only, before the young fellow's sight. But for spelling out a chapter of his pocket Bible every Sunday morning—when they had kept count of the days—he would probably have lost the art of reading altogether; for books were rare objects in the wilderness, and Steven, never fond of study, submitted with perfect resignation to their absence. About twice in three years he wrote a letter home; a letter written in text hand and phonetic spelling, and brief exceedingly, not so much really because bitterness rankled in his heart still, as because writing was a herculean labor both of head and hand to him. "Not the writing or the spelling, Klaus," he would say, "though they are the deuce

—but the matter! What heads fellows must have who can fill their three and four pages as some do, every Christmas, and even oftener!" In return, three letters, sent always under cover to a friend of Klaus's in New Orleans, had reached Steven from his family during the first nine years and a half of his exile: each of which letters had announced a death. The first was from Joshua Lawrence; the sole occasion on which he ever wrote to his nephew: a short, dry letter, saying it had pleased heaven that his Charlotte should be taken from him, and that whenever Steven chose to give up his evil courses, a place at the old fireside was ready for him still. Young Josh was well, but not as steady at his work as could be wished. Josh's heart was not in the land, and he never seemed happy unless he was running up to London now. If Steven returned it would be for Josh's advantage that they should undertake the management of the farm between them before his death—an event which he did not believe was very far distant. The next letter was from Josh himself, written in a feeble schoolboy hand on inch-deep mourning paper, to inform his dear cousin "that the Lord had seen fit to deprive him of the best of parents, that his father having left no will the estate was now his, *to an acre*, and that he was very glad to think his dear cousin was getting on so comfortably in America. Would it be a great trouble to send him over some *bear skins*, et cætera. He was going to fit up the south bedroom (once Mrs. Steven's) as a sangtom, and would like bear skins *to lay down* before the fireplace, as he had seen at young Lord Haverstock's."

What a "sangtom" was, Steven no more thought of asking himself than he thought of sending the skins that were to match Lord Haverstock's. His uncle was dead, his last friend gone, the last link that in any way bound him to the old life snapped! He walked about with his rifle, wearing a solemner face than usual for a few days, put some crape round his sombrero as soon as he got near enough to civilization to buy it, wrote a few lines to Josh—neither bitter nor contemptuous ones; men to whom orthography is an abstruse science, always choose affection as the easiest mode of expressing themselves—then went on with his accustomed employments as usual.

The wilderness was, in very fact, his home now, he knew. Up to the present time some unacknowledged hope had ever knitted his heart to England still. In midday forest quiet, or watching alone beside the fire at night, he had been haunted by visions of living on the old farm, of standing by a grave in the old churchyard before he died. This was over. Every acre of the farm was Josh's. This Isaac, six years younger than himself, whose heart was "not in the land," and who was fitting up the old farm-house after the pattern of Lord Haverstock's, had got Ashcot for good and all now. And he was Ishmael. Was it a man's part to hanker after one rood of

the land that he had lost? Were not these oceans of prairie, this wilderness of forest, this unchecked savage liberty, more than compensation for the poor little Kentish freehold of which he had missed the possession?

By the time he had thoroughly brought himself not only to believe in, but to be consoled by, this philosophy, came another black-edged letter, directed in a strange lawyer's hand, to tell him that he was in fact, as years before he had been in imagination, the master of Ashcot. Young Joshua, still weak from a recent attack of illness, had been upset from his dog-cart as he was driving a tandem home from Canterbury one Sunday night, and killed on the spot. Mr. Steven Lawrence's instructions would be awaited respecting the administration of the estate, and Francis Dawes, his late uncle's head man, would be kept on to look after the farm until his return.

This letter was followed, much to Steven's discomfiture, by about half a score of others. People who had forgotten the outcast adventurer, or recollected him but as the typical prodigal of the Lawrence family, seemed not alone to have got back clearest remembrance of him now, but resolved to make his life miserable by continual reading and writing. The solicitor wrote long-winded business letters to him, and received curt reply that Dawes might carry on the business of the farm at present; he, Steven, had no intention of leaving America, and very probably would decide on selling the estate. Then came strange hieroglyphics from Dawes himself; then a sermon from the Wesleyan minister, pointing out to his absent parishioner the duty that he would discharge toward himself and society by living like a Christian man on his own land (to which Steven, out of patience with all this letter-writing, answered, in careful, round text, that "he hoped he knew how to live like a Christian man *anywhere*"). Then Dora Fane wrote to him—for old friendship's sake, and enclosing the picture of a beautiful face and graceful, girlish throat—and five weeks after he got her letter, Steven, as you know, was taking his ticket for London at the Southampton railway station.

You have heard his raptures over her photograph in the waning Mexican twilight. Now for the living picture as it was to appear before him in the velvet-hung, wax-lit drawing-room of 122 Hertford Street, May-fair!

CHAPTER IV.

TOO LATE!

"Half past eight, Katharine, and he says in his message—what a message! who on earth before was ever grateful and obliged by telegraph?—that he will be with me before nine. In another

ten minutes I suppose this wild man of the woods will be here. Now mind you don't go away, whatever you do, mind you don't go away for an instant. I wouldn't be left alone with Steven Lawrence—oh, not for the world!"

And as she said this, Dora Fane gave, or pretended to give, a shudder at some horrible image that her own words had called forth before her imagination.

She was a pretty, excessively little woman; somewhat under thirty in reality; twenty-two at the first glance, and viewed from her own focus. Perhaps the word "little" hardly conveys a sense of her proportions. She was not remarkably short, but small-made, almost to the verge of dwarfishness, tiny head, atoms of feet and hands, atoms of features, ears like little pink shells, the waist of a child of eleven. Nothing large about her but a pair of great bead-black eyes and her voice, which was at once voluminous and penetrating—a voice that could make itself heard at any time from one end to the other of a ball-room, or straight across, from box to box, in a crowded theatre. Her hair, of a copper-like shade not wholly true to nature, was cropped short and dressed in little, soft, baby-curls round her head; her complexion, in the right focus, was wonderfully carnation and white; jet-black brows, the thickness of a line and a faint, bluish darkness round her great eyes, contrasted artistically with the fair coloring of the rest of the head. Like most very little women, Dora loved large ornaments; a pair of ear-rings, made according to the last beautiful Paris fashion, on the pattern of ladders, hung from her ears to her shoulders; a buckle that would have been large on a larger woman, but on her was a breast-plate, glittered at her mite of a waist; and her fingers were covered with rings that being designed for normally-sized hands, gave Dora's the look of a child's acting grown-up people at its mother's dressing-table.

"Just the sort of beauty to dazzle this poor, savage man," she thought, as she stood, tiptoe, before the fire and glanced—with one little hand resting on the crimson velvet of the mantle-piece—at herself in the glass. "He may have seen plenty of girls like Katharine—the American women have that sort of *beauté de diable*, they say. No man could ever meet a woman like *me* out of London or Paris." Then aloud, "You hear me, Katharine? You'll be sure not to leave Steven Lawrence and me for one moment alone together."

"Well, yes, I hear, Dot," answered Katharine Fane, who, in a Cinderella morning dress, was sitting on a low stool by the fireside; and as she spoke a pair of serene, fawn-colored eyes were raised slowly to Dora's. "I hear, but I don't understand. Of course, it was quite right that I should stay home to chaperon you and Stev—I beg his pardon—and Mister Lawrence. But as to not leaving you alone—Dot, with every confidence in your ability, let

me give you one piece of advice. Don't—as I'm afraid it's your nature to do, Dot dear!—overact with Steven Lawrence. Because a man has spent ten years or so in the backwoods of America it does not necessarily follow that he should be a perfect fool, you know. After the kind of letters that have passed between Steven Lawrence and you, it seems to me a great deal more honest and natural and everything else, that you *should* be left alone. Why, I look upon you already—"

"In the same light that you look upon yourself and Lord Petres?" cried Dot, as the girl hesitated. "Is that what you would say?"

The great shining eyes sank down and gazed intently into the fire again. "I would be perfectly honest with the poor fellow, Dot, if I were in your place. Acting and counteracting, holding out encouragement one day, feigning reserve the next, may be very well in the kind of world and with the kind of men you and I've had to do with; but with this one—I don't know why—but something tells me that with him 'twould be best to be sincere. Do you know, Dot," abruptly, "I like this poor Steven wonderfully—his letters and his telegram included."

"His letters!" cried Dot, with her ringing laugh. "What, the spelling or the composition, or what?"

"I like the heart of them," said Katharine Fane. "All the men I have known could spell and compose, too, if you call it composition! but none of their letters ever touched me like the one this poor fellow wrote to you from Mexico. I think the way in which he thanked you for your photograph was charming, Dot—oh, yes, spelling and grammar and all. To think of a man, after ten years of absence, being touched, as he was, by seeing the picture of the woman he had loved when he was a boy!"

Dora Fane took her hand from the mantle-piece and raised a scrap of mechlin lace that it held to her lips. "Katharine," she said, when a minute or two had passed by silently, "do you think, really, there's any truth in what some people say about our being alike? Now, on your honor—I've a particular reason for asking you this to-night."

"Our—being alike!" cried Katharine, with a start. "Heavens, Dot, how far away I was just then! Well, you know, some people do see a likeness. Who was it—Lord Petres, no, Mr. Clarendon White—said the other day there was a strong family likeness in the turn of the upper lip. What makes you think of that now?"

"Oh, nothing particular; just a fancy of mine. We're not alike in reality, and when you see us together, of course, because you're twice my size, and—and paler and stouter," added Dot, looking consciously at the reflection of her own small face in the glass. "But, as far as feature goes—now, don't you think it quite possible that a photograph of you might be taken for me by any one who didn't know us well?"

"By any one who didn't know us, certainly. A photograph of mine or of yours might be taken for Bella, or for the Phantom! by any one who didn't know us. What *are* you asking all this for, Dot? Are you afraid Steven Lawrence will think me more like to your portrait than you are yourself, and insist upon being in love with the wrong Dulcinea? Set your mind at rest, Dot. A man like Lawrence would not be likely—"

"To set his affections so high!" interrupted Dot. "No, I suppose not, *merci* for the compliment, though, Katharine, dear! But I am not at all afraid," perching herself on a footstool so as to command a fuller view of her own dainty image. "I think you a classic beauty, you know, Katharine. Hyacinth eyes and Naiad hair—no, Naiad eyes and hyacinth hair" (what *is* that thing Clarendon White repeats of the poet—Shelley, is it? who wrote about baboons murdering people and putting them up the chimney). "But still, in my own humble way, I would rather be Dora than Katharine Fane any day. Now look at me, Katharine, look at me, and say if I'm not looking my best to-night? Isn't the pearl-gray silk and the knot of crimson velvet in my hair perfection? Look at me and say, quite frankly, if there is anything that *could* add to my appearance at this moment?" And she turned herself round, as the pivoted figures in the shop-windows turn, for her cousin's approval; then, with her tiny hands in a posture, her great eyes wide open, and her red lips in a pretty attitude of repose, stood waiting for a reply.

Katharine looked at her attentively: the fluffy, short hair, the scarlet cheeks, the enormous ornaments, the tiny hands, the yard-and-a-half skirt, more than half of which lay outspread behind Dora Fane upon the hearth rug.

"Dot," she said at last, "you're a beautiful little woman." Dot's eyes brightened. From man or woman, from duke or dressmaker, any incense to her beauty could make this doll's heart beat with rapture. "I always have thought, always shall think you the prettiest little creature in every ball or theatre or assembly of any kind where I see you. But to-night—now don't take it amiss, Dot—to-night I should like you better if you looked a little less, if—if you had just a shade less color on your cheeks! It makes you look hectic, Dot. It makes you look ol—less young, dear, than you do when you are pale. You won't be cross with me for saying this?"

"Less color! why I have been standing before the fire," cried Dot with dignity; "I get like this always at night, Katharine, as you know. I'm consumptive—if you could feel how my poor cheeks are burning now! It is not every one that admires a complexion of *stone*, you must remember, Kate."

"No, Dot. I only said what I thought. I only meant—"

"Oh, well, of course I can go into a cooler room," interrupted Dot, walking away toward the door. "Of course, I can bathe my

poor flushed cheeks and try to bring them up to the standard of classic pallor before Mr. Lawrence comes! Only one thing, please, Katharine, the moment you hear a double knock, come as quick as you can up to my room. I don't want you to be the first—I mean, I could never have courage to come down by myself and find the man waiting here alone for me."

The tiny figure swept out of the room and Katharine Fane went back to her old attitude, her old contemplation of things "far away" in the glowing heart of the fire. In a close-fitting brown dress, with plain bands of white linen at her throat and wrists, not a brooch, not an ornament of any kind, her hair pushed back carelesly from her forehead, the celebrated London beauty—the syren who had led so many men to their ruin—looked fairer than she had ever looked at court ball, in silk and roses, and with a throng of slaves at her feet: for an unwonted light was in Katharine's eyes; an unwonted feeling made the beautiful lips serious as well as sweet. For the first time in her life she was about to be brought, not at second hand, as in operas and novels, but into direct contact with the romance all her monitors and all her experience had taught her to laugh at, yet, which her inmost heart so passionately believed in still. This man, this peasant they were waiting for was "in love" with Dora! Her eyes softened, her pulses thrilled at the thought. Love. Poor little Dora, with the wax-doll face and wax-doll heart was standing (prettily painted, and busy at this moment with rice-powder) on the threshhold of life's great mystery; and she—was engaged to Lord Petres! and had wide vistas of dress, diamonds, dinners, carriages and operas before her. There was the difference.

A double knock came at the house door, and Katharine Fane, ordinarily the most collected woman living, rose hurriedly to her feet, and forgetting Dot's commands and Dot's existence, stood and waited with a beating heart beside the fire. There was a light, quick footfall upon the stairs; then the door opened and closed; and Steven, pale with excitement—handsomer, nobler, she thought, even in this second, than any man whom she had ever known!—stood before her.

She moved toward him, with an outstretched hand, with parted lips, and he caught her abruptly in his arms and kissed her.

"I—Mr. Lawrence!" she exclaimed, freeing herself too late from his clasp. "I—I—you have mistaken. I am Katharine Fane."

Too late. The epitome of the whole story I have got to tell is written in those two words.

BERMUDA AND THE BLOCKADE.

PREVIOUS to the Southern Rebellion, Bermuda was comparatively unknown to the world, except as an important British naval station. No startling episode in the great concatenation of events had occurred for many years to disturb the tranquil repose of her many peaceful islands. Far out and alone in the broad Atlantic, like some beautiful recluse, she wooed the soft winds of Summer, or bared her breast to the Autumnal gales that wreathed her reefs and bald bluffs with foam. Monthly, the packet passing to and fro between St. Thomas and Halifax, and touching there, roused her from her Rip Van Winkle sleep; and when the few hours' bustle at the wharf had ceased, when the mail coach that ran from the hither point to the extremity of the islands had dispensed its favors along the circuitous route, and the little budget of news and epistolary missals had been duly digested, she lapsed again into the quiet of her daily routine. Her small farmers cultivated arrowroot, tomatoes, onions, and potatoes to a limited extent only (for her negroes had grown negligent and thriftless under the license of their freedom), an occasional craft dropped into her land-locked bays to bear her vegetable tributes to the markets of the North. And when the people of colder climes ate, in the early Spring-time, of her luscious bananas and those other luxuries so acceptable because so out of season, they thought kindly of Bermuda; and many an invalid went out to breathe the genial air of her Winter months. Tourists, too, have sketched the charms of her cedar-covered islets with their ever-changing outlines—and once the graceful pen of the romantic, and now lamented Willis essayed the pleasing task; but *his* eyes were dazed by the glare of her white limestone roads and snowy cottages and cliffs, and so he hastened home and never did full justice to Bermuda.

But suddenly a new era dawned upon the islands. A marvellous change came over the sleepy realm; the spell that bound the enchanted isle was broken. The war in America crowded her ports with shipping, and awakened the echoes of busy trade and commerce, which frightened the hobgoblins from the caves which they had tenanted since Shakespeare sang the tale of "vexed Bermoethes" two hundred years ago. The blockade of the Southern ports threw into her lap rare treasures, to which her eyes had been unaccustomed before, and often upon her deep, transparent waters, were seen what looked like clots of foam, but which were really stray waifs of cotton floating—cotton worth two shillings sterling per pound. Ah, what golden harvests were reaped, what mighty risks

were run for this same cotton in those old blockading days! It seemed as though wealth came down in showers upon Bermuda. It blessed all in any way connected with the blockade. It blessed the adventurers of high and low degree, who gathered there from the four quarters of the globe to speculate upon the national misfortune; it blessed the grasping Englishman, the Southern renegade, the deserter from the North, and the mercenaries and sharpers of all colors and persuasions, alike. The employés of blockade-runners received fabulous wages—captains $2,500 in gold per round trip, which never exceeded a month, and was sometimes made in a week; pilots $1,500; engineers, coal-heavers, and seamen, in proportion. The capitalists who invested in the venture seldom failed to make fortunes, notwithstanding the large percentage of steamers lost or captured, for the gains were so immense that one successful voyage made up the loss of half a dozen failures. They fared sumptuously every day upon the profits which they sheared from the poverty and distress of those who bore the burden of the war. Their steamers were supplied with the luxuries of every clime. The cabin tables were spread with sparkling wines and choicest viands. The pinched Confederates, whom three lingering years of war had reduced to rags or homely homespun, looked with envious eyes upon the sleek, well-dressed blockade-runners who sauntered through their streets at will, while they themselves were in constant dread of provost-marshals and conscripting officers. They gloated upon the glittering gold the strangers lavished, and despised their own paper dollar, which would hardly buy a row of pins. The invalids who sweltered and thirsted in the hospitals were thankful for the boon of a little ice which they chanced to receive from some vessel's chest at Charleston or Wilmington. It seemed to the struggling South as if the steamers were the only link between their present world of despair and a realm of happiness beyond; and when, at intervals, they steamed swiftly up to its deserted ports, their advent was always welcomed with delight.

On such occasions there was some semblance in these ports of the commercial activity in the by-gone days of peace. Negroes bustled about the wharves, and the incessant clatter of the donkey engines was heard, discharging freight which long-tailed drays carted leisurely away. However, excepting these and the seamen, only a few old men and youngsters of various hues sauntered about the spot. The streets were quite deserted except by the provost guard, an occasional female in mourning garb, or a crippled soldier hobbling on his way. There was an oppressive sense of desolation everywhere, such as one feels in an old mill where the machinery, long since silenced, has gone to rust, with rank moss grown on the water-wheel, and the weather-worn roof opening to the sky. In the market, a brace of lean fowl and a half dozen slimy catfish patiently

waited a purchaser. An old scow ferried occasional passengers over the river to the dilapidated buildings opposite. (We are writing of Wilmington now.) All around the railroad depot broken machinery, old cannons and merchandise were strewn. Three or four used-up locomotives were in perpetual hospital at the round house, and a wheezy old engine, with steam escaping at every joint, had just struggled in with the "express train" of half a dozen leaky cars, at a maximum speed of five miles an hour. No smoke issued from the chimneys of the hamlet on the neighboring knoll, for its owner was long since killed in the war, and the females of the family had moved away. Lean cranes flapped lazily up from among the rank reeds and cat-tails that grew in the abandoned rice-fields. White people were out at their elbows and toes, and the negroes wore fragments of Federal uniforms, which had been stripped from battle-fields. Buzzards seldom vouchsafed their once familiar presence, for they had long since followed their scent to the richer banquets near Chancellorsville and Chattanooga. Cotton, which had been brought from its hiding places in the interior, lay piled in vast quantities in sheds and in the open air. In places it was strewn knee-deep, where the bagging had burst open, rotted by long exposure. Huge masses of rosin, melted and run together and mingled with hoops and staves, were encountered on every side. What wealth lay wasting here, while the world was suffering for the want of it!

Such was the picture, truthful as melancholy. At the steamers' offices, however, there was always some stir, and when an auction sale of blockade goods was advertised, something of a crowd was collected. All the Jews swarmed there from far and near, like flies around the bung of a sugar cask, wrangling with each other and scrambling for the prizes offered. (These worthies owed no allegiance, except to Moses, and consequently were exempt from military service.) Large prices were paid in Confederate scrip for coffee, medicines, shoes and the rest of the catalogue; and with the proceeds the blockade-runners purchased the coveted cotton at $250 per bale. When the blockade business was at its climax, Confederate money was worth about $14 for $1 in gold, and as the cotton brought from 45 to 50 cents per pound in Bermuda, the profit on a single bale was $230!

Sometimes as many as a dozen steamers were in the port of Wilmington at once. In general they loaded leisurely, because they had to wait their opportunity. It was only when the night was moonless and the tide full on the bar that they could hope to run the blockade with success. The "silvery moon" had no charms for blockade-runners; rather come storm and angry wrack of wind and waves. Occasionally three or four would run out together dividing the attention of the ever-vigilant blockading cruisers, but,

as a rule, each attempted the perilous gauntlet alone. Often they failed upon the very threshold of their adventure, and the anxious owners on shore received early intimation of their probable fate in the dull boom of guns that was wafted from Fort Fisher, thirty miles below. It was a bold act, worthy of brave men, to attempt that bristling cordon of Federal ships in an unarmed, inoffensive craft. Ladies often did it, too; but ladies can be brave even when men's courage quails.

We can imagine one of these long and rakish steamers lying in the stream opposite the cotton-sheds where she has been loading—a jaunty craft with graceful lines, appointments all complete, and color so like the dusk, that at nightfall she seems but a doubtful shadow upon the water. The thin cloud of brown smoke that floats from her funnel, and the merry "heave-yo" at the windlass, betoken that she is getting under way. Her flags are flaunting gayly—a Confederate at the stem, a British at the stern. There is a group of ladies and children on her quarter-deck, and but for the long rows of cotton bales that peer over her rail, one might imagine that she was engaged for a pleasure excursion down the river, only that it is not customary for officers in uniform to demand passports of mere excursionists. Male passengers are scarce, for the gates of the Confederacy are closed to such. Beside a couple of Jews, there are an invalid and a cripple; also two nondescripts, whom the provost guard, the shippers, the negroes on shore, their fellow-passengers, and the examining officer, have repeatedly passed opinion upon as to whether they were deserters, Yankee spies, correspondents of the London "Times," Government officials, or agents of the Government departing on secret service. However, they are both thoroughly "papered," and no objection can be made. Their passports are from headquarters at Richmond, and duly viséd by the commanding officer at Wilmington.

There is very little vivacity on board. A feeling of uncertainty pervades all. Friends part with tremulous hand-shakings. Those who command the craft know well the dangers that attend the voyage, and the risk that hangs over their rich freight of half a million. Many a lady's bosom heaves with throbbing heart and breath suppressed even while gliding securely past the rice-fields, marshes and belts of timber that girt the river bank. Wilmington gradually fades from view. The sun settles down upon the red horizon. An iron-clad struggling up against the current is passed and left astern. The steamer picks her way through tortuous channels, successive obstructions of piles stretched across the river, and labyrinths of torpedoes, marked by flag-buoys. Down near the mouth of the river there is a battery, and from a cutter that has put out from shore a lieutenant with his guard clambers over the ship's side to search for stowaways and examine passports again. Every nook

and corner, every locker and pantry, is searched this time. Even the hold and coal-bunkers are fumigated, to smoke out any who perchance may have concealed themselves there. When these trials have been endured, the steamer increases speed and proceeds on her course to the broad and placid sound that is sheltered by the bar. There she rests at anchor and awaits the protecting shades of night. Here there is no danger. The bristling guns of Fort Fisher and the Mound Battery, and the shoal water on the bar, afford double protection. The blockading fleet lies miles away outside. Perhaps from the masthead the outlines of one or two of them can be indistinctly traced—nothing more.

As dusk falls, a little boat puts out from land. This brings the indispensable pilot, who at once becomes grand master of the ship. Everything depends upon his skill and implicit obedience to his directions. He has the path before him all mapped out, and can tell the number and latest position of every blockader off the adjacent coast. He has carefully noted the stage of water, marked the channel, set his signal lights, and arranged the indispensable preliminaries of the trip. At length the last glimmer of twilight has vanished. A perceptible haze gathers upon the ocean. Every light in the ship is carefully extinguished. The binnacle is enveloped with canvas. Telegraph lines are rigged fore and aft to communicate from the pilot forward to the officer who directs the helmsman at the wheel. The lookouts, the captain and subordinate officers take their respective places. Presently a deep sigh comes from the ponderous engine, and a tremor runs through the vessel as she gathers headway and snuffs the fresh breeze that comes from the ocean. Strictest silence is enjoined now. Not a whisper is heard. Even the plash of the patent paddle-wheels (never very noisy) is drowned by the monotonous sough of the breaking waves. The funnels emit no vapor or tell-tale sparks. The lights on shore change rapidly with the varying course. A red lantern flashes for an instant to starboard and then goes out, just where a glimpse was caught of a cloaked figure seated in a skiff. A pale, white light gleams on the larboard side. A brighter one blazes from Fort Fisher in the distance. And thus the course is laid over the bar. The speed of the vessel increases as the hour of trial approaches, and the lights afloat and ashore flit and intermingle with a rapidity that confuses the senses. Presently the swash and long swell of the sea denote that the bar is passed, and the lights, now grown faint and spectral, seem to keep pace with the vessel as she lays her course along the coast.

The novice sits aft with bated breath and his heart in his throat, a desperate grip upon some stanchion, and eyes straining far out into the gloom, while, with a sinking sensation like being twirled in a swing, he is hurried through space at a speed of twenty miles

an hour, over billows of liquid fire that roll off into the wake behind. The silence is oppressive, and the suspense painful. But presently a new object of interest absorbs attention. Can you see nothing? there—just where the gleam of that brilliant star flashed on the foam? Pshaw! 'tis mere fancy. The shadows always fall deepest where the dull gray of the ocean blends with the sky. It is the loom of the mist, nothing more. And yet there *is* something that flits like a shadow, moving as we move—an undefined nebula without shape or substance, ever attendant, like an incubus that oppresses one in dreams. Ha! this is exciting! What tension of taut-drawn nerves! What if it should be one of them! We are drawing a little ahead of the thing now. Surely it is a blockader, and one of the fleetest, too. Her scent is keen! Those lights on shore betray us whenever we run between them and her. If we could only head her off now and stand out to sea! But not yet! See! she burns a blue light, and how it streams over the waves! And there goes a rocket! We can see her plainly enough now—as plainly as she can us—and so near, just on our port bow! We are lost beyond hope; yet the ladies are calm and motionless, and the children are sleeping quietly below. Ha! there it comes—a shot. "Take care!" There is a dazzling glare like a flash of sheet lightning, a deafening roar from the guns, and all is gloom again. The blue light has burned out. "Any one hurt? Were we struck?" "No." "All right; pitch in the rosin, engineer, and shove ahead! Hard-a-starboard there at the helm!" There is no occasion for further silence now. The swift craft doubles on her track like a swallow, and stands directly out to sea. In ten minutes she is safe. Still, the engines do not cease their effort, but all night long she leaves the coast at swiftest speed, outward bound for Bermuda. Vigilance is not relaxed. By day there are lookouts stationed aloft, and every craft like a steamer is carefully shunned; at night, again, lights out as before; and so, day after day, until at length the tall beacon on the islands flashes out its friendly blaze, the steamer runs in under the rocky shore, and the rattle of the cable over the bows tells that she is safely anchored in the roadstead.

In the early morning, with a negro pilot on board, the vessel steams tortuously through narrow channels among picturesque islands, some bald and wave-worn, and others crowned with snowy cottages nestling in groves of cedar, with weather-stained ruins and grim martello towers from which great cannon bristle, and rounding a point abruptly, comes at once in full view of the romantic port of St. George's, with its crowded shipping, its white and yellow limestone houses, its tropical trees with their great broad leaves, its many skiffs and row-boats passing to and fro, and the grand old hill behind with its signal-station and frowning battery. There the blockade-runner, with its precious freight, had no fear of Federal

cruisers, albeit their ports might yawn and cannon bristle within pistol range.

At only one other spot on the globe could be seen in those days the same commercial features that made Bermuda attractive to those interested in keeping open the outlet for cotton. As at Nassau, so here, the attention of the stranger entering the harbor was at once attracted to the sharp and graceful outlines of the numerous lead-colored steamers that lay at anchor in the stream or moored alongside the wharves; and among all the miscellaneous shipping, but two flags were conspicuous—the cross of St. George and the Rebel flag, the one with its crimson field and the other with its field of snowy white. The Stars and Stripes were not numerous, for fear of Rebel cruisers had induced the Federal vessels to seek the protecting ægis of the British flag. On shore, long lines of cotton bales lay piled upon the wharves; vessels bound to transatlantic ports were busily loading with the precious staple; gangs of stalwart blacks sweltered in the sun as they plied their cotton-hooks. Then, if ever, the negroes of Bermuda had fallen upon "flush times." A crown was as easily earned as a shilling used to be. Boating seemed to be the favorite employment of both sexes. Fleets of skiffs and small craft of all descriptions thronged like bees around a newly-arrived ship. Negroes of every size and hue clung to her sides and clambered up the rigging, anxious to earn a sixpence by putting passengers ashore. Ebony Venuses in short frocks and palm-leaf hats with enormous brims vied with greasy and dilapidated Sambos for customers. Six boats insisted upon carrying the same passenger. There was always a ridiculous rivalry at the foot of the gangway-ladder, and an incessant bandying of epithets and threats. And when some official barge hauled in alongside with vigorous sweep of oars, there was a crash among the lighter skiffs, a clatter of oars and paddles, a jargon of angry voices, a dodging of woolly pates, and a rolling of whites of eyes that threatened disaster somewhere.

The passenger who was fortunate enough to run the gauntlet of this rivalry successfully, did not find St. George's an attractive place; nor will he to-day. The hot sun streams up from the dazzling white of its narrow limestone streets and is reflected again from the walls on either side. Houses, neat and substantial enough, but without architectural plan, are inconveniently placed in the path just where one wishes to go. Streets, lanes and alleys intersect each other in labyrinthine perplexity. The banana and paw-paw grow in most improbable places, and dispute with the cottages for their sites. Descending the hilly roads, the foot slips into a gully, and going up, the toe encounters an inconvenient rock. Soldiers in red coats flash like flambeaus at every turn, and everywhere sailors, blockade-runners, citizens, merchants and lascivious

mulatto women, congregate like people at a fair. The plaza or open square is crowded with lazy negroes who have nothing to do; not far away, among the shipping, is a camp of black women, huddled like gipsies around their pots and fires, engaged in cooking for such as are hungry and not curious as to culinary secrets. Near at hand is the market wharf, crowded with fishing boats, whose sable proprietors skin huge fish with dexterous knives as easily as one draws off his glove. These will always give good weight for an extra price per pound. Trade is active in all the shops, and not one but has some interest in the blockade. The beer and gin shops drive a thriving business; the clothing shops coin money; and in the larger establishments huge piles of blockade goods fill every nook and cranny. Every one has his hands full of business. Ships cannot bring supplies fast enough. Shops are repeatedly emptied and replenished. The large hotels cannot begin to accommodate all who apply, even though the charges are exorbitant. Supplies of coals constantly arrive for the blockade-runners, and many a swift steamer that comes from England finds her most profitable venture in the direction of a Confederate port.

Such was the aspect of things in the once lethargic, staid old town of St. George's during the palmiest days of the blockade. Who will say that the social benefits derived equalled the pecuniary profits? What old resident did not shudder at the corruption that danced attendance upon a feverish trade.

As every project and every venture, in those days, looked toward the Southern coast, of course the inhabitants were intensely "secesh." More than one resident of the islands ran the blockade to fight the battles of the South. The songs of "Dixie," and the "Bonny Blue Flag," were everywhere heard. Even the negroes caught the infection, and sang how "Jeff. Davis is a gentleman, and Abe Lincoln is a fool." Confederate papers were received almost semi-weekly. Confederate flags were chalked upon the walls and gateways. Pictures of prominent Southerners, and of Rebel cruisers, adorned the photograph galleries. Almost every house had some memento of the Confederacy. British goods were always in great demand by the blockade runners, for they would have no dealings with Yankees. Accordingly, in the shops could be found bushels of Connecticut pins and cases of Massachusetts shoes marked "London," elegant felt hats from New York labelled "Paris," and good old Irish whiskey from New Jersey; for there were many articles that could be purchased cheaper in the United States than in Europe, and the laws of trade are inflexible—"the longest pole knocks down the most persimmons." And so quantities of these goods found place in blockade cargoes, to the great profit of shrewd speculators at the North.

In that period of promiscuous scrambling for wealth, it was a

relief to escape from this contaminating atmosphere of St. George's, to shake the dust from the feet, and fly at a spanking gait over the hard lime road toward Hamilton. It is the regular mail route, and a finer road is seldom seen. It is a luxury to drive over such a road. The breeze almost always blows fresh from the ocean and tempers the heat of the ardent sun. Elegant equipages are encountered at frequent intervals (for they have fine carriages in Bermuda). The wheels fly around with a low, pleasant clatter as they reel off the easy miles, and the horses step off over steep ascent and level way alike, with a gait that never flags.

Seldom is found more varied or picturesque scenery than among the islands of Bermuda. There are wooded dells as secluded as if far remote from sea, where mangroves grow and the aroma of the sage-bush perfumes the air. There are dark avenues of cedars, whose dense foliage shuts out the sun. Here, on a rising knoll, an aristocratic cottage peers out from among palmetto groves and clustering banana and paw-paw. Hedges of oleander in luxuriant bloom, grow high above the limestone walls that girt the road, and through the vista we catch a glimpse of the blue ocean beyond. Then an abrupt turn in the road leads to a narrow neck of land and reveals an unobstructed view. On the right is the broad expanse of ocean, with snowy sails penciled on the far horizon, and sparkling lines of foam that break over the coral reefs nearer shore; on the left, an archipelago of islets—some of them densely wooded—with outlines sweeping gracefully into all conceivable curves, while others are mere isolated hummocks of rocks where the surf never ceases to thunder. Now we cross a substantial bridge that joins two islands, and looking over the rail down into the deep green water, twelve feet or more, can see the large fish sporting on the bottom. Then there is a ferry to cross, and after that the road skirts the rocky shore so closely that one can toss a pebble into the emerald sea and hear the sough of the waves that moan and murmur in the selfsame caves that Calaban knew of long ago. Here are rocks chafed into every fantastic shape by the angry surges which in storms dash far over the roadway. At intervals, pieces of wreck are strewn—relics of fated ships lured to destruction by the siren voice of sweet Bermuda, so peaceful when the sea is calm.

At intervals great water-tanks are cut into the rocky hill-side to catch the rain; for the Bermudians have no wells, and must provide against times of drought. Approaching Hamilton, the road turns inland again, cut through the solid rock in many places, and winding over hill and dale, through shady groves of cedar; past elegant mansions, half hidden by foliage, and protected from intruders by massive walls, whose tops bristle with spikes or broken glass laid in cement; past little patches of arrowroot and sweet potatoes; then through avenues of palmetto and China trees, that

lead up to a pretty chapel and its churchyard; and at last to the coast again, where there are romantic little bays with houses perched upon the very shore, ornamental gardens shut in by sea walls, boat-houses, bathing-houses, and jaunty yachts at anchor.

All the buildings in Bermuda are built of limestone, for the whole island is but a quarry, and when a carpenter wishes to build, he takes his saw and saws himself a house from the material at hand. The people are aristocratic, but hospitable; the mansions elegant, the gardens spacious and beautiful; the shaded avenues and suburban retreats afford many delightful drives.

At Somerset are fine farms and grazing-fields for the cattle that are brought from New York and Nova Scotia for the Bermuda market. At Ireland Island are spacious storehouses for the garrison, an iron floating battery, several strong fortifications, and an extensive quarry. Here also are some of the finest docks in the world, all built by convict labor that extended through many years of toils (for Bermuda was a penal colony once), and here are the huge wooden hulks in which they were confined, still moored to the quay. Some men-of-war are always stationed here.

What more need be said in praise of Bermuda, or in descriptive detail? It is true that the flush times of the old blockading days have passed away. The golden gains they then enjoyed were as transitory as the so-called Southern Confederacy itself. The commercial fabric upon which many hopes were built has crumbled. The motley crowd of speculators and cormorants that thronged her streets is dispersed forever. Her wharves no longer swarm with shipping. Once more she has lapsed into the healthful quiet of her former peaceful life. The little colony lives and moves in blissful independence of the vexed questions that distract the world outside, unmoved by the turmoil of political strife. Her Governor regularly draws his ample salary, her legislators receive their stated pay for settling the momentous affairs of the island, and the citizens are happy in the possession of a sufficiency of the good things of this life. Invalids still seek the genial atmosphere of her Winter months, and hold their visits always in kindly remembrance. Happy is Bermuda, no longer vexed with the fever of excitement that was attendant on the blockade.

ALWAYS LOVE.

BECAUSE Love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less Love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill Autumn frights the birds,
Shall we distrust that Spring will come?
Because sweet words are only words,
Shall Love for evermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
Must sometime cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
And Pleasure's merry world go round:
Let golden sunshine flood the sky,
And let me love, or let me die!

WILLIAM WINTER.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

Number III.

A CRITIC CRITICISED—THE STAR IN THE EAST—NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

IT was not to be expected by a man of any literary experience that such an article as that upon "The Quest for English," in which Addison's style was censured for incorrectness and inelegance, would escape criticism. Physician, heal thyself! is an old cry, as old as unreason; and it was heard on this occasion. Some of my critics addressed the public, and some of them myself. One of the latter, who was strong on "apposition" (as to which I remember hearing something at school, which I am happy to say I have quite forgotten), wound up his letter, "Please instruct:"—an expression so correct and elegant that I thought it quite useless for me to try to instruct—him.

One of my other critics undertook to rewrite some passages of my article, which he may have bettered; for he is evidently a man of intelligence and literary culture, and, as to style, I seek only to express clearly the thought or the fact that I have in mind. I notice his criticisms here because the questions which they bring up may be made subservient to the purpose of these articles. He finds fault at the start with the title of the article in question, which he says should be not "The Quest for English," but The Quest *of* English. Quest is merely a synonyme of search; and my critic surely forgot that, although he would have spoken of going through my article *in search of* faults, he would also have said that, in *his search for* faults—not his search *of* faults—he was assisted by a friend who criticised like a printer or a proof-reader. Critics may go in quest of English, as Cœlebs went in search of a wife, or that other Cœlebs, Sir Galahad, in quest of the Holy Grail; but the quest for English, like the search for a wife or the quest for the Holy Grail, may lead through more trouble than was expected.

In changing "it was strewn thick with examples" to "it was strewn *thickly* with examples," the critic ignores a distinction which the writer intuitively made. Whether we say that a place is thickly strewn with flowers, or that it is strewn thick with flowers, we relate the same fact, but we do not express the same thought. In the first case, we qualify the action; in the second, the subject of the action. So we say that a measure is heaped high with corn, not heaped highly, which would provoke a smile. But Shakespeare makes Coriolanus say:

> What custom wills in all things should we do 't,
> The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
> And mountainous error be too *highly* heaped
> For truth to overpeer.

This is not incorrect, but we may be sure that, had he not been writing heroic verse, he would have written, heaped too high. So we say that a bag is crammed full, not crammed fully; but that the time for a certain action is fully come. This distinction is possible in English, partly because the construction of English sentences is according to the natural sequence of ideas. When the qualifying word is immediately before the verb, it qualifies that verb, and must be an adverb; when it comes after the verb, it may qualify either the verb or its subject, and of course may be either adverb or adjective; but it generally should be the latter.

From the phrase "in the latter very superfluous," my critic strikes out "very;" at once forgetting and illustrating the truth that there are degrees of superfluity; as also when he insists upon my saying that Addison *was*, not *is*, one of the most elegant and correct writers of the last century, he seems ignorant of an idiom which tersely expresses what otherwise would involve many words. When we say that Addison was one of the most elegant writers of the last century, we convey less than when we say that he is one of those writers, in which phrase there is conveyed the idea of a living, enduring reputation. Shakespeare was a Stratford man, was an actor, was a playwright: he *is* the greatest of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists. My critic himself unconsciously furnishes an example of the improper use of the past tense of the verb, when he would have me say that "Henry, *Lord* Brougham [instead of Henry Brougham] was one of the men who were chiefly instrumental in achieving the splendid early reputation of the 'Edinburgh Review.'" This is incorrect, because at the time referred to Brougham was not a peer. Henry Brougham *was* one of the men in question: Lord Brougham *is* a distinguished publicist of the present day; but it may well be doubted whether, a hundred years hence, it may justly be said that Brougham is one of the great men of the nineteenth century. But this critic is a fair exemplar of the dry and literal folk who would make the course of verbal expression a right line, the shortest distance between two points of thought. Therefore it is quite in keeping for him to object to its being said that a certain copy of the "Spectator" has *around* it the odor of the "Spectator" period, and insist upon "*has* the odor," etc. But, unless the nature of an odor is to modify the language in which it is spoken of, a book may surely have around it the odor of a period as a vase the odor of a rose; and

> You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang *'round* it still.

Dr. Johnson said that Addison's style is "pure without scrupulosity, and exact without elaboration;" but I showed and said that, although he may have lacked scrupulosity or elaboration, "he was also quite as plainly often without both purity and exactness." My critic would have had me write "without *either* purity *or* exactness," because, as he says, Addison "might have purity, and yet be without both purity and exactness." So, indeed, he might; but I wished to say that he was as often without both of these as without either of those, and therefore I said so. A sentence cannot be pronounced faulty because it expresses only the author's thought instead of his critic's.

Detection of infelicitous arrangement of words is easier to most persons than the suggestion of the remedy. So it proved in the case of this critic. He is right in reading "these were very genteel books, and to be had only [instead of, only to be had] of the genteelest of perfumers." The latter arrangement, indeed, was universal until quite recently; but the former is much clearer and more logical. He is right in objecting to the construction "faults which are not examples merely of inelegance," because this arrangement leaves it somewhat doubtful whether the limitation implied in "merely" applies to the examples or to the inelegance. But the change which he proposes to "examples *of merely* inelegance" is very awkward. The clearest form of expression in this case is "examples of *mere* inelegance." So in proposing to read for "examples of similar slovenly writing," "examples of *similarly* slovenly writing," he attains the proper qualification of the adverb at the cost of as much awkwardness as could be put into a form of words. He should have read "*similar examples* of slovenly writing;" thus correcting a mere error of the press or the pen; "similar" having been interlined in the manuscript. In the sentence "he contrived to get all the errors into his sentence of which it was capable;" there can be no doubt whatever as to the antecedent of "which" or of "it," and precedent is on the side of this construction; but the sequence of thought is more natural and easy if we write, as my critic proposes, "he contrived to get into his sentence all the errors of which it was capable." And so in the sentence "He should either have written 'church-music and stage-music,' or 'music of the church and that of the stage.'" "Either" is not happily placed. It suggests an implied alternative with "written;" *i. e.*, he should either have written or have spoken. The best construction is "He should have written either 'church-music and stage-music,' or, 'music of the church and that of the stage.'" Here the alternative is between the two phrases, not between writing and some other mode of expression.

The improper arrangement of the words in a sentence of the authorized version of the New Testament is the source of an error

which is as widely diffused as our language and our religion. This is that the birth of Christ was signalized by the appearance to the wise men of a star in the east. The star in the east is spoken of as having a well known identity, like the morning star, the evening star, or the polar star. There is hardly a church or a house dressed with evergreens at Christmas, but a star of some sort or size is painfully put up on the eastern wall, in commemoration of the appearance to the Chaldean sages. But according to the Gospel story, there was no star in the east. Matthew, the only one of the Evangelists who mentions this occurrence, tells us that the wise men came "from the east to Jerusalem," asking where he was who was born king of the Jews; "for," they say, in our translation, "we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." As they came from the east to Jerusalem, and the star was before them during their journey, it is too manifest to need a word of explanation that the star was in the west, and that it moved, or seemed to move, westward. The astrologers were in the east when they saw the star, and that is all that they say about it. The misapprehension has arisen simply from the position of the words "in the east." Had the sentence been arranged thus, "We in the east have seen his star," the mistake could not have happened.

In the first of these articles it was said that language is deteriorated in this country chiefly by the wide diffusion of very superficial instruction among an active and self-confident people; and the daily press in particular was indicated as the chief corrupter of our speech as well as of our writing. The latter cause of linguistic degradation is itself the consequence of the former. Our newspapers do the harm in question through their advertisements as well as through their news columns, their correspondence, and their leading articles; and it would seem as if, in most cases, the same standard of knowledge of the meaning of words and of their use prevailed in all these departments. The style and the language of their advertisements and their reading matter generally indicate the careless confidence of a very meagerly instructed and poorly educated people, among whom there is little deference or reference to standards of authority. Our newspapers are very far behind those of Europe in respect to the use of language, partly because we have all of us a little knowledge, and with it what only makes a little knowledge dangerous—an unbounded confidence in ourselves and in knowledge however small, and partly because of a concomitant of this condition of things—the inferiority in education of the great mass of our journalists to those of Europe, and their slackness in the performance of editorial duty. Competent as some of our editors are, none of our newspapers receive thorough editorial supervision. What is sent to them for publication would be generally judged by a low standard; and of even that judgment the

public too frequently loses the benefit. As to advertisements, every man of us deems himself able to write them, with what reason we shall soon see; while in Europe the writing of even these is generally committed to persons who have some knowledge of English and some sense of decorum. An uneducated tradesman in London or Paris would not, because he could master "the three R's," therefore deem himself competent to write his own advertisements in the clear and decorous style in which he would be anxious that they should be worded; and if he had no one in his employment whom he felt that he could trust in this matter, he would submit his copy to some educated person for revision. At the least, he would strive himself for decorum and perspicuity, and with some success, if we may judge by the advertisements which do appear. But here the free, independent and intelligent American citizen produces such advertisements as that from which the following extracts are made, and which appeared in the New York "Times." They are from the real-estate column:

—house finished up in native woods, and includes say two acres of ground, seven bedrooms, parlor, dining-room, piazza, kitchen, ice-house well filled, small garden. Meats, eggs, chickens, etc., delivered at the door.

—cottage, furnished; contains four bedrooms and about two acres of ground, with garden, etc.

These passages—sentences they cannot be called—were written by the same hand, and their absurd phraseology is plainly the result of unquestioning self-confidence and that degree of education which is obtained chiefly by reading newspapers and "keeping store." We might have believed that the writer had a very vague notion of the meaning of "include," but we may be sure that he knew as well as any one the meaning of "contain," and he not only says that his house includes four acres of ground, an ice-house and a small garden, but that his cottage contains four bedrooms and two acres of ground. The country swarms with men who have this advertiser's ignorance and self-confidence; and it would seem that not a few of them, failing in trade, in real-estate agency and in other departments of human endeavor, become journalists.

There is another sort of advertiser who is doing much to debauch the public mind—injuring it morally as well as intellectually. This is the sensation advertiser, who sometimes is a publisher, sometimes a perfumer; at others he sells fire-safes, sewing-machines, pianofortes or clothes-wringers. But whatever his wares, his English is generally vile and his tone always nauseous. Here follows a specimen of the sort of riff-raff of language that he produces. It is actually a part of a long advertisement of another real-estate agent, and appeared in a leading paper in the interior of New York:

I AM HAPPY TO INFORM MY FRIENDS ESPECIALLY, AND THE PUBLIC generally, that I have entered upon the new year "as sound as a nut." My ambition is at bulkhead; my best efforts shall be devoted to the public. I am willing to

live on crumbs and small fishes, and let others take the loaves and sturgeon. I am still dealing largely in Real Estate. Encouraged by success in the past, I shall buckle on the harness in the future. Therefore "come unto me" and I will "see" what I can do for you. I am too modest to speak, even in a whisper, in my own behalf, but I am willing the public should speak in "thunder tones." . . . . Any man who really wants to buy a farm, small or large, I can suit him; also cheap houses and lots; also cheap vacant lots. . . . . I am also looking after the soldier's interest. Let their widows, orphans, parents, etc., also the poor maimed soldiers, "come unto me" for pensions, bounties, etc., for they have my deep-bosomed sympathies. I have a very cheap house, barn and very large lot, with trees, and splendid garden land, some ten rods deep, to sell at a low figure. "Come and see."

This gentleman, whose "ambition is at bulkhead," by which, if he meant anything, he possibly meant at flood-tide, who tells any man that wants to buy a farm that he can suit him, also cheap houses and lots, and who interlards his hideous attempt at humorous humbug with phrases quoted from the tenderest and most impressive passages of the Gospels, may yet be a decent sort of person in his outward life, and a shrewd man of business. Yet, although we may be obliged to put a murderer out of the way as we would a wild beast, the murderer might be a much more tolerable sort of person in daily life, and work less *diffusive* evil than this advertiser. He is sure to do a certain degree of harm, and if he be successful he will probably do a great deal. For he will then have the more imitators. He is even now the mere representative of a class of men which increases among us year by year—men whose chief traits are greed and vulgarity, who often get riches, and whose traits when riches come, are still greed and vulgarity, with the addition of purse-pride and vanity. Such advertising as his is a positive injury to public morals and public taste; and it is much to be desired that it could be excluded from all respectable papers. But of course this is as impossible as it would be to exclude rude, ill-mannered people from a hotel. Our only remedy is in the diffusion of a knowledge of the decencies of language and of intercourse.

Caxton said that his perplexity, when he undertook the translation of the "Æneid," was the choice between rude terms on the one hand, and curious on the other. Some great clerks, exemplifying the old proverb that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men, wished him to use the most curious, *i. e.*, finest and most affected terms that he could find; and others, gentlemen, wished, more wisely than the clerks, that he would use old and homely terms, which could be understood by the common people. No one seems to have advised the happy mean which Caxton plainly took; and there is the same tendency to rudeness now on the one hand, and to affectation and extravagance on the other. There is, however, one marked difference in this respect between these times and those. Now-a-days, it is not the great clerks, but the uneducated and half-instructed folk, who are distinguished by an affected and pretentious style in writing. As a general rule now, the higher the culture,

the simpler the style and the plainer the speech. But it is equally true that, for rudeness and positive coarseness in the use of language, as well as for affectation and pretence, we must look to our public representatives, to the press and to the members of our various legislative bodies. Here, for instance, is a paragraph from a grave and very earnest leading article upon the currency, which recently appeared in one of the most influential newspapers in the country. The subject of the paragraph is a Treasury note:

> The United States paid it out as money and received for it nearly or quite as much value as though it had been a half eagle. We came honestly by it, and we want it paid. Yet, if we were to call on Mr. Sub-Treasurer Van Dyke and ask him to *fork over* a half eagle and *take up the rag*, he would politely but firmly decline.

A little racy slang may well be used in the course of one's daily talk; it sometimes expresses that which otherwise would be difficult, if not impossible, of expression. But what is gained in this case by the use of the very coarse slang "fork over" and "take up the rag?" What do these phrases express that is not quite as well conveyed in the words cash the note, or pay the note in gold? It is quite impossible to believe that this error was one of ignorance, and equally so, we trust, that it was voluntary and with the purpose of writing down to the level of readers—a trick which may win their present favor, but which in the end they are sure to resent. It is rather to be assumed that this phraseology was used only with that careless indifference to the decencies of life and of language before mentioned. "We came honestly by it and we want it paid" is in a style which is little better than the slang. For "we want it paid," the writer might just as simply and strongly have written "we wish to have it paid;" and then to his simplicity and his strength he would have added correctness. He did not "want it" at all; for he had it already.

Such a use of language as that which has just been made the subject of remark is common in our newspapers, in Congress, in our State legislatures, and even in the pulpits of certain religious denominations. It is not more common with us than a corresponding style of speech is with other nations. On the contrary, there are probably more people in this country than in any other to whom such a style of writing and speaking is a positive offence. But the wide diffusion of just so much instruction as enables a man to read his newspaper, write his advertisements (including two acres of ground, also houses and lots), and keep his accounts, and the utter lack of deference to any one, or of doubt in themselves, which the political equality and material prosperity of such people beget in them, combine to produce a condition of society which brings their style of speech, as well as their manners, much more to the front, not to say to the top, than is the case in other nations.

Richard Grant White.

NEBULÆ.

—— Mr. Parton has published a brief collection of his very readable biographical essays under the title "Famous Americans of Modern Times." Upon looking over the list of the names of those whose lives are recorded in the book, which, as must be in the case of famous men of any one country within a century, is very short, we noticed those of Mr. James Gordon Bennett and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. We are obliged to confess that the former of these is a Scotchman; but nevertheless Mr. Parton has done well in presenting to us these eminent examples; for

> **Lives of great men all remind us**
> **We can make our lives sublime;**
> **And departing leave behind us**
> **Footprints on the sands of time.**

—— Madame Récamier's memoirs, written by her adopted daughter, Madame Lenormant, have been translated by Miss Luyster and published in a pretty volume.* It is almost superfluous to tell the readers of The Galaxy that Madame Récamier was the most beautiful and socially successful woman in French society during the period of the Revolution and the Empire. She died only in 1849; and throughout her long life she knew, and received the homage of, the most distinguished people in Europe. Prince Augustus of Prussia was among her lovers; and he proposed that she should procure a divorce (she was married to her husband merely in name), and become his wife. This she also desired; but in vain. The Duke de Montmoreney was among the most devoted of her throng of admirers; Chateaubriand lived only when he was near her; and Madame de Stael gave her a love that was almost Sapphic in its intensity. And yet she was only the daughter of a notary, and was not a very brilliant woman; but she was exquisitely beautiful, and had a way of enchanting almost every person who made her acquaintance. How she won and how she held the singular position which made her *salon*, alike in her riches and in her poverty, the most brilliant in Paris, has never yet been frankly told, even if it has been discovered. This interesting subject we pass by on this occasion, and only recommend the present edition of her memoirs as much the most attractive one that has appeared. Miss Luyster has done her work as translator admirably; but she has done much more, and has done it with judgment. The original book is very faulty in design and execution, being full of repetitions and of confusion of the order of time. These great defects Miss Luyster has remedied with no little skill, and the result is a continuous and most interesting narrative. Strangely enough, the volume contains very few of Madame Récamier's own letters; but it is filled with those of her celebrated acquaintances. The most of her own letters she destroyed. Expectation of much entertainment from the letters of her correspondents, although from their reputation it might reasonably be high, will be disappointed. More commonplace, matter-of-course productions than most of these letters it would be difficult to find.

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame Récamier. Translated from the French and edited by Isaphene M. Luyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There is hardly an attractive, clever woman in the United States who does not receive many times in the course of a year letters far more spirited, more entertaining, to others at least, if not to herself, and more thoughtful, than those which seem to have been sent by the most brilliant people in France to this idol of French society. Even Chateaubriand is rarely otherwise than dull when he addresses her. It is interesting, however, when he writes to her from Venice, where he was ambassador, that he does not wish to keep up his reserve there because the people talked of Lord Byron's. He was said to be like the author of "Childe Harold." His reason for not doing as the noble poet did is, "I did not wish to be considered the copy of the man of whom I was the original." A superb exhibition of Chateaubriand's enormous vanity and egoism. It is pleasanter, and is really touching, when he writes, as he feels that life is slipping away from him: "My writing has shrunk, like myself. I shall take up very little room. Cherish my memory: it will not trouble you." Even the vanity of a Chateaubriand cannot always conceal the truth. It is charming when he tells the queen of Parisian society, "Good night for to-day: I am going to see a chaffinch of my acquaintance that sometimes sings in the vines over my roof." But these are the plums in a vast and formless heap of paste and suet. A very stunning passage—not in the correspondence—is that which relates to a certain Italian Duchess de Bracciano, who had been a beauty, and who, like many Italian women, was a singular mixture of gallantry and devotion. In a confidential moment, she one day related what care she had taken to prevent her husband's peace of mind from being disturbed by her conduct, and added, "Oh! he will be very much surprised at the day of judgment." We don't do things exactly in that style in this country. But even around Madame Récamier there were not many Duchesses de Bracciano—as far as confidences went.

—— Hippocras was the appropriate subject of discussion at a dinner table at which recently were gathered some of the wits and philosophers of the day. Many were the opinions expressed about it; and the various discourse grew deep with the drinking of various fluids which, whatever they were, were not hippocras. The majority thought that the mysterious liquor had been spoken of by Shakespeare. They were in error; but greater mistakes have been made by wiser men; for the people of Shakespeare's day drank hippocras, and his dramatic contemporaries, less known than himself, not infrequently mention this most palatable potation. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their "Scornful Lady," make the personage who gives the play its name say:

> Believe me, if my wedding smock were on;
> Were the gloves bought and given, the licence come;
> Were the rosemary branches clipt, and all
> The hippocras and cakes eat and drunk off;
> Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
> Of bachelors, to lead me to the church;
> Were my feet in the door; were "I John" said;—
> If John should boast a favour done by me,
> I would not wed that year.

This is the high and mighty style; nevertheless, if John should boast the favor, it would be very shabby on the part of John, we must confess. Decker, in his "Honest *Anonyma*" (but he spells Anonyma with a W), has this passage:

Pioralto.—Stay, what's best to drink a mornings?
Roger.—Ipocras, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, it is most dear to her.

From which we may conclude that Anonyma's habits were much the same two hundred and fifty years ago that they are now; and that, as they spelled Anonyma then with a W, so they called bitters, hippocras. In "Poor Robin," published some years later, 1696, this passage occurs:

The wind blows cold, the weather's raw,
The beggars now do skulk in straw;
Whilst those whose means are somewhat higher
Do warm their noses by a fire.
Sack, hippocras now and burnt brandy
Are drinks as warm and good as can be;
But if thy purse won't reach so high,
With ale and beer that want supply.

This makes it plain that hippocras was a beverage only to be enjoyed by those who had deep and well-filled purses; which will the more clearly appear from the following receipt for "*The crafte to make ypocras*," which is given in Arnold's "Chronicle of London," a strange medley, which was written about 1525: "Take a quarte of red wyne, an ounce of synamon, and half an once of gynger, a quarter of an unnce of graynes and long peper, and halfe a pounde of suger, and brose all this, not too small, and then put them in a bage of wullen cloth, made therefore, wyth the wine, and let it hange over a vessell tyll the wyne be runne thorowe." In "The Haven of Health," a black-letter book upon diet and medicine published in 1584, which *permits* water to be drunk under extenuating circumstances, much the same directions are given for making hippocras. Graines, by the way, seem to have been what is now called alspice, which is recommended by Dr. Boorde, physician to Henry VIII., as good a spice for women, which rather justifies Anonyma in her preference. Hippocras, then, was simply spiced and sugared wine; and it is supposed to have been the *vinum Hippocraticum* of the middle ages. It is not yet entirely out of use on the continent of Europe; for one of the philosophers aforesaid had a deep flagon of it brought to him in Holland by a charming and hospitable woman—circumstances which must have added much to its medicinal virtues. From all which it also appears that "made drinks" are no American invention. And indeed our forefathers rarely drank their liquor neat. The least they did was to sweeten it with sugar or honey, and stir it with a sprig of rosemary.

—— The result thus far of the Congressional investigation into the affairs of the New York Custom House cannot be regarded with satisfaction by any man who is troubled with a nice sense of public decency. As to the conduct of the Collector, whether he did that of which he has been accused, we have nothing to say. The point we make is altogether irrespective of his guilt or innocence, and touches a matter of far more importance than the conduct of any one man, however influential his position—were he the President himself. From the beginning this affair has revealed, or we might better say, exposed (for it was no new revelation), a deplorable condition of political morals—rather a condition of politics without morals, a management of public affairs without the moral sense, or any other sense. The report of the committee, which brought the subject before the public, was, altogether irrespective of the justice of its accusations, a most unbecoming document for a committee to present or a legislative body to receive. It was not properly a report of an

investigation; it was not an indictment; there was nothing judicial in its tone or its language. All these it might have been, and yet have stated none the less strongly the finding of corrupt practices. But it was a harangue, a philippic. It was vituperative, ironical, satirical, scornful. It read like a partisan attack, and not a very decent one, in a political newspaper. Instead of a calm, stern marshalling of facts, which might or might not have called for the action of Congress, or of the President, it was such a summing up as a rather free-tongued criminal lawyer might indulge in before a jury at Oyer and Terminer. It was not dull; on the contrary, it was lively, "spicy" reading. But, like much of that kind of literature, its spice consisted of its indecency; and the same quality brought it many more readers than it would have had if it had kept to the dead level of propriety. It stung the Collector, as it would have stung any man in the least degree sensitive in regard to his good name; and in the first moments of his torment he uttered a reply. He could not have taken a more natural or a more imprudent step. Marvellous are the virtues of silence. It is the greatest of all peace-makers. This reply brought the whole question up again in Congress, and consequently before the public; and since that time almost every day's report of Congressional proceedings has been largely filled with virulent and purulent matter in regard to the New York Custom House investigation. The extreme of virulence, of absurdity, and of indecency, was reached when the House gravely sent unread testimony to the Senate as affecting the reputation of two members of the latter body; which evidence, when read, proved to be the report of a man said by some people to be half crazy, and by others only an "unreliable" sort of person, that he heard somebody say something to some other body about five thousand dollars and the committee of investigation; and that he thought the first somebody was Senator Patterson, with whom, however, he was entirely unacquainted! Now the Collector of New York may be the corruptest man in the city; but better that he should be so than that the House of Representatives should, by way of reaching him, publicly asperse, upon such ridiculous way-side chat as this, the characters of two Senators of the United States. One of the most deplorable, however, of the revelations made in the course of this affair, is that those who are managing the political affairs of the country (we do not refer to the party in power, or to any particular party) seem to regard attacks upon reputation as legitimate means of political warfare, and not to be resented as a "hitting below the belt." This is not left to inference. One of the most influential political newspapers in the land, in a leading article upon the Collector's ill-advised letter of defence to the President, not only told him that he had himself to blame for the rough treatment he received at Mr. Hulburd's hands in the House (which in a certain sense was true), but sneered at him because he had not submitted to the attack made in the committee's report "as one of the ordinary inconveniences of office." And so one of the ordinary inconveniences of office, like its salary and its emoluments, to be taken with them and with no kicking against the pricks, is the liability to have one's reputation for honesty made the foot-ball of Congressmen and (by consequence) of political journalists. It is not the investigation or the consequent accusation, well founded or otherwise, which is the subject of our remark. For Congress must sometimes appoint committees of investigation, whose labors in some cases must have unpleasant consequences. It is the expectation that a man who is fit to hold an office will take such exposure as a matter of course, something rather unpleasant,

perhaps, but not a matter about which he should be troubled, in short, as "one of the ordinary inconveniences of office:" and inconvenience is a good word, an excellent word, to apply to official charges of bribery, venality and extortion. Another most lamentable phase of this whole affair is the revelation that, be the Collector guilty or not guilty, the movement against him has its motive, not in a belief in his guilt, but in the desire of some politicians to connect him and the President by a link of corruption, and the dissatisfaction of others—and these the first and chief in the pressing the investigation—with his distribution of the places in his gift. Another prominent political newspaper, which declares that "the whole proceeding against the Collector savors of the ridiculous," yet deals him some savage blows because he "has a way of injuring any body whom he tries to aid;" repeats the accusation in another form; and sums up the grievances of the party which *it* represents in these words, "He has never had the slightest system, method or consistency in his removals or appointments. The whole thing has been capricious, vacillating and inconsistent." That is the "nub" of the whole matter—the appointments have not pleased the powers political. The Collector has either removed and appointed for merit and for other individual claims; or he has undertaken to please two parties, and between two stools has fallen to the ground. But in all this what word is there of fitness for office and stability therein? Not one. The only motive on all sides appears to be to use office in such a manner as to further the objects of party, and consequently the views of prominent party men. There has not been a sadder political revelation in this generation. Crimes, defalcations and corruption of individuals have been brought to light; but this shows the whole political rank and file of the country to be demoralized, to have no law but that of party success. There was some surprise expressed that the bill brought into the last Congress providing for examinations of candidates for office, for promotion, and against arbitrary removal, failed to pass. But the cause of its failure is manifest. Members of Congress and party managers are unwilling to surrender the sword of patronage. It may be used against them; that they know; but they had rather run their risk, and submit to slaughter after defeat, than not to have that weapon within their grasp during the contest, and in their hands after victory. But meantime the public service is demoralized and degraded year by year. There is no inducement, not even that of security, to the performance of duty. The temptation is all toward dishonesty; and while this is the case, of what permanent service are committees of investigation? Make hay while the sun shines; Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die: these are the maxims of office-holders; and they became so only when that other maxim was put in force—"To the victors belong the spoils." At our present rate of descent along the broad road to destruction, it will not be long before we reach the point at which the most important offices will be held by men who will regard an official charge of venality and corruption as only "one of the ordinary inconveniences of office." Then we shall descend no lower, because we shall have got to the bottom.

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WESBY